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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL:

AND
CHRISTIAN RECORD & REVIEW,

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A FEW WORDS TO THE SAINTS AND SERVANTS OF THE MOST HIGH GOD,
ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF ANOTHER YEAR.

Children of the heavenly King, and Labourers in the vineyard of our Lord Jesus Christ,

GRACE and peace be multiplied unto you, through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord, according as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us unto glory and virtue.

Being spared and permitted once more to appear before you, having much peace in our souls, and a good hope through grace of immortal glory, we desire to stir up your pure minds to a remembrance of the position we are called to occupy—the privileges which we enjoy—and the glorious prospect which layeth before us—“an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away; reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation.”

Reflecting, beloved, upon the present position of our professing Zion, our minds have been forcibly arrested with that most seasonable and beautiful prayer recorded in the 79th Psalm, “O remember not against us former iniquities; let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us; for we are brought very low. Help us, O God, of our salvation, for the glory of thy name, and deliver us, and purge away our sins, for thy name’s sake.”

Surely, nothing can possibly be found, that shall more fully express the desires of our hearts, than do these excellent breathings of Asaph of old. Notice,

I. The circumstances which gave rise to this petition.

II. The five things sought for in the petition.

III. The strong hold which faith here takes upon a triune God.

IV. The two-fold argument with which a living faith urges her plea.

First—we look at the circumstances which gave rise to the petition. Jerusalem is here described as being in a

very desolate state: and so, for the most part, is our professing Zion in these days in which we live.

The first thing in the circumstances is the coming in of the heathen.

“O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance.” This is the beginning, this is the cause of all Zion’s troubles. God’s inheritance is, his Church; the gospel ministry; and the hearts of his own elect: and into each of these places, it is most true, that the heathen are come. Unregenerate men have crept into the church; they are her disturbers: unholy men have thrust themselves into the ministry; they are her deceivers: abominable lusts are forced by Satan into the hearts of God’s dear children, and these lusts are their most dreadful plagues.

Brethren! beware of these things: it was “*while men slept, the enemy came—sowed tares among the wheat; and went his way.*” Ah, is not this sleepy, lazy, drowsy state of things, the very bane of the church, in this day? The churches are dropping into a slumber: they have not spiritual discernment, and heavenly zeal, consequently, ungodly men get into the pulpit; unregenerate men get into office; and unbroken-hearted sinners are dragged into the church. “O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance.”

“*Thy holy temple have they defiled.*” The true church—the true gospel, and the regenerate heart—all are defiled by the coming in of the heathen.

“*Jerusalem is laid in heaps.*” The church is scattered and divided: there are scarcely two ministers who are really in heart and soul united: there are scarcely two churches working together for the glory of God and the good of souls: rivalry, jealousy, and suspicion, are the seeds of discord and disunion. For the most part, the ministry is corrupt, and the hearts of God’s people are made sad. May the Lord give strength unto his

Zion, that she may arise, and shake herself from the dust; that she become not a reproach, a scorn, and derision to them that are round about her.

II. Notice briefly the five different branches of this petition.

1. "*O remember not against us former iniquities.*" When darkness and distress invade the soul, satan is sure to set in with a catalogue of all our former sins. What the pharisee said of poor Magdalene when she was at the Saviour's feet, is what the enemy keeps throwing in the teeth of poor seeking sinners. Oh, look at the pride and ignorance of this self-righteous pharisee. "If," (says he) "this man were a prophet, he would have known who and what manner of woman this is, for *she is a sinner.*"

This is the bitter language of all evil spirits, (whether in men or devils,) to the present time. "Oh, do ye know, what manner of man this is? *He is a sinner!*" Yes, Simon; she is a sinner; but that is only part of the truth; she is a repenting sinner; she is a returning sinner; she is a believing sinner; she is a Christ-loving sinner; she is a Christ-accepted sinner; she is a justified and saved sinner: therefore, Simon, it is true, that "harlots go into the kingdom of God;" while self-righteous pharisees, like you, shall be thrust down into hell.

So, with the woman taken in adultery. Oh, what a scene was that! A true picture of that court of justice which is set up in a sinner's conscience when he is brought in guilty before God. There was, first, a righteous Saviour; secondly, a poor guilty sinner; and, thirdly, a crowd of accusers, calling for vengeance on her head. Just so it is in the sinner's conscience; all his accusers say, he ought to die. But Christ sends away her accusers, acquits the sinner, and bids her sin no more. Here, indeed, is law and grace.

In Asaph's prayer, then, you have the first and most important branch of a poor sinner's cry—"O, remember not against us, former iniquities." While these lay upon the conscience, while these former iniquities stand between God and our souls, no peace, no access, no mercy can be found. We want sin removed out of the way.

Upon this follows the other consecutive parts of a sinner's cry. "Let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us:" let heavenly light shine into the mind; let

electing love draw forth the soul; let the living word come with almighty power. "Help us" to pray, and to prevail; "Deliver us" from snares, and sin's tremendous woes; and, thoroughly purge away our dross. Here is a perfect model of that prayer, which the Holy Ghost indites. Under the power of his teaching, the sinner cries for the blotting out of sin; the revelation of grace; for divine power in the soul; for entire deliverance for the feet; and for the cleansing of the conscience. Oh, surely, it shall be well for every poor sinner in whose heart this prayer is ever found.

III. Notice—the hold which a living faith takes—"O God of our salvation." She views, she flies to, and takes hold of a triune God. The Father in his everlasting love, and sovereign choice; the Son, in his redemption by blood, and justification through righteousness, the resurrection power, and sanctifying grace of God the Holy Ghost. There, Jehovah, in his trinity of Persons, and in his manifold acts, is alone the God of our salvation.

Lastly—look at the grounds on which faith urges its plea. First—"for the glory of thy name." What constitutes the glory of his name? Why the glorious perfection and everlasting security of the Redeemer's work. The Holy Ghost shews me not only that the Father loved, and elected the sinner, and charged his sins upon the head of Christ; but He also shews me, Christ took them, bore them, suffered for them, and in the fountain of his blood for ever washed them away. This was—this is—"the glory of his name"—this is the glory which Christ will have his disciples behold: it was this glory of His name, that David saw, when he said, "Have mercy upon me, O God." This was what the leper saw, when he said—"Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Faith also pleads his name's sake—which has reference to the great and gracious promises which the Lord Jehovah has made concerning the ingathering, acceptance, and eternal glorification of the whole election of grace.

Faithful ministers—Gospel churches—and private christians!—you have here, much that calls for your most prayerful consideration. The Lord help us, like Asaph of old, to cry out—"O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance" and may we never cease, until

"————we see his face;
And never, never sin."

Christian Reader—we beseech you, pray for us: and may the richest blessings crown thy brow, is the prayer of
Your poor Servant,

THE EDITOR.

The "Watchman on the Walls" has favoured us with a deeply interesting article on "THE GOSPEL FISHERY," which we here subjoin—

Toiling all night in the Gospel Fishery.

"The kingdom of heaven is like a net cast into the sea." But Simon said, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy command, we will let down the net." Luke v. 5. Brethren, our *Vessel* is but a little one, and but a few poor fishermen on board. The night is dark, and the seas are boisterous, and the winds seem contrary; the skies are lowering and stormy. But if Jesus be with us in the *Vessel*, we may smile at the storm, though he may seem to sleep; for "the winds and the waves obey him." And you know that we have been many a long dark night at sea, and in such hurricanes and storms, that we have cried out "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" And he has arose and rebuked the winds, and we have had a great calm. I am sure that one little word from Jesus can hush the wildest storm, and bring such a peace and calm into the troubled soul, that nothing can trouble us. Not long ago I was in such a windy storm and tempest that I thought the deep would have swallowed me up. And oh the sweet words that he dropped into my heart, they were these—"mighty to save!" The storm ceased instantly, and I was as calm as a soft summer's evening, and my fears, like midnight phantoms, fled at the rising of the sun.

Come, then, my poor brother fishermen, if Jesus be with us in the *Vessel*, let us launch out into the deep, and at his command, let down the net on the right side of the ship, and we shall take some fish. Ah! but, say you, I have been toiling all the long, dark night, and taken nothing. Very likely: some poor fishermen labour and toil many years, and take nothing, and are ready to give it up. But I say, have you had the right net? and was it let down on the right side of the ship? Why, say you, I prepared a good net. I selected a text; I well digested it in my mind; put down my heads and divisions; and I well arranged the subject; yea, I had several sermons well arranged before hand; and I preached audibly and loud, and went through all my well-arranged ideas; and many said it was an excellent sermon, and I thought so too. Did you, indeed? Ah! per-

haps it was you that done it; you, and no one beside. I knew a minister who said that he always had twenty or thirty sermons in his drawer, well arranged and prepared before hand. But he generally put his net on a "line of other men's line of things, made ready to his hand;" and fished in the same place where other good fishermen for years had fished before him. Ah! John Berridge (and many others,) fished 14 years with such nets and caught nothing! Master Fishermen, this seems like a net of your own invention—earthly invention. "The kingdom of heaven is like a net." Ah! a net from heaven, made ready in heaven, and let down from heaven into your heart, and drawn by the Father, through the fisherman as an instrument, and the living soul must come to Jesus. That is the right net, and the right time and place, when Jesus speaks in your soul, then you let the net down right where you are, and where you see and feel yourself, on the right side of the ship. Right down where you are, and at the command of Jesus, not only the winds and waves obey him, but the fishes at the bottom of the sea. That is the way to go a fishing, my dear lads, at Jesus' command; he knows where the right kind of fish are, and he will draw all them unto him at the last day; and they shall swim in love everlasting, the boundless glory sea, and never thirst any more.

But when these living fish are taken out of the dead sea, their natural element, they cast up mire and dirt. Living, quickened souls, brought out of their natural element, the world; O, how they begin to thirst, like fish out of water, under a fiery, burning law, they struggle and dash about, and think they shall soon be where there is not a drop of any kind of water to drink or cool them, even in hell. But when they are put into living gospel waters, "the river of the water of life," O, how sweetly they drink and swim in love, and they shall never die.

Some years ago, when I went a fishing, I was very unskilful, I was a whole week preparing a net, got my text all ready days before I went out, squared and lined my net in every way, as I thought, suitable, all well arranged: O, thought I, now I shall have them, because I have seen some fine large fish in the troubled sea. O, thought I, this text will suit you, and that text will suit another, and I should like to catch such and such a fish with golden scales. Bless your heart, will you believe it? soon as I hurled my net into the water, the very noise of it scared them. Bless you, they were soon frightened away. Then I toiled all night; ah, night after night, and caught nothing. Well, thought I, I will give up fishing, it is labour in vain: but when the poor fool was instructed to put the net that was put into his hand right down in the place where he was,

on the right side of the ship, I caught several drags of nice fish, some of them are now in the gospel waters of grace, truth, and life, and some swimming in the soft sea of glory.

However, as I have said before, there were some good fish that struggled out of the net, and were frightened far away into some very deep holes, as they might have been slightly hooked, or entangled, by some good fisher men before; so then I was obliged to launch out into the deep again, deeper still, and take to hook and line, the long threefold cord that is not quickly broken; and no one ever found the end yet, nor ever will, for it is "from everlasting to everlasting," and everlasting love is a line without end, and the word is "with everlasting mercies will I gather thee." So we went to work with this line, and some good hooks, baited with such things as we know the fish would snap at; for once they get them into their mouths it was as sweet as honey; but when they felt the hook in their belly it was sharp and bitter, and they could not get the hooks out. But now the true fishermen with the endless line of God's love and mercy do fish in deep holes of the dark sea; with the sharp hooks of God's word, and pierce and enter deep into the hearts and consciences of poor lost sinners in the deepest haunts and holes of sin.

First, the line and hook is sent down into the hole of sin, in which Adam and his children fell, to let them know that however deep Adam fell, the love of God in Christ is much deeper; all manner of sin and blasphemy, through Christ's death, sufferings, and blood, shall be forgiven unto the sons of men: for God's love in Christ is deeper than their sins, yea, deeper than hell; deeper than that hell that sin and satan hath made in their souls.

Second, with this line and hook they are to fish deep into backsliders' dark holes; at whatever distance they may be run from God; and some such may be gone so far, and so deep in this hole of the seas, that they may by some be thought to be gone past-all recovery, out of sight, and almost out of mind with us. But there is many a good fish that struggle out of the net, and chosen fish too. David was down deep in backsliders' hole, covered with mud and filth, but the hook and long line, "thou art the man!" found him; and with the hook in his heart he cried out aloud, so that he was heard from the deeps of the sea, "Out of the deeps cried I, and thou heard my voice." Poor, rebellious, backsliding Jonah ran quite away, and went down to the deepest hole, yea, into the very belly of hell; and he feared that death and hell had quite swallowed him up, and that he was in the very paws and jaws of the devil. But the hook was felt in his heart, and when the long line, the cord of love, was drawn, he felt the pain

severely, and cried out vehemently, and said, "Out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice," "salvation is of the Lord." So if the monster of the deep swallows any of the Lord's people with the hook in them, they must be drawn out, and the monster must give up his prey.

Next, there is the deep hole of despair, when some large fish are harpooned, or hooked, they immediately plunge down to the bottom of the sea, to the deepest hole they can find; and some souls thus pierced with sharp conviction, dash down into deeper sins than they have been in before, endeavouring to drown conviction, and all thoughts of God, and when they find that they cannot get the hook out, skulk into some dark hole, and even seek death, because life is a burden to them, and sink into sullen desperation, and yield to death, seeking death and the grave, but cannot find it, saying, O! that I had never been born! The hook and arrows of conviction under the law, "work in them all manner of concupiscence," and even wrath against God! But even from this deep hole they are drawn by the almighty arm of blood and love, though in this state they cannot believe that God can love them; they see themselves such monsters of iniquity, that they think he can as soon love the devil, as he can love them: but all this is in love, though the poor soul cannot believe it: but the hook does not loose its hold, the arrows stick fast in the flesh and enter into the soul, and omnipotent love draws the line; the Father draws them, and they are brought to Jesus, with higher songs of love than those who were only angled out of shallower waters: for

"From all their afflictions,
God's glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows,
The louder they'll sing."

Next there is the hypocrites' and pharisees' deep hole: a few have been brought out of this hole, and according to the scriptures, but a very few. Paul and Nicodemus were brought out of that hole to be sure, but you will not read of many more such in the scriptures. There are more brought up from the deep haunts of profane sinners, publicans and harlots, then there are from pharisees' hole. "Publicans and harlots shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, before them." There appear to be more in a hopeless state in this deep place than in any other hole, except the hole of the "great transgression," "the sin unto eternal death."

For indeed this deep hole of the false church, with her numerous swarms of professors of our day, is the very whirlpool to hell! A whore, is a deep ditch, the abhorred of the Lord, shall fall therein; "for her darts strike through his liver, as a bird hasteneth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for

his life. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death:" not only the Church of Rome, but all grades and denominations of false churches, and poor duped professors are caught and slain by her sorcery and witchcraft, free-will: and as Mr. JAMES OSBOURN stated, free-will can only grow, and have a lasting abode in a seared conscience, seared by the devil's red hot iron.

Well, my dear friends, this wide world of sin is the great sea, the troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt, and you must know that in this wide sea, there are two kinds or companies of fishermen, and two kinds of nets; Christ's net, and the devil's net; the kingdom of heaven or the gospel, is as a net, and the kingdom of hell or error is as a net. Christ Jesus has his fishermen, and the devil has his fishermen; there is a good net, and an evil net: and as fishes are taken in an evil net, and as the bird is caught in a snare, so are the sons of men snared in an evil time." Eccles. ix. 12. And my brother fishermen, "this is an evil time, and the days are evil." And you may be sure that the devil, the old dragon of the deep, has a large company of his fishermen, and with an evil net, a spurious false gospel; and tens of thousands of the sons of men, are snared and caught in this evil net, by the flatterers, who flatter and deceive multitudes of poor souls; some deceiving; others being deceived by them; for they who are not Christ's gospel fishermen, are but flatterers, as John Bunyan calls them. "The wicked desireth the net of an evil man." Prov. xii. 12. And truly in these evil days, they have their desire, and appear to be willingly ignorant of the glorious gospel of Christ, and multitudes upon multitudes are snared and taken, and snared in satan's net in this evil time, for his fishermen have spread their wide drag net over the whole sea. The prophet Habakkuk stood astonished at this great fishery of the old dragon and his company. "They make men as the fishes of the sea, as the creeping things; they take up all of them with their angle, they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag, therefore they rejoice and are glad." (Hab. i. 15.) Ah! they do rejoice and are glad, and laugh too at us poor fishermen. A free-will minister once sneeringly and exultingly said to me, "look at your numbers, and compare them with our's, what have you done comparatively with us?" I said, Sir, your numbers speak nothing in your favor, but rather the contrary. It is said, "narrow is the way, and few they be that find it" and again, "fear not little flock, for it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

These net draggers are all fattening at Jezebel's table. This woman Jezebel, is a type of the false church, who will raise tens of thousands to feed false prophets, and lying ministers, who speak lies in the name

of the Lord, while a true minister of Christ's gospel, is almost compelled to run for his life, from persecution, as poor Elijah did; and if God was not to feed them with a cake of bread, in a special providential manner, as he did Elijah, they would be ready to lay down under a tree, in some wood, and die. But the God-sent prophets, the ministers of Jesus, have bread to eat, which they "know nothing of." Christ's ministers who minister in life and Spirit, have the Spirit of Christ in them, and the testimony of Jesus (in their souls) is the spirit of prophecy, and all Jezebel's prophets hate them, because the spirit of Jesus in them compels them to prophecy against these false prophets who speak lies in the name of the Lord.

But now ye poor fishermen of Jesus, how much have you of this world's portion and fat things? Nothing to spare, say you; I am kept alive, but the Lord will not pamper my flesh, lest I grow wanton and kick, nor give me my portion all in this life. That is true, dear fishermen, the Lord knows your needs for the poor flesh, but your portion is in him, he will provide you some bread, fish, and honey-comb, sufficient for your need, and with honey-comb and his presence, you will have a sweet meal, though you may have little or no money in your pocket. You know that when they came to Jesus and his disciples, for taxes, the whole company could not make up half-a-crown. Then said Jesus to Peter, "cast a hook into the sea," and up came the fish with a piece of money in its mouth, just enough to pay the tax; well, enough is enough, at the time it is needed. Jesus knows your needs, and your times are in his hands; go on ye poor fishermen of Jesus, spread your nets, cast in your hook at Jesus' command, and when he knows that you are driven to your wit's end, and really want a little piece of money, the fish will come up on your hook, with a piece of money in its mouth, enough for your need. I have been in great straits, and sometimes a fish has come up with a piece of money in its mouth, many times it has been so with me; I had one come up with five sovereigns in its mouth! and one time when I thought I must have been wrecked altogether, as sure as you live, a fish came up with twenty pounds in its mouth! It made me silent with wonder, which at last broke out in praise to his name, and I have now need to look to Jesus, and wait his command.

Now kind readers, if you think the *Vessel* is in Jesus' fishery, and the men on board, the fishermen of Jesus, I trust they will not put down their lures in vain, seeing the *Vessel* is in debt, and the under-captain in distress, for if the last month's line brought nothing up; may this bring up a thousand little fish, with six-pences in their mouths.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

December 1, 1846.

Mr. James Osbourn,

FROM BALTIMORE IN NORTH AMERICA.

This dear and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, whose life and soul experience is recorded in a work entitled "The Lawful Captive Delivered," is now in England. He has preached in several Chapels in London, where the truth as it is in Christ is maintained, and is highly esteemed as a bold, faithful labourer, and talented minister of the true circumcision. We have had the pleasure of conversing with him: and also of perusing some of his works, which as yet are not generally known in England; he is blessed with powers of mind peculiarly adapted for diving into "the deep things of God;" his whole heart is in the work to which the Lord has called him; his public ministrations are sober, comprehensive, and striking. We trust his labours in England may be owned of God.

On Lord's day, December 20, 1846, he preached, at the Surrey Tabernacle, for Mr. JAMES WELLS, both morning and evening. The following is a brief outline of the evening discourse. The text was Romans i. 16.

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

In the morning we observed five distinct things, and closed our discourse under the fifth head. We there pointed out the disparity that existed between the gospel of Christ and the law; the one being a dispensation of death, the other a dispensation of life and peace. We now come to the *sixth* general head of our discourse.

In the first place, however, we are to understand that the gospel is a system of pure clemency, and that it was invented by eternal deity to accomplish the ends he had in view from everlasting: and it has not failed in one of these objects. His own declarative glory, the exaltation of his character, and the setting forth of his own glorious name for the sons of men, were the grand objects designed to be accomplished by the gospel. All must be made subservient to the declarative glory of God. His prime and main end in the creation of the world, and in the creation of man, is a point inferior to the declarative glory of God. A humane general taking the lead of his army into a field of battle, if he

was told that some of his men would be killed, and that some of the enemy would be killed—and if he was asked if that was his object, he would reply, "No: victory is my object!" So the gospel of God; by it victory is aimed at and obtained. By the illustration of the attributes of God, and in the carrying of them out, God will secure his own glory. If men believe and are saved, the glory of God is promoted; and if men perish in their sins, still the glory of God is promoted. The mercy of God was never displayed in the awakening, converting, or saving of a poor sinner at the expense of divine justice. God's justice was never displayed but with the approbation of divine mercy.

Again, we will observe, that as this is the object and aim of God, this glorious gospel of the Lord is like himself; that is to say, it is immutable, it undergoes no sort of alteration whatever. It is like its divine contriver—always the same. It retains all its oriental glories untarnished; and it is contended for by those who love and fear God. It is distinguished from every other system among men; and the people of God have no desire to be saved by any other system. Grace standing simply and alone is God-like, but when it is coupled with human merits, it then becomes dwarfish and puny. The carnal mind is hostile to the gospel; and the gospel, from the beginning down to the forty-sixth year of the nineteenth century, has been subject to the scorn and the reproach of the ignorant and the unbelieving. Is this reproach confined to the ungodly and openly profane? No. It is mostly to be found in men who call themselves gospelers, and profess a marked regard to the gospel of God. There is not one particle of truth in all that such men say, but it is a perfect subversion of the gospel of the living God. Thus, then, the gospel is subject to reproach. We see the crowds, the thousands, the millions, who are expecting to go to heaven while they are living in hostility to the gospel. We may as well expect to go to heaven without a Saviour, as to go to heaven without a gospel. I stand as secure in this assertion as the Rock of Gibraltar, and nothing can move me. I pity that man in my very soul, who thinks he can manage his affairs in such a manner as to escape scorn and reproach. If we are informed that we must be saved by

Christ alone, it is no less true that we must be reproached and persecuted, even till we get to the very gates of heaven. "These things have I spoken unto you," saith Christ, "that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

The general notion that is held respecting the gospel, as sure as God is in heaven, it is not true. If the gospel is not in a general way, brought before people in so many words, it is brought before them as a fact, that the gospel is only made use of by the eternal founder of it as an experiment. This is an infernal outrage upon the Creator—a libel upon his word. Some men naturally seem to have scientific minds, and they are continually finding something out; but prudence naturally suggests to them, before they bring their discoveries to light, that they should perform the experiment, to see if it answers the intended purpose. Does God act so? If he does, in what way is it so used? Why it is said that God lays his plans before the sons of men, and coaxes them into a belief of them. The formation of them is such that surely men cannot be displeased with them. Such is the way in which the gospel is spoken of. If this be true, we stand precisely as devils stand—without a hope in the world. But blessed be God, this is not true—it is as false as hell. There is nothing of the sort in the gospel—nothing so despotic, as we observed in the morning. It is truly the breath of God in the field of death. It is a rich source of fragrant perfume. Men are taken sometimes by surprise, and they are surprised that such a remedy, such a gospel should be provided, as to turn them from "the power of sin and satan unto God." Those men, who thus represent the gospel as an experiment, *must* do so in order to carry out the principles of their first notions respecting it. The salvation of man depend upon human contingencies! If this be the case, there is no more hope for us. There is no contingency. It is *I will* and *they shall*. Therefore it is not true what we hear of the gospel, at least, in my country, where it is stated, that unless we raise more money, and more preachers, and send them to Hindoo or some other such place, men will continue to go on as they are now going on, dropping into hell, and so on. It would have been better that you had

never been born, than make such statements. If this be not the case, six and four does not make ten. If this be the case, we might just as well have prevented Christ from coming into the world to die. Not a soul has ever been coaxed into heaven. Men are sunk too low to be coaxed there. "Lazarus, come forth!" This is peremptory. "And Lazarus came forth, bound hand and foot." God spake to us from Mount Sinai, and his dear Son speaks to us from Mount Calvary. God is cleared from the injustice of making man and leaving him to perish. The Holy Ghost is just *shoved to leeward*, (a technical term used at sea) and men have only to fall in with these views. If I am right, as God liveth, they are wrong; and if they are right, I am one of the worst wretches out of hell. However, I am content to risk the safety of my position.

In the gospel of the Son of God there is no coadjutor. Under the Levitical law it was forbidden to plough with an ox and an ass together; it was forbidden to sow together seeds of various kinds—to mix a covenant of grace with a covenant of works. The gospel has no more respect for men's good works, than they have themselves for their bad works. As God liveth, our bad works are as fit to commend us as our good works; for God will reject both. Therefore, let us sweep away all these cobwebs from the gospel; then we shall see that there is a foundation laid for poor sinners to hope upon. Nothing is more plain than the doctrine established by the apostle Paul: "Not by deeds of righteousness which we have done; (there is no more salvation for us in these, than there is for devils;) but according (oh, this blessed *according*) to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." On no other principle will God save man; and not a single soul is saved on this plan, but by his own consent; he is heartily willing to be saved in God's own way.

Another trait in the gospel is the perpetuity of it. It is not that which is to continue for a short season, but "from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the name of the Lord shall be great among the Gentiles." "From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same." That is, from the east unto the west. God says, my name shall be great. What is the name of God? *Grace* is God's name; *Mercy* is another name; *Love* is another name:

and "the name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and are safe." But by error God is insulted, and God is mocked.

(7.) The seventh head of our discourse is, in what sense are we to understand the gospel as our's, or as Paul's gospel? It was not contrived by him, it was not upheld by him, how then was it Paul's gospel? It was not given to Paul to dispose of at his own will and pleasure, and yet men in our day will stand up in a pulpit, and talk about giving the gospel, or offering the gospel, as if it lay with them to give or to withhold it. Such is the gospel preached in North America, in ninety-nine pulpits out of every hundred. But the gospel was Paul's positively, and without this gospel, not merely received in notion, but in heart, there is no more hope for your salvation than there is for devils. This is different from what men in general see and believe. Look at the dry bones, which represented the house of Israel—the breath of God upon the field of death, this was not to be resisted. In the same way God breathes the breath of life into the soul, and the soul lives. When Jesus passed the sycamore tree, and called Zaccheus down, did he resist? No, he came down. When God's time was come for the children of Israel to leave the house of bondage, neither Pharaoh nor their own wills could keep them there.

(8.) The eighth point is the adaptation of this system. If we know ourselves to be sinners, the gospel is adapted to us. There is nothing in the gospel adapted to self-righteous people, to self-righteous Pharisees, the gospel is adapted to the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind. Whatever unfavourable conclusions a poor sinner may draw against himself, in the gospel he has his remedy, and he has no right to draw such unfavourable conclusions. Are you a sinner? Go to the gospel. What! a man starve amid plenty? It matters not to what depths, or to what state of pungency your soul is brought, the gospel covers the whole. Therefore as HART says:—

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.
This he gives you,
'T is his Spirit's rising beam."

The gospel is instrumental music; and if a man can play well upon it, he will keep the saints awake. However, I come to the last part of my discourse. Some men can preach the gospel without giving offence, but the apostle Paul could not, and that man that can, must and will be suspected. If a man has right views of truth, he will say with Paul, "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified," and "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and who are those that believe? Why if I mistake not there is such a passage of Scripture as this, "And as many as were ordained to eternal life, believed;" we are not to recommend ourselves to God's esteem, this is a stink in God's nostrils. May God bless the remarks I have made for his name's sake. Amen.

Ishmael and Isaac.

Come, tell me, ye pilgrims, that hold on your way,
Midst conflicts by night and distresses by day;
Does sin much annoy you in trav'ling the road
To Jesus Jehovah, your covenant God?

A look often draws me away from the throne,
And leaves me to wander in darkness alone;
Brings bondage of soul, sinks me down in disgrace,
Then I long for the joys of my Saviour's embrace.

A power that's mighty, lies struggling within,
To rush from the cross, and to wallow in sin;
A power almighty still cleaving to God,
And plunging for mercy in Calvary's blood.

Fain would I, dear Jesus, this warfare was o'er,
That doubts and misgivings should vex me no more;
I scarce feel the virtue of pardoning blood,
But satan comes in like an o'erwhelming flood.

Sometimes to my Jesus I get very near,
Sometimes overwhelmed and cast down with fear;
Sometimes on the Rock, I triumphantly tell,
Of the free grace of Jesus that saved me from hell.

Sometimes from the devil a hot fiery dart
Sticks fast to my flesh, and distresses my heart;
And there I confess I'm compell'd for to lay
Till Jesus in mercy doth take it away.

What groaning, what panting, what struggling within,
To get nearer to Jesus and further from sin;
Grace just seems sufficient, dear Lord, and that's all,
For when troubles arise, I'm afraid I shall fall.

Sometimes the sweet wonders of mercy I tell,
Sometimes I'm afraid I shall sink into hell;
I wrestle, but cannot get hold of my God,
Till Jesus comes in with his pardoning blood.

But, blessed be God, it is not always so;
For I oft get a kiss in this valley below;
Much nearness to Jesus is often the case,
Tho' I frequently mourn for the smiles of his face.

Dependent upon Him I'll press on my way,
When afflictions abound, at the cross for to lay,
Still looking to Jesus, the friend of the poor,
And crying, Lord, help me! what can I do more?

A POOR WORM.

To the Readers of the Earthen Vessel.

HAIL, all hail, ye saints of the most high God; called with a holy calling to be "partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Israelites have no inheritance on this side Jordan, among corruptible things; our inheritance is in the promised land of milk and honey. And God hath given us his Spirit which is the earnest of the inheritance. Then let us not think of settling here; but of passing over this Jordan, and let us be helpers of each other's faith on our way, and endeavor to comfort one another with his words, who is "gone before to prepare a place for us;" for "here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

Another year of our time on earth is sunk into the vortex of eternity, and gone for ever, never to return; and our mortal sands are momentarily running out, and falling into that fathomless abyss, unknown: "Lord, so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," in our souls, but true wisdom was from everlasting with God, "Christ is the wisdom of God and the power of God;" "rejoicing in the habitable parts of the earth and his delights were with the sons of men;" and he saith "whosoever findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord." (Prov. viii. 35.) Then let not the dear saints of God, with "the light of life" in their souls, spend too many gloomy hours in poring over their vileness, death, and the grave; since Christ has carried all the designs of infinite wisdom, and eternal love, into execution, by his death, atonement, powerful and glorious resurrection from the grave. Let us think more of life in him than we do of death in ourselves, for though we bear about with us daily, this vile body of death, which makes us groan, and is an evidence of the life of God in our souls, the fullness of light, love, and life, that is in Christ, shall soon swallow up sin, darkness, and death in victory.

We know that men destitute of the life of God in their souls may repeat and preach these things, give a history of the gospel, make a map of the promised land, and draw out pictures of the living saints of God, and yet be dead in sin themselves, as Baalam was. And we believe

the church for a time may be, and is deceived by such: but the best of painters cannot draw the shape of the wind, that is only heard and felt; viz, the Holy Spirit is only heard and felt in those who are born of God. Men may make painted saints outwardly in appearance; but God only makes living saints with the breath of the Spirit, and holy affections in them. Men may make marble busts, and draw very correct pictures on canvas; but they cannot paint life, breath, spirit, love, nor affections in them. Therefore if the Lord hath by his Spirit put these things in our souls, this exceeds all the work of devils and hypocrites: and the Spirit itself will sometimes witness with our spirits that we have some holy desires, and affections after the holy things of God, and some love to those who are born of God.

Therefore we are deeply concerned not to carry either strange fire, or gunpowder in our *Vessel*, neither do we desire to war, only in a defensive war with our implacable enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil, with whom we cannot make peace, on any good terms; and if foreigners, or other unkind men, board us, we would put on the helmet of salvation, and the breast-plate of righteousness, and fight them with no other weapons than the weapons of love, prayer, and faith, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; and all poor creatures wounded in this war, or ship-wrecked, or sinking, or drowning, or dying in despair, we take them on board our *Vessel* if we can, and nourish them with such things as we have, and tell them that we are homeward bound, to their Father's house in their own kingdom: where there are the richest provisions, and plenty of fresh water; even "fountains of living water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

Our little *Vessel* has been preserved during the past year, and by the help of the Lord of the seas, has made its way through contrary winds, and foaming waves of this dead black sea, which casts up mire and dirt against her, and we have had some shots, and broad-sides fired upon us in the dark, from some which we would hope better things of: who have endeavoured to split and sink our little bark: to such, we would only say, leave us alone, there is sea-room for us all, who do business with this far

country; and the riches are unsearchable, and you cannot bring them all from thence for the city of Zion below, and we can say this in truth, and in the sight of God, that we have gained no pecuniary advantage by our *Vessel*, but considerable loss at the present; though many have confessed that it has been made spiritual gain to their souls. Therefore, if it be the Lord's good pleasure, we would go on in his strength, trading in all the good things we can find, but if it is his pleasure to lay our *Vessel* by in the harbour, "The Lord's will be done," and we would be content.

By the help, and good hand of the Lord, we are off for another year's voyage not knowing what is before us, or what 1847 may bring forth. Thus we pray that our *Vessel* may be like the virtuous woman in proverbs (the true church of God,) like the merchant's ship, she bringeth her food from afar.' Though we are but poor earthen vessels, and some earth and dust must be expected to be found among our goods. Still we trust that our compass is set for the good land, that central point of bliss, and we desire to see that every one who bring goods to the *Vessel*, may receive them from above, the land of spices, for they will be known by their taste and flavour, if it be food from afar: for nothing really good for food is found in the flesh, or in this country of corruption, sin and death.

To the weak we would become weak, and sympathise with you in all your weaknesses, fears, and infirmities, for we are really weak in ourselves. But we say, look not to us poor weak mortals for help, strength, or wisdom, nor to any of the so-called great men of the age: God is dishonoured if we look to man: "Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage and he shall strengthen your heart." Ask, knock, seek, wrestle, cry like the importunate widow; "God will avenge his own elect, though he bears long with them." And nothing but a word or a token from himself can satisfy an honest sincere seeker that he, or she, is one of his chosen.

To the poor sufferers, who suffer for truth, conscience, righteousness, and Jesus' sake, we say, rejoice, that ye are "partakers of Christ's sufferings," for while on earth we must "always bear about in the body, the dying of the Lord Jesus." (2 Cor. iv. 10.) Jesus, the

Son of God, lingered in death, a long while on the cross, before his dear body was quite dead, and all the sighs, tears, wounds, and dying groans now felt in his body, (the church, left behind on the earth,) from sin and persecution, are but the last dying groans of the body of Christ! this is the fellowship, (or partnership) of his sufferings." Hear dear brother Paul's utterance by the Holy Ghost, "who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church. (Col. i. 24.) Blessed sufferers! your groans of anguish, shall end in songs of triumph to the slaughtered Lamb.

To our enemies who rail on us, (calling us vile dirty fellows,) we would not return a railing accusation, but only say "consider your ways," and through the help of a loving God, and the comforts of the Spirit, and in the meekness of Jesus, we would pray for our enemies and them that spitefully use us."

Now to our beloved correspondents and readers, we would say, watch, stand fast in the faith, quit yourselves like men. Popery, error, and unsound doctrine abounds on every side, in various shades and grades; but we believe that the sixth angel hath sounded a long time, and the second woe will soon be past, and that the third woe will be the total fall of antichrist, "when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." (Rev. xi. 15.)

Now may the God of peace and love be with you: lift up the light of his countenance upon you, bless you and give you peace, prays,

THE EDITOR'S FRIEND.

SCRAPS OF

A Sermon by Mr. JAMES OSBOURN,

Preached at Zoar Chapel, York St. Leicester.

I herewith send you a few particulars which I took down from the mouth of Mr. Osbourn. Many were truly blessed under the Sermon. He appeared to me like one of the old Apostles risen from the dead; there was so much heavenly fervor, godly sincerity, without partiality and without hypocrisy, that I really felt

great love to the man, and could but admire the grace of God in him; and felt compelled to bless him in the name of the Lord. Your's truly,

W. GARRARD.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God, speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquities are pardoned, for she hath received at the Lord's hand double for all her sins."

I PRESUME that we shall be safe in saying that the prophet Isaiah occupied the same situation of old as God's ministers in the present day. His sayings were so concise, bright, and luminous, that in his ministry he represented a man sowing stars: his words are so bright and glorious, that he appeared like an incarnate angel.

We consider that our sins and the wrath of God formed a junction when they fell on the head of the Lord Jesus Christ: but Christ, by his death and atonement, silenced the tempest: and by his resurrection and ascension to glory, opened the way to God for his beloved bride, the church (who was sunk in sin and sorrow,) to the Father, and shall say, "Father, here am I, and all the children which thou hast given me, not one of them have I lost," only Judas, and that was no loss at all; for though he was given in office, he was not given to Christ in the covenant of life and grace. No! Judas was only a purse-bearer, and we have many such in my country, (America).

First, (said Mr. Osbourn) we must draw the line of demarcation: all people are not the children of God, though all are his by creation. Christ's sheep "were chosen in him before the foundation of the world;" and loved of the Father in him, with the same love as he loved the Son. Jesus saith, "Father, all mine are thine; and thine are mine;" and he will say, "Father, here am I, and all them which thou hast given me; count them; count them; and see if any are lost." This is the doctrine of election so clearly marked out in scripture, that you who are in the habit of reading the Bible need not me to spend much time on this head to prove it, though I know many professors of religion hate this doctrine of election much more than they hate their own sins and the devil. Yea, many in my country (America) who mount the rostrum pulpits in America,

hate the doctrine and deny it altogether. But now I would not have you think that this is a doctrine of my own make, or of my fabrication: no, the scriptures prove it to be God's own words, and whoever fights against it, fights against God.

Secondly, these people are the regenerated children of God, who are to be comforted; not all the people in the world; they neither seek nor desire such comfort; neither is this comfort to be spoken to all the elect family of God at present, because some of them are still in unregeneracy; in nature's darkness; dead in sin; and do not see nor feel the need of this comfort until they are quickened by the Spirit and born of God. But let me tell you that man by sin hath cut himself off, and cast himself out, it was his own act and deed; and let me tell you more, that man can do nothing towards regenerating himself; that is the work of God alone, and he must have the glory of our salvation. Man's destruction is of himself, and salvation is of the Lord. It is a bad rule that will not work both ways. God had nothing to do in man's destruction, and man has nothing to do in his own salvation.

But man neither sees, feels, nor knows of himself, what salvation means until he feels himself a condemned sinner; justly condemned for his sins by the righteous law of God. And Paul said that when the law was sent home to his conscience, so far it was from helping him, or saving him, that sin taking occasion by the commandment wrought in him all manner of concupiscence. (Rom. vii. 8.) Now, Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary tells us that concupiscence means something of zigzag work. Ah, the law worketh wrath, and all manner of crooked works in the heart. Yea, when the law breaks in, it rouses up the nest of devils found there: and the law cuts a sinner up so that he has neither root nor branch, straw, nor rush, to lay hold on to save himself. Yea, it cuts every fibre of the heart; and conscience files every bill which the law brings against it, but has nothing to pay withal. And now what can free-will do for a soul in this case? Nothing at all! Free-will only grows and lives in a seared conscience, and seared by the devil's red-hot iron! That man who boasts of free-will, his mouth never was

stopped ; but every mouth must be stopped : it is of no use cringing to Moses, no help there, no mercy there.

Now the Lord puts a cry into the poor sinner's heart for mercy, but there being much bustle and confusion at that time in the court of conscience, and the adversaries very clamorous, these prevent the voice of mercy being heard from the hills of frankincense, for a time. "But how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." The name of Jesus sounds sweetly ; the death, sacrifice, and blood of Jesus, opens a channel for mercy to flow down to us condemned sinners. Mercy comes into the court ; sin goes out ; sin is removed to make way for mercy ; sin is removed to make a channel for mercy to run : and "mercy rejoiceth against judgment." Now the banqueting house is opened, and the feast of love begins, Christ is found, and seen, and known, and felt : and the poor soul cries out "This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O, ye daughters of Jerusalem," and creeps into Christ's bosom.

II.—These are the people who are to be comforted. These are the people who will need comforting, for they cannot find any more comfort in sin or self. Now you know that if a person have a family of children, and one among them is afflicted more than the others, it may be blind, or lame, or very sickly, that child is taken more notice of than the rest, by affectionate parents, because of its affliction and because it cannot help itself ; others are left to play about and do as well as they can : and the poor little helpless dear begins to be awake to the parent's affection towards it, even by the motions and looks of its parent. Ah, and it begins to be up to this too, that the parent knows its needs by its whimperings, looks, and the form of the muscles of its face, and begins to know that the parent's bowels are moved towards it in its affliction.

But now say you, how shall we prove that all God's children are like this afflicted child ? Very easily indeed ; truly all professors are not such ; but the Lord saith, "I will leave amongst you a poor and afflicted people, and they shall trust in my name." And I can tell you that if you are not of these poor and afflicted ones, the gospel is nothing to you, neither is it for you ; you will despise it.

The law can do nothing for these poor and afflicted children ; in Jesus, there they are comforted ; his love makes them bold, and brings them into the closest intimacy, casts out their fears, and they can then say "I am my beloved's and he is mine." But if they begin to think too much of themselves, and too little of him, they will soon feel the effects of it, and wonder what is the matter. Have not the mildew of God fallen upon you, and you are blighted, and are in a comfortless state ? Then you find the "good man is gone, he has taken a purse of money and gone a long journey." All your spending money and comfort is gone, and in comes Esau, he is a hairy man, a very rough man, the "old man" uses you very roughly.

Now what is to be done ? Done ! come boldly to the throne of grace, not presumptuously ; when you were laying in the bosom of Jesus you made very free with him then, and were assured of his love, and were very bold with him. Is he changed ? No ! it is you that are changed : then you must go boldly to him again in all the confidence of faith, for "he is the same yesterday to day and for ever." You must call on him again and again : sometimes, you know, that persons have business with some great man, a lord or duke, it may be, they call on him, the servant comes out instead of the master, master is engaged, he cannot be spoken with, you must call again, cannot you leave your business with me ? No ! Then you must call again. So if the Lord does not answer at first you must call again, and again ; for his people must be comforted, and they shall be comforted.

It is with me to night as it has been with me many times in my own country, I must stop short and conclude before I have finished. Mr. Osbourn then promised to finish the subject at York Street Chapel on his next visit to Leicester.

Jacob at Bethel.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Brothers we are ; sinners alike ; saints alike ; preachers alike ; travelling on the free-grace road to the freely given kingdom of Emmanuel's endless glory : truly I sympathise with you in your trials, crosses, perplexities, and persecutions ; as I took up your letter this morning, these words came

with divine power to my soul—'encourage thou him.' I was constrained to go to the throne of grace, enjoyed sweet liberty, and came away with the sweet assurance that you was a man of God, and that (though now scouted by many of Jesu's standard bearers, and oppressed by the publishing of the *Earthen Vessel*;) the dear Lord would preserve it and you from shipwreck, and ere long grant a propitious gale—I enclose my mite; and will use my best endeavours to further its sale.

In your letter, you enquire after my soul's health, ah, my brother, my experience, (if of vital experience I have any, which I often question,) is mysterious indeed; dark nights and cheerful days—heavy losses and some spiritual gains—sore temptations and seasonable helps—tears and smiles—castings down and liftings up—fits of despair and lively hopes—the poisons of unbelief felt, and the triumphs of faith enjoyed—burdened and delivered; sighing and singing; on the mount of communion and in the shadow of death—loaded with corruptions—pardoned by blood—condemned and justified—happy and miserable—fighting and fainting—rising and falling—rejoicing and mourning—yet with that light with which my soul is now blessed, I must add, wonderfully, mercifully, and almightily kept, sanctified, and of glory assured, and, in measure, (if not deluded) brought out of self, to live a life of faith upon the Son of God "who loved me, and gave himself for me." And O what a feast of fat things is the love, blood, grace, finished work, and righteousness of a dear Redeemer, to a poor stripped and beggared sinner, while the Beloved saith "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." How blessed to feel a precious Jesus draw near; to feel our hearts drawn to him by the sweet cords of love; none but Zion's children know the sacred joy that's felt; it is a joy unspeakable and full of glory; while at the same time, with the witnessing and sweet anointing of God the Holy Ghost, we cry, "Abba, Father." Then it is our souls realise the blessedness of being in Christ, we can triumph, feeling that we are bone of his bone, body of his body, flesh of his flesh; and, how sweet the thought, this union is eternal, and indissoluble; here, all is bliss and blessedness; and this bliss and blessedness shall be

everlasting. "Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord." We are baptised by one Spirit into one body, and it is heaven below and glory in the bud, when by the invincible energy of God the Holy Ghost, we realise a soul transporting plunge into the sea of love and blood. "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the tops of the mountains." Blessed foundation; in which, and on which, the elect church stands, the Rock of Incarnate Deity; it is a rock that stood the blast of hell; that endured the wrath of God; assaulted by Devils, yet impregnable, tried by God and approved:—proved by all the quickened elect of God to be a sure foundation; a "strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible one, is as a storm against the wall." But how came we in the rock? Did we climb in by faith, repentance, or works? No, electing love put us in; Omnipotent power and grace kept us there; this inhabited rock rises out of the ocean of Covenant love; hath its foundations in the holy mountains; devils cannot climb the mountains; devils cannot cross the ocean; those mountains are eternal immutability, eternal omnipotence, eternal faithfulness, eternal wisdom, eternal holiness; this is Jesu's foundation, as the Christ of God, and ours in him.

You enquire, "how we are getting on in the Church." The poor lad with the five barley loaves, often goes into the pulpit with feelings like a malefactor going to the gallows; but the Lord miraculously multiplies and blesses: five were added to the Church last Lord's day; and two others proposed; and there are several precious lambs bleating outside the fold, who, I hope, will soon be gathered in. We have peace in the church from the God of peace, and as to attendance, we have oftentimes as many as we can comfortably seat; for all this the Lord be praised, while I pray I may be humbled from a sense of the Lord's abundant goodness.

May the God of all grace strengthen, stablish, settle you: remember, it is the lot of the righteous to have persecution: and the lot of the righteous to be supported: under it your afflictions may be multitudinous, poignant, and heavily distressing; but let a few more fleeting moments take their flight, and your loving

Kinsman, Redeemer, shall call you up higher; the eternal cloudless day shall dawn upon your soul, while through a long eternity he will banquet your spirit with his inimitable, matchless, boundless, infinite love. I remain, through grace, your brother pilgrim,
EBENEZER.

Society for the Relief of Ministers.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Last Thursday being the third anniversary of C. W. BANKS commencing his labours in London, the afternoon was set apart by his friends for the purpose of commemorating the event, and many of the Lord's dear family, whose souls have been blessed under his ministry were present to testify their gratitude unto God for the tokens of his goodness unto them, and for his gradual increase of them, as a portion of the living church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. BANKS preached on the occasion from 2 TIM. ii. 8, 9, 10. "Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David, was raised from the dead, according to my gospel, wherein I suffer trouble as an evil doer, even unto bonds; but the word of God is not bound. Therefore I endure all things for the elect's sake, that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory." In speaking upon the clause, "but the word of God is not bound," the preacher gave a very soul cheering proof of the truth of the words as evidenced in the church of God assembling at Crosby Row Chapel.

The scene forcibly reminded me of the words of the Psalmist, which seemed peculiarly applicable, especially to the minister. PS. lxxi. 20, 21. "Thou which hast shewed me great and sore trouble shall quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth. Thou shalt enlarge my greatness, and comfort me on every side." For though we must look for the full realization of these words beyond the grave; yet they have a beauty and a fulness as they refer to the Lord's dealings with his dear family here; and I doubt not, but that our dear Brother, who has past through the bitterness of the "sore trouble," is now in the enjoyment of the blessings which follow: and that the Lord is 'enlarging his greatness,' both in his soul, and in his ministry, is evident on every side.

After the services of the afternoon, about two hundred persons partook of tea, in the chapel, and at seven o'clock a public meeting commenced in connection with the poor Baptist Ministers' Relief Society. After singing, that venerable looking man of God, Mr. LUCOMBE, addressed the throne of grace for the presence, and blessing of the Lord, upon the occasion, when C. W. BANKS, the

minister of the place, was unanimously requested to take the chair.

The secretary, Mr. FENNER, being called upon by the chairman, gave a very encouraging statement of the funds of this infant Society. After which, Mr. ALLNUT addressed the meeting: this good man brought forward most convincing proofs, not only of the real benefit of such an institution; but also of what might be done on its behalf. One circumstance must be noticed, which was doubtless heard with deep interest by every child of God: the writer must confess that it was with difficulty he suppressed the tear of sympathy, while his bosom glowed with love and soul-union unto the person, (although most unknown and probably will remain unknown to him in the flesh,) whose generous spirit could make the sacrifice, and that too in the midst of poverty, to aid the suffering servants of Jesus Christ, who are often made to lose their all in this world, while spending and being spent for the spiritual good of the church, by spreading abroad the savour of the everlasting gospel, and of exalting our precious Saviour, whose boundless love is past understanding, whose matchless grace is unsearchable, and whose glories will fill the tongues of the church above with praise and blessing through the ages of eternity. The fact I allude to is briefly this: "A poor woman who was at the time of her minister taking his leave, to be present at the meeting, entirely destitute of money; but who having a watch which she had preserved for many years as a memorial of her deceased husband, she pressed Mr. ALLNUT to take it, and devote it to the temporal relief of those servants of the Lord whose circumstances from time to time plead hard and often plead in vain, upon those whom God hath favoured with a plentiful portion of this world's good.

The meeting was severally addressed by several other ministers, who gave some painful relations from their own experience of the straits to which ministers of the gospel are often reduced in providence, and also of the wonderful deliverances of our wonder-working God in appearing for them, not always in the hour of need, but when their strength was all gone, and after much privation had been endured.

Letters were read from absent ministers, at a distance too great to be present on the occasion, expressing the interest they felt in the Institution, and their willingness to do all that lay in their power to fix the object of the Society upon such a basis as to afford necessary relief to necessitous ministers in distress.

It was moved that letters be addressed to the leading ministers in London, soliciting their co-operation in this benevolent object. It is to be wished that this resolution may

be carried out, and that those whom the Lord in his providence has placed in circumstances which secure them from want themselves, may come forth to the help of an Institution, the only object of which is to aid and assist their less fortunate but often equally useful brethren in the ministry.

The interesting proceedings of the day being over, with a song of praise and a parting blessing, the meeting broke up at nine o'clock; and truly my heart said, through the whole, "It is good to be here."

Your's in truth and love,

AN OBSERVER.

London, December 8, 1846.

A Word for the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

"Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens; and he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant, and bowed the shoulder to bear," Genesis xlix. 14, 15.

CHILDREN of Zion; men of the true Israel; ye that serve God in truth, and worship him in the Spirit; an appeal has already been made to you by the "Watchman," in the last number of the *Earthen Vessel*, who, like Issachar of old, is now couching down between two burdens, viz, the work of the ministry, and the labour and expence of carrying on this work; he seeing that rest is good, that is the glorious rest prepared for the people of God, through the mediatorial work of the dear Redeemer, and that the land is pleasant; even the land to which the Israel of God are every hour drawing nearer to, and having the glory of God and the comfort of his dear people at heart, is still willing to bow the shoulder to bear; but shall those who reap so much benefit and comfort by his labours, withhold the small mite it will require to ease him of his burden; a mite which would to some produce but a little self-denial, while to others it would be no more than the trouble of sending it; shall the children of mammon be zealous in contributing to the various vanities of the times, while a work that bears the stamp of divine truth and speaks to the praise of a triune Jehovah, be left to fall to the ground, or its author, as he states in the December number, at times not having a penny to call his own.

The plan proposed by the "Watchman" of sending Six-pence each, or six penny postage stamps, is simple, but if generally followed would be effectual. Might not some of the most influential members in the various congregations to whom it has been made useful, take a collecting card, then even the poorest who have a good will to the work might give their penny, and the "widow's mite" would add as great a blessing as the

gift of those who could give much. May the dear Lord put it into the hearts of his children to give freely, and that the remarks made in the last number, and those now added may meet with his blessing and approval; and that the Editor may still be enabled to go on with the good work, is the desire and prayer of one who like David of old, "can open his mouth and pant after the knowledge of him that filleth all in all.

Walworth.

J. B. E.

State of the London Churches.—No. 4.

OVER the doors of many of our large Chapels, in and about London, as also in the country, might very well be written the word *Exhibition*. Exhibition of what? you ask. I reply, of Christ in preaching, or setting forth his name, person, deeds, and gospel, now made the vehicle of human applause, eloquence, and honours, by one class of preachers. Of this I will give an instance coming under my own knowledge very lately. At the opening of a large Baptist Chapel in the town of Leicester, built upon a model taken, I suppose, from the ancient idolators; from its gaudy and fantastical appearance, styled *classical*, but properly "the heathen."

The very talented and popular minister on this occasion was the author of Mammon. His subject for the edification of his auditory, was taken from Job vii. 17. He philologically entered into the geologists' view of the creation, the nature of man, and description of the Deity's greatness; in no common language; of course an eloquent sermon. The same discourse (*verbatim read*) I heard from him at the opening of another chapel, a few weeks after; alas! that the exhibition of this ADORABLE NAME, before whom heaven, earth, and hell tremble, should thus be prostituted to the shrine of applause. It hath pleased God by what is termed "foolishness to save them that believe," and to make what is *weakness* (in their esteem) "stronger than man," stronger than the intellectuality and powers of reason, which the Lord frequently blows upon, withers and dries up.

A second class of preachers use the gospel for baser purposes in the exhibition of its glories, after the same manner as of old, "Ye polluted me among my people for handfuls of barley and

for pieces of bread :” and all who do so belong to “ great Babylon”—“ Babylon hath been a *golden cup* in the Lord’s hand, that made all the earth drunken ; the nations have drunken of her wine ; therefore the nations are mad.” The traffic and merchandise with the name of Jesus, carried on within this old city “ clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones and pearls,” will be found to have been of very great extent, and in some places least suspected. O, that those who stand prominently for the name of Jesus, would consider, not what men say, but “ what saith the Lord.”

But we go on, as we may be helped, to search out Jerusalem, “ to see what is the breadth thereof, and what is the length thereof.” Who can do this, or give a faithful and correct statement of the outward acknowledged church of Christ ? An angel cannot. We look at what is said here and there, but the balance totters, we cannot hold it steady with an unskilful diseased hand. But if “ God lay righteousness to the line and judgment to the plummet” I do believe what is esteemed very highly will be found to consist of loads of rubbish only.

We now seem to have lighted upon a kind of “ Smyrna” sort of people ; we mention two churches ; Mr. Wright, who has been prophesying near thirty years in Salem Chapel, near the Obelisk, Waterloo Road ; and Mr. Gravener, in Garden Row, St. George’s Fields, Lambeth, about twenty-four years ; both of the Huntingtonian ministry. Mr. Gravener lived with W. Huntington, and was a domestic servant of that renowned champion. He has continued witnessing from his own experience that “ the way of life” is narrow, and “ above to the wise ;” in opposition to the broad way, and common beaten path of professors. He states that 500 have left him during his ministry. He has contended for a living faith, in union with a living head, opposing one that is dead and unproductive. I was at his place about a month ago, on the Tuesday evening ; four others besides myself made up the congregation ; after staying a short time, the old gentleman said there would be no preaching. The Lord has permitted him for a few

months past to walk in great darkness of mind ; also in bodily affliction, during which time there has been supplies for the Sabbath only. To all human probability the place is likely to be closed against the preaching of the Word ; and I have been told this old saint is likely to end his days in the work-house : we hope not ; we recommend Mr. Abrahams’ congregation to do to him, as Mr. Wells has done to the late Mr. T. Lord. I shook hands with Mr. G. on the above evening, he was very heavily groaning in spirit. I said, “ He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.”

Mr. Wright still continues at Salem Chapel, which, like Mr. Gravener’s, is a small upper room ; but large enough for the small number attending. Mr. W. is not so eccentric nor so satirical in his expressions as Mr. Gravener ; his manner and style being more sober, yet fully maintaining and setting forth, in a sweet experimental strain, the preciousness of faith in Christ. The last time I heard him he said, Christ was everything to the Father, and the same to every poor sinner. Two or three months ago, I took down the following from him :—“ My friends I am only accustomed to speak to a few, there are many sit under the sound of the gospel who go away saying, what an eloquent sermon ; a delightful man ; &c. I do not want to hear that ; I would rather hear you say, the Holy Ghost has harrowed up my soul with the word, and caused me to believe on Jesus ; being ashamed of yourselves and finding fault with your own ways.”

Mr. Hobbs, who is also an Huntingtonian, and has been nineteen years in Haberdasher’s Hall, Staining Lane, in the city, has left that Chapel, and is now in the neighbourhood of these two old ministers who seem about departing.

Thus, this part of God’s Israel seems to be coming low, whilst the stately appearance of the bondwoman and her children are spreading in every quarter. The temple is building without might, power or eloquence ; victorious grace, sovereign power, and redemption’s purchase, shall reign triumphant.

If the Lord shall spare us, of the once fruitful field (the Huntingtonian) we may soon have something more to say.

H. W.

Gleanings from the Vintage.—No. 1.

*Extract from a Sermon by MR. JAMES WELLS,
May 4, 1844, at the Surrey Tabernacle,
Borough Road.*

THERE is nothing in religion but what is included in the word *love*; and if we are not brought to feel the need of that love, it would have been better for us had we never been born; but if we are brought to feel our need of it, then we shall see and know what it can do:—that it can blot out our sins from the book of judgment—that it can blot out our sins from our consciences. There is an almightiness in the love of God: this appears in the Lord's dealings with his people from day to day. When all other loves wither and die, the people of God have left with them the everlasting love of God. If the Lord's people live, what is their portion when they live? The love of God. If they die, what is their portion when they die? The love of God. If they rise again at the last day, what is their portion when they rise again? The love of God. The love of God is an enduring love. Could you treat a dear friend that you knew loved you, in the same manner that you treat the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you think that that dear friend could bear for one week only what the Lord Jesus Christ is continually putting up with from you? Do you think that any husband could bear from his wife what the Lord Jesus Christ bears from you? The Lord's people may possess the love of God's truth of election, without possessing the assurance of it; but they cannot possess the assurance of it, without at the same time, possessing the love of it. A man cannot possibly hate that of which he feels his need. Those who cannot endure the truth now, will not be able to endure it at the last great day. "Come ye blessed of my father," (that will do, says the free-willer,) "inherit the kingdom," (O yes, to be sure, says the free-willer, such good people as we ought to inherit the kingdom;) "prepared for you from the foundation of the world." (O no, that wont do at all; we wont go, says the free-willer.) But the people of God lay up a good foundation for themselves; they lay up God's eternal election; they feel their need of it, and they must of necessity love it. The religion of Balaam was a religion not now, it was a religion not nigh; but if you are brought to re-

ceive the truth of God in the love of it, your daily cry will be, "visit me *to day*, Lord; visit me with thy salvation *this day*." None but those who are spiritual can do spiritual actions, proceeding from the love of God. If a child of God be in prison, and a free-willer visits him, and feeds him, and clothes him, what does he do it for? Does he do it from a love to that child of God, and because he is a disciple? No. Does he do it because that child of God receives the doctrine of eternal election? No. Does he do it because that child of God detests free-will, and all these volumes of smoke that ascend from the bottomless pit? No. Well then, what does he do it for? Why because he believes it is his duty to do it, and that he may receive a higher place in heaven. In the love of God there is a fulness; and in all that is said of God there is a fulness. In eternal life there is a fulness. If you had your health and strength upon earth, and everything went in your favor, and nothing appeared against you, how long would you wish to live such a life? Why, say you, I should like to live for ever; I should never wish to die! Well, then, it is just such a life the Lord's people will have after death; they will never wish to die, but for ever be with those they love, where

"Their best friends, their kindred dwell,
And God their Saviour reigns!"

The late Mr. MARKELLIE,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

DEAR BROTHER.—I have been acquainted with our departed brother about nine years; and I must say I never met with one that I could walk with as I could with him. Many happy hours have I spent with him, talking about those blessed things that alone can do us good. He was favoured with a clear knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; he was made an instrument, by God the Holy Ghost, to unfold the scriptures in a blessed way: many times have I been refreshed by him. I feel his loss very much; he was a brother, indeed, to me. With regard to his ministry, it was not long; yet many poor souls were blessed, and comforted, and built up in their most holy faith, and would have rejoiced for him still to have proclaimed the unspeakable riches of Christ, had it been the Lord's will.

But, no; his work was done; he fought the good fight of faith, and laid hold on eternal life. He experienced many trials and troubles which none but God and himself knew; he seldom complained, let him be in what trouble he might: I saw him nearly every day in his last illness; sometimes he was able to speak, and sometimes not: the devil was suffered to try him very much; yet, on the whole, the Lord did enable him to lean upon His Almighty arm; he was enabled to submit to His will; and to look at death without fear; yea, he rejoiced to the last; he said to me, "What a mercy to have an Almighty arm to lean upon, when all earthly comforts fail. Oh, to feel that we are loved with an everlasting love; and that we shall shine for ever in the dear Redeemer's righteousness. These are blessed resting places."

The day he died, he quite revived about one o'clock; and his conversation was truly blessed; he was as much composed as though he was going to sleep; he asked his dear wife to read the first chapter of Ephesians, and the 23rd Psalm: this being done, he seemed very comfortable, and in a little time afterwards enquired what was the time. This being told him, Mrs. M. asked why he inquired the time? His reply was, that he thought it was later, and that it was not quite time for him to go home. These, I believe, were the last words he uttered. About half-past five o'clock on Tuesday, the 27th of October, 1846, his happy soul took its flight to those bright mansions above, which were prepared from everlasting, before ever man was made, much more before he fell in Adam; and now he has received a crown of glory which God our Father had given him in Christ Jesus. And sure I am there is one waiting for every one of his dear elect; neither the devil, nor sin, nor all our enemies can deprive us of them. I can truly say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." May the Lord brighten up our prospects for a brighter and better world, is the sincere desire of one that is in the footsteps of the flock. May the Lord be with his dear partner the few more days she has to be in this wilderness of sin and sorrow; may He direct, preserve, and keep her, till He is pleased to take her home to glory.

May God the Holy Spirit support and uphold you, my brother, and abundantly bless you with those blessed realities from the everlasting hills; and may you still be favoured to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ Jesus, and may God the Holy Spirit attend it with almighty power.—Your's, in that bond that can never break.

J. BUCKINGHAM.

Pimlico, London.

Unicorn Yard Chapel.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR BROTHER.—The late extraordinary circumstances which have transpired at Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley Street, have necessarily caused the hearts of many, much trouble and reflection. For some time past I have had under consideration the policy of publishing to the Churches of Christ, some of the leading facts connected therewith, but have now determined to make such a report as I hope will tend to warn Israel of false prophets, feeling convinced by the aspect of the times, that such cases will not be singular. It may be said, "why publish these things to the world?" to which I would reply, that did I consider the opinion the world entertains of the Church of Christ to be of more importance than that, Zion, Jehovah's peculiar treasure, should be warned of her foes, I should most certainly keep silence; but believing it to be of superior importance that Israel should be instructed in the arts of her beguilers, I have no hesitation in endeavouring to blow "the trumpet," that the people of the Most High may prepare themselves for the universal battle, which I know, ere long, will engage every true soldier of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The late pastor of the Church, Mr. PENROSE, commenced his labours in Unicorn Yard, nearly three years since. Having preached to the people on approbation, he was unanimously elected to the Pastorate, but did neither make a confession of his faith, nor was he ordained: with respect to the former omission, it afterwards proved disastrous, as will appear. His objection to the rite of ordination was, that it was of popish institution. Mr. P. continued to preach for two years with apparent success, and the church increased with extraordinary rapidity.

Here I must invoke the pardon of your readers, if I make a few observations suggested by circumstances attending the Church.

Having remarked that the ministry of Mr. P. was attended with apparent success, allow me to explain.

In these latter times it is evident a

theoretical knowledge of revealed truth is obtainable, while the man may exist in utter ignorance of the practical power and experimental influence of the same. Divinity is now studied as a system. Preaching the gospel is chosen as a means of livelihood. So are there to be found those preaching sound doctrines, being ignorant of the grace of the doctrine. Now the ministry of Mr. P. during two years was characterised by a courageous contention for doctrines. He was during this time a declared enemy to real christian experience, although this opposition was directed by such a channel, and means so deceptive employed to cloak his intended aim, that till lately few could discover the immediate object of the preacher. His pulpit and private ministrations tended to assure his hearers that a total absence of doubts, and fears, and perplexities, should be their condition; and that he not being troubled with any, his wish was that the flock should participate in such a boon. For myself I must say, the devil never leaves me alone; satan and old-adam nature are sympathising friends, and agree to annoy me with doubts, fears, and perplexities, the produce of unbelief. A miserable comforter is he who would tell me I should not be the subject of them; when I bid farewell to the devil and this earthly tabernacle, I shall be no more troubled, but till then the fight must continue.

I will not say that Mr. P. has not been made useful, to the conversion of souls, nor will I say that Mr. Perkins was mistaken, in attributing his convictions of sin to the exclamations of an ungodly woman in the streets of Cambridge. Many who have died in their sins have been instrumental to the conversion of others. "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" Believers have fed upon the truth he preached. It was at the commencement of the third year of his ministry, when he began to publish erroneous doctrines, while, for many months previous, the people were unable to hear with any comfort or edification.

I shall say no more for the present regarding his ministry, but will make a few remarks respecting the rapidity with which the church increased; and now that the Lord has condescended to bless those means which were employed to remove Mr. P. from the pulpit, I cannot avoid making a few comments upon the superiority of the system of Church government existing in Baptist Churches, it having mightily accelerated his removal.

There can be no doubt that the admission of members into these Churches by merely the approval of the pastor, as is allowed by the system of government adopted by Independents, is contrary to every principle contained in the New Testament. "Before the great congregation, should confession of

faith be made," it being a matter in which the members themselves are chiefly interested; therefore should it not be told to them, "what the Lord hath done for the soul" of him who desires fellowship with the members? Is not true intimate fellowship advanced by a knowledge of the state of experience of the brother? Members of Independent Churches remain in much ignorance of the spiritual knowledge or difficulties of each other, it being only to be obtained by personal enquiry. I am sure, my brethren to whom these remarks may apply will not lay to my charge an impure motive, when I say that whether it be the admission of adult members into christian churches by private confession, or the admission of infant members by public sprinkling, I say that whatever is done by proxy, is done contrary to revealed direction. I have been led to speak thus, in consequence of foreseeing the much greater mischief which would have ensued, had Mr. P. possessed the prerogative of admitting members. Many, it is true, are now members, concerning whom, I would hope possess life divine, while he has been frustrated in the introduction of others. Circumstantial evidence proves that the object of Mr. P. was to obtain a majority in the church of such members as, (when the time arrived, (which he had previously determined) to unlock the devil's casket of damnable doctrines,) should greedily devour dogmas so pleasing, so plausible; or grasp the delusive key which promised its possessor a vision of those "heights and depths" which are unknown.

The present position of the Church is this:—On Tuesday, December 8, a church meeting was held in order that Messrs. Beach and Bradley, who are deacons, might have an opportunity of fulfilling their desire, to attempt to justify their conduct in supporting Mr. P. and his doctrines. Both these gentlemen dealt entirely with the doctrine of "Justification." Mr. Beach, assured the members, he neither received the disputed doctrines, nor did he reject them, he neither believed in the mortality, nor immortality of the soul, the endless duration or cessation of punishment in the world to come. Mr. Bradley declared his disbelief of the immortality of the soul, and that consequently, punishment would cease. Upon these grounds, they considered their past conduct, quite justifiable, expressing their willingness to be shewn their error. This confession of doctrinal depravity was followed by a resolution being put to the church, confirmatory of confidence in their conduct, as fit and proper deacons to hold office in a church; professing to be "built upon the foundation of the Prophets and Apostles, Jesus Christ, himself, being the chief corner stone." An amendment was put to the meeting, to the effect that the church had no confidence

in consequence of being unsound in the faith. For the resolution 80 voted. For the amendment 62, leaving the party for truth in a minority of 18. Alas! alas! "truth is fallen in our streets." Those who are determined to contend for Apostolic Faith, attend elsewhere until the Lord shall again appear for their help. Those who adhere to the modern, or newly-received dogmas, still remain in the church.

May the Lord grant them eyes to discern "the true light," which alone can dispel the darkness of their delusion, is the prayer of

Yours in christian bonds, W. JEFFERY.

We shall commence in our February number a Sermon preached at Jamaica Row, on Thursday Oct. 22, 1846, on the duration of the punishment of the wicked.

Baptism with Fire.

EVER DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE SISTER.—According to promise, I now sit down to inform you, with trembling, yet, I trust, with humble confidence, of the dealings of the ever-blessed Lord with my poor soul; and, indeed, when I look back on my past life, it appears to me to have been one continued scene of rebellion against the God of all our mercies; which made me exclaim, Oh! the height, the length, the depth, and breadth of the love of God, which passeth knowledge. But where to begin I know not. The first impression that was made on my mind was, when I went to offer myself as a teacher in the Sunday-school at Mendlesham-green, when Mr. Whitmore read to me the rules of the school, one of which was, "that no teachers be admitted until they had been proposed a month, so as they might inquire into their moral character." But, said Mr. W., we admit you, because we know your character; and I thought, if you knew my character, you certainly would not have me here; and, from that time, I was led seriously to consider the awful condition I was then in; and I thought I was living a good moral life. But I was not left there; for it pleased the Lord to bring these words with power to my mind: "in Christ eternally saved; out of Christ eternally damned." But they did not seem to abide long; though, at times, I had wonderful views of the justice of God, and of my own state as a sinner before him. A few sabbaths since, Mr. Langham asked me to walk with him to Winston, and, when I got there, I felt so ashamed, I knew not what to do with myself. I was in a very low state of

mind till the Tuesday week after, when my mind was more powerfully arrested. I thought what a wretch I must be to go about with a such a man as Mr. L. I thought I should turn into the world again, and then he (Mr. L.) would be ridiculed about me; and the words, "out of Christ eternally damned," seemed to ring afresh in my ears, and I was led to look at what it was to be eternally damned, and then at the sentence of the damned—"Depart, ye cursed," &c.; and, really, it looked but one step before I should hear that sentence passed on me; and then the thought came, that the work must be begun. But that thought I could not believe; and then it appeared as if I was asked, Who disturbs you so? I said, natural conviction, and was going to say the devil, when the sin against the Holy Ghost was charged against me, and I begged of the Lord to keep me from committing that sin, and was obliged to shed tears, which seemed to carry it off, though that sin seemed to follow me about until the following Monday morning, when this text came to my mind,—"If our own hearts condemn, God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things;" which gave me great encouragement. I felt very low all day, and at night when I went to bed I begged of the Lord to show me by a vision in the night whether I was in Christ or not. I went to bed and fell into a sleep; and when I awoke, I thought it had been time to get up, and felt quite angry that I had not had a dream; and then I was led to think what a mercy it was that I did not awake in hell; and, to my surprise, the clock struck three, and I laid in the greatest agony of soul until four o'clock, when I went to sleep, and saw a fine building, such a one as I never saw before; and as I was going from it I looked behind me, and I saw a cart coming, and I could hear from the cart the cry of, "Lost! lost!" and I stopped to see what it meant; and when they drove up I was told that was a cart load of orphans, and that house a receptacle for them; and I saw them drove quite in; and then I had a very distressing dream about my wife, and then awoke. And, as my wife was going the same day to see her friends, I thought it meant that I should never see her again, which made me weep bitterly for about an hour and a-half, after which I was

the poor orphan, and Christ the receptacle for me, which brought such a light over my mind as I shall never forget. I could, then, commit my wife, my all, yea, a thousand worlds, if I had them, into the hands of my Jesus, bless his dear name. I trust it will ever be sweet to me, who deserved the hottest hell; I have been brought to put my trust in him. Having thus given you, as well as I am able, a few hints, according as I promised, of which I then so greatly doubted,* I now beg a few lines from you the first opportunity. My kindest love to you, from your loving brother,

JOHN.

Suffolk, November 5, 1845.

The terrors Hell and the joys of Heaven.

Dear brother in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, grace, mercy and peace be multiplied to you from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ,

PERMIT me, a stranger to you in the flesh, (a poor outcast) to address you. I have perused your writings in part, and from them I discover that you have passed through seas of tribulation, some of which correspond with the waters my poor soul has experienced.

There appears some shade of difference between us, a secret hope at the bottom seems to have followed you; this, however, was denied me, during a period of seven years. Alas! alas! I am a man that hath seen affliction, from the rod of his mouth; yet, through mercy, my soul is restored; and I enjoy (at times) the light of God's reconciled countenance, O! the Infinity of divine mercy, sovereign, free, and matchless; and hath "lifted me out of the horrible pit and miry clay, put a song of praise into my lips, healed all the diseases of my soul, and forgiven the iniquity of my sin." I now adore his matchless, free, and immutable love. I now trace the good hand of my Covenant God towards me, from my earliest recollections, and particularly his great forbearance, his long-suffering in not cutting off a rebel, since I have professed his name; his compassions fail not; self-loathing and self-abhorrence lay me, as a lump of clay, at his footstool; and my prayer is, Oh! that the Lord would keep me from evil, and work in me to will and to do of his good pleasure, that the residue of my days may shine forth in the glories of rich, ruling,

* At this time he very much doubted his interest in Christ—he could not think he was one of His,

and reigning grace, through the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord.

About fifteen years ago, I was called to the work of the ministry, and preached with some success; was ordained pastor of the Particular Baptist Church, worshipping in Guildford, Surrey, with whom I laboured about seven years. At the close of that period, I sank into great darkness of soul: a personal trouble of long standing, that touched the vitals of my temporal existence, came upon me at this time with irresistible force; and, in consequence (as I imagine), I was left, in the providence of the Lord, to curse the individual thus opposed to my happiness, and to pray and to hope that some signal judgment from the Lord might remove my enemy out of time. This trial was peculiar. I have never heard of a child of the Lord so exercised. It came upon me on a Lord's-day morning, while meditating on the word, having three sermons to preach and three persons to baptise. Suddenly, an impression entered my mind, that the individual alluded to, would that day, in some way, cross my path. Instantly, I felt much pain of mind; distress being visible, my wife inquired why I looked ill. I could not tell her; partook of my breakfast, prepared for worship, fully expecting to meet my foe on the way, my wife being with me. We passed on through the first and second streets, had reached the west-end of the Chapel—a rush was heard behind, the party referred to came up, and stood before us as we reached the chapel door. His appearance was like a demon; I did not resist his conduct, but went into the chapel.

I passed through the services of the day with feelings not to be described. From that circumstance I felt and found an insurmountable mountain; I had no faith to stand against this ponderous trial—no way to hope for deliverance; my soul filled with depression, so that I could not look up: my misery was great, indeed. The church became disunited; tares sprang up, which added to the distress of my soul; and, as troubles increased, so darkness spread around me. The darts of the enemy took deep hold upon me. On a Sabbath morning, when going to chapel with my wife, the enemy insinuated, "You are the greatest hypocrites in the town." I had not faith to resist this hellish dart; and, on the last Sabbath of my preaching at the Baptist chapel, the enemy told me that I had concealed the glories of the Mediator; that I preached Him only as a mere man; and, on leaving the pulpit, the enemy came upon me with a powerful threat, that if I should enter that pulpit again, I should die therein as a presumptuous sinner.

I left the chapel, went to my home, re-

tired to my chamber, and endeavoured to spread my case before the Lord, my mind full of confusion. The Lord was turned to be mine enemy, saying—Let the enemy persecute his soul, and let him take it, as he loved cursing, so let it come upon him. I sensibly felt the anger of the Lord as a heavy pressure upon my head. Alas! into what state of misery was I hurled in an instant; the remembrance of which makes me shudder. My poor heart began to throb and bound within me, and seemed determined, if possible, to get out of a tenement so vile; but I was bound hand and foot, and cast into outer darkness, there to lay, until death should take me away, to sink into the lowest hell, doubly damned. Oh! the bitterness of sinning against God. I was at that time postmaster of the town; my mistress being so great, I scarcely knew how I performed my duty. I was awakened on the following morning by a dreadful dream. A large serpent had fastened on my heel, which I considered a confirmation of my final overthrow. From that time I restrained prayer, lest I should provoke the Almighty to an increased degree of indignation. I could not peruse the Scriptures: they appeared full of condemnation. The pain of my heart increased daily; my flesh wasted; I was brought to the gates of death, expecting a speedy dissolution. I went to bed prayerless, and for some time expecting to awake in the torments of hell fire. I continued in this state several weeks; finding, however, that my bodily powers were not quite exhausted, I thought of my family, having eight children—that I ought to struggle against the despondency on their account—when the following scripture,—“Then were they in fear where no fear was,” caused me to conclude that death was more distant than I had anticipated. I began to recover my bodily strength; but, alas! every reflection brought me to that fearful conclusion, eternal destruction—deepest hell—a Judas, cursed, for ever cursed. I was now repeatedly tempted to destroy myself. The water, razor, or to throw myself down stairs and break my neck, was presented before me; but eternity in view kept me from those snares. I now settled my mind to destroy myself whenever brought into a hopeless affliction, for I dreaded that any person should witness my death, lest I should divulge the wretchedness of my condition. I thought the Lord had so exposed me, that everyone knew what a rebel and apostate I had become. The thoughts of Mr. Bunyan's damnable apostate constantly followed me. I thought it was legibly written on me. As my bodily health increased, so I got more natural confidence, became filled with every devilish propensity, began to make altars to sin—conceiving that I

should never more enjoy the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, I would take my fill of sin, although it should sink me deeper into hell. The rebellion of my heart was very great, but my altars were repeatedly thrown down; in many instances the Lord kept me from my dreadful purposes and crossed my designs. I am, however, sunk into reproach and peculiar straits, in consequence of my conduct while under the dark providence of the Lord. My enemies are lively and they are strong; my name is cast out as evil, yet the Lord thinketh upon me: With regard to professors, here I am, as a pelican of the wilderness, a sparrow on the house top. I am for peace, but they are for war. I wished an opportunity to testify the goodness of the Lord in restoring my soul; but I find they are so secure in themselves, that the returning prodigal must not be their associate. This, however, is of small moment compared with the mercy of a covenant God, who meets the prodigal son with the kisses of relationship, flings open his doors, his wardrobe, his fables, his vaults, and orders the viol, the harp; the feet of faith, or the dance, and the jubilee trumpet to sound into the saved ear, circumcised by his love, power, and mercy. This far outweighs the privileges of mere will-worshippers, or lifeless professors; and you and I, dear brother, have no cause to envy the most upright among them. Our song is,—Not unto us, not unto us, O! Lord, but unto Thy name, be praise everlasting, Amen.

My restoration was wrought by the mercy of the Lord, who bereaved me of a son 27 years of age, whom, I trust, died in the faith, as the Lord gave this sweet testimony at the time of his death. “I, the Lord, saved at the eleventh hour.” By this circumstance, the Lord made a way into my hard heart on Lord's day, November 9th, 1845, and on the following day was pleased to make my heart soft, and to unseal my tears, which had been closed up so many years. The Lord showed me the immutability of his nature and perfections, saying,—“I the Lord change not; my thoughts are not as your thoughts; my ways not as your ways.” I felt astonished and overcome. My sins came into remembrance before him, and he kindly said—“All manner of sins shall be forgiven unto men, for I am the Lord God, gracious and merciful—slow to anger, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin.” O! this irresistible sentence of pardon in the court of conscience! who can put it away? I sunk at his footstool in humility, wonder, and praise. My soul leaped as a hart. I repented, rejoiced, praised, and sung in alternate strains, while the universe seemed too confined to hold the praise—it must ascend to the heavens in hallelujahs,

"for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth:" the birds, beast, fields and trees all seemed to assist in the rejoicing of my soul; they all told of nature's God, while I could rejoice from my heart in the God of nature, and of grace; and manywitnessed the change and wondered what new stage of existence I had attained; the secret was within, lodged in the sweet evidence of a soul saved by Omnipotent grace. O! how lovely, how sweet and precious was the name of a dear Jesus, while I lay by faith before his cross; feeling the sweet healing droppings of his precious blood. Justice satisfying, soul redeeming, and peace speaking blood; how this awful, this precious, this astounding sight of a loving Saviour, extended on the cross, a curse for his dear children, caused my soul to mourn, love and grief divided my soul while I saw in the deed, mercy rejoicing against judgment. O! the wonders of redeeming love; "God so loved the world, that he gave his only beloved son to die," that we sinners might live for ever.

I found truly that "before honor comes humility," for the Lord had laid me low indeed, stripped me in his providence, of every earthly possession, my house and my goods; my state was so desolate, that being destitute of a shilling, I must have removed with my family to the union, had not temporary relief been afforded by the kindness of an individual connected with my official employment. My official sureties distressed me by an extent on my property; a professed friend deceived me; the dark cloud of providence hung over me, so that I became distracted almost to insanity. I mourned in consequence of my insolvency, that so many persons should become sufferers by one, and no way left by which I could hereafter satisfy them. On this account I secretly grieved, until I could no longer mourn. My mind became almost calous to all the circumstances of my existence, and thus I lay during the period of seven years, without a ray of heavenly light, or a shadow of heavenly hope—bound under an apprehension of utter perdition—filled with sins of nature, of design, and of commission, as far as permitted to go. But now raised to joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to rejoice in Christ, and to have no confidence in the flesh, and feelingly to triumph that I am as a brand plucked out of the fire, possessing marks of sonship by the fatherly rod of correcting love, I can bless the Lord for afflictions—proving thereby that the Lord hath not given me over to the ways of death, but hath sovereignly plucked me out of the burning. I am this day the living, to praise his glorious name.

WILLIAM CÆSAR.

Christian Reviewer.

"*The Lost Found; or the Rebel Saved,*"
the experience of SAMUEL COZENS.
Published by James Paul: price 6d.
(Continued from our last.)

BEFORE we come to make our extracts from this little work, we must say a word or two more. The Holy Ghost says by Ezekiel that "the temple and the sanctuary had two doors; and the doors had two turning leaves apiece; and in the doors of the temple there were cherubims and palm trees." By these figures, four essential things are set out to view. First, no sinner can enter into glory, but such as are vitally in Christ by electing love and atoning blood; and in whose souls there is by the Holy Ghost, a revelation of the spirituality of God's righteous law, (on the one hand,) and a blessed apprehension of eternal redemption by the Lord's Christ, on the other: these are the two doors with two turning leaves apiece. Faith in Christ, (if it come not into the soul by the Holy Ghost,) will never save the sinner: neither will ever so deep and awful an acquaintance with the holiness of the divine law, and of the deceitfulness of the heart, ever bring the soul into a solid gospel peace, until a living faith embraces a living Christ. Christ opens the door in heaven; the Holy Ghost opens the sinner's heart; Christ is revealed and formed in the heart of the sinner, whereby the sinner finds access to the mercy seat, and an abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom.

Reader—think, deeply, if you can, upon these two doors. Let not your hasty, and naturally presumptuous spirit hurl you from a prayerful consideration of these things. I hesitate not to tell thee—(fearless of all the reproach it may bring upon me)—that there are both private and public, men in the kingdom; (Matt xxv. 1.) some of whom *profess* to have—and "seem to have"—one of these doors; that is, plenty of strong faith in Christ; but they know not the Holy Ghost: and there are others who *profess* to have the other door; that is, a very dreadful acquaintance with their sins and corruptions; but have not the faith God's elect. We are afraid neither of these men are any real good to Zion: but, "let every man *prove his own work.*"

Moreover: there were cherubims and palm trees on the doors of the temple:

the cherubim is "a living creature;" the palm tree is a fruitful and an upright plant: whereby the holy Ghost telleth thee again, that none of Adam's fallen children can ever enter into glory, but such as are truly made alive in their souls by God the Holy Ghost; and that such living souls have much fruit and perfect uprightness in the Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, if we are not mistaken, the experience of SAMUEL COZENS, furnishes you with some very striking evidences of the existence of that two-fold revelation—that "taking root downward, and bearing fruit upward," (Isaiah xxxvii. 31) of which we have been speaking. Our extracts we defer again.

Christmas: or the Christian's Mass.

"But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God."

"For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Heb. x, 12, 14.

Christmas, by England's sons esteemed, a time
Of joy and jubilee. But to a mind
By grace subdued, it well might bring far other
Thoughts than those of feasting or of mirth.
Methinks that as the christian's eye by light
Divine illumed, surveys the countless host
O'er which, in ages past, dark superstition
Threw her gloomy pall, his heart might well be
Sad, and holy sorrow bid his eyes to weep.

Christmas! thy name to some might be, but as
A passport into brighter lands, and mem'ry
At thy magic spell would wake, and joyful
Lead to scenes of home and pleasures long since
Passed: or kindle up anticipation
Keen of joys to come, in many a youthful
Breast: but, to the mind of one, who views thy
Name connected with the rite from whence it
Sprang, far different thoughts arise. Led on
By ignorance and her sister pride, a
Gloomy train he views; in sable garb arrayed;
Of every rank composed. Here old and young,
Peasant and prince, rich and poor, the ignorant
And the wise, unite; bound by one cord which
Superstition weaves, they travel on; one
Bond of union on each forehead seen, the
"Image of the beast." No sound of life is
Heard, but silently they move, with slow and
Solemn step: like some dark stream, the eye
Pursues through various scenes, 'till lost, it sinks
Into some vast abyss. And now the mind
Runs back to trace the spot whence issued forth
This mighty train, nor stays her course, 'till mind
The gorgeous temples, and rich vaulted fanes,
Of papal Rome, behold a scene, at which
Faith weeps,—a scene of blasphemy and lies.
There sits the scarlet whore, from whose embrace
One half of Christendom, so called, when struck
By death have fallen, and that to rise no more.
There see the golden cup, still full of that
Dread wine, to drink of which earth's princes, kings,
And potentates, have laid their crowns beneath
Her feet, and sold their souls to an eternal
Hell. There stand her priests in costly vestments,
Sumptuously arrayed, who, amid the roll of
Music and soft plaintive sounds, and air with
Aromatic sweets perfumed, and gestures
Various, prepare,—to what? To offer up
The Son of God! O awful mockery!
O delusive cheat! ye sons of Belial
Disnally deceived. O list ye gaping
Crowds, see, and behold in Christ the only
Mass that e'er can save the soul! His precious
And atoning blood once spilt; for ever cleansed
And purified the Church. He is alone,

The altar, sacrifice, and priest; yea ALL
A sinner needs, to cleanse and save the soul;
Nor monkish rites, nor angels, men, or mass,
Can ever add a single virtue to
His precious blood. This, viewed by faith, and this
Alone, can heal and save the soul by sin
Condemned and lost. This, is the Christiaus' mass;
A dying, risen, and exalted Christ,
Whose agonizing cry upon the cross,
Proclaimed his work complete, his Father's law
Extolled, and church beloved, for ever saved
And blest. No other offering now the Father
Needs, nor will, nor can, approve. Yea, he, who
Comes with any other name, or blood, or plea,
Than this, spurns at the sacrifice which God
Accepts, 'treads neath his feet the piercing blood
Of Christ, and stands condemned before his throne,
Whose word declares, the scoffers' portion, hell.
O then, how foolish and how vain, for man,
Poor sinful man, to think that he, by his
Best deeds, by sin defiled, can ever make
More perfect and complete the work of God.
As soon might mortal man blot out the sun,
Or with his puny hand eclipse his beams,
As he could add a grain of merit to
The death of Christ. Could all the obedience
That shall ever spring from sovereign love
In ransomed souls revealed, with that which troops
Angelic gladly yield to his love mandates,
Whose good will confirmed, and mighty grasp still
Kept them firm 'mid reeling seraphs, heaven's
Apostate sons; these, both combined, could never
Save a soul, or make a Saviour's work more
Perfect and secure. Ye thoughtless crowds,
Who, on a broken cake build all your hopes
Of heaven, behold in Christ, the smitten rock
Of safety and defence; the only way
Of life and peace with God. All other refuges
Save thus, will fail, yea, melt before the fire
Of heavens' vindictive wrath, and leave the
Soul all naked and exposed to endless
Torments, an undying worm, and living death.

JUVENIS NERFLAB.

What is the cause of your trouble?

DEAR SIR,—I should feel obliged if you will give me your thoughts, upon what I am going to write. I wish to ask you what is the meaning of the words, "wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of Christ, for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body?" Thinking over these parts, I have concluded I have no right to the table of the Lord. The next thing is the sin against the Holy Ghost, for if I have not committed it I am afraid I shall. O the distress of soul no tongue can tell; there is another thing too—do you think a child of God can give up prayer, and reading the bible? This is an awful state to be in; and this is the state I am in: O that the Lord will keep me; I see nothing before my eyes but hell and damnation. I hope you will not refuse my request, and particular on prayer. I have been kept thus far from doing any harm to myself, though it follow me wherever I go. Oh may the Lord lead you to be able to give a word of comfort, whenever you shall speak in his name to his distressed children. The Lord be with and bless you, and enable you to dig into the deep things of God: from a distressed soul,

ELIZABETH F.

MR. JAMES OSBOURN, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

THE friends and real lovers of gospel and experimental truth, residing in the Metropolis, have had many opportunities of hearing that sound and sober servant of Jesus Christ, Mr. James Osbourn, from Baltimore, in America. He appears to be very generally received by, and profitable to, the living in Jerusalem.

On Wednesday morning, January 6, he preached at the Anniversary of the Surrey Tabernacle, from Psalm cxlvii 2, 3. "The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel. He healeth the broken in heart; and bindeth up their wounds." His discourse laid principally in taking up and opening such portions of the Word of God, as were calculated to illustrate and confirm the sentiments and subject-matter of the text. Mr. Osbourn, as a preacher, has not the rapid eloquence of a Wells; neither has he the occasional fiery and powerful breakings forth of a Gadsby or Warburton. He is sedate, without being tedious; he is solemn, without being heavy; he is bold and decided, without approaching anything like presumption, or manifesting an unbecoming spirit. We consider him an established, experimental, safe, and certain preacher of the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

In the evening of the same day, he preached at Brown's Lane Chapel, Spitalfields, on behalf of "the Society for the Relief of Faithful Gospel Ministers in times of affliction and distress." He took for his text, Sol. Song, i. 2: "Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee." Under this discourse, we both laughed and cried: the preacher seemed to be blessed with a sweet, savoury, cheerful, soul-comforting, sinner-encouraging sense of the boundless love and mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ to his own soul. This sermon is shortly to be published for the benefit of the Society.

Mr. Osbourn preached his last sermon in London, for the present, at Zoar Chapel, from Colossians i. 19. "For it hath pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." We have been favoured with some notes of this excellent discourse, taken by a dear brother at the time; but we can only gather up

a few sentences. He said, "Paul was a bold champion for truth; and though much opposed, yet he was not discouraged by anything: he went on preaching the kingdom of God: like the flint and the steel, the more friction, the more fire; so the more Paul was opposed, the more the savour and power of the Spirit seemed to rest upon him: that is, he smelled strong of heaven." "Paul's was an endowed dish from God; all for the building up of Zion. All provision is made for Zion in God's great store-house—which is Christ; and this store-house Christ opens, and deals out unto his people." "Oh, dear child of God! as it hath pleased the Father that in Christ *all fulness* should dwell, so let it please you, if you can, and as Hart says—come just as you are; filthy, and naked, and loathsome and bare: not in self-despair, nor, in self-sufficiency, nor in self-deception." "What! starve in a cook's shop? Starve in Christ? Oh, shocking; to sit poring over your sins and wretchedness, is degrading to our once suffering Christ!" "Our hearts truly are a rendezvous for the devil; but, dear friends, the fulness that is in Christ, covers the whole ground: the gospel will not fit a self-righteous pharisee or worldling: but it nicely fits a poor sensible sinner. I say, dear friends! whatever forebodings of worse to come, may be in your souls, let us away to the text "all fulness in Christ." It is the work of the devil to seduce the soul, by magnifying our sins; and then down goes the poor sinner into despair. O! what have I felt! All my sins like mountains crushing down my soul; but, bye and bye the Spirit comes; he brings Christ's fulness, and peace through it. As WATTS has it,

"But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

"Dear children! will you stand looking at your fountain of sin? No, no! look to the fountain of love and blood divine! All fulness in him. Thousands have found it; and yet there is room."

MR. OSBOURN has been a most laborious man, both in the pulpit, and with his pen. We have been favoured with a perusal of several volumes which are not as yet known in England.

MR. OSBOURN is engaged to supply at Zoar, during the month of March.

Anniversary of Surrey Tabernacle.

THE eighth anniversary of the Surrey Tabernacle, was held on Wednesday, January 6, 1847. There is, perhaps, no place in this mighty metropolis where the whole truth as it is in Christ has been more unhesitatingly maintained, declared, and opened, than at the Surrey Tabernacle; and on the morning of the above day, in assembling with a numerous body of ministers and hearers, we were led secretly to rejoice, and to bless the Lord of all our mercies, for that, in the midst of the most awful heresies, and inconsistencies of these days, (stained as they are with the blackest blots,) we are yet favored with men who can experimentally, ably, and powerfully declare the whole counsel of God. This is indeed a soul comforting mercy. Mr. JAMES OSBOURN, from N. America, preached in the morning; Mr. JAMES WELLS, in the afternoon; and Mr. JOHN FOREMAN, in the evening. We believe it was an exceedingly happy day with those who were favoured to attend. The discourse in the Afternoon was, to us, savoury, comprehensive, and delightful; displaying a mind richly fraught with that experimental knowledge which Solomon says, fills the hidden chambers of the children of grace, with all precious and pleasant riches. Mr. WELLS, (taking for his text, the last clause of the 14th chapter of Isaiah, "the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of his people shall trust in it;") shewed, first, that Zion was "a new state of things:" and, secondly, that she was founded in the eternal purpose, gracious promise, mediation, and regenerating grace of a covenant God. We wish we could transcribe the whole discourse, but that is impossible.

A True Gospel Church.

THE PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF MR. J. WISE.

ON Wednesday evening, January 20, 1847, a public service was holden in the Baptist Chapel, Edward Street, Dorset Square, for the purpose of publicly recognizing Mr. JAMES WISE, as Pastor of the church meeting for divine worship in that place.

The following is a brief outline of the introductory discourse respecting the nature of a true Gospel Church, as delivered by C. W. BANKS.

The preacher took for his text, the two first verses, of the first chapter of Paul to the Philippians—"Paul and Timothy, the

servants of Jesus Christ, to all the saints in Christ Jesus, which are at Philippi; with the bishops and deacons: grace be unto you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."

Coming at once to the subject, with a very few prefatory remarks, the preacher said,—

There are three really useful points, which the text seems to furnish.

First—you may here see how it is, and with what material it is, that a true Gospel Church is to be made up—"of all the saints which are in Christ Jesus, with some bishops and deacons."

Secondly—the text seems to shew us what kind of spirit and kindred feeling should exist among the churches of Jesus Christ.

Thirdly—here are the two essential matters requisite for the proper-being and well-being of the Church, "Grace and peace." Without grace, there can be no church at all: without peace, there can be neither comfort nor consistency in the church: so that Paul and Timothy—do well pray for the Philippians—and it is a most wholesome prayer, not only for all real churches, but for all true believers also, that "Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."

In the first place, see here then,—How it is, and with what material it is, that a true Gospel Church must be really made up.

The church of God (as the bride of Christ,) has ever been the great object of Jehovah's delight. Of her, he says, "Here will I dwell, for I have desired it." It is no wonder therefore, that such glorious things are spoken of this city of the living God." The Bible is filled with the most eloquent, lofty and delightful descriptions of her origin, constitution and spiritual character: but as I must be brief, I will simply notice, first, the typical representation which we have of her: secondly, the prophetic; and, thirdly, the New Testament representation which the Holy Ghost has furnished of the real church of the living God.

First—her typical representation. If you turn into the book of Exodus, you may there see, that among the many things which God commanded Moses, there were four most especial things which pointed directly to that which constitutes the glory of the gospel church.

In the first place, (see Exodus xxv. 10,) they were to make an Ark, which was to contain the testimony, which God would give: and there was to be a mercy seat above upon the Ark: and of which the Lord God then says, most emphatically, "AND THERE, I will MEET WITH THEE; and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat." This is one of the most glorious types of the Person of Christ, which the Bible furnishes.

This Ark was to be made of Shittim wood, and overlaid with pure gold: of such exact

dimensions as were given by God: Jehovah's testimony was to be put within it: the mercy seat was to be above upon it; and there, reconciliation and communion with a Holy God was to be found. See here, our most wondrous, our most glorious, and our highly exalted Christ! He is a complex person; perfect God and perfect Man: he is of such exact dimensions, in his person, and in his work, as is suited to meet all the necessities of, and to bring salvation and glory unto, all that the Father has given to him: the testimony of God; the whole counsel, decree, and divine will of the Father is in him; he is the throne of grace, and the mercy-seat, and it is in him, by and through him alone, that we can approach unto the holiest of all. Oh, what a blessed Ark is this! Surely, it was under such a view of him that the apostle exclaimed, "it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell."

Notice, secondly, Moses was commanded to make a tabernacle, (Exod. xxvi.) which, I humbly presume, was a type of the real church of the living God. Thirdly,—Moses was then instructed to make "an altar of shittim wood;" (Exodus xxvii.) which was typical of that well-ordered mode of divine worship which the Lord Jehovah has instituted and maintained in his own church. And, lastly, Moses was to take Aaron and his sons and make holy garments for them, and anoint and consecrate them unto the service of the Lord.

These glorious Old Testament shadows did prefigure the very circumstances in which (if we are right before God in this service,) we are now found. First, we have Christ, the hope, revealed and formed in our hearts as the hope of glory. Secondly, we have, I trust, a gospel church rightly constituted; and a New Testament order of divine worship, and we come this evening to recognise and to pray for one whom we are led to hope, God, in his great mercy, has raised up, and sent among this people.

It is then of the tabernacle, as containing a typical representation of a true Gospel Church, that I am to speak a few words.

Of this tabernacle, notice the following things.

1. It was to be made in strict accordance with the sovereign and unerring direction of the Lord himself. Parliament may make and endow churches; false professors may make up and establish their gaudy and deceptive churches, as they are called, which in nine cases out of ten, are nothing more nor less, than fashionable bazaars, where pomp and pride are exhibited, and a mock worship of the Almighty is sold at the highest price they can possibly obtain; but the true church of Christ must be based upon, and maintained by, the given directions of the great Head of the church alone.

2. This tabernacle was to be made with

ten curtains. The Holy Ghost has been pleased to employ this figure of curtains, (among others) to set forth the elect of God. See Sol. Song i. 5; Habakkuk iii. 7. Wherefore, in the tabernacle it is clear the church of Christ is made up of an exact number who were originally told into the hands of Christ: and when that solemn period shall arrive, when God will make up his jewels, all the elect shall then pass again under the hand of him telleth them: and the dear Redeemer will exultingly say—"Father! Here am I; and the children which thou hast given me." Not an hoof shall be left behind—not one of the sheep shall perish.

Let this glorious doctrine encourage and comfort the hearts of faithful pastors and churches. The Lord alone can truly add unto the church; and he will add none but such as shall be saved. The tabernacle had ten curtains.

3. These curtains are said to have been made with cherubims, "the work of a cunning workman." (See the margin of Exo. xxvi.) These cherubims seem to declare that the true church of Christ can only be made up of really living souls; such as have the life of God, the love, and truth of God, curiously, mysteriously, and incomprehensibly wrought in their souls by the power of the Holy Ghost. These curtains were very beautiful things; they were made of fine twined linen, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and withal having these cherubims so curiously wrought in them. It is thus with God's elect. They have eternal life, electing love, atoning blood, justifying righteousness, and vital union to Christ wrought in them, whereby they become dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God by Jesus Christ our Lord. These are the glorious things which beautify, adorn, and make honourable the church of God. And as these curtains had loops whereby they were attached to the frame-work of the tabernacle, even so, by the vital implanting of faith, and hope, and prayer, in these living souls, they lay hold on eternal life: and become so one with the Lord Christ, and his covenant, his cross, and his truth, that nothing can ever separate them. He that is thus joined unto the Lord is one spirit.

O, what a curious, mysterious work in the soul, is the new birth, conversion to God, condemnation by the law, and liberty by the gospel. God only knoweth how these things are begun, carried on, and perfected.

4. Notice—all the curtains were to have "ONE MEASURE." There is now a very great apparent distinction between the children of God. Some are blessed with extraordinary gifts to stand upon Zion's walls and declare the whole counsel of God, while others appear to be hidden as it were in obscurity, and are scarcely known. Some appear to enjoy much liberty and fellowship in the things of God; others are harassed, and

racked with sharp temptations, and heavy trials. But in Christ they have all one measure. IN HIM they are completely saved—everlastingly justified—and infinitely glorious—“ALL GLORIOUS within; her clothing is of wrought gold.” Yes; poor soul;

“Whatever is lacking, the Lord will supply.”

5. These curtains were joined one to another, so as to make “one tabernacle.” And the members of the true Gospel Church must be “perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment.” Where this is really the case, there is great peace within; and the church becomes “terrible as an army with banners” against sin, error, hypocrisy, the world and satan.

[The representation which we have of our gospel Zion in the prophet Isaiah xxxiii. 20—22, and in Ephesians ii. 19—22, were then noticed. Also, the good feeling which should exist between the churches of Christ, and the essential blessings of “grace and peace,” as earnestly desired by the Apostle in the text, were adverted to; but we forbear to occupy our pages with any further report of the discourse.]

Mr. WISE was then asked to give some account of his call by grace: his call to the ministry: and to declare his faith as regards the Trinity, the Person of Christ, the standing of the Church in Christ; and the work of the Holy Ghost: which he did.

Mr. WILLIAM ALLEN, of Cave Adullam, Stepney, then spoke from 2 Timothy ii. 15. From these words, and from his own experience he gave MR. WISE some exceedingly sound and wholesome advice. Right glad should we be to record the whole of it here, but we cannot. If MR. ALLEN, (or any one who might have taken notes of it,) would assist us, we should willingly give it in a future number—considering it highly calculated to be useful to young men in the ministry.

Most ardently do we pray, that the cause at Edward Street, may be owned and honoured of God, to the bringing in and building up of many precious souls.

Life and Experience of James Mason,

Minister of the Gospel, Harleston, Norfolk.

Continued from p. 287, vol. ii.

I was solemnly brought to abhor myself before God, and to feel an hatred to my own sin, that I had never experienced before. I had a solemn view of the foreknowledge of God;

“He saw me ruined in the fall;”

he saw all my sins, iniquities, and transgressions;

“And loved me notwithstanding all:”

broke down, in my soul, every obstacle, to the entering in of his love; and answered all my objections with, “Yea, I have loved thee

with an everlasting love, therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.” Light shone upon the path in which he had led me: he opened up to my mind that all the terrible things he had taught me in righteousness, was his way (though I understood it not,) of bringing me to himself with loving-kindness: and now the time had come to open the secret to my mind; and that the cause was his own free, sovereign, and everlasting love: “not for your sake, but for my own great name sake, that I might shew the exceeding riches of my grace.” Thus the God of my salvation conquered me with his mighty love, and brought the stoutest rebel to his feet, to taste the sweetness of everlasting love. I saw no vision with my natural eyes; I heard no voice with my natural ears; but things were made known to my heart. I tasted, handled, and felt the Word of Life thus opened to my enlightened understanding; and it had a life-giving power to remove all my sin and sorrow, and make me happy in the love of God, through Christ Jesus our Lord.

Do not think, gentle reader, that I have described what I felt. No; it is impossible; and, if thou hast tasted of the love of God in Christ, you know well that it is impossible to describe it; but it is something like what David describes—“Thou hast brought me up from the lowest hell.” It is God’s bringing a sinner, a sinking sinner, sinking in his apprehensions, to the lowest hell; it is God’s bringing him up, and setting him down, as it were in the very centre of heaven; setting him down in the love of God, for “God is love;” and I know of no other heaven but the love of God, through Christ Jesus my Lord. “And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had left communing with Abraham; and Abraham returned unto his own place.” And when the Lord left communing with his worm, my poor body was overpowered with sleep, and I could say, for the first time in my life, experimentally, “I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.” I awaked, and my sleep was sweet unto me. I awaked in the morning with the sweet savour of this visit of love resting upon my soul; the dews of heaven resting upon my branch; and I was enabled to take up the following language as my own, as the language of my heart, in the experience of my soul—“Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name; bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness, and tender mercies, who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles.” And for a full hour after I was up, my soul was full of blessing and

praise to the God of my salvation. But as I was called to mix with worldlings in my lawful avocations in life, these feelings began to subside, and I soon began to feel the power and malice of the tempter, who came with his old temptations that it was all delusion, and the fancy of my own brain; and the Scripture I had so rejoiced in, did not mean me at all, nor one else, personally, but God's Israel of old: and I do believe in my soul, that satan doth not care how much general, or universal religion a man has; he will furnish men with plenty of such religion as that, and build them up in pride, presumption and hypocrisy. But I know, from experience, that he will fight with all malice against the personal work of God the Holy Ghost in a poor sinner's soul; and God hath been pleased of his infinite mercy, so to lead and instruct me, in his dear truth, that all the religion in the world would be of no use to me, without a personal interest in the love of God, in Christ Jesus my Lord. "I do esteem all things but dung that I may win Christ and be found in him; not having on mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith; that I may know him and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death." It pleased the Lord, at this time, not to leave me long under the power of this temptation; he delivered me, by again speaking his word into my heart, that he would never leave me nor forsake me.

I now come to a subject, which next to my own soul's salvation, I have been more tried and exercised about, than any thing else, that is—

MY CALL TO THE MINISTRY,

if so be God hath called me to that important and honourable work; for it is the most important work in which a mortal can be engaged—to stand as a mouth for God, betwixt the living and the dead; and to be so fitted by God himself, as to be able to take forth the precious from the vile, "rightly to divide the word of truth, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." When God brought me to know and feel that I was a sinner, and as a sinner, what an awful situation I was in, I soon began to see what an awful situation my fellow sinners were in; and when he brought me to taste his love, amongst the feelings it produced in my soul, this was one—when men talked with me about religion, if I knew they were living in sin, from a feeling within, I was compelled to warn them of the danger they were in; if they talked of feeling they were sinners, I could not help telling them what a precious Saviour I had found, and pointed them to his redeeming blood, and cried, "Behold the way to God." These feelings increased

upon me, and one day as I sat at work, these words dropped into my mind, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them what great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." When I had finished my day's work, and went home, these words were so upon my mind that I could not rest without getting the Bible and finding them; which I did in Mark v. 19. I began telling my wife about it; I read the chapter, and expounded away as I read—"there," said I, "that man amongst the tombs is just a picture of me; and Jesus Christ hath cast the devils out of me, as he did out of that man; and commanded me to tell my friends of it;" and I believed what I said. I have heard of some preaching to chairs and tables, and others to horses and carts, but I preached first to my wife and children; and I believe I preached till she was sick of hearing me. I engaged in prayer, and when I got up from my knees, there was my poor wife on her knees fast asleep. This was casting cold water upon my zeal and preaching. I seemed after this to be brought into the experience of this poor sinner. I seemed like him to long to continue sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in my right mind; he prayed him that he might be with him. Howbeit, Jesus suffered him not; my enjoyments were withdrawn, and this Scripture followed me; my mind became exercised as to what it could mean, and what the import of the command was; for it was to me a positive command from Jesus Christ, to tell how great things he had done for me, and had compassion on me: and the poor man to whom it was originally spoken, obeyed the command, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him. But I could not see how nor where to begin, beside this, the work of the ministry seemed such a great work, and I had such a sense of my unfitness for it, that I tried to put it away from me, and banish the thought from my mind; but the Scripture followed me by night and by day. One evening taking a walk all alone, after I had done work, and pondering over it, I was all at once made as it were to stand still in the road, and cry—"Lord, what doth it mean? What wouldest thou have me to do?" When it was as though a voice answered me—"Go stand in the temple; and speak to the people all the words of this life." This appeared to me a greater mystery than ever; I went home and found the words. (Acts v. 20.) The words were plain to the apostles, but to me they were a mystery: there was no temple for me to stand in; no way opened for me to fulfil the message, if indeed it was a message from God. Satan now assaulted me with his old temptation, that this was all a delusion, and the fancies of my brain, and very soon I should go raving mad; and I really thought it. My soul was bowed down within me;

but God did not leave me here ; in this trying hour he spoke a promise home to my heart big with mercy—"Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." This precious promise strengthened me, and encouraged me, and delivered me from the temptation of the enemy. But still the mystery of the Scriptures that followed me, remained the same. Soon after this, these words were spoken to me—"Go preach my Gospel;" this appeared plain to me, and I cried "Lord, I will, if thou wilt teach me; and open a door for me to do thy bidding." A few nights after this, I dreamed I was in a pulpit, in a chapel that was thronged with people, and I had to preach; I thought in my dream I got up and took these words for a text—"We have found the Messias." I could not tell the people in my dream where they were; but I was truly happy in preaching about Jesus Christ, and felt grieved when I waked; and thought if preaching was such sweet work, I did not care how soon the Lord set me to work; but I thought I will wait till he opens a door, and then I shall know it is his hand; the exercises of my mind on this subject, produced an high fever of body, and great debility of the system altogether, so that I was unable to attend to my work. My employer was kind to me, and permitted me to take my work home that I might be more quiet, than I could be in working with men in the shop, saying that I could do a little when I felt able, and could rest between whiles; for I was so ill in body that I was not able to hold up my head long together; and believe it entirely arose from the exercises of my mind.

(To be Continued.)

Unicorn Yard Chapel.—No. 2.

THAT "the Government shall be upon HIS shoulders," is a glorious assurance made to the church of Christ. That Zion's trials, troubles, woes, and wars, are all subject to the sovereign control of the Covenant head. "Great is the Lord, and worthy is he to be praised," is a song of thankfulness which well becometh, and is become the chorus of a company of wearers of white robes in Unicorn Yard Chapel. "Shew thyself, O, God of our salvation," has been the prayer of his people. "I will be very attentive to the voice of thy cry," has been the answer of their God. What a priest! What a prophet! What a prince is HE!! A priest to whom we can approach, making known our desires and distresses. A prophet who vouchsafes to "reveal it" in the hearts of the redeemed. A prince who reigns to rule, and dispense rich donations, as a monarch of mercy. From heaven's high tower has he be-

held with intense interest, every battle which has befel the sons of salvation. As it was in the beginning, when his delight was with the sons of men, so is it now, and shall be, till the last enemy is destroyed, which is DEATH.

And having seen his goings in the sanctuary, shall I be silent; or learn a lesson from Miriam's mirth? Shall I listen to the little puerile persuasion—"Do not publish it abroad, for the affairs of private meetings are connected therewith?" Oh! let the wings of the wind declare the glory, honour, and blessing due unto him that sitteth upon the throne; and may I have grace given to join with that grateful girl, who took a tumbrel to teach her companions this chorus of victory: "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Here will I record a few facts connected with Israel's war, and Israel's victory:—About twelve months since, Mr. PENROSE began privily to sow the tares: while, in order that they might take well-grounded root in the hearts of the members, his labours were confined to that of a "*domestic missionary*," by which means many unstable souls were beguiled; the erroneous doctrines being decorated by such dresses as should most easily delude the intended victim. Numerous converts were made, ere the publication of them from the pulpit, by which means, Mr. P. had obtained many "believers," or rather "unbelievers;" indeed, so successful was the scheme of privacy, that I believe nearly one-half the members were deceived thereby. When the doctrines were publicly preached, many more greedily devoured them, believing they were those gifts of knowledge, by the Holy Ghost, which are promised in the last days: considering them peculiarly welcome, on account of their tendency to shew the reasonableness of christianity and the plausibility of divine mysteries.

The errors propagated were the following:

- I. That wicked men, and the devil, and his angels, will be annihilated, or all consciousness of pain be destroyed.
- II. Denial of the immortality of the soul.
- III. No act of a creature can alter his nature; and that consequently, Adam was never a holy being.
- IV. The fallen spirits were never angels of light.
- V. Death, which is affixed as the wages of sin, implies literal destruction of body and soul—affirming, that the soul of Christ died to pay the penalty that justice required.
- VI. The dignity of the glorious person of the Son of God affected not his character as a surety, for if eternal misery be the penalty due to the breach of God's law: Christ must have suffered eternal torments in hell.

I may remark, that the foregoing doctrines are based upon the first mentioned, *viz.*—the cessation of punishment of the wicked; concerning which I need not now speak, referring my readers to a sermon shortly to be published in this magazine; but I think it would not be unprofitable to shew, that the reception of one error, is invariably a precursor to the embracement of others, as exemplified by the doctrines in question: thus:—

- I. "That the cessation of the consciousness of the wicked in the world to come," necessarily involves an extinction of life, consequently *denial of the immortality of the soul.*
- II. "The denial of the immortality of the soul," involves the admission "*that death, which is affixed as the wages of sin, implies literal destruction of body & soul.*"
- III. "That the devil and his angels will be annihilated" compels an admission of their non-immortality, hence, "*that the fallen spirits were never angels of light,*" all creatures in heaven being immortal.
- IV. "That the fallen spirits were never angels of light" supposes them to be created *impure*, involving the error, "*that no act of a creature can alter his nature; and that Adam was not created a holy being.*"

Hence, may be seen the texture of this piece of satanic net-work, by which the father of lies would entangle souls; but, blessed be his holy name "the government is upon his shoulders," and he has given commandment concerning his people, that *they shall know the truth* though that knowledge may for a time be eclipsed.

But to continue:—Affairs in the church now assumed that position, when those who believed "the true faith" worth contending for, could no longer remain quiescent. A few of the members associated themselves together, determining to resist all error, and fight spiritually for the doctrines of Christ. A committee was formed, from which holy league went forth the cry, "Who is on the Lord's side?" in answer to which proclamation, eighty-five Israelites responded, "We will go with you, for we perceive that God is with you." Indeed, the Lord has been with us; his holy arm has been stretched over us to counsel, instruct, guide, and grant us a great victory. Many times he has so manifestly overruled the devices of the adversary, and turned the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness, employing that very foolishness to overthrow the deceitful counsellors, and bring about the escape from the snare of the fowler. But to continue:—The committee I have referred to, issued a circular, explaining the steps they had taken in declaring war against doctrinal uncleanness, and their determination to carry on the war, however the contest might be prolonged by cir-

cumstances. This printed document was highly approved of by ministers of Jesus Christ, being devoid of any bitter feeling, while it was marked by a determined spirit. A plot was now laid to deprive thirteen individuals, by whom the protest was signed, of church membership, Mr. P. declaring such proceedings were likely to turn the church upside down, and put the whole city in an uproar, paraphrasing for the occasion, Acts xxi. 28. wherein it was shewn, that the said individuals were the men that besought the people not to hearken to the doctrines taught in that place, and that we were worthy to be excommunicated from citizenship in consequence. A motion was then made, that we be ejected from their communion, and put out of the synagogue; but during this time, the Lord was looking down from his pillar of glory, and observing the profane attempt, confounded the speech of the projectors, and gave to whom he would the tongue of the learned; the holy fire with which they were clothed, burning up the inflammable materials which composed the fabric of the complaint; when, as a necessary consequence, not one word remained to be uttered. "The brief," with which the complainants were provided, was laid on the table, while the ungodly scheme was buried in its own abortion.

The issue of the said circular was felt by Mr. P. to be likely to cause such a wound, as could not be healed; Mr. P. foreseeing the gathering tempest, determined to fortify himself, by the acquisition of three deacons who were favourable to the fables, considering by this means, to get the high place of God into possession; but Jehovah, who was riding upon the storm, overturned the piratical purpose. But I must be concise, as I am encroaching upon these columns. However, there is one righteous act of the Lord I must record:—Mr. P. was frequently advised to take the verdict of the members by shew of hands, whether he should continue to be their pastor, since he was preaching such doctrines. To this appeal, he obstinately refused, conceiving he would have a minority, although future facts have shewn it was the contrary.

Affairs in the church now assumed that appearance when a crisis must arrive. The congregation considerably diminished, occasioned by the absence of the lovers of truth, and the doctrines failing to obtain increased support. The temple looked gloomy, in which gloom the finances shared no small part.

At this juncture the deacons were earnestly solicited to request some efficient minister of the cross to meet with Mr. P. for the purpose of engaging in public controversy in the chapel, in order that the members, after hearing the scriptural support which the newly revived doctrines claimed, and the validity

of that support questioned by a minister of truth, might then be able to form their conclusions from a more apparent basis; it being felt that very many were misled by cunning craftiness, in their inability, through mental ignorance, to combat with the foe. Mr. BRADLEY was then a believer of the anti-scriptural doctrines, and Mr. BEACH was undetermined; therefore it must be said, to their praise, that they addressed letters to Mr. FOREMAN and WELLS, inviting them to chapel at a set time, there to digest the nature of the doctrines; Mr. P. having offered to meet the most able of ministers that could be procured. The benefit hoped to be derived from this controversy was that the members would possess greater abilities for forming a correct judgment of their truth or error, by the elucidation which would attend the proceedings; after which, it was intended by the deacons, that the sense of the church should be taken regarding Mr. PENROSE. Mr. FOREMAN declined meeting Mr. P. considering his doctrines bordering on Atheism, and so manifestly anti-scriptural that no controversy could be needed. Mr. WELLS accepted the challenge; which, when it became known, struck terrific terror throughout the camp of the aliens. The crest of presumption was blighted, and a shew of imperial pomposity dwindled to doleful despair. Mr. W. desiring to proceed in this holy war, with christian calmness, and due solemnity, addressed the following letter to Mr. P.

DEAR SIR, Nov. 16, 1846.

I am willing, in the fear of God, to meet you, to discuss the mighty matter of the future punishment of the wicked, provided the same shall be conducted by such rules as I can approve.

Mr. JEFFERY is deputed by me to arrange for your approval, the rules by which I am willing to act, Your's very truly,

To Mr. PENROSE. JAMES WELLS.

Mr. P. appointed his representative, who came to me provided with certain rules, one of which was that Mr. P. was to have the first hour granted him, in order that he might endeavour to shew the scripturality of the Athenian doctrines, after which, Mr. W. was to have one hour for the purpose of shewing the old fashioned faith to be scriptural, and the modern notions anti-scriptural. To this we agreed; fixing the morrow for final determination as to whether Mr. P. would agree to them; when I should shew them to Mr. W. for his approval. The morrow came, and an objection was raised by Mr. P's representative, which verified the prediction of many: viz., that a stumbling-block would be cast in the way, during some stage of the proceedings. I advised Mr. W. to relinquish the matter, but he determined to accede to them, saying, that if he could by any possi-

bility, agree to the rules, he would, as he deeply sympathised with the church. Now it required no small measure of skill to produce another impediment, which, however, was accomplished, by Mr. P. refusing to become the first speaker. I then clearly perceived that the controversy could tend to no possible benefit; for by such an arrangement, it would devolve upon Mr. W. to assure the congregation that Mr. P. truly did believe such doctrines, whereby Mr. P. becoming the latter speaker, would escape the possibility of his arguments being tried by the fire of the Word of God. I therefore addressed to Mr. WELLS the following note:—

My Dear Sir, Nov. 20, 1846.

I have seen Mr. PENROSE's representative this morning, and another stumbling-block has been placed in the way, which I think cannot be removed without disgracing ourselves. I shall take an opportunity of seeing you, meanwhile do not entertain any hopes of a discussion taking place. I am, your's in christian unity,

To Mr. J. WELLS. WILLIAM JEFFERY.

Mr. WELLS fully concurred in the impossibility of agreeing with this second impediment, from whom I received this note:

DEAR SIR: I think there would be a great degree of absurdity in the discussion being conducted in the manner proposed by Mr. P. I should have to grapple with shadows as one that beath the air. The people would know nothing of his reasons for his present position; and therefore, for me to attempt to shew he is wrong, before he has given his reasons why he thinks he is right, would be like a barrister going into court without a brief. I therefore do not think it would be wise to enter upon the discussion under such an arrangement. Your's very truly, in the Gospel of God. JAMES WELLS.

To Mr W. JEFFERY.

Mr. P. being determined to adhere to this obstacle, the affair thus concluded. To Mr. WELLS the members feel greatly indebted; for while many might have refused any connection with a church in such a disorderly state, Mr. W. manifested a more noble spirit in endeavouring to rescue some, as it were pulling them out of the fire. I say how much more generous than, like the priest and the Levite who passed by the "unfortunate," who had fell among thieves wishing his wounds better, and afflictions appeased. WILLIAM JEFFERY.

[We deeply regret our inability to give that part of Mr. Jeffery's letter which announces Messrs. Beech and Bradley's satisfactory renunciation of the doctrines; we can only add, a resolution was passed at a recent church-meeting expressive of the entire satisfaction which the church felt respecting the explanation they were enabled to give. This, with other particulars, in our next.]

"I will make you Fishers of Men."

MY DEAR BROTHER GARRARD, IN THE
LORD JESUS CHRIST,

As you wished me to write to you, I certainly do feel a great pleasure in believing that you feel a wish to know whether I am pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. I shall not lag behind in this case, but tell you something of the liberty I have enjoyed this morning. I got up very dark and dead in my soul; saying to myself "I shall never get through: this body of sin and death will be the end of me. But I will leave the things which are seen, and look at the things which are not seen. The Lord then came into his garden, and I saw and felt the goodness of God; I felt that "God was love," made up of love: and I, feeling his love, was led in some measure to know what it is to eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood; it was in my mouth as sweet as honey; I eat it; I eat love; and love is of God, that which comes from God, and "God is love." I have heard my mother say that she had a sister as was so fond of her, that she would kiss her until she bit her; but then this carnal love ebbs and flows, but not so with God—I ate the love which was communicated to me by the Holy Spirit; I felt what it was, in some degree, to eat the flesh of the Son of Man, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." I find there is no such a thing as exhausting this fountain; the more we have, the more we want. I did think of writing to you a dull epistle of my sins, but, as Jesus Christ has assured me that he has put them away, and let me look into the book of things which are not seen, I give you that which he has given to me. I have heard you preach on the love of God, and my soul could follow you through a great part of it. Oh, how thirsty this love makes us; there is no such a thing as quenching our thirst here; and when we have once drank here, no other water will do; no muddy waters will do then, it must be clear as crystal; I feel that all the waters are filthy and muddy save that which the Lord Jesus Christ gives; and I find these waters which the Lord Jesus gives me have no bottom. O, the deeps! and I can swim.

And, now sir, tell me if your spirit witnesseth with my spirit, when you have read this letter; and whether you think I am taught of God. I only send you what has been given me since I sat down, believing that you will tell me, by the Holy Ghost, whether I am of a right spirit. Do you say "Onward, boy, in the great work?" For I must tell you that I often in gloom have to call myself to accounts, as to whether the work is of God. Oh, don't try to please me in this matter; tell me of my faults, and I

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will love you; praying that the Lord may plough up all twitch in me, and purify me; still I dare not "call that common which God hath cleansed."

My dear brother, I was very much edified and interested in reading your account of "The Gospel Fishery." It appears you think almost all the fish are caught at Leicester; but I cannot help thinking but that a few more may yet be caught with hook and line; for there are some that lay down deep in the mud and dark holes, so that it requires you to have patience, and you may catch some of them, for you caught me there in that way, so that I could not get away from you: you know that you caught me there, and I was obliged to speak to you, and went home with you, and you told me that "the Lord would take care of me;" and I believe that he will, for he has not forgotten me yet.

When I went to St. Martin's Church, I laid deep at the bottom, in the mud, and could not get out, though I desired to swim in pure water, but thought it was not for me, but for those who were entitled to it by good works, and not for such dirty fish as I was. I laid like a little fish at the bottom, in the mud hole, and could let the great fish swim over me, until you put your hook right down to the bottom, right into the very thoughts where I laid, and you pulled me to the surface of the water, and washed the dirt out of my eyes, so that I was enabled to see where I was, blinded with laying in the mud and filth of my own righteousness. I sometimes look at the mud hole where I once lay, but by the power of the water of life I am kept up, and swim sometimes in love. May the Lord keep us out of bondage; my flesh is always waiting to find some good in itself, but I find there is death in all my works, but life in the work of the Spirit.

The Lord has greatly blessed me of late, insomuch as I have been enabled to live in the Spirit, and walk in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and "have no confidence in the flesh." My inward desire is to live godly in Christ Jesus, humbly desiring that the Lord will make me sincere, willing to live honestly.

Nov. 19, 1846. JOHN SMITH FOWLER.

MY DEAR FOWLER,

My son in the faith of the glorious gospel of Christ, I call you mine, because you were caught on my hook and line, and brought to Christ under my feeble preaching. I am happy to hear that you are brought into the garden, a better garden than that which father Adam was turned out of for his sin; the garden of spices, which is the church of Christ, where you are privileged to eat the sweet and soul-comforting fruits of the "Tree of Life," and to swim in deep and clear "fish-pools of Heshbon, by the gate

F

of Bathrabbim." Song vii. 4. For the light of Christ's body, mystical, is the eye: like the fish-pools of Heshbon. Thus you may swim in the light, life, and love of the Lord; and these very clear fish-pools, the eyes of the church, reflect the very image of Jesus, "as face answereth to face in water." Thus he sees his own image in the eyes of the new man of every believer; and these very people are said to be "the apple of Christ's eye," or *the little man of his eye*, for if you look into a person's eye it reflects a little image, a little man. Thus the church is said to be kept as the "apple," or "little man" of his eye, for his church is always in his eye, every moment; and when our eye is single, and fixed on him, the body is full of light. "Come, house of Israel, let us walk in the light of the Lord."

It gives me pleasure to hear that you are walking in the light of the Lord's countenance. But remember that you will have some nights as well as days, and you must not be frightened like a child in the dark, if you have sometimes to go to bed without a candle; for the "Lord will light your candle" again when it is really needful, and "the watchman of the night saith the morning cometh;" and the Sun of Righteousness will arise again with warming, comforting, and healing influence, in his healing wings of light and love.

Farewell, and the God of peace be with you. My son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.
Leicester, Dec. 9, 1846.

A Broken-hearted Sinner.

DEAR SIR,—I am very much exercised about writing to you lest I should write anything that would prove to you that I was a base hypocrite, which I am often tempted to believe I really am, and yet I cannot, I dare not, withhold my testimony at this time; for in reading your letters at the beginning of the first volume of the *Earthen Vessel*, I there had my heart with all its exercises opened up, and my character drawn in such colours that I could not proceed, for my heart was overwhelmed with love and gratitude to my dear Lord that my eyes flowed with tears, and I could not restrain them—not that you were overtaken in sin, but because the dear Lord had brought you back again with weeping and with supplication. I was led to think that the time was at no great distance when the dear Lord would turn my captivity, and restore to my soul the joys of his salvation. I well remember the time when I thought that my mountain stood so strong that I should never fall into those things which some of the Lord's dear family have

fallen into, and have caused them to go hobbling along with broken bones all their journey through the wilderness; but, alas! alas! how have I lived to prove, to my sorrow and grief, that the backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways: and I find, my dear sir, I have greater enemies to contend with than I once thought I should ever meet with, and these dwell in my own base heart—for I find everything there that is opposed to that holy principle which I desire to have, if it is not implanted in my heart. But here satan accused me with hypocrisy in this matter, telling me I have no desire to forsake sin as well as confess; if I had, I should be more freed from it: but here I can call God to witness, that only on yesterday my humble protestation at his dear feet was, that he knew my heart, and he knew that it was my earnest desire to be entirely freed from sin, both in thought, word, and deed; but, alas! I find it to be otherwise. O! how I have searched the word of God, and read the experience of good men, to see if I could happen to meet with any one so vile as myself, but I cannot find any description of character to resemble my own case; but, I did find, in reading your letters, a oneness of spirit, a kindred feeling, a flowing out of my soul in prayer to the dear Lord on your behalf. O! what brokenness of spirit—what a willingness to be anything or nothing so that Christ may be all in all. But, O! my dear sir, how seldom do these seasons occur, and how short their duration—I soon return to my own place, filled with unbelief and rebellion, and my heart seems to get as hard as adamant. O! let me entreat of you to remember a poor sinner when it go well with you when at the feet of your dear Lord and Master—tell him a poor broken-hearted sinner desires to be with him where he is, and to behold the light of his lovely countenance. O! my dear sir, I beg you will pardon the great liberty I have taken in writing to you. I shall not disclose who I am, nor what I am, to you at this time. I have only just received the first and second volumes of the *Earthen Vessel*, but I could not refrain telling you what I have told you; and if the dear Lord should condescend to break in upon my soul, I may perhaps write to you again. For the present, I say, farewell: and may the Lord abundantly bless you, and lead you into all truth as it is in Christ Jesus, is the prayer of a poor

PARTICLE OF DUST.

Poor "Particle of Dust,"—When we read thy letter we had these words dropped into the soul—"He will hear the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer;" then came Jer. xxx. 17; and Jer. xxx. 17. Read these Scriptures, poor "Particle of Dust,"—Who can tell? But let us hear again. We have much to do in the Hospital. Many true soldiers have been wounded of late.

Gleanings from the Vintage.—No. 2.

Extract from a Sermon by Mr. JAMES WELLS, on Sunday Evening, March 30, 1844, at the Surrey Tabernacle, Borough Road, from Revelation viii. 5.

THIS book was given as much for the instruction of the Lord's people, as any other part of the Bible: it is both an external and an internal history of the church, from the beginning of the Gospel dispensation down to the end of time. Before the seventh trumpet has sounded, all public preaching in England and Wales must be put down. All desires which the Holy Spirit creates must be pure desires. Without the Lord Jesus Christ there would be no prayer at all; for He is the root of prayer as well as the power of prayer. I cannot agree with those great men who say that the prayers of the Lord's people are sinful: you might as well tell me that godly fear is sinful, and that faith is sinful. Neither am I an admirer of those words of Mr. Newton:—

“Sin is mixed with all I do.”

We can pray for nothing by the Holy Spirit which Christ has not already prayed for. Jesus Christ pleads our cause by his most precious blood; and his intercession and our desires run together. Prayer is nothing else but the souls of the people of God groaning, and longing, and desiring, and supplicating those blessings which God has designed to bestow; and he will do no more than he has designed. There is no such thing as duty-prayer. The Lord brings all his people while in the world into a personal knowledge of his everlasting covenant, and he gives them a rooted disposition to receive it before they go hence. When a man is made sensible of what he is, he can find no rest but in the immutable oath of God. Real religion is a looking after God in his eternal covenant—real religion puts the people of God where the world would not think of looking for them. They would not think of looking for the people of God in the everlasting love of God; in the righteousness of God; in his everlasting covenant. If you can show your religion to the world, it is no religion at all. It is a great mercy to be enabled to distinguish from all the voices of the time, the voice of Christ. The Lord's people are awkward things to fight against—no weapon formed against them shall prosper. “Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.”

Extract from a sermon, by Mr. JAMES WELLS, on Friday Evening, April 24, 1846, at Red Cross-street Chapel, City, from Exodus xix. 4, 5.

Of all the judgments under heaven there can-

not be a greater judgment come upon a man than to be given over to his own heart—he feels that he might as well be given up to the devil himself. As far as outward appearance goes, it seems to the man that he is given up to a reprobate mind. Of all the afflictions of Lot, his being given up to the lusts of his own heart was the worst. Of all David's afflictions, his being given up to the lusts of his own heart was the worst. Of all the afflictions of Peter, his being given up to the deceits of his own heart was the worst. The Lord's people may, in many respects, be given up to their own hearts, but it is only to a certain extent—it is only for a limited time. But God will take care that they shall not be finally left in that state. No,

“Though thousand snares enclose their feet,
Not one shall hold them fast.”

They may be given up to their own hearts, but not to the gross devices of their own hearts. Was Saul of Tarsus, previous to his conversion, given up to the gross devices and desires of his own heart? No. Touching the law he was blameless. Yet, who could have been given up to his own heart more than was Saul of Tarsus? But there is a sense in which we may be given up to our own hearts fatally. The doctrines of grace may be, and they are too, held by thousands of professors. Moderate Calvinists, and even many among the high Calvinists too, may hold and believe in the great doctrines of grace, but do they hold them tremblingly—do they hold them as matters of the most vital importance? No—they do not. To hold them tremblingly is to feel—did Christ die for me? or did he not? Am I numbered with the family of God, or am I not? Am I interested in the great atonement of Christ, or am I not? My doom is fixed—irrevocably fixed, and cannot be altered. This is to hold the doctrines of grace tremblingly. Why would Eli's sons not hearken to the reproof of their father? Because the Lord intended to destroy them, and had given them up to their own hearts. The people of God would have been damned a thousand times if such a thing were possible, if they had been upheld by anything short of almighty power and mercy; and when the Lord holds his people up, it is then they can rejoice.

“'Tis heaven to rest in his embrace,
And nowhere else but there.”

The Lord has put his people out of the reach of destruction; they were destroyed in Adam, but they were saved in Christ; the life which they had in the first Adam will die; but the life which they have in Christ will never die—in him they have an inheritance “incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.”

Letters addressed to Mr. W. ALLEN,*Minister of the Gospel, Cave Adullam, Stepney.*

No. I.

Dear friend and brother in the only one and true gospel of Jesus Christ.

SEEING the Lord had made use of your mouth to speak to my heart, sermon after sermon, in so conspicuous a manner made me a little bold to declare unto you the same, but, now the storm being greatly abated and finer weather succeeded, we, sailors, can talk a little about past dangers, and tell how the ship behaved in the storm, &c.; and it is experience in these things that make manifest how we act in and weather every storm, every trial, every temptation; but, as I must not take up much of your time, I must cut things as short as possible. About four or five weeks ago, it pleased my God and Saviour, who is the God of all providence, to shut up every way of employment, and I had but eightpence to begin the world with; and being one of those sheep that is compelled through sheer necessity to live by faith, from day to day, upon the providence of God, I must say in the late storm I was often brought to my wits' end, day after day, and week after week; I wandered here, there, and everywhere, where I thought there was the least hope, till I wore my shoes out; but every week the cloud appeared to get darker and darker, and the darkest cloud that hung over my head was, the debt for shelter and a little daily food at the chandler's shop; and when it amounted to six shillings I had no more heart to increase it greater, therefore determined within myself to live upon bread and water: indeed, I was brought to that at last, and sometimes to nothing—not a bit of bread in the cupboard, and not a bit of coal to make a fire to warm my old frame in the late bitter cold weather—not a penny in the world, and nothing to make one of—and not having a soul upon the face of the earth to communicate with, either in the church of God, or in the synagogue of satan, or in the profane world; and being an outcast from the above three societies, I was compelled to go to God alone, who has so marvellously delivered me in time past, for many years, when under the same and like circumstances. Now was the time of prayer indeed, night and day, with strong cries, groans and tears, and deep ejaculations of heart; indeed, no one but God alone has known my sufferings in the late trial, neither did I wish to let any man know but God alone, who I well knew, by many a lesson, that I had formerly learned in the same school of Christ, that he was able to deliver; and very frequently a gleam of hope would at times break through these dark clouds, and seemed to give me a little hope that God would at length send deli-

verance, and then again the clouds would gather thicker and faster, and the spirit of unbelief, mistrustfulness, and impatience, would muster up all their force to drown my little hope and faith. But some of these dark days outwardly were bright days inwardly, and the love of God was shed abroad abundantly in my heart to that degree, at times, that I was afraid that deliverance would come, and I then should be delivered from that sweet and strong communion that I often enjoyed with my God in secret. Indeed, I can truly say these days of adversity were some of the old weather-beaten sailor's golden days, and I knew in some measure what it was to rejoice in tribulation. Oh! blessed rich poverty!—oh! blessed sweet bitter distress!—oh! blessed shining lights in darkness! Grace had made my heart so honest, that I dare not borrow of the people in the house, to whom I was deeply in debt for shelter, and I dare not go any more in trust at the chandler's shop, being six shillings already in debt: but there was one spot in the distress troubled me not a little—I could not get a candle to read the word of God at night; but necessity is the mother of invention, I therefore (having some tallow which I used at my work in sail-making), made a lamp of a little gallipot with a cotton wick; and this served to read by for several nights: and how I lived and was kept alive in this day of famine would be too tedious here to mention, and would more than fill this paper.

During this interval the Lord constrained my heart to go to the Cave Adullam, and the Lord the Spirit led you to speak of every step of the road that my heart was then travelling in—and seeing very plainly that you had travelled in the same road, and knowing you (by what I have felt in my heart under the word), to be a servant sent to the church, to declare the truth by experience: I say, these things often lifted my drooping wings, for almost every discourse seemed to be directed to me in particular, and I often returned home (though deeply indebted there for rent), with a lifted-up countenance. There were two things in all this dark cloud that preserved me from murmuring, repining, rebellion, and discontent; one thing and the principal thing was, I often felt the love of God in my heart: and the other was, I knew the good and all-wise Physician was acting medicinally, for the good of my immortal soul by half starving the flesh, to cast those devils out that had so much annoyed my peace, ever since the day of my most wonderful and miraculous conversion, on March 10, 1812, as it is recorded in my narrative.

I have but spoken a little of the trial, but now to the better part—the day of deliverance—and I have found Jesus Christ still to be

what he ever was and ever will be, a God-hearing and a God-answering prayer. Every method had failed that I had put my hand to for deliverance; but, as I was returning home from the city last Monday week, the Lord put it into my heart to call at the Trinity-house, upon Tower-hill, (I had been calling at the Trinity-house in heaven, for three weeks), saying within my heart, surely I have some claim, upon them; and that night wrote a petitioning letter to the secretary: on Tuesday morning it was presented. The Lord had gone before me, and softened the hearts of those great men. I was presented before the board; several questions, &c. were put to me, which I answered to give them every satisfaction. The Lord enabled them to see my distress; moved their hearts to sympathy; I was taken into their consideration that day as the chief petitioner of respect; and after they had done with me in the committee-room, I had to wait in the hall about two hours for an answer; and almost every five minutes of the two hours my heart was going up to the Trinity-house, in heaven. In due time I was called and presented with two pounds in gold. What effect this immediate answer from God had upon my heart and weeping eyes, I must leave you to judge, having been brought into the same spot: and in ecstasy of joy I left the Trinity-house upon Tower-hill with the Trinity-house in heaven in my heart; flew home immediately, paid all my debts, and well furnished the cupboard with bread, butter, tea, sugar, soap, candles, wood, coals, &c.—and have been enabled to act like the widow of old, whom the Lord set up as an oil-merchant, out of a pint of oil, and lived since upon the rest. I am now out of debt and have four shillings in the bank, (in the till of my chest)—and besides all these things, a little faith in the Great Bank of God, the Lord Jesus Christ. I therefore humbly desire that you and your companions will assist the old sailor to praise the Great Deliverer of all his poor out of all their distresses. God be with you. Amen.

GEORGE THOMAS WOOD.

Life of the late Henry Fowler.

(Continued from p. 284, Vol. II.)

“ABOUT the close of 1802, it struck me that I would leave Plymouth, and settle in London, and that for three reasons. First, my labour began to fall off; and to be destitute of sufficient labour is distressing to an honest, poor man. Second, I had as far as I could see, very little success in preaching, after labouring some time, in different places occasionally. Third, I perceived a vast deal of wildfire, and frivolity, in many who ranked high among the people with whom I was acquainted—they had *gospel heads* but not

BROKEN HEARTS. They sat in the judgment-chair on many much better taught than themselves. These things made their conversation and company irksome to me, and I wished to leave them altogether. I also thought that if I went to London there might be a better prospect, both for my business, and to preach the gospel, if *the Lord had designed me for the work*; for it was still a question with me, except when the Lord comforted my heart in delivering his truth.

“When I had thought these things over, a thought for the first time struck me, that I should like, if it were the Lord’s will, to alter my condition before I left Plymouth, that I might have a home, and a friend, and share our joys and sorrows together. I had serious thoughts on the subject, and well considered the matter; which, I fear, is not always done, even by God’s people.

“The words, ‘In all thy ways acknowledge him,’ at this time, as well as on many former occasions, were much impressed on my mind; for if a believer be not guided by the Lord, he will make a wrong choice and that to his sorrow. The desired object was cast in my way without my seeking; and March 14th, 1803, I entered the honourable state of marriage, with an intention to go forthwith to London: but ‘man’s goings are of the Lord, how, then, can he understand his way?’ With a wife the Lord sent me plenty of labour week after week, so that I could not leave without resisting the dictates of conscience, and the manifest interpositions of providence. I still, month after month, entertained some hopes that my way would be made clear to go to London, but all in vain at that time. Some circumstance or other continually thwarted my intentions, so that I came to a conclusion that it was the will of God for me to remain at Plymouth. My mind thus settled in regard to the leadings of divine providence, I looked more to the thing in hand, and pursued my business with better spirits; and the Lord prospered our labours so as to enable us to ‘provide things honest in the sight of all men.’ But these temporal blessings, which are from the Lord, were followed on my part with too much anxious thought about the things of this world, which perish with the using; and by degrees I grew lukewarm or rather cold in the things of God. I had now a wife to provide for, and a family in prospect, and little or nothing of this world’s goods. As I thought that it was the Lord’s will for me to abide in and live by my labor at my civil calling, I became indifferent about preaching, and thought if the Lord had designed me for the ministry, he would have made it appear before that time; besides, I thought that if I attempted to attend to preaching, I should be neglecting my

lawful calling, which would bring me into reproach, as well as the cause of God. And further, I thought I was justified in abandoning all thoughts of the ministry, because I felt no heart for it, neither had I been favoured in reading and meditation as heretofore. Thus I came to a conclusion, that I would never attempt to preach again; and was much pleased with the idea, that I had got rid of a burden which had so sorely tried me. I now pleased myself with the thought of being a hearer, and anticipated much pleasure in hearing Dr. Hawker and others, that might fall in my way.

"Now all appeared right. I was going to have comfortable Lord's days—hear the word with my wife, and talk over the things of God at home—have spiritual refreshment and rest for the body after the fatigues of the week, and be quite ready for the toils of the next week. This was my *golden dream*; but it was painted in water colours, and it soon washed out. I attended chiefly on Dr. Hawker's ministry at this time, whose word had been much blessed to me in former times, as I have stated; but alas! I could seldom hear him now with any sort of pleasure: he appeared to me to be a different preacher to what he had been; he dwelt much upon the great and precious doctrines of the gospel, as the doctrines of the Trinity—the person of Christ as Mediator—his complete atonement for the sins of the elect—the saints' glorious union with Christ, and their completeness in him, the head; all which I approved of, for I had tasted their sweetness. But his ministry was not adapted for me at this time; neither do I think that his ministry, generally, was calculated for those whom the Lord sees fit to try as by fire.

"After I have heard the word, I have met in the churchyard with many I knew, and they used to be delighted with what they had heard. Many of those persons, I have not the shadow of a doubt, felt the power of God under the Doctor's ministry. Some, I then feared, were rejoicing in his light; for their general conduct was not becoming the gospel; and my fears were confirmed subsequently. The Doctor sowed good seed, and the enemy sowed tares. I was at length so provoked and tried with my barren hearing, and the people's general rejoicing, that I determined to stop and speak to no one, if I could avoid it. Sometimes I used to get so angry with the preacher, as if I must leave the place: then, again, I used to think, if God had sent me to preach, I could preach better than he; and after that I used to be reproved for my pride and presumption. Thus my golden dream all vanished; and in this state of silence, rebellion, and misery, I continued the best part of one year.

"During this period, many thoughts I

had respecting my having preached; and many fears arose in my mind that I acted presumptuously in so doing, which led me to examine the word of God, and my own heart, as to my motives: and I could appeal to God, that all that I had in view was his glory, and the good of sinners; not to live an idle life, nor for the sake of filthy lucre. I could not fix guilt on my conscience for having preached; for I concluded, that if it is a moral duty for every man to do good unto his neighbour, it was the duty of every saved sinner to speak to his brother of the things which God had taught him by his blessed Spirit; and if it was right to speak of Christ and his precious name to *one* it was to *twenty*, when urged by his brethren, according to the ability that God giveth. I am still of the same mind on that subject; but let every brother in Christ wait till he is called upon. 'A man's gift maketh room for him.'

"I was now in a great straight, for I was cut off from preaching, and had no pleasure in hearing, neither did I enjoy that anticipated pleasure in solitude at home which I dreamed of. I felt now in a worse condition than ever; and in this state, my heart often fretted against the Lord. But no one knew the sore trials of my mind; I had learned that it was a vain thing to fly to creatures for help.

"One Lord's day, as I came out of church, a man, who had been a preacher with myself, in the villages, but who had now declined preaching, came up to me, and seemed highly pleased to see me. After a few words had passed, he said, 'So you have given up preaching, as well as myself, I understand!' At his remark, I paused, while I felt the fire burning within my bones; and as soon as I could adjust my thoughts I said, 'No, my friend; I am laid up just to rest, but I shall preach again yet, and as long as I have a tongue capable of speaking.' He appeared astounded, and left me. After I had replied to him, I began to think what could induce me to speak so positive to the man; but I could not account for it; it was the impulse of the moment; but I was determined to watch the result. During the week my mind was more comfortable, and I was more fruitful in meditation; and before the next Lord's day, I received a pressing invitation to preach, and refuse I could not. Thus, God's hand appeared to me in a most conspicuous way. I had God's approbation in preaching; nor have I been in silence from that day, when called upon to preach, if I had health."

(To be Continued.)

[Many interesting particulars connected with HENRY FOWLER'S Life and Ministry, will be found (p.v.) in future numbers.]

A Divine Call to the Ministry of the Gospel.—No. 1.

FEELING a growing desire to render the *Earthen Vessel* increasingly useful, we purpose to give, from time to time, the testimonies of acknowledged ministers of Jesus Christ, concerning their call to, their usefulness in, and their trials arising out of, the Ministry of the Gospel. Perhaps some of our readers, who are persons of research, will render us a little assistance in this department of our work. We commence by giving

SAMUEL LANE'S CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Samuel Lane in his work, entitled "An Ambassador of Peace, from the Prince of Life to the Citizens of Zion," tells us that he was born on the 9th of September, 1773, at Whapload, near Holbeach, in Lincoln, of poor but industrious parents. His Christian Experience is detailed with clearness and certainty. He has been for many years, and still is, labouring in the town of Hull. Of his call to preach the Gospel, he says,—

"The first powerful impressions on my mind, relative to engaging in the work of the Ministry, arose from a feeling sense I had of the Lord's gracious dealings with my soul, or the work of his grace felt, known, and enjoyed in my heart; slaying its carnal enmity; subduing its rising corruption; binding the old man of sin; destroying the power of unbelief within me; breaking off the fetters of darkness from my mind; giving me a discovery of my nakedness, and the wounded condition of my filthy soul; applying the blood of Christ to my sin-burdened conscience; administering to my heart a sweet sense of his pardoning love, and enabling me gratefully to acknowledge his grace-goodness towards me, I felt a strong inward inclination to tell others what God had done for me; feeling, at the same time, a great backwardness, lest I should run before I was sent; and God should say unto me, 'Who hath required this at your hands?'

"I had now great strugglings within, concerning the work of the ministry; I viewed it as a work of the greatest solemnity and of the most awful importance! I trembled at the idea of touching the ministry, and yet could not help secretly wishing to engage therein; yet, whenever I thought of going forward, that portion in Ezek. iii. 18. always presented itself to my view; and I have frequently been alarmed at my seeming presumption, and have entreated the Lord that he would remove all such thoughts from my mind, if so be he had not intended me for the

work; and the only comfort I could gather as a support against the awful apprehensions that were applied to my conscience from the latter part of the above passage, (together with that mentioned in Acts xx. 26, 27.) were, that God was able to uphold me, and willing to supply me, (if he intended to make me a minister) with wisdom and matter suited to the greatness of the work; nor had I a moment's ease in my conscience while I kept back from relating to others the work of God upon my soul; and still when I thought of going forwards I was equally harassed with such thoughts as the following: 'You are not called of God to the work; your message will never be accepted, either by God or man; your ministry will never be useful; your friends, who profess to know God, will despise you; you will become the butt of ridicule; the ministers who are called of God, will have nothing to do with you; seeing all such have the Scriptures unfolded to them at one view, so that it is impossible for them to err; many passages you are ignorant of, and will be permitted to go mad in studying their import; you had better give up all thoughts of going forward on such an errand of importance.' These arguments had a considerable weight on my mind, and I have frequently determined to think no more about it, concluding, that if God intended me for the work, he would not suffer such things to crowd in upon my mind, to keep me hack, yet do all I could against it; and all that the devil could do to persuade me from thinking about it, I soon found it impossible (either for the devil, the corruptions of my own heart, or the fearful apprehensions that continually troubled and perplexed me.) to do anything against the truth.

"Another thing that strongly impressed my mind with a necessity of entering into the ministry was, from a view I had of the opposition to the real truth, which I discovered in those persons who professed to know the Lord and believe the gospel; I evidently found that the religion wherein they trusted was only a form without the power. I was truly grieved to hear the Divinity of Christ denied; electing love despised; imputed righteousness scoffed at; eternal justification called eternal nonsense, and represented as a dangerous doctrine; the final perseverance of the saints laughed at; so that instead of the doctrines of the ever blessed gospel, every doctrine repugnant thereto advanced and insisted on, such as universal redemption, free-will (or power in man to turn to God whenever he might think proper), progressive sanctification (or inherent holiness), moral obedience to the law of God, (or justification by works); a possibility of finally falling from grace, and the duty of all men to have faith in Christ. These, with such like erroneous

tenets, were continually sounded in my ears, which grieved and vexed my soul, knowing and being inwardly assured that God was against them; his word refuted them; his people, who knew him, hated and detested them; and all who were savingly acquainted with the opposite to them, would openly oppose them, and publicly expose them. I, therefore, again entreated the Lord of the harvest to enable me to say something publicly in defence of those truths so much despised by the enemies thereto; and so much loved and enjoyed by the believers and lovers thereof who, through the happy influence they have on the minds of such, cannot fail to speak of them to the glory of their author, in the face of men and devils. * *

"About this time I had the first visit from God, in the night season, relative to my call to the ministry.

"I thought I was led by a female, on a very long road, stone blind; and when I came to the end thereof, was immediately restored to sight; I then took a survey of my past journey; the day appeared beautiful beyond description, the sun shone in its meridian, and I had a clear view of the path I had come on, which was very rugged, much resembling a stiff clay road, trod on by horses, immediately after a steeping rain, and then frozen hard over. On the left hand side was a bottomless ditch, on the right hand a pleasant elevated path way; but it was my lot to walk in the middle of the rough uncomfortable road. I then looked forward, and was forcibly struck with the appearance of three lofty green banks, the middle one appearing rather more pleasant than the outside ones: I began to pursue my journey on the middle one; but behold a bull, of a very powerful and savage aspect, made his formidable appearance, coming, apparently, with all fury and madness to destroy me: this alarmed me, and I began to fear all was over with me, but I was, on a sudden, directed to the bottom of the right hand bank (or hill) where was a broken part in the hedge, when the moment I got into it, I was immediately safe, and my safety was as soon made known to me, so that I was enabled to rejoice in my security from the rage and madness of my adversary.

"Here I awoke, and the first inference I drew from this dream was, that God was determined to call me into the work of the ministry; and in order to prevent my refusing to go forward, kept me in the dark, respecting the roughness of my first travels, that he might bring me by a way that I knew not. See Isaiah xlii. 16., and as I did not fall on the road, so neither will he suffer me to fall short of accomplishing my journey in the said work, however rugged my path-way may be: and that when I had got a little way on my work he would open my eyes to behold his under-working providence and

grace-goodness, in thus protecting and preserving me from falling into the bottomless pit of eternal misery. By the sun shining so very bright at the end of the rough road, represented the glorious brightness of the Sun of Righteousness shining both upon me and the work I should be engaged in. The bull represented the devil in his malice and implacable hatred to, and the determination against the work I should be called unto. The broken hedge represented the broken body of Christ, which is a sure and safe retreat for all the elect, from the rage and malice of the roaring lion. The elevated path-way I believed to be the path for the hypocrites to walk on, as it is evident they know nothing about the rough travels of God's Israel; having all things smooth and easy for them.

"On the night following I had the same dream again, only with this difference, there was no bull on the middle bank, but in lieu thereof, was a vast number of sheep—one half dead, and the other half alive! being commissioned by a person who then and there made his appearance, to raise the dead ones up, I did so; and as fast as I lifted them up they became alive! I continued in this exercise until wearied, and much fatigued was obliged to desist; nor do I remember lifting the whole of them up. This confirmed my former views of the dream the night before, as I considered the sheep to be the sheep of Christ; (John ix. 15.) the green bank being the green pastures; (Psalm xxiii. 2.) and my helping them up, to represent the preaching of the gospel.

"Soon after this I had another dream, to the following effect: I thought I was sitting in a comfortable room, by a very large fire; when I looked down by my side, I saw two sheep—one standing by the fire, without injury, having apparently overcome the heat thereof; the other appeared dead and motionless, seeming as though the heat had overcome it; I readily stooped down to raise the latter one up, when the poor fire-scorched animal immediately revived and became active, though very weak and feeble. I then took it by the head and directed it to the door, the sight of which greatly cheered it, and it walked out joyfully, and appeared remarkably strong.

"When I awoke, the following interpretation came to my mind, The room I was in was the house of God; the sheep were his people; the fire was the law; and the door was Christ; and I was the person appointed by God to direct his Sinai-scorched sheep to Christ, the only door of hope. I had several others of a similar nature, which had an equal tendency to impress my mind that I had a call from God to the ministerial office, one or two more of which I shall hereafter mention."

(To be continued.)

Joy in Tribulation,

FROM THE CHAMBER OF AFFLICTION.

MY DEAR BROTHER GARRARD.—I take my pen into my hand to write to you these few ill-written lines. But, I take encouragement from that which the Lord said to Samuel — “Look not on the outside, for the Lord looketh at the heart;” but I fear sometimes that mine is a very bad one, that it will not stand the piercing eye of my God. But, my dear brother, I read that it is good and profitable to record the loving-kindness of my God; and I look back with the liveliest feelings of gratitude, on his gracious dealings with me, a poor unworthy sinner, that he should have mercy on me all my life long, when I knew it not, and up to this present hour, especially in seasons of affliction and trial, in which I have often experienced that

“Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.”

And I have proved, to my happy experience, that he is “a very present help in time of trouble.” For, I have been afflicted ever since the 6th of last August, twelve months, which seem a long time; but I can say that “it is good for me that I have been afflicted; for before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I keep his testimonies;” and may I feel the liveliest gratitude to the bountiful giver of all good, whose “goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life.” Yet how prone am I at times to question his love, and unbelievably to construe the tokens of his favour as marks of his displeasure, and to say with Jacob — “All these things are against me.” Thus I am sometimes led to view the afflictive dispensations of divine providence in a wrong light, forgetting that “whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;” and even when reading such passages as these, the unbelieving thoughts will intrude upon the mind. Can God — a pure and holy being, who hateth sin and iniquity, love such a sinful and ungrateful wretch as I feel myself to be? The thought seemed too overwhelming, that a God of such infinite majesty, power, and glory should condescend to love creatures so immensely. The thought would overwhelm me in despair, were it not for the gracious revelations of himself in the glorious gos-

pel of his dear Son, as a God of love, rich in mercy, and abundant in goodness and truth; for thus saith “the faithful and true witness.” “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son” — “For God commendeth his love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.” We may therefore bless God and take courage; and oh, how are we indebted to the riches of divine grace, if we have been brought to love Christ because he first loved us.” I hope, through grace, I have been brought to know him “whom to know, is life eternal;” and have some evidence in my soul that I love him; and am enabled to say from past and present experience “it is good for me to be laid on this bed,” where I have laid all the time I tell you; and indeed it is painful to my body, but I trust it has been sanctified to the good of my soul; and when restless through pain, I have counted the hours of the night, but blessed be my God, I have felt Christ precious to my soul, and have been enabled to lift up my soul to God in prayer, and have enjoyed something of those goings out of love, and something of the Spirit witnessing with my spirit that I am born of God, so that I could say with the poet—

“My Father, God, how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear;
Not all the harmony of heaven,
Could so delight mine ear.”

Such delightful seasons have filled my soul with joy, and my lips with praise; and I think I can say with the poet—

“O Lord, I would delight in thee.”

But it is not always thus with me. At times I feel my soul cast down within me, and doubts, and fears, and suspicions, have occupied my thoughts, that I never did love the Lord at all; yet, I have to adore and bless God, that in my darkest seasons, when my faith was weak and my foes were strong, I would not have given up my humble hope of an interest in the dear Redeemer for all this world could afford; but have sent up my cry to the throne of mercy as the poor publican did; and I rejoice in knowing that whatsoever changes I may experience in my own mind, I know that Christ is still the same.

During my indisposition I have had time to read and study, (when I am able) with more attention, and I hope

with profit. It is my privilege to have many books to read, in which are many precious truths, and some I am forced to throw away; but of all the books, I have not had any like the *Earthen Vessel* for truth; it has been such refreshment and encouragement to my mind; and especially those pieces from the "Watchman on the Walls," which caused me to take the liberty of sending these few lines; but I hope you will excuse all blunders and mistakes, for I am a poor ignorant girl. But the "May Flowers" and "Rose in June" are most sweet dear pieces. Reading the *Vessel* often brings tears from my eyes and I then think and feel the religion of Christ a divine reality, and that it is faith in him alone that can support the trembling soul, amidst the ills of life and the fears of death.

And now my dear brother, I hope you will be blessed with seals to your ministry, and souls for your hire, and that there may be a revival among you; and a crying among many "What must I do to be saved?" Dear brother, I am going to tell you that your coming to Tunstall was not in vain in the Lord; for I often hear of your name mentioned and one of my friends says if she could but hear you once more she would not care. But I hope and trust we have a faithful man now amongst us, (Mr. W. Day,) he seems so at any rate, for he seems not to fear the frowns nor court the smiles of mortals, and they are the men for the pulpit. Dear brother, if here is anything worth your reading, I hope you will favour me with a few lines, if not consume this in the flames. I have had it on my mind sometime to write to you, but dared not do it, fearing that I could not do it as I ought to do it. But one day feeling a little revived, I laid musing, and I was constrained at last to do it; for you do not know how the Lord hath made out a way for me to take the *Vessel*, for he has sent one and then another friend when perhaps I have been saying that I could not buy one, but I bless God that I have up to the present. And now may your labours be owned and blessed is the sincere prayer of

MATILDA BURROWS.

Tunstall Common, Decr. 29, 1846.

State of London Churches... No. 5.

IN casting an eye over the number of chapels in the metropolis; how very few

can we recognise as bearing marks and evidences of that inestimable blessing—*The ministry of the Holy Ghost!* But what do you consider evidences of this? some might ask. We will try to answer. They are external and internal. I once heard the minister of Surrey Chapel, Mr. SHERMAN, designate as *irregular men* "the men of Cyprus and Cyrene." Acts xi. 20. And of these men it is said—"The hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord." The hand of the Lord here means that power given with the word, making it effectual in turning many from themselves to the Lord. This then, was an external manifestation of the power of the Holy Ghost. This hand is still with the real "Ambassadors for Christ," in measure, giving testimony to their message, and thereby fulfilling his own declaration concerning them (Mark xvi. 19—20.) Another evidence will be given by their abiding and continuing in the word and doctrine of Christ, under the anointing of the Holy Spirit. The apostle says—"Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine, continue in them, for in doing this, thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee." The seed which "fell in stony places," *had no deepness of earth*; no depth of humility for it to root in; no deep sense of unworthiness felt, as by the Lord's real servants who minister in his name; no deep heart sighings and cryings to the Lord for the perpetual dew of his presence and power. This ground, another Evangelist says, lacked moisture, the moisture of the Holy Spirit; and need we wonder then that the precious seed of the word should be called *dry doctrines* both to him that speaks and those that hear! And need we be surprised to find so many as we do, *leaving* their ministers they possibly may have been called under because of this dryness in the ministry they sit under? Persons may preach the truth systematically, they may preach christian experience, sin as an heavy burden, and what is gospel in theory, having systematically learned it, but if not under the power of the Spirit there is no "still small voice" heard from one year's end to the other: as Christ said—"It withers away:" withers away in feeling: withers away in not being fruitful: in short, nothing comes of it. But this brings me to a third evidence of a ministry being of God, and of those

whom "Men shall call you the ministers of our God, in their glory shall ye boast yourselves" What did Jesus say?—"Blessed are they that hear the Word of God, and keep it." The glory of the Holy Spirit's ministry will *fill the souls of those that hear it, which is an internal evidence*. There will be a spiritual *reception* of it in the hearts of those that know the Lord from time to time. It will not be a dry, formal, ministry, but "their souls shall be as a watered garden." There will be living springs ever and anon watering the heritage of God. And unless this living water flows from the pulpit to the pew, death is there depend on it. If, therefore, the Holy Ghost is not at the bottom, foundation, and beginning of a person's ministry, there will be no comfortable going on, or ending in the Spirit: but where such an one began, (namely, in the flesh, which it must be, if not in the Spirit,) such will end in the flesh. And what is that? Let the conduct of many testify and answer.

One principal cause of death and famine in the land is, I think, because—"They that were full have hired out themselves for bread." Now the Lord's service is with the whole will, heart, mind, and affections set on the Lord, and one with the Lord, bottomed in love. All national and false churches have carried on a great trade in the things of God, on other principles: they have sold their sermons and prayers, and attention to the Lord's house for GAIN: and made the Gospel a mart for business to a most awful extent. See how the holy zeal and indignation of the Lord burned and was manifested in the temple, when overturning the tables of the money changers." Matt. xxi. 12, 13: and go too, at certain times into some of the vestries of our chapels: they more resemble the counter of a bank than an house of prayer. Can such expect the power of the Holy Ghost in their ministry, when these, and other of the like abominations are present: or the Spirit to bear witness to what he condemns? Strange to say they do pretend to expect it—but "How readest thou?" we would say to such.

It is with very great pleasure we now refer to Mr. GEORGE ABRAHAMS, who has been testifying of the Lord's goodness to his soul in the metropolis, for

rather more than sixteen years with a good measure of success. And in him we behold the distinguishing and separating character of the grace of God, and his faithfulness towards the ancient house of Israel, that remnant dispersed among all nations, the Jews. Mr. ABRAHAMS is from this circumstance signally distinguished, and stands in a very prominent position. Such instances of the grace of God from among these people do indeed, cause the pulsation of spiritual feeling and life, to beat high. I would desire to adore the rich grace of God in having such witnesses in these days, and with more than ordinary pleasure introduce such who have borne an honourable testimony to that name his ancestors crucified with the title affixed over his all-glorious person—"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews."

From Mr. ABRAHAMS'S own testimony; it is now twenty-two years since his poor bound and fettered soul was released from the law of Moses, and brought into the liberty of the sons of God in the gospel: we heard him state that when the Lord brought him into this liberty, in the streets of Exeter, that he lost his way to the place he attended for religious worship, and his feelings could only be expressed thus—"I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love till he please." We heard him once state, that if he was called to visit his own country and friends, who are all Jews, and violent opposers of the gospel, on any of their fast days, as the time of the Passover, when they eat unleavened bread, he would do the same, and conform to their ceremonies—but NOT on the same principles. "I have liberty in Christ: eating unleavened bread makes me neither better nor worse." After this, he fully explained the glorious liberty there is in Christ, and the mighty deliverance it is to the poor soul under bondage. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." There is, says he, "A vast deal of difference, to a child of God taught by the Holy Ghost, in hearing of God, and from God. O, to have a religion brought into the conscience; and for God to put his fire in Zion and burn up the dross. I would not talk of corruption if it was not for exalting Christ.

There is not a soul in this chapel could have a more bitter enmity to God's truth than he who now speaks to you."

Mr. Abrahams is an experimental preacher: he speaks much of the hidden mysteries of the human heart; and much to those who are buffeted and cast down by the way; who have the law of sin in their members warring against the law in the spiritual mind, bringing into captivity, continually crying out, "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" On this subject, Mr. Abrahams occupies much ground, shewing the killing power and spirituality of the law, and the uneasy warfare where, in its power, it is experienced.

The ministry of Mr. Abrahams lays very much in the illustration of Jewish rites, customs, and ceremonies. On this point, he has not his equal. It is also needless to say, he is well versed in the Hebrew, being his own native tongue: he often expresses approbation of the faithfulness of the English translation, but will occasionally shew the force of the *original*. Once in referring to the terms, "Abba, Father," we heard him say, "Romaine says, 'Abba reads backwards and forwards the same;' but, (said he) this is not all, it is 'my God from everlasting, and my God to everlasting.'"

The style of Mr. Abraham's preaching is by no means studied. He has been preserved from fashionable divinity. Some of the servants of God are like pumps that want a great deal of pumping before the water comes clear. Mr. Abrahams will declare generally how he came by his text; whether by conversation, reading, praying, walking, or as the case may be, and of the savour he himself tasted in it. This simplicity is in accordance with the gospel, though not much noticed. We may affirm that his is a pure Jewish style; and that Mr. Abrahams is an *original*, having his own peculiar phrases and dialect to characterise him as a Jew; "whose praise is not of men." We indulge the hope that he is but in the vigour of his ministry; and that it may please the Sovereign Disposer of his days to continue his labours; increase his usefulness; preserve him in his fear and truth; bless his ministry to Zion at large; keep him from being at ease; and enable

him to stand on his watch-tower looking after the spiritual interests of the church, crying the time of night, and what he sees.

Our worst part must come. Glad should I be, to say of him, as was said "of a certain priest, named Zacharias, and his wife, they were both righteous before God; *walking* in all the commandments and *ordinances* of the Lord blameless." I once heard a dear old servant observe at the Lord's Supper, "I always admired that aged couple, *they were an honour to the Jewish house* in those days." We cannot say Mr. Abrahams is blameless in walking in christian ordinances, however much he may justify his conduct in the liberty he has in Christ by faith. Highly as we esteem him as an honour to the christian church, his practise is not honourable as regards the ordinances of the Lord's house. In this matter we should be glad if Mr. Abrahams and others could lay aside Mr. Huntington for the unerring standard of Jehovah the Spirit, particularly Mark xiii. 3, 31, 34.—viii. 34—vii. 7, 8.—xvi. 16. If the New Testament is not strong enough for confirmation on this point, there is that learned, well-taught man of God, *Dr. Gill*, whose attainment in Jewish literature, stands unequalled in modern times; whose almost every page abounds with *Jewish* criticisms: we would advise that this witness should be consulted in preference to *Dr. Owen*, whom we heard Mr. Abrahams quote so much on the subject of Baptism, &c. *Dr. Owen* is a great favourite with moderns as a scholar. He was the brightest ornament of the University of Oxford, and for several years successively was vice-chancellor there, and great in rabbinical learning. Yet, it is said of him, when asked by Charles II., "how he, being so learned, could sit and hear an illiterate tinker prate?" He replied, "May it please your Majesty, could I possess the tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning."—*Bunyan's Life*.

"Burning seraphs round thy throne,
Beyond all brightness bright;
Bow their bashful heads, and own
Their own diminished light."—*Hart*.

— H. W.

WE have in former numbers of the

Earthen Vessel, briefly noticed a series of Mr. ABRAHAM'S sermons now in the course of publication. We have before us Nos. 6, and 7 of that series. No 6, is "On the exclusion of creature boasting." A sermon by Mr. GEORGE ABRAHAM'S against pride! We make an extract or two.

"I tell you, friends, there is devilish pride even in imitating deep sinking. I tell you there are many who would be William Huntingtons, and put on other people's garments, which is all pride, as they think they shall not be so useful to God's family without a deep experience. But the experience of a child of God, smitten, wounded, killed in five minutes, is tantamount to a seven years' law-work. Many think they have no reason to speak well of the Lord, or praise his holy name, because they have never had a vision of faith, which some boast of in the pulpit, and so seem to account all the Lord has done as nothing. But is not this pride?"

"I have seen the pride of a Jew going up with a very high head and sitting himself on what the dear Lord calls the highest place in the synagogue, with his face towards Jerusalem: and they will give any money for this seat. And I have seen those called christians going up and boasting of being christians by baptism, and christians, through being members of a church. Oh, the devilish boasting of all this before God! I have a reason for all this, and you shall hear it to-night if you have patience. I close up my first question: this is a most singular question: may God search your hearts. Well, say, you, there is no need of all this, we are not Jews nor Papists, we are not depending upon any outward ceremony, and therefore there is no necessity for your address: I do not know whether this is all true. A dear child of God who had heard me for some time, said, I will hear him no more. Now I will talk simply before the living God. Is it not a sore evil that a poor child of God should be wrapped up in a mere outward ordinance that will not save a soul, and be so offended at my speaking what I have a right to speak, as to turn his back on the truth: is it not boasting, think you? Besides, they say that it is a door into the church, and exclude other people. If this is not boasting, I know nothing of the matter at all."

This is talking simply indeed! The fact is, it must be admitted by all unprejudiced and honest readers of the New Testament—that there are two ordinances therein recognised and commanded by the Great Head of the Church: Baptism and the Lord's Supper: and

that minister who fails to observe the two as joined together by our Lord, is not walking in the commandments of the Lord, blameless. We fearlessly assert, that for a man to reject a plain positive command of the Lord Jesus, *because* there is nothing *saving* in the observance of it, and to be constantly ridiculing and condemning those who do attend unto it from the best of motives—we say—such conduct is inconsistent, and we do not wonder at all, that "dear children of God, who have heard him a long time, being driven to say (as Mr. ABRAHAM'S says some have said)—"I will hear him no more." We are grieved at our very hearts to find such a discrepancy in such an acknowledged minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In the great essentials of the Gospel Mr. A. is sound to the very core. He says:—

"The redemption that is in Christ Jesus cleanses a sinner from his sins, washes him from the filth of sin and makes him beautiful, and so he is acquitted before the law. Justification is that which causes him to stand before God as righteous as God requires him to stand before him. Justification is simply this, as I understand it; God has determined by blessed, wondrous, electing grace, to cause his people to appear before him in glory, holy and unblameable before him in love; holy, as though they had never, in one single instance, intruded on his holy law: for the law was given for this very purpose, that Christ might be exalted in fulfilling the law and making it honourable, for with him God is well pleased for his righteousness' sake, for he hath fulfilled the law and made it honourable."

Mr. ABRAHAM'S stated ministrations are as follows: at Regent-street Chapel, City Road, on Lord's Days, and Thursday evenings; and at Jewry Street Chapel, City, on Monday evenings.

The Death-bed of Samuel Medley.

WE love to see and to know how it is a Christian, and especially a Christian Minister dies: not that the circumstances connected therewith are at all times to be viewed as unerring tests of their state before God; but, as in life, so in death, there is generally something that declares the existence of the grace of God.

It was on the 6th of June, 1767, that

SAMUEL MEDLEY first became pastor of a Baptist Church, at Watford, in Hertfordshire. In April, 1772, he removed to Liverpool, where he laboured as a successful minister of the gospel, for nearly thirty years. The following is an authentic account of his dying moments.

"His valuable friends then came in, whom he cheerfully welcomed, and to whom he said, 'You see me now on my dying bed; and a sweet bed it is to me. What mercies am I now enjoying in it! Thanks be to God, I have now little or no pain. What blessings I have in my family! all my eight children a comfort to me, and so affectionate, they would, if it were possible, lay down their lives for me. With respect to myself, I am full of comfort and consolations, and able yet to recollect God's precious word. The promises are like an army of soldiers; when I have done with one, another suitable portion presents itself. I never saw so much of my unworthiness, or so much of the excellency, glory, and suitableness of Christ, as an all-sufficient Saviour. I would wish, had I strength, to speak of him till I die: particularly to my young friends, whom I always loved to address. As to my sentiments, he continued, 'I am no ways altered. The doctrines I have preached, I am fully persuaded, are of the truth. They are now the support and consolation of my mind. That Jesus, whom I have so long proclaimed to poor sinners, is my only comfort in my dying hours. His salvation is perfect and complete.' After recovering from a fainting fit, he said, 'I am thinking on the laws of gravitation: the nearer a body approach to its centre, with the more force it is impelled; and the nearer I approach my dissolution, with the greater velocity I move towards it.' A friend who stood by, said, 'dear sir, Christ is your centre.' 'Yes, yes;' he replied, 'he is, he is.' In another visit from this valuable friend, he said, 'It is hard work to pull up an old tree by the roots. My dear family, my relation to the church of Christ, over which I have been so long time an unworthy pastor, and my numerous connections, are like so many strong roots in the earth.' But some time after he added, 'They are all got up, and this world is now nothing to me; I long to

depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.'

"His children now asked him if he wanted anything. 'Want!' he replied, 'I want heaven and eternal glory.' On the evening of this day an evident change took place, and he lay for several hours in a stupor, so that it was not expected he would ever speak again. But, at two o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 17th, he revived, and with a serene and smiling countenance said, 'Look up, my soul and rejoice, for thy redemption draweth nigh.' He then added, 'I am looking up to Jesus—but a point or two more, (alluding to the compass), and I shall be at my heavenly father's house.' His children now asked, 'Do you know us, dear father?' With great earnestness, he replied, 'Know you! yes, sure I do.' He then took a most affectionate leave of them all, and several friends, who surrounded his dying bed. Being asked, what shall we say from you to the absent parts of the family, mentioning them all by name; 'Send my dear love to them; and tell them, I am going home in peace to my dear Jesus.' He was soon after very restless, and frequently cried out, 'Help, help me! One grain of creature-mercy, Lord!' His friends tried to help him, and said with tears, 'We cannot help you.' 'No,' said he, 'help from above.' When he saw his children weeping round him, he said, 'For shame! why will you weep? am I not in my own Almighty Father's hands? and he will take care of your poor old father.' He often lifted up his hands and said, 'My God! my portion! my portion!' then, clasping his hands together, added, 'I am looking up to Jesus.' Frequently his struggles were violent. He would then say, 'Take courage, my soul, take courage; why art thou cast down? why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him.' Through the whole of his agonies, which were sometimes extreme, he was not left to murmur. Once, when violently agitated, he said, 'It is hard work: I shall die, I shall die, and go to glory.' Then, with his eyes stedfastly fixed upwards, he added, 'Are they not all ministering spirits? (Heb. i. 14.) I am coming, I am coming.' Pushing the bedclothes with his hands, he said, 'Take it away,

take all the world away, all but Christ.' His struggles were again violent, and again he cried, 'for one grain of creature-mercy, Lord! one grain!' then, lying more composed, he said, 'Well, this is a mercy;' and continued, 'I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope!' laying a peculiar emphasis on the last sentence. About four o'clock in the morning he turned, and said, 'One more farewell, my dear children!' and affectionately embraced them all. From this time he continued quite still and composed, looking tenderly on his surrounding family and friends, and repeating many portions of Scripture, which could not be distinctly heard. 'Sweet gospel,' often escaped his lips. No alteration took place further, till about half an hour before his departure, none of his family expecting to hear his voice more, when he opened his eyes, and with a smiling countenance, said, 'Dying is sweet work! sweet work! my father! my heavenly Father! I am looking up, I am looking up to my dear Jesus, my God! my portion! my all in all!' then with a dying voice he continued, 'Glory, glory! Home, home!' till his voice failed, and with a smiling countenance, he yielded up his spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father, without a struggle or a groan, about half an hour before seven o'clock in the evening.

He had just completed his sixty-first year, had been in the ways of God thirty-nine years; thirty-three years had been a minister of the gospel; five years pastor of the church at Watford, Herts., and twenty-seven years pastor of the church at Liverpool.

Christian Reviewer.

WE have before us two new periodicals: the first is called "Christian Converse," by William Giles, of Seacombe: this introductory number is filled with letters of a more private and family character; only interesting to the parties concerned. The other work is called "The Spiritual Wrestler:" and we expect is in some measure under the management or editorial direction of our brother W—, of Robertshridge. It is a nice little tract for a penny; and is calculated in some measure to be useful to "Zion's children in the Wilderness." We wish "the Spiritual Wrestler" God-speed.

"The Lost Found or the Rebel Saved."

By Samuel Cozens. We come again to notice this little messenger of mercy; and as we have been twice stopped at the threshold with prefatory remarks; we are resolved on this occasion to dip into the work itself: and as we have spoken for our brother Samuel we will now let him speak for himself. We have heard the sly and envious taunts which have been thrown at him by shallow-minded ones; but we are glad to find Samuel's ministry is well received by old, sturdy, and well disciplined believers. "Cozens will do," say they. And so say we: only let Samuel "take heed unto himself;" let him labour hard in God's word, and at God's throne; and let him "study to shew himself approved unto God—a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth;" and then we have no fear but that much real prosperity will attend his ministry. Our extract this time must be short. He says at page 7, speaking of his first convictions of sin—

'I believe in my very soul that I had broken the law of God into as many atoms as Moses did, when he came down out of the mount, and let the tables fall; but though I drank in iniquity as the ox drinketh in water, I was the subject of strange emotions of soul, such indescribable horror would sometimes seize me, that I could not bear to be alone, or in the dark; sometimes when I have been in company, the thoughts of death would rush into my mind like an impetuous torrent, and sweep all my pleasure and vanity away in an instant, and make me pace the room like a maniac. I also was sorely tormented with horrible dreams, one of which was that infernal spirits used to meet every night at the further end of my father's cellar: and my father being a publican, he used to send me to this part of the cellar sometimes when he was busy, and it was really like sending me to hell in my feelings, for I very often fancied I saw them; such a cold damp and shaking would come over me whenever I went to that part, that I could scarcely move. This dream was as peculiar as my sleep for two or three years, and I believe it so impaired my nerves that I shall feel it as long as I am in the body; it is only while I have the sensible enjoyment of God's love in my heart, and can see and realise my eternal interest in God's salvation, that I am free from these fears. * * There are many others which I could relate which made a deep impression on my mind, but still there was not power enough in them to separate me from sin, though they often spoil the pleasure of it. O! the solemn obduracy of an unsanctified heart! I am satisfied that neither dreams, visions, men, angels, or devils, are sufficient to remove man's natural obduracy, and give a felt hatred to sin; and I am further satisfied that

if a man saw the agonies of the damned, and heard the awful wailings of all the infernal host, and the law rattled through his conscience, like thunder in the azure vaults of heaven, it would never bring him to love himself, and repent in dust and ashes. No! nothing but a solemn inlet of love and blood into the conscience by the power of the Spirit, will ever effect this; as the poet sings, and I am witness to the fact:—that

‘Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.’

“I believe there are thousands of egleyed professors that know this theoretically, as well as I do, but have never had the soul travail of it experimentally; and therefore all their speculation will only tend to augment their misery in the world to come.”

To be continued.

Sermons, by Thomas Adams. London: Thomas Nelson, Paternoster-row.

We have a nice little volume of this old Puritan's discourses. We are in too great a hurry now to speak of it as we wish and intend. We only catch a bit here and there. Read them, my reader, you will find them sweet morsels. Thomas Adams knew what he was about. Speaking of what Christ gave, he says:

“Whom gave he then? Himself, who was both God and man; that so participating of both natures, our mortality and God's immortality, he might be a perfect mediator. He came between mortal men and immortal God, mortal with men and just with God. As man he suffered, as God he satisfied; as God and man he saved. He gave himself, himself, wholly, only.

“All himself, his whole person, soul and body, Godhead and manhood. Though the Deity could not suffer, yet in regard of the personal union of these two natures in one Christ, his very passion is attributed in some sort to the Godhead. So Acts xx. 28, it is called the ‘blood of God;’ and 1 Cor. ii. 8, ‘The Lord of glory’ is said to ‘be crucified.’ The school's distinction here makes all plain. He gave all Christ, though not all of Christ; as God alone, he would not, as man alone, he could not, make this satisfaction for us. The Deity is impossible; yet was it impossible, without this Deity, for the great work of our salvation to be wrought. If any ask, how the manhood could suffer without violence to the Godhead, being united in one person, let him understand by a familiar comparison. The sunbeams shine on a tree, the axe cuts down this tree, yet can it not hurt the beams of the sun. So the Godhead still remains unarmed, though the axe of death did for a while fell down the manhood. His body suffered both sorrow and the sword; his soul sorrow, not the sword;

his Deity neither sorrow nor the sword. The Godhead was in the person pained, yet not in the pain.”

We purpose to ransack this little volume of Adams's Sermons, and next month give our readers some savoury meat from it: but can only now add the following few words on

TRUE GOSPEL REPENTANCE.

“Of Repentance, (he says), this is a true picture, ‘Which I desire not to be set up in your houses, but to be laid up in your hearts.’ It is in fact the same picture, with a few additional touches, such as these: ‘You shall even see her sitting in the dust, her knees bowing, her hands wringing, her eyes weeping, her lips praying, her heart beating, her lungs panting * * She is not gorgeously attired: sackcloth is her garment. She hangs the word of God as a jewel at her ear, and ties the yoke of Christ as her charm about her neck. The ground is her bed. She eats the bread of affliction, and drinks the waters of anguish. The windows of all her senses are shut against vanity. She bids Charity stand the porter at her gates, and she gives the poor bread, even while herself is fasting. She would wash Christ's feet with more tears than Mary Magdalene; and if her estate could reach it, give him a costlier unction. * * Lastly, she is lifted to heaven, where angels and cherubim sing her tunes of immortal joy, and God bids Immortality set her on a throne of glory!’”

The Messenger of Peace.—The fourth and fifth numbers of this little periodical are now published. It is printed on a larger scale, and improves in matter as it goes along. If the friends of divine truth are constrained to assist in promoting its circulation, we have no doubt it will be a very useful work. There is a large company of true believers in the Church of Christ in our day, who stand in need of comfort and encouragement: and who can tell, but the “MESSENGER OF PEACE” may be an instrument in the hands of God, of doing good to many souls?

“A Letter written to a Friend, in reference to a Dream; or, a remarkable Answer to Prayer.” By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Providence Chapel, Jubilee-street, Mile-end. London: Published by Paul. Price 1d.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN is, perhaps, but little known as yet, to the Church of Christ; but the remarkable circumstances recorded in this tract, of divine revelations not only made to him, but, happily fulfilled in his experience, confirm the impression some time since made upon our minds, that the Lord designs to make much use of him, as a minister and pastor in Zion. We feel persuaded this “Letter” will obtain a most extensive circulation.

PRECIOUS PROMISE OF A PRECIOUS COVENANT GOD.

"I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." Zeph iii. 17.

'I WILL.' God's wills and shalls, and Christ's verities are breasts full of the milk of comfort, wombs pregnant with the richest blessings—'I will leave in the midst of thee.' God has never been without 'a seed to serve him, a generation to call him blessed.' In that day when gross darkness appeared to cover the face of the earth, and the spirit of persecution raged, we find Elijah, the servant of the Lord, saying—'I, even I only, am left, and they seek my life; but God saith, I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him.' And in our day, when profession abounds, and thousands are crying, 'the temple of the Lord are we,' there are but few who know the plague of their own hearts, and are found like polished diamonds, reflecting the image, light, and glory of a precious Christ. The righteous are like a handful of corn upon the tops of the mountains; it is but a remnant left, which shall be saved according to the election of grace. The professing church is now large; in the midst of her is the seed royal; the Lord's spiritual family; this family is the true church; and it may be said to be a church within a church; a people within a people. God hath been pleased to give us their character: they are afflicted and poor, but yet a blessed people; for, 'blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven;' and it is spiritual poverty, and spiritual affliction, which is spoken of in the text: blessed they are, for they shall trust in the name of the Lord, and 'they that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but which abideth for ever.' But what are the spiritual afflictions of God's family? They are afflicted in a three-fold way—by a body of sin—by a tempting devil—by the hidings of God's face. And every regenerate soul hath more or less to experience affliction from these sources, from the moment of his new birth, to his entrance into eternal glory, then God, who caused light to shine out of darkness, shines into the sinner's heart, sin is laid in the conscience and becomes a heavy burden; travelling pains are

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felt, and mercy is earnestly craved; and after that the Holy Ghost hath given the spirit of adoption, and sealed home pardon, sprinkling the conscience with the blood of the Lamb, and bringing Christ's salvation into the heart, so that the soul can triumph in redeeming love and covenant mercy, sin's afflicting power is not extinct. It is true that in the day of espousals, when the soul is ravished with its Love's delights, for the first time embraced in the arms of a loving Jesus, the principle of sin appears to receive a stunning blow, and the young convert, standing (like Israel of old at the Red Sea,) on the brink of the sea of love and blood, lost in wonder, love and praise, at God's delivering mercy, thinks, because in that sea, he sees drowned those sins, the sense of which did so afflict him, that sin will no more be a burden to his soul; but after awhile they feel what the apostle records as his experience, who saith—'Sin revived, and I died.' The first affliction of the soul on account of sin, arises from a knowledge given of actual guilt and transgression; and the babe in Christ is in a great measure a stranger to his natural depravity, to his inbred corruptions; so when he feels sin to revive, and still to live in him, and the great deeps are broken up, he is horror struck, discovering his nature to be like a running ulcer, ever gathering, and ever discharging corruption. These discoveries are afflicting indeed to the soul, yet they endear a precious Christ; for while it strips, empties, wounds, kills, and slaughters righteous self, it is the means whereby God teaches, experimentally, the value of interest in the love, blood, grace, work, righteousness, life, power, and salvation of the dear Redeemer.

The very motions of sin afflict that soul whose conscience is made tender by the grace of God; and who can describe the anguish, bitterness of spirit, and poignant distress felt, when, through grace, we would do good, but feel evil present! so that how to do the good that we would, we know not: the cry gushes forth from a broken heart, 'Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?'

The temptations and assaults of Satan cause spiritual affliction. We know but little of ourselves, of the power of satan, of the unquenchable love, and eternal

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faithfulness of our God, but as we learn it in the furnace of affliction, and in the fire of temptation. Sinful self, righteous self, and the devil, are the three worst foes a christian has: they are his companions all the days of his pilgrimage; they lodge in his house, and though the master, the new man of grace, finding them bad tenants, has once and again given them notice to quit, and tried by force to eject them, they still abide, to annoy, afflict, and distress. To attempt to point out the diversity of ways by which satan afflicts Zion's children, would fill a volume: he lays traps with all craft, and if the unwary pilgrim gets caught, as he is sure to be, in some of them, he then turns accuser in the court of conscience. Who can portray the affliction of soul felt by those overcome by temptation? It is love that breaks the heart, and makes it susceptible of pain and emotion; but where there is susceptibility and life, sin will pierce like double-barbed arrows. Satan is ever tempting the saint either to presumption or despair; to question God's love, his mercy, and his faithfulness. At times he will overwhelm the soul with hard thoughts of God; with blasphemous thoughts, with infidel notions: and then turn accuser: so that poor christian from his assaults reels to and fro, and staggers like a drunken man, and is at his wits end: then, again, he'll tempt to lust, to idolatry, to despair; he will question, and dispute with the saint his right to every smile—every promise—every crumb of mercy—every blessing a covenant God bestows; and was it not that these blessings were dropped into the heart with blood and love, savor, unction and almighty power, each would be by him, wrested out of his hands; therefore, 'Oh! thou afflicted! tossed with tempest, and not comforted,' think it not strange concerning the fiery trial, which is to try your faith, as though some strange thing had happened unto you, but remember that the like afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the flesh.

The hidings of God's face is another cause of spiritual affliction, which only Zion's children know. Sometimes, when the inward motions of sin are most felt, outward afflictions abound; satan is very busy; and God makes darkness his habitation; such was Job's case. For my own part, I have never groaned under a

burden, when my soul has realised Jesu's love, and the sweet smiles of his face; for then all my burdens roll from my back. What had appeared mountains, become mole hills; my fetters fall off, the chains that held me snap like rotten cords; the devil flies; and the ravening beasts crawl into their dens: but when he hides his face, and I have no access to the mercy seat, my experience is the very reverse; in anguish of soul, with Job I cry—'Oh, that I knew where I might find him, that I may approach his seat; I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments.' There are times in the christian's experience (are they not often?) when the channel of communion appears stopped; no sweet access, with boldness, to the throne of grace—no hallowed feelings, or sacred meltings—no pouring out of the heart, and the very breath of prayer seemingly gone. We remember the time when the dew of the Lord rested on our branch; when, by his light, we walked through darkness, and the candle of the Lord shined on our heads, and we cry—'Oh, that I were as in months past.' But some may say—'Is not God always to be found? Is he not to be found by prayer?—By reading the Bible?—By attending a gospel ministry; and in the ordinances of his house?' I answer, not always; for it is only by the Spirit's revelation, and in the Spirit's light, that we find him to our soul's satisfaction. God certainly doth bless when he hides his face, and communicates grace in the darkest nights of the soul's experience; but with the blessing he does not always give the joy of the blessing. Vegetation is nourished by the dew, which in the night imperceptibly falls; so God secretly sustains, and renews the tender plants of grace. 'He rides upon his red horse amongst the myrtle trees that are in the bottom.' (Zech. i. 8.) We learn good lessons while walking in darkness. Job had to endure much to bring him to the confession of 'I am vile.' Jonah went to the bottom of the sea to learn 'Salvation is of the Lord.' Whosoever is mourning an absent God, complaining of darkness in the soul, of the want of access to the mercy seat, the sweet visits of love shall in the end realise that precious promise in their souls' experience—'I will see you again, and your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy no man shall take from you.'

These spiritual afflictions teach us our poverty, crucify self, and drive us from creature cisterns, to draw supplies of comfort from the redundant fountain of covenant love and eternal faithfulness. None so poor as God's poor: they are brought feelingly to lie in the dust, and on the dunghill, never any cash in hand, and oftentimes without a promissory bill in their possession; hungry and thirsty, their souls faint within them, then, they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivers them out of all their distresses.' 'They shall trust in the name of the Lord:' this is the very end for which they have to suffer affliction, and are so painfully taught their poverty. No trusting in the Lord till all other refuges fail. God in Christ is the last shift of a poor sinner, but the Lord's poor shall trust in the Lord for all the blessings temporally, they need; for all the blessings spiritually they require; pardon, salvation, righteousness, justification, and eternal glory; for love shall draw them, and the power of omnipotence constrains them.

Leicester.

EBENEZER.

The Enemy coming in: the Standard lifted up.

TO MARTHA FENNER.

I WAS lately reading this passage—(Heb. x. 32.) 'Call to remembrance the former days, in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions.' Here mark, after regeneration this combat takes place between flesh and spirit, the devil and Christ; I thought this might be worth your perusal. About thirty-five or six years ago, I was sorely thrust at by the devil; this was the first attack; after I had much enjoyment of Christ, and much of his love manifested to my soul, satan endeavoured to persuade me mine was not real religion, but heated imagination; but then, as ever since, I have always found the promise sufficient—'When the enemy comes in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him.' From this suggestion I was put to a stand, but blessed be God, who always makes use of his own word, to support his own children, brought this passage to my mind—'Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord;' this put strength in me for a short season; still, he would be throwing his dart at me, 'This is not

religion.' In a short time Jesus gave me such a view of his sympathy and love to me, that satan was hid from me for a season. One Monday morning I was walking up St. Stephen's, my soul was drawn out in prayer and praise, for joys excited the preceding day; mine eyes being lifted up towards heaven, I saw in vision, distinctly, the Glory-man, between the clouds, as Stephen did on the right hand of God, my eye-lids being closed. One Sabbath, about this time, I retired up stairs, and poured out my soul unto the Lord, and then again I had another sweet token of love, or rather, as the apostle says, 'the Spirit helping my infirmities.' I saw, as it were, a hand let down lifting up my poor prayers unto God. But ah! not long after this, I was sorely beset indeed: and one ordinance day, the enemy was very quick upon me in the morning with this suggestion, 'he that eateth the bread and drinketh this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord, for he eateth and drinketh damnation to himself.' Go to the table I dare not; after dinner I left the house without saying a word to any one; I went into the fields, and laid upon the grass in great distress; three times that afternoon I was strongly tempted to put an end to my existence; if an invisible hand had not preserved me, I should have committed the deed: for faith at that time, I had none; my dear partner she went to the table, expecting to meet me there; I returned about half-past five o'clock, when tea was waiting; my partner said to me as I went in 'Father, where have you been, you was not at the table?' I made a slight reply; was very dull; we went to chapel together in the evening, while I was there, I began to have a little light beam upon me, and ease to my mind. Ah! I might say, the Lord lit my candle for me, for it was become wholly dark; when we returned home, and after supper, we had prayer; I think I never witnessed more liberty than at that time. You will perceive that this was a deep impression as well as lasting. I never mentioned it to any one, but to Mrs. REAKS in part, and that a long time since; the scene is quite fresh to me now.

In spite of all malice and rage of the devil, he that hath begun the good work will carry it on; yes, says that mighty deliverer, 'Upon this rock,' meaning himself, 'I will build my church, and the

gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' He being the head of the church, he must be destroyed, before the church can perish; oh, how secure his church! this has been a bulwark to my soul; for, sometimes this, with many other attributes and perfections of Jehovah, doth make my mountain to stand strong; but I know and feel my weakness; if Jesus was to withdraw his strength, and the light of his countenance from me, my joys would soon be turned into mourning; but though he may hide his face, he will never withdraw his love; no, blessed be his dear name, that began in eternity: yes, and the church has had proof of it through all the period of time, and she will solace herself in that to all eternity. Yes, a view of this unchangeable love, made Paul exclaim—'Who shall separate us from this love?' I speak it to the honour of Jehovah's name, he cannot, if he did, he would forfeit his word, but that is for ever settled in heaven, it cannot be revoked.

I have had some comfort in writing, though you may not in reading, for I generally find the truth of that passage 'He that honoureth me I will honour.'

Canterbury.

R. RAZELL.

The Shew-bread set in Order

UPON THE PURE TABLE.

*To William Skelton, a Servant of
Jesus Christ.*

DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM—You was led in your last letter to put some close questions to me, respecting the inward work of the Spirit of God upon my soul, in preparing me for, and carrying me forth into the ministry. I will, therefore, by the help of the Lord, give you a brief account of the exercises, troubles, and deliverances, which I am made the subject of, in connection with the proclamation of the everlasting gospel.

It would occupy too much time and space to enter upon these things generally; I shall confine myself to one instance: and say, in the circumstances of that one instance, you have a fair sample of the Lord's dealings with my soul in general.

I have often thought of the solemn question which an old deacon recently put to a minister immediately after preaching. He said, 'I ask you, sir, as in the sight of God, where you got that

sermon from—whether it was from God's mouth, or whether you borrowed it from books!' I am fearful, my brother, that there are many who look large enough, preach well enough, and seem to stand fair enough in the pulpit, but could you get behind the scenes with them; could you really become acquainted with their manœuvres in the study, you would seriously question the divinity of their commission to preach. It is evident there is such a thing as declaring 'God's statutes, and a taking of his covenant into the mouth,' by the wicked. Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light: and the priest's office is sought and obtained, for a morsel of bread. The Lord of his infinite mercy, keep us from such an awful predicament as this!

I feel, my brother a sincere desire that you should weigh well the circumstances which I am about to lay before you; and examine them closely in order to ascertain, whether or not these things are the result of the sovereign dispensations of the good Spirit of God toward me or not. Not that I dare much to question them: but, both from without and within, I am frequently severely tried.

But to the point. It was the first Lord's-day in February. I had been enabled to preach in the morning with some holy confidence, and a small degree of liberty in my soul. After this I retired to my room, and waited in silence upon the Lord, beseeching him to drop into my soul a living word, a special message, with which to go forth in the evening of the day. But a dark, dead, contracted spirit seized me. Something seemed to say, I should get nothing from the Lord. I remembered I had to administer the Lord's Supper as well as preach—and my poor soul did inwardly yearn for a solemn manifestation of my Master's love to my soul. But nothing of the sort could I get. This feeling of nakedness in my soul increased. If I bent my knees, I could not pray—if I turned to the Bible, I could not read—if I attempted to look up to the Lord, I could not feel any warm emotions of soul towards him. I sat down pensive. Hours passed away like this. I groaned and grieved, but no relief could I find. The time for going up to the sanctuary drew near. There was this word laying upon my mind—'He that eateth of this bread shall live for ever.' But I had no light into it, simple and

plain as it was. Well, my brother, I began to think I must go out dark and destitute as I was, leaving myself in the Lord's hands for him to do with me as seemeth him good. I rose up once more, and took up the word of God. I was led to think about the shewbread, and turned to 2 Chronicles, xiii. and read the 10th, 11th, and 12th verses—

“But as for us, the Lord is our God, and we have not forsaken him; and the priests, which minister unto the Lord, are the sons of Aaron, and the Levites wait upon their business; and they burn unto the Lord every morning and every evening burnt sacrifices and sweet incense; the shewbread also set they in order upon the pure table; and the candlestick of gold with the lamps thereof, to burn every evening; for we keep the charge of the Lord our God: but ye have forsaken him. And, behold, God himself is with us for our captain, and his priests with sounding trumpets to cry alarm against you, O children of Israel, fight ye not against the Lord of your fathers, for ye shall not prosper.”

This word by degrees stole upon my mind: and it seemed to branch out into such glorious things, that my poor frame almost sunk down under the heavy and ponderous weight with which this word laid on my soul. I walked away to the place, crawled up into the pulpit, and secretly besought the Lord to bless me with his presence. But before I got up to preach, my mind was filled with feelings of enmity to the place and people. I thought to myself ‘I will soon run away from all this, for death and misery seem to be here.’ They finished their second singing; and up I was obliged to get.

I said, whether I shall be able to preach or not, the Lord only knows. However, I read the above text out of Chronicles; and such soft, but certain gales of the blessed Spirit blew upon my soul, that I felt great boldness and freedom; and I spoke of the words something after the following manner. I said, I will endeavour to notice—

I. The circumstances connected with, and the speaker of these words.

II. The two-fold declaration herein made: ‘The Lord is our God: and we have not forsaken him.’

III. The four-fold typical description here given of the Old Testament saints.

IV. The relation of their business.

Lastly. The assurance they had of the power and presence of God: ‘Behold God himself is with us for our captain.’

I. In the circumstances we have Jeroboam with an army of eight hundred thousand chosen men of valour, set in battle array against Abijah, the king of Judah. This Jeroboam is a type of the devil, and of the false professing church; both of which are in league against our glorious Christ, and his redeemed flock. Jeroboam meaneth ‘one that increaseth the people and fighteth against.’ Satan, the world, and the whole

tribe of false professors are fighting, either openly or in disguise, against the real heaven-born and heaven-bound saints of the living God. But, in the circumstances, you see Abijah comes up with an army of valiant men also against Jeroboam. Abijah's company is but just half the number of Jeroboam's; ‘four hundred thousand chosen men.’ But the margin says Abijah ‘bound them together;’ and he stood up upon mount Zemaraim, which is in mount Ephraim; and there he challenged, and warned, and reproved his adversaries in a most powerful manner.

Abijah boldly affirms that the Lord God of Israel gave the kingdom to David for ever, and to his sons, by a covenant of salt. He charges him with having risen up and rebelled against the Lord, (as satan and the whore of Babylon have done;) he acknowledges that Jeroboam's was a very formidable army; that he had cast out the priests of the Lord, the true sons of Aaron, and had made himself priests after the manner of other nations: as all the enemies of God and truth are still doing.

Now, Abijah, whose name signifieth ‘the will of the Lord;’ and ‘the Lord is my father,’ stands here as a most wonderful type of the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the revealer and accomplisher of the Father's will, and his well-beloved Son.

Abijah stood up upon mount Zemaraim which is in mount Ephraim. This Zemaraim, (signifying the pith of trees,) is like unto the heart of an elect sinner, broken down under convictions of sin, and the terrors of the law. How sweet to my soul is this, that this mount Zemaraim was in mount Ephraim; that is the true church of Christ; and, depend upon it, every poor broken and convinced sinner, is a member of the mystical body of Christ; as Hannah preached of old: ‘The Lord killeth and maketh alive; he bringeth down to the grave, and he bringeth up.’

Well—it is here—in this broken heart, that Christ takes his stand. It is here he defies Satan; charges the kingdom of darkness with all their wickedness; and makes known the adulterous and rebellious acts of the Babylonish whore, the Arminian, Unitarian, and infidel crew.

Reader! Has King Jesus entered into thine heart? Has he there proclaimed war against thy sins and deadly foes? If so; it is well for thee. Think over these things; and examine thyself.

II. Come to the declaration: here is a declaration of divine relationship, and of faithful allegiance unto the true and living God. This is the substance of all that Christ says and does in the hearts of his own elect.—‘As for us’—Christ and his church are

one—both he that sanctifieth, and they that are sanctified, are all of one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren. 'As for us the Lord is our God, and we have not forsaken him.' Every act of divine grace in the heart of a regenerate sinner declares, and is a proof of these two things:—first, that the Lord is your covenant God; secondly that by virtue of the eternal hold which Christ has of you, and the vital union you have to him, it is impossible that there ever can be any final departure from the Lord your God.

Has Christ come in? Has he enlightened your understanding—quicken'd and made spiritually alive your soul? Has he enlarged your heart, cleansed your conscience, comforted and revived your spirit? By all these acts of sovereign grace, he says 'The Lord is your God,' your covenant God—your pardoning God; your faithful God; and neither things present nor things to come, neither life nor death shall ever be able to separate you from him. Oh, surely this is a glorious mercy for the church of God; In his everlasting love, in his covenant of grace, and in redemption's work, he is a wall of fire round about her and the glory in the midst of her. See how all the persons in the Trinity agree in this one glorious point. The Father says of the covenant made with the Son: 'My covenant shall STAND FAST WITH HIM. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my mouth. So the Son says of himself and of the church in him, (when speaking of the heavy sufferings he endured for her,) 'All this is come upon us; YET HAVE WE NOT FORGOTTEN THEE; neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant.' This can only be said by Christ *for the church*; but, this is said, and it is true. So also speaketh the Holy Ghost. Read it in Jer. xxxi. 33, 34: and Ezekiel xxxvii. 26—28. Oh, glorious testimony! May the eternal God thus be our refuge; and then underneath will be the everlasting arms, and neither earth nor hell shall wrest us from his love and power.

III. Here are four terms—Old Testament terms, by which God's elect are set forth, as regards their spiritual character: they are priests, they offer up spiritual sacrifices unto God, and by faith, they present and plead the precious blood of the Lamb, as the only ground of their acceptance before him: they are the sons of Aaron, real, living branches of Christ the living vine; they are fruit-bearing branches: they are not Nadabs and Abihus, but Eleazars, and Ithamars. They are also Levites, being joined unto Lord in heart and soul: and they are waiters upon their business. Each of these are full of matter, descriptive of the real children of God; but I must not enlarge. Come

IV. To notice the nature of their business.

First: it is evident they are the subjects of fervent prayer unto God: 'they burn unto the Lord every morning and evening burnt sacrifices and sweet incense.' Reader! this is a true feature of divine life, but I leave it with the Lord and your own soul. Secondly, they 'SET THE SHEWBREAD IN ORDER UPON THE PURE TABLE.' This is, from first to last the work of the Holy Ghost, in the conscience of the sinner; and I know of nothing that seems, in a figurative manner, more clearly and blessedly to define his work, than doth this sentence—'they set the shewbread in order upon the pure table. The table must be made pure; that is the heart must be changed by sovereign grace, and made clean, honest, upright and sincere before God. This being done, the Holy Ghost will, in the sinner, set this shew-bread in the right order.

Now we read, (Lev. xxiv. 5, 6,) that the shew-bread consisted of twelve cakes, which were made of fine flour, and set in two rows, six on a row. I believe there are twelve essential doctrines, every one of which must be received by the election of grace. There are instances where these are not really received into the judgment and understanding; such as in infants, and persons who *may be* quickly taken home to glory, as the thief on the cross; but the virtue of them are implanted in their souls. So there may be instances where these glorious truths are received into the judgment, while the virtue of them is not found in the soul, consequently no real union to Christ can be there: but in those who grow up into Christ these blessed truths are received and fed upon. What are they? There are three in God the Father; his everlasting and electing love: his predestinating purpose; and his putting the sinner's iniquities upon Christ, imputing his righteousness to them, and thereby joining Christ and the church together in one bond of union that can never be dissolved. There can be no salvation without them.

There are also three essential doctrines in the Son. His taking our nature into union with his own. His fulfilling and magnifying the law for us: and his making that one offering for sin, by which all the Father gave him, were perfected for ever. What a solemn weighty scripture is that, Heb. x. 14, 15; 'By one offering HE HATH PERFECTED FOR EVER them that are sanctified. Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us.' Who are sanctified? Them that from everlasting were set apart in Christ. What of them? Why, they ARE PERFECTED FOR EVER! How? By Christ's one offering; by his finished work on the cross. Oh, glorious news! Perfected for ever!

Let men and angels join,
This wond'rous theme to tell;
Christ, by His blood divine,
Has ransomed us from hell.

There are three essential doctrines in the Holy Ghost: regeneration, or the new birth: effectual calling, or an inwrought sanctification: and preservation unto the heavenly kingdom. So are there three distinct essential doctrines in the living sinner. He must have faith in God: he must have pardon by atoning blood: and he must have love to Christ by the Holy Ghost which is given unto him; for if any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ let him be accursed. Reader! have these twelve loaves been set upon the table of thy heart? If so, you will take the candlestick and the lamps; by grace divine you will keep the charge of the Lord: and God himself will be with you for your captain. 2 Chron. xiii. 12. Thus, Brother Skelton, I have laid this matter before you. Weigh it, if you can, in the balance of God's word, and in your own soul, and see where it comes from. Grace be with you, prays your brother in the peace of the gospel.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

6, Pagoda Terrace,
Bermondsey New Road.

THE DEATH-BED EXPERIENCE OF

The late ISAAC BRIDGMAN,

WHEN it was announced that ISAAC BRIDGMAN was dead, an old disciple stepped forward, and in a most impressive manner, asked—"How DID HE DIE?" No one present could answer. MR. BRIDGMAN had stood many years as an acknowledged minister of the truth as it is in Christ: and it is beyond dispute that many souls had been called in, and many who stand as believers in the Lord Jesus, had been blessed and comforted by his ministry; but there had been a declension, if not a mixing up of error with truth; and some that had heard him to profit, declared his ministry had become useless to them. These things are common enough, even where the ministry wears well; especially in London, where new chapels and fresh ministers are ever rising up; and after whom many will run.

Under all circumstances we were glad to find that "The Dying Experience of MR. BRIDGMAN" was published, and from which we make an extract or two. To us, as far as a dying testimony is concerned, it is abundantly evident that he has left the troubles of the church militant below, for the glories of the church triumphant above.

"The late ISAAC BRIDGMAN, seventeen years Minister of St. John's Chapel, West Street, Walworth, Surrey, departed this life 5th July, 1846, in the 57th year of his age. His complaint was a disease of the heart. His sufferings were frequently very great, so

much so, that at times he labored for breath in the most distressing manner, making it exceedingly painful for him to speak. So favored, however, was he with the presence of God, and so unwavering was his faith, throughout his illness, that the blessed things, which he was enabled to speak, will be remembered many days to come.

"He mentioned to his wife that on the 11th June, in a bower in his friend's garden, he had a very gracious manifestation of the Divine presence, and a sweet foretaste of that heaven to which he was soon going; for two hours was he thus engaged with God, and from that time his heavenly-mindedness, peace, and joy in God were great. In relating the circumstance to her, he said, 'My meditation in that bower was chiefly on the glories and joys of heaven, with an assurance that I should soon enjoy its blessedness for myself, accompanied with a very good time in prayer for you and my children, I saw many roses in that garden full of bloom and beauty, but none equal to the Rose of Sharon, whom I saw at that time for myself, blooming in the beauties of his love, and condescension, pity, grace, and faithfulness to my soul; and round about that garden I saw many a tree stately and fruit-bearing, but none equal to Him who is the Tree of Life, which is planted on both sides of the river of God's city, here for the life of believers, and there for their full enjoyment.'

"Seeing his wife in tears, he said, 'I may be better to-morrow, and that will be well: I may be worse to-morrow, and that will be well; the hand of God is on me, the love of God is in me, and the heaven of God is before me. What a mercy to have true religion; without it I should be like a wild bull in a net, struggling to be free. What a picture is that of my corrupt nature, (without grace) how rebellious would it be; but thanks be to God who has given me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Mrs. B. asked him if he had any anxiety of any kind on his mind, he replied, 'Not a morsel, for temporal things to me are nothing: and as to you, my dear wife, you are in the hands of my heavenly Father. I long to be in heaven, but do not wish to make haste, I would neither *linger* nor *leap*, God's time is the best.'

On one occasion he said, "'If Satan were to-day to tell me, that I never loved Jesus Christ, I would tell him, that 'he is a liar!' for I have loved him, I have believed in him, and built on him, and clung to, and hid myself in him: and now my life is hid with Christ in God, and when he shall appear again, I shall be with him in glory, no more to see him as through a glass darkly, but face to face. I wish I could say a thousand things to his glory. I want to magnify Christ by my death if I die, or by my life if I live.'

"His complaint not allowing him to rest, he said, 'I want rest, but I have rest in Christ, and medicine in Christ.' I should like to bathe my body in water, and my soul in the ocean of Christ's love; my week's work is done, and I must go home and rest: I must go up higher, and as to-morrow is the longest day in the year, so shall I go to a long rest. I have *no* trouble; *none at all but my affliction*. Oh! for the wings of a dove to flee away and be at rest; but I am willing to stay, only let me have grace equal to my day."

"He began to take leave of his friends, as he could bear to see them, and to each he gave a word of advice and consolation, very touching to the hearts of those who were addressed, and not soon to be forgotten.

"He asked his wife to read to him the hymn that begins, 'Oh! sovereign love that first began,' &c., when he said, 'I thank God I can go through all that hymn, and praise the riches of his divine grace for what he has done for me.

"To a friend he said, 'Here we are on this side Jordan; how soon we shall be on the other side we cannot tell—as it regards my entrance into another and better world, I have a good hope, and look for that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; I am a lost sinner in myself, but saved in Christ: the Gospel I have preached to others is my solace now. When we have delivered all the messages God has given us to deliver, he will say, 'Come up higher;' adding, 'I stand on the borders of the heavenly land, and have done with earth; waiting must be my posture; I want to see more of God's salvation, I have had strength equal to my day, and I trust I shall to the last.'

"Referring to the manifestations of God to his soul, when a young man, he said, 'The light of God then shone upon me, and he was to me a glorious Sun of righteousness; every day I used then to ride to Hackney Wick, to bathe, of which I was very fond, and often I meditated upon those words: 'There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.' I preached a sermon from them once. Those were what the poet calls 'Haleyn days;' for in his light daily I walked—a child of light. Afterwards he said, 'Lord, get me quite ready, and take me to thyself.'

"On a friend asking him how he was, he replied: 'If it is well to be looking to Jesus; if it is well to have him in our hearts; to be abiding with him; and to be hastening to his home, as I trust I am, 'it is well.' I shall not go to Heaven's gates demanding entrance by right (as in my natural state), but present myself there in the name of Jesus, humbly acknowledging my fallen state, but shewing my credentials; that I had believed in Jesus, *worn* his robe of righteousness,

received and *walked* in his spirit, and now humbly ask admission into heaven, through the blood of Christ.

"On a friend remarking, 'I hope you have had the Lord's presence?' he replied, 'I have had it most powerfully and pleasantly. He has given me patience to wait his time.' When I was first laid by, the Lord spoke to my soul most powerfully; 'Servant, thy work is done.' I find that the same hope, and way, and end, I have preached to the people, I can live and *die* by now. Grace and peace have followed me.'

"He said, 'My final testimony was delivered on the last day of May, 1846. I preached in the morning from the 48th Psalm, 12th and 13th verses, 'Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof,' &c. In the evening I preached from 28th Genesis, 20th and 21st verses, 'And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, if God will be with me, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace then shall the Lord be my God.' Remarkng, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; with its light I am going through the valley, and I hope the light will shine more and more; and the enemy has not attacked me yet.'

"Referring to the vicissitudes of his life, he said, 'I have had a stormy voyage, but it will be a safe one—we are to fill up our measure of the sufferings of Christ in our flesh—he was made perfect through sufferings and he knoweth how to deliver—Jesus can deliver me; satan is not permitted to trouble me at all. 'Go to that fountain, and see if our sins are not all washed away; they are all wiped out.'

"Approaching nearer to his dissolution, and his weakness greatly increasing, he said, 'I want a guide now to lead me in my thoughts—to guide me in my affections, to keep them where they ought to be.' 'Have you been enabled to realize the beauty of Christ?' He replied, 'I have, in measure, by the power of faith, which God has given me; as he is my life, I breathe in him; as he is my light, I walk in him; as he is my Saviour, I shall live with him.

"July 5th.—The morning of his departure, he addressed those of the family who were present and said, 'I commend you all to the tender mercies of our God and Saviour.' At two o'clock, he raised his head from the pillow, and reached towards his wife, gave her three kisses and said, 'God bless you.' These were the last words he uttered audibly, and at three o'clock his happy spirit winged its way to realms of everlasting day—not a sigh or groan escaped his lips—his end was peace."

[The work from whence these quotations are made, is beautifully printed; and is published by Jackson & Walsford. The price too high.]

STATE OF LONDON CHURCHES.—No. 6.

ZION CHAPEL, WATERLOO ROAD.—MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

THE 34th chapter of Ezekiel is entitled "A reproof of the shepherds," and begins thus: "And the word of the Lord came unto me saying, Son of man prophecy against the shepherds of Israel, prophesy and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God unto the shepherds: Woe be to the shepherds of Israel, that do feed themselves, should not the shepherds feed the flock? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with wool; ye kill them that are fed; but ye feed not the flock. The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them," &c. And the Lord goes on charging upon the shepherds the scattering of his sheep, who were "scattered because there was no shepherd." These shepherds loved ease and fleshly gratification; they understood not the nature of their office, but acted like hirelings, who care not for the sheep; (John x. 12, 13.) eating the fat from them; clothing themselves with their wool which was forbidden in God's house; indulged themselves in what they pleased, and by their conduct fouled with their feet, or perverse walking, the clear waters of the sanctuary, and this muddy drink they gave the sheep—"As for my flock, they eat that which ye have trodden with your feet, and they drink that which ye have fouled with your feet." It is time for the sheep to cry out against such shepherds, when this ruling "with force and with cruelty" is apparent.

How gloomy is this picture! but who dare deny that this not true now; and is a description to the life of very many who are in office? Do we not witness a trampling under foot the holy and sacred injunctions of the Bible? Are not the *precepts* of the Word esteemed a very light thing by the conduct of many who should be ensamples to the flock, and explained away by others? Do we not witness a violation of what is spoken by God; at the same time shielding themselves under the bulwarks of promise for defence, as a sort of palliation; promises for the poor and needy? Where is that meek and lowly spirit gone? Where must we look for the "sons of Zadok," who keep inviolate the charge of God, when professing Israel in streams go away in "the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth?" We ask, "Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?" For "the

fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." Is there not a cold setting down in Gospel doctrines, and the name of Christ, without the mind, likeness, and image of Christ, awfully manifested? Satan can shift his quarters. If popery won't do, Puseyism shall; and if Arminianism won't, Calvinism must. But it must be in name only, not in power. And what does it all signify, if nothing but worldly mindedness is seen? So there is a *false* spirituality as well as *true*. I John iv. 1. 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2. 2 Cor. xi. 13, 14, 15.

Oh, that the Lord would lay the interests of Zion indelibly upon the hearts of his people "TO PRAY for the PEACE of Jerusalem." "They shall prosper that love thee." REAL VITAL PRAYER; HOW LACKING IN NEARLY ALL THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST! Oh, that the blessed power of the Spirit might come among us, and help our infirmities! The church is far from healthy; many are weak, feeble, and sickly, and have no ear for the practical truths as set forth in the Gospels, and the Epistle to James. It was a weighty sentence to my soul, I once heard from Mr. Banks, referring to the character of many resting in mere doctrinal light, unaccompanied with humility of soul, "Take heed that the doctrines of the gospel are not thunderbolts to you, instead of being chariots of mercy to take you home in."

But, I wish to come to a point without being thought abusive; I intend these remarks, rather as warnings, and that to those whom I believe are of the church militant. The warnings, reproofs, and rebukes of the Bible, refer to the Israel of God more than others. The bible is church property, belonging to those whom the Holy Ghost teaches. Reports have been plentifully circulated of late respecting ZION CHAPEL, WATERLOO ROAD, now occupied by Mr. Triggs, I shall therefore endeavour to confine my remarks on the present state of the ministry in London to this spot. ZION CHAPEL, about twenty-five years ago, was built by Mr. Haslem, who for two or three years in it, (in most melodious tones, and with no ordinary talent,) held "forth the good word of life," to crowds that thronged its walls. But, alas! in the year 1826, and 1827, the pages of the "Gospel Magazine" "sounded the alarm," against him. "The battering rams of truth laid siege against it," and her "battlements were taken away, for they were not the Lord's." And what must we say now? This once highly favoured man, whose light in doctrine shone forth with peculiar brilliancy, is a desolation. He

is now a private gentleman. Alas! alas! how have the mighty fallen! The Holy Spirit was dishonoured in this ministry; and pride seems also to have worked his overthrow in the ministry. That necessary ballast, HUMILITY, to keep steady a light, feeble, fragile bark on the mighty waters was wanting. High-mindedness, self-importance, vain popularity, and the like, will not do for the church of Christ, whose daily confessions are "Nothing, Lord, without thee." Mr. TITE I heard say—"Anything more than nothing is too big for Christ." We are reminded in the case of Mr. Haslem of his words respecting the salt losing its savour, and thereby its unfitness either for the church or the world. This has been his position for some years. Our prayer for him is that the Holy Spirit would lead him to see his delusions, and restore him a genuine penitent, to take a place among beggars and sinners. A minister once said to me, "I inwardly mourn when I meet him in the streets."

After Mr. H.'s downfall, the chapel came into the hands of those who shifted from Mr. H.'s first position of error—"the equality of the church unto God," and assumed his last, that of "Arminianism," when the doleful noises of "creature perfection, and other hideous monsters, prowled within it in the dark for a time; but these, after a while retired into their hiding places, and the doors were closed against them. Afterwards the sun of truth again appeared, throwing forth its golden rays in the ministry of Arthur Triggs; which now, after six year's occupation of this very convenient edifice, we are sorry to be informed, the Wesleysans have purchased; so that the old foxes, and other unclean beasts will again creep in.

We are not so unwise as to imagine we shall find a concentration of excellencies in one man. In vain we look for this any where than where it is; even in HIM whose righteousness God the Father brings near; which when beheld, all besides is deformity and filthy rags; but we desire to adore the grace of God in the distribution of his gifts, and for that variety, which in the church, he has bestowed; (Eph. iv. 8—13); and could wish the church more alive to this than they are, and not so hood-winked by the feelings of JEALOUSY and the like, as they are. (See Ezekiel viii. 3.) I shall, therefore, try to notice what is acceptable, what is in accordance in Mr. Triggs ministry and conduct, with truth, and what appears not. Mr. T. then, in a bold and uncompromising spirit, maintains, with unflinching adherence, that first, that sweet, that rich, ever full, and ever-flowing doctrine, the indissoluble union between Christ and his Church; head and members; root and branches forming one body. His life, her life; Zion's sins his

sins. No separation from him; no condemnation in him; she being always viewed with him. Jesus the life of the living, and the glorious Christ of God. Now, as all ministers of the "true sanctuary" have their peculiar positions, and excel just in that point, so I would affirm I have heard none excel Mr. Triggs upon this doctrine; yea, it seems the all-absorbing theme of his ministrations; and, to use his oft repeated phrase—"We have only just reached the threshold of the subject." I have heard much against Mr. T. from ministers respecting his assertions of "sin being a nonentity; we would advise such to hear what Mr. T. has to say for himself on this point, before condemning. The last time I heard him, he said, "Let me say, I never found temptations pleasurable or pleasurable; but where these are, there is a cry to the Lord, 'hold thou me up.' Sometimes all but gone, and yet helped with a little help. It is natural then, for you and me to side on the wrong side, as it is for God to confine us in the right. But, says one, 'you don't know how I am oppressed!' Well, if you are, you must have been on high to be pressed down. God's people are the worst people in the world to live with friends, nothing can please them; Christ only suits them. If you were to offer a child of God mountains of gold, he would not accept of it; nay, heaven won't do for them without Christ. But you say to me, do you feel comfortable in darkness? Why ask such questions? Did our glorious Christ remain stationery in his darkness? No: nor will his members: head and members go together here. But I say there is no power in the darkness (you and I are the subjects of,) to separate us from Christ. It hath no more power over me than over our glorious Christ; now are we 'light in the Lord;' in the Lord is where it is. Whatever passes or repasses in our experience touches not what we are 'in the Lord.' The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' This experience will kill you to the world and its pleasures, and to everything else but Christ; and these are they whom God puts 'his mark' upon, that sigh and that cry. I never can look after my neighbours' faults. I don't want to go out of my house to find all evil. This is old fashioned experience, and I hope you know something about it." Sentiments of this kind do not look like sin being a non-entity in the believer's experience; nor does Mr. T. mean it, in asserting what truth says, that 'he hath made him sin,' &c. "And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." 'And when sought for shall not be found,' &c. If therefore Mr. T. pleads, and earnestly contends for the doctrines of substitution, and that in the words of truth, this

charge must fall powerless. Making light of sin, and the experiences of believers, must not be deduced from this doctrine, which he is charged with doing. If this be done, it is from the weakness of the man in setting forth the truth, and not in the truth itself.

In our last we observed Mr. Abraham's drift of ministry, as towards the law, maintaining a law-work. Mr. T. is quite opposite; his centres in the person of the Lawfulfiller, aiming to exhibit his glories. The doctrine of soul-humiliation before God, every servant of Christ has his own peculiar way of setting forth, so has Mr. Triggs.

But this will bring us to look at our other position concerning Mr. Triggs, and why he is looked upon with some indifference. Not that we wish to speak of externals in our remarks upon the ministry, as whether a man is rich or poor, whether he rides in a carriage or walks on foot; whether he has £500 a-year, or five hundred pence; or whether he speaks classically or not. It is the MINISTRY more especially, and not the man, we want to view in the man.

I.—HIS PUBLIC CONDUCT. I feel as persuaded of this one truth as of any other, "that if ye walk contrary unto me, then I will walk contrary unto you." And God's walking contrary to his people is not in wrath; but it is a walk which will sit very uneasy upon a tender conscience. The approval of a good conscience and honest approbation is much best. Mr. T. has not given satisfaction to the church in his leaving the chapel at Plymouth.

But though much has been said on this subject we forbear.

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

II.—THE GOVERNMENT OF HIS CHURCH, OR CONGREGATION. We advise Mr. T. to read a pamphlet published by the church in Mulberry Gardens Chapel, Pell-street, over which was Mr. Stodhart, for satisfaction on this point, which has told a sad tale of sorrow in allowing *managers* to bear rule in the church. The church of Christ is a select body, the servant of which is the minister, the other officers are deacons, chosen by the church, to whom must be administered the Lord's ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper, and not to *seat-holders* as such. Now Mr. T.'s mode of government is not Scriptural, nor is it after the order of the church of Christ, generally; and will sooner or later involve him in trouble; and which has brought on him much obloquy. These things should rather be mourned over, than spoken of. We may be told, as Amos was by Amaziah—"Go flee thee away into the land of Judah." We want not your instructions or prophesying "at Bethel; for it is the King's chapel." Amaziah was a great man, and stood high in Israel; Amos was a very poor herdsman, and

no prophet compared with the other. Yet his words stood, and Amaziah fell, and died in a polluted land. So would we rather abide by the revealed word for discipline, than unauthorised authority. "Whoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

III.—HIS METHOD OF PREACHING: It not unfrequently occurs that persons to avoid one extreme run into another. This, we think Mr. T. does. Some who studiously seem to avoid all kind of order, as studiously observe none; are quite immethodical, and set it aside. We have nothing to say here. Let each one do the best he can for the glory of God, and the vindication of truth. Angelic talent may be employed in this service, as well as earthen vessels. But we object to Mr. Triggs making up nearly half his sermon from the hymn last sung, which is his method. We say let "the truth," let a text be the foundation, be pre-eminent, for the basis of a discourse, and not the hymn, though it be a Kent. Mr. T. we have, all along, viewed as a man taught of the Spirit, and therefore recommend a good example, in preference to a bad one, and a good practice to be set before the family, for children will imbibe and follow their teacher's ways. We love precious truths set forth, though we do not like all method. But we would still add something more here: Mr. T.'s ministry is not characterized by the spirit of backbiting, railing, and condemnation, which is as opposed to the gospel, as satan to Christ, and error to truth. Mr. T. is pre-eminent in avoiding this; and though many oppose him, his subject is "a glorious Christ," and here we must speak well of it.

We have one question to ask—Why does Mr. T., being a Baptist, live in the neglect of that ordinance? And why not act according to the New Testament? Mr. T. seeing much that is wrong in other churches, affords no justification of his conduct. We heard Mr. T. say, "I am a dying man; the Lord hath numbered my days; I want to leave the church with clean hands; referring to his having preached Christ. Well, we most sincerely wish Mr. T. the best of blessings and that on sound and consistent gospel principles, in public life, in church government, in opening the word, in access to the divine throne, and walking before the church—he may stand as a bold and useful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. In conclusion, I remark, I can clearly behold a ministerial cloud of darkness is hovering over us: the sun is going down over the prophets. It is true, light shines; probably, in many instances, never clearer. But, is it THE SPIRIT'S LIGHT? Is it the light of life from following Christ? Pained am I to hear, and personally to witness, in those whom I would hope and speak well of, what I do; but for the present must pass them over. H. W.

The Interior of our spiritual Zion.

"All her people sigh, they seek bread: they have given their pleasant things for meat to relieve the soul, or make the soul to come again, see, oh, Lord, and consider, for I am become vile." Lam. i. 11.

I WAS sitting at the prayer meeting; and a brother rose and gave out a hymn, commencing—

"Shew me some token, Lord, for good."

The hymn drew out my soul in secret prayer to the Lord, to give me something from his own word, which should be sealed upon the heart, as a token, a pledge, a certain witness that all was right between himself and our souls for time and eternity. I took up the Bible, and opened upon the above words, from which I spoke for a short time, with some degree of liberty.

First, of spiritual Zion it is said—"All her people sigh." Whether it be a babe in grace; a bold young man in the faith; or a father in Israel, all souls really quickened into spiritual life, have seasons of deep inward sighing, and sorrow before God. There is some sore besetting sin; some thorn in the flesh; some trial in the family; or difficulty by the way, which from time to time, gives rise to inward grief, sinkings of heart, and bitterness of soul. This one word, "sighing," seems remarkably descriptive of that inward sense of weakness, unworthiness, and sadness, which every living soul is more or less the subject of. These were the very people that the man with his ink horn was distinctly to mark on the foreheads, as the preserved of God: and it is "for the sighing of the needy," (Ps. xii. 5,) that the Lord especially declares "he will arise, and set them in safety."

Furthermore, of Zion's children it is said "THEY SEEK BREAD." The pulpits and the churches are for the most part, now filled with chaff; with light and frothy talk; with fiery, fulsome, hot-headed contentions for certain isolated parts of theology; or with old wives' fables. But these things are not bread; hypocrites and false professors may be pleased and propped up with such rubbish; but sincere living souls, seek for bread. CHRIST, fully, experimentally, preached; a preached Christ; a manifested Christ; a realised Christ. A living Christ in the ministry, and a living

Christ in the heart, becomes bread; and except a man eat this bread by precious faith, he has no life in him. A living soul can only feed upon, and be truly blessed with a living Christ.

Thirdly, it is said, "they have given their pleasant things to relieve the soul." Zion's children have their pleasant things, their idols, their vain delights as well as others; but these are a burden to a living soul. One cause of the barrenness and bondage now so prevalent in Zion, is this—thousands of Zion's children are pursuing and hugging, and secretly delighting in their "pleasant things:" they have not given them up: but when, like our brother Paul, "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, our Lord," shall become the one great object both of the soul's desire and delight: then all other things shall be counted but loss and dung: yea, these pleasant things shall then be given up, that the soul may "come again" (see margin,) to fellowship and peace.

Lastly: poor Zion, deeply convinced of her polluted and helpless condition, throws herself upon the mercy of the Lord, and says—"See, O Lord, and consider, for I am vile." C. W. B.

The Cross of Christ.

How wondrous was that tragic scene which Calvary's cross presented! 'God forbid,' says Paul, that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' What was the cross, to cause Paul so much to glory in it? There were three extreme points in the cross.

First: there was a point downward: the bottom of the cross was not in hell, nor in the pit of sin, nor in the grave of death; but it pointed down to them; and the dear Redeemer's feet covered that extreme point. The cross, I say, pointed to the ruins of the fall; and the Saviour's feet on it, seemed to say—"I have travelled there! Down where my church and people lay; all covered over with sin; down in that horrid pit I stood; but am come up again!" This lower point of the cross pointed down to hell; and Christ says 'I have conquered it: its gates against my church shall ne'er prevail.' It pointed down to the grave; and Christ says, 'O death, I will be thy destruction: out of thy horrid jaws shall my dear elect arise.'

Secondly: there was a point in the

cross that looked backward; and his right hand covered it. He pointed to the law, he said, I have magnified it: he pointed to the covenant of grace, and said, I have fulfilled it: he pointed back to the types and shadows, and said, I am the substance of them all.

'Thirdly: there was a point that looked forward to the ends of the earth, where his elect in darkness lay; and as his precious hand pointed to these distant lands, he seemed to exclaim, "I will say to the north give up, and to the south keep not back; bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth: they that are afar off shall come, and build in the Temple of the Lord." Precious cross! Blessed is the man that by it is crucified to sin, and ransomed from the curse.

C. W. B.

James Mason's Call to the Ministry.

(Continued from our last.)

Mr. K. hearing that I was ill, kindly came to see me. I shall never forget the day: it was June 7, 1833. The Lord had blessed me that morning with the spirit of prayer. I had been enabled to tell out, as it were, my heart to the Lord; and to ask him for wisdom and direction; and got up from my knees relieved in mind, and sat down to try to do a little work; and as I sat at work, the mind was up to God for direction in the thing I was so exercised about: when, all at once, a still small voice, spoke these words into my heart—"It shall be told thee what thou shalt do." Not long after this, I heard a voice down stairs, for I was at work in an upper room. My wife came up and said, 'Mr. K. has called, and wishes to see you.' I replied, 'ask him upstairs.' She did so; and Mr. K. came up; he took a seat and we entered into conversation. In the course of conversation, he drew from me an account of the subject that so deeply exercised my mind. I shall never forget the words with which I closed my account, nor the confidence with which I spoke them—"I verily believe God hath called me to preach his Gospel." Mr. K. then began to speak of the importance of the work of the ministry, and in the course of conversation, again spoke against the preachers, that at times came to Grove to preach.

You will remember that it was here I first heard Mr. Tiptaft; and whenever he came to Grove I went to hear him; it was here I first heard Mr. Smart, of whom I have something to say another time; it was here I first heard John Warburton, one week-evening, and was favoured to hear him with so much soul-satisfaction and comfort, that the following evening I walked over to Abingdon to hear him, and shall

never forget the season; his text was—'Fear not, worm Jacob.' And he was enabled to trace me, a poor worm, in all the ins and outs of the movements of my poor soul, and it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. And after I left off going to church in the afternoon, I used to go to this said despised Grove; sometimes there was preaching, and when there was none there was a prayer-meeting; and there used to be one, a poor old man that engaged in prayer, and he used to tell out to the Lord in such simple language what a poor sinner he was, that he spoke the very feelings of my soul; and I had been blest more under that poor man's prayers, than under all the preaching I then heard. Therefore when Mr. K. began to speak against the Grove people, my soul took fire; and I could not help speaking on their behalf, though I had no manner of connection with them. I brought forth scripture to prove the truth of the doctrines preached at Grove, and amongst the rest, this scripture—Rom. ix. 11—8. And concluded by saying, "So then 'it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth merey;' and I do firmly believe, Mr. K., that if it had rested on my willing and running, I should have been dead in sin, and an infidel to this day." He assented to what I said, and said he believed all the great doctrines of grace, but they did not set aside human means, creature exertions, nor creature duties; and, to tell you the truth I assented to what he said, thus far, for I had not discernment sufficient to see through the craft of these parsons, who nullify the great truths of the gospel by their creature duties. Mr. K. then made this observation, 'You may depend upon it the Grove people are a bad set.' At this time I could not see through this man, but looked up to him as an angel of light; but soon after this the Lord brought me to see what he was, and to see through all the craft of these things he endeavoured to insinuate into my mind. When he could not overcome me on Scripture grounds, he then attacked their characters—"They were a bad set." Again the Lord gave me boldness, and I defended them. I mentioned several of them by name, and pointed to their walk and conduct, and he was compelled to acknowledge they were good men, saying, he had 'no doubt there were good men amongst them, but the generality of them held the truth in licentiousness.' One observation he made respecting the scriptures I quoted, was—"these are hard texts, but we must leave them. But I have found, from experience, if Mr. K. must leave them, these hard texts won't leave me, but, through grace, have been my comfort and support in many a trying hour. This conversation was then dropped, and we sat silent for some minutes, when Mr. K. observed, a thought struck his mind; as I thought I was called to preach, he thought much good might result from my doing so, when

he considered what a character I had been in Wantage, and the wonderful change that had taken place in me, when it became known that I was going to preach, he had no doubt many would come to hear me out of curiosity, and good might result from it: he therefore proposed that I should preach in his pulpit on Sunday afternoons for a time, till we saw how things turned out. I consented; and he told me he would give it out on the Sunday morning, and he hoped the Lord would be with me and make me useful, shook hands with me, and left me; and left I was to my own thoughts. I began to ruminate over what I had been saying, and the boldness with which I had been talking; and who knows thought I, but Mr. K. is right respecting the people and preachers at Grove, and right in his views of scripture and I wrong, and know nothing aright yet, and yet, notwithstanding all my ignorance, to have the impudence and presumption to oppose that good man; and what presumption to think I can preach, and know nothing aright to preach about. I was brought into such a state as no expression can better describe than that of Job's, (x. 15.) I am full of confusion. O what an ignorant, stupid wretch I did appear! Oh, how I did wish I had never opened my mouth about preaching. Sunday morning came, I went to chapel, could pay attention to nothing, but the thoughts of what a fool I should make myself in the afternoon.

I thought I would go to Mr. K. the moment chapel was over, and tell him I would give up all thoughts of preaching altogether, and that I had been altogether deceived, and could not do any such thing; but towards the close of the sermon Mr. K. made allusion to me, and told some of the conversation he had had with me, and the exercises of my mind respecting being called to preach, that he had thought it over much in his mind, and that I should speak there in the afternoon, and that he hoped the Lord would bless what I might have to say to the people that might come to hear. Still this did not alter my mind, but I felt determined to tell Mr. K. that I could do no such thing. At the close of the service I went down out of the gallery with a beating heart, and waited to see Mr. K.; and as I stood in the chapel, these words dropped with power into my heart—'He that putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven.' Down went my resolution to speak to Mr. K.; and I skulked out of the chapel, and made my way home as fast as I could: my mind was in such a state as I could eat no dinner; I sought my bed room and shut myself up, and was enabled to pour out my soul before God. Oh! how I begged of him that day that I might not be deceived, if he had really called me to the work of the ministry, that he would, make it evident, and take such a poor ignorant worm entirely under his own guidance, and teach me, himself, what to

preach, and how to preach. A little before it was time to go to chapel, my wife came up and begged of me to take a little refreshment, saying I should make myself ill. Poor thing! she knew nothing of the conflicts of my mind, being in nature's darkness, but was a kind and affectionate creature: with her persuasion, I took a little refreshment, and went to chapel a little more refreshed in mind, from being enabled to pour out my heart before the Lord. Before the service commenced, the chapel was literally crammed full, for the news that I was going to preach, ran like wild fire through the town; and I believe, there was at chapel that afternoon, people who had not been at a place of worship for years before; together with professors of every description. The service commenced as usual, with the singing of an hymn, and Mr. K. got up into the pulpit and read 1 Tim. i. and my soul felt the power of the word of the living God, and was humbled within me. I cannot forbear making one remark respecting Paul's two epistles to Timothy and the one to Titus. Whereas many have taken in hand to tell ministers what books they should study, together with many other things, but all the books I have read of advice to ministers, and all I have heard from the pulpit on the same subject, all fall infinitely short of the invaluable advice that the Holy Ghost has given to ministers by Paul in those three epistles; and I believe the man that is enabled by grace to follow the advice given by the apostle in those epistles, and have the sacred contents thereof opened up by the ministry of God the Holy Ghost in the experience of his own soul, is sure to be owned of God. But to return:—

Mr. K. read 1 Tim. i. and when he came to the 13th verse—'Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious, but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly and in unbelief,' the word dropped into my heart with power, and my soul was humbled under a sense of the distinguishing grace and mercy of God, manifested to me a poor guilty blasphemer. Mr. K. spoke in prayer, and then left the pulpit. I went up with trembling steps, my knees smiting together, for the first time into a pulpit; whilst the people were singing the second hymn my soul was drawn up to God that he would be pleased to stand by me. I opened the Bible and found the words, I had dreamed of preaching from—'We have found the Messias.' (John i. 41.) I began speaking; my lips quivered, my voice faltered, and I told the people with what solemn feelings I stood before them; I then traced a little, as God enabled me, of the way in which he had brought me to know and feel what an awful, guilty blaspheming wretch I had been; what a sinner I was; and that I found from the scripture history before me, that when Andrew had been pointed to the Lamb of God by the ministry of John, and found him indeed the true Messias, he could not keep the secret, but

found the desire in his heart to tell others — 'We have found the Messias;' that I had the same desire in my soul, to point sinners to the Lamb of God, to point to his atoning blood, and cry behold the way to God: and that my hearers living and dying without finding salvation in Jesus Christ, must perish for ever. And, brother Banks, amidst all the changes I have passed through since that day, I never felt condemned for preaching that sermon, if, indeed it might be called a sermon. God enabled me, that day, to tell out what I felt, what I had really passed through, and to his name be all the praise. After service Mr. K. invited me to tea at his house, when I was introduced to the company of a young man who I learned was a student in some dissenting college, or academy, being trained up for a parson, a young man quite of gentlemanly manners; and Mr. K. proposed that we should go together in the evening to the village of Charlton, about a mile from Wantage, and that one of us should preach in the open air, and the other read a chapter, expound it, and engage in prayer. Which was to preach we were to agree between ourselves going along. I very readily agreed that he should preach; but before I arrived at the place of our destination, I found that there was a lightness and frivolity about my companion that quite disgusted me. When we arrived, I commenced after singing an hymn, by reading the 55th of Isaiah, and commenting on it as I went along; and the college gentleman preached, and a ranker free-willer I never heard from that day to this.

(To be continued.)

TRIALS CONNECTED WITH
THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

By the late Thomas Lord.

"I WOULD not speak of myself, but I have been so tried, when I have come to speak his word, so much darkness, and many things I never calculated upon, when I first set out on my pilgrimage; when I have been going to preach, and no text; when I would have spoken of the power of God, I have had no feeling, and I have felt I must give it up; and the Lord is my witness, if God had not been stronger than I, this would have been the case. The prophet Jeremiah said, 'I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name.' But he could not forbear; for the Lord stood by him: his word was in his heart a burning fire shut up in his bones; he was weary with forbearing, and could not stay. Thus when the Lord has blessed me, and blessed the word, worked

in me to will and to do, how cheerfully have I gone saying, Lord, I am ready for anything to obey your command, though I have come to the resolution never to preach again; by and bye the Lord brought up this text, 'But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me.' They cried and their cry came up unto God.' Another testimony I received, and I knew it was from the Lord by the effect that followed. The Lord spake home to my soul, I shall never forget it: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' I said, it is enough, Lord, I do not care where I go. I can preach night and day, at all times and seasons, and under all circumstances. I thought I could live upon this for ever. But alas! alas! how soon it was gone! Yea, if the Lord did not stand by me, and support me, when the enemy makes such thrusts at me, I must fall. He came, that old enemy, and met me with this: These words are not in the Bible. I, my friends, was staggered; I sought for a month, but could not find them; when I found it was the word of God, I was like the woman who had found the lost piece of silver, and called her friends to rejoice with her, for she had found the piece which was lost. So had I; here was I, tried and tempted about the work. The Lord brings home a promise; then another: I was then met by satan, it was not in the Bible; but he was proved a liar. Again, when in trouble, and shut up, I was ready to say, 'Send by whom thou wilt send, only send not by me.' My soul felt angry, like to Jonah; he told the Lord to his face he did well to be angry. Ah, say you, I am ashamed of you, you should keep these things to yourself. So I am ashamed of myself, and willingly would I keep these things; but lest some poor creature be tempted in like manner, I speak of them. The slips and slides, the anger of Jonah, the crime of David, and the swearing of Peter, are all left on record for our comfort. I was enabled to carry my case to the Lord, I knew he would bring my case right, and I was enabled to bless him for these very things being in the Bible. Another time the Lord withdrew himself, and I was led to grope in the dark, and soon the enemy kept me company, and worked up such scenes in my heart as I can never disclose. Here thoughts as black as night, and like pitch, for months tormented my soul.

I thought my case worse than Jonah's,
 though my heart seemed harder than his,
 and if Jonah's Lord had not been with
 me, I do not know what I should have
 done; but he stood by, and in his own
 time brought me out.

The Royal State Bed.

PREPARED FOR THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST.

YES! yes, friend PEAKE, you me mistake,
 Concerning him I nam'd,
 If I should say he's cast away,
 Indeed I might be blam'd.

You are a brother—isn't he another?
 All loved with the same love;
 And when we die, be raised on high,
 To rest with saints above.

But this you know, while here below,
 Some are not fully blest
 Within the veil. Till then they fail
 Of the true gospel rest.

The eve and morn at creation's dawn,
 Was then call'd 'the first day';
 Indeed 'tis true, creation new
 Appears the same to me.

The eve and morn of saints new born,
 Make one day's journey here;
 The second day, and third I say,
 True rest is not quite clear.

And then forsooth, comes day the fourth,
 The fifth no rest we see,
 The sixth begun—the work's not done,
 The seventh brought rest to me.

The work is done, the Sabbath begun,
 Come saints no burdens bear;
 'Tis peace and rest, thus we are blest;
 Sweet sabbath morn! How clear.

The work is done by God the Son,
 And finished on the tree;
 This is the rest where saints are blest,
 Christ is my Sabbath day.

This the rest where saints are blest,
 The bed of love so 'green';
 'Tis covenant love, that never moved,
 This is the bed I mean.

'Twas even-tide when Jesus died,
 Then come the black, dark night;
 The first sweet dawn was Sabbath morn,
 And Jesus is my light.

A soul thus blest, finds gospel rest,
 Dead works are passed away;
 'Tis finished! 'tis as God did his,
 Upon the seventh day.

Dead works are naught, the bed too short,
 Man's patchwork I'll not borrow;
 Like 'filthy rags' from ulcered legs,
 'The covering is to narrow.'

'Tis true! my bed must all be new,
 Not one rag of the old;
 The plague is there, I do declare,
 I should be sick and cold.

The work-house man, whose work's not
 done,
 Would whip the saints to rest;
 The wearied poor can work no more,
 They fall on Jesus' breast.

This is the bed where saints are wed,
 Here the warm lovers meet;
 Here the two lie that never die;
 Love makes the union sweet.

Lord, without you what can I do?
 One is as cold as stone;
 Jesus and I how blest we be,
 'Can one be warm alone?' Ecc. iv. 11.

Whom God hath stript, should not be whipt
 Into the Bridegroom's breast;
 No: they are drawn to Christ alone,
 And in his bosom rest.

He may be loath who has a cloth. Mark iv.
 Which round his body wind:
 But when its gone, to Christ he runs,
 And leaves his rags behind.

The soul finds rest in Jesu's breast,
 The lover's knot is tied,
 The word reveals, the Spirit seals,
 The soul is Jesus' bride.

The old husband dead, to Christ we're wed,
 The union is by blood;
 We are made one with Christ the Son,
 And bring forth fruit to God. Rom. vii. 4.

Moses to me no husband be,
 He's buried old and grim,
 I'm dead to him, and he to me,
 I'd no good fruit by him.

Jesus my head rose from the dead,
 My heavenly bridegroom dear;
 To him I twine, for he is mine,
 From him my fruit I bear.

He is my life, I am his wife,
 And we are no more twain;
 From him, my root, I bring forth fruit,
 And fruit that must remain!

As women fair desire to bear,
 And infant offspring see—
 So, righteous sire, my soul's desire,
 To bring forth fruit to thee.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, Dec. 14, 1846.

"And now if there are persons present,
 who see no beauty, nor taste any sweetness
 in the precious truths we have been endeavouring
 to lay before you, I have one solemn
 Scripture for you to ponder over—'if our
 gospel is hid, it is hid to them that are lost.'
 Amen."—*Watts Wilkinson.*

The Last Moments of a Sinner saved by Grace.

DEAR SIR:—According to my promise, I now take my pen to give you an account of the last moments of my brother's death, who died triumphant in the Lord, Sep. 11, 1846, having been brought into a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus within the space of one year from the day that the Lord was pleased to cut him down under the ministry of that dear man of God, HENRY LANGHAM. Although the time was short, it was attended with great tribulation; and at times was brought to a sweet and full assurance of his very merciful deliverance from the law. He was called to travel along many a dark and thorny road; but bless the dear name of our adorable Redeemer, he fulfilled his precious promise in our brother. I need not go through a long detail of circumstances, only would just say, it pleased the dear Lord to send home the arrow of conviction by words that were spoken by Mr. L. when preaching at Mendlesham, Suffolk; the words were these, 'In Christ, eternally saved; out of Christ eternally damned.' The word came like a hammer to his soul; to use his own words. If the Lord never uses brother LANGHAM again as an instrument, this stands a testimony of his call to the work of the ministry. I trust the Lord will still go on to bless his labours with abundant success, for he has made him an able minister of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the Spirit. 2 Cor. iii. 6. To return to the account of my dear brother, you may be sure after being brought into love and fellowship with the dear Lord, it did not bring a dislike to the family of God; so far from this, these were the only people that he loved, as he said in his last letter to me, 'what are all nature's ties when compared to that tie which binds us together in Christ?' Especially was his love set upon Mr. L.; they were indeed companions in tribulation; and my brother said to Mr. L. three weeks before his death, that his time here would be very short. He was soon after seized with the typhus fever, in which he suffered most acutely. To convey the whole affair I will here give the letter that I received from Mr. LANGHAM, which is as follows:—

Mendlesham, Sep. 28, 1846.

DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD:—I am about to make an attempt to comply with your request in giving you a statement of the last moments of our departed brother, who died in the Lord, triumphant, shewing forth the victory of our most glorious Christ over sin, death and hell, for his body's sake, the church, proving by his death those precious words, recorded by Hosea; 'I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death,' which he did by

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tasting death for the whole elect. The blood of Christ had for ever washed away the sins of our brother; and though the dear Lord suffered the enemy to attack him very sharply so that the struggle was hard indeed, of which I was an eye-witness; yet in the midst of the conflict it was clear that victory was sure; as the result of the battle proved, for so earnest was our poor brother in the conflict with the great adversary, that he actually clenched his hands at him; after that, he lay exhausted for a few minutes; and then as though carried beyond mortality, he was heard to say—'They are singing—Glory! Glory!' And when I asked him whether it was to him that loved us, and washed us from our sins? He said, 'Yes!' I asked him whether he now believed that those things that I was enabled to deliver from time to time was the truth of God? He replied firmly, 'Yes!' Thus the Lord enabled him to bear his dying testimony, to the truths of the ever-blessed gospel: as he lived upon them, so he died upon them. To use the words of friend STEGGAL, they that wished to know what living was, should have seen him; and they that wanted to know what dying was should have seen him. It was one of the hardest struggles that ever we saw, and we have seen a great many; so sharp was the conflict with death that he shook the room, and his poor joints snapped and cracked in the agonies of death; thus proving that the righteous have bands in their death; but the Lord at last broke the bands, and he lay the last five minutes in perfect ease, and then quietly breathed away his soul into the hands of his God, to appear as another trophy of the Redeemer's blood. Thus proving the truth of that saying, They go from strength to strength, till they come to appear before God in the heavenly Zion, the church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven; and we know that those whose record is on high, shall find the Lord God to be their defence in the hour and article of death, for precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

Our blessed covenant God was pleased to shew forth powerfully the effect of divine grace in our brother, for when the fever was at the highest point, divine grace shone the brightest: when the fever was raging, our brother's mind was carried to the Rock that is higher than we; it was then that he proclaimed the foulness and blackness of himself by nature, that none but Jesus could wash him. He called aloud to Jesus to come and wash him, and then tried to sing that hymn—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Here the power of his voice failed him. The

K

Friday before his death friend BRAME was up stairs with him, when he exclaimed that he felt that he had a soul in him, and that he felt Christ in him: he then said that he saw himself in Christ, and saw Christ in him; that he felt himself in Christ and felt Christ in him.

See, here, my sister, how the dear Lord flung himself into the bitter waters of death, to render them sweet to our departed brother; poor, I will not call him, because he is now rich to all eternity, having now taken possession of his eternal rest, waiting for the adoption, that is to say, the deliverance of the body from corruption, to put on incorruption, when mortality shall be swallowed up in immortality. And at this point I would wish to bear testimony to the care, kindness, and watchfulness of his poor wife; the parting stroke was one of the sharpest that ever I witnessed on both sides, for he never parted with her so long as he could look at her, but his eyes looked as though he would have taken her with him.

The portion of divine truth upon which my mind rested, was one that was greatly blessed to our brother, during the time that I was speaking at Wetheringsett; after that I had done speaking, he told me he believed that there was seed sown that day, the result of which must be left to another day, as I have not heard anything of the effect yet, but being so blest to him perhaps might make him think so. The words are in Rev. xx. 6.

I find you are still in the dark; our Father does see fit at times to shut us up in the dark, that we may know how to value the light, and to let us know that the light is not our procuring, though often we procure the dark room for ourselves; he has promised the rod as well as the blessing.

May the best of blessings attend you and your's, prays your unworthy brother, in the bonds of the Gospel, H. LANGHAM.

Much more might have been said, that my brother expressed in his last hours. To a dear brother he said, on entering his room with his poor quivering lips, 'I am going to leave you; I am going home; going to be with Jesus.' This he said with great cheerfulness, with the tear rolling down his cheeks. His brother asked him if he would not like to get well again. He said 'No; I have no wish for that; I am going to sing Hallelujah!' What a mercy, answered his brother; we shall soon follow you, when we shall meet around the throne above.

Dear soul, thou art singing above,

But I am still mourning below,

Dear Jesus, shine into my soul with thy love;

And give me the joys of the ransom'd to know.

Stockwell,

M. POTTER.

SIN blew out the light of nature.—*Old Author.*

The Law and the Gospel,

IN THE EXPERIENCE OF HENRY BRIDGER.

Of Heathfield, Sussex.

MY DEAR FRIEND IN CHRISTIAN LOVE AND AFFECTION:—Your sermon entitled 'The Quickening, and Revealing Powers of the Holy Spirit,' providentially dropped into my hand, and I read it, and when I came to the close of the sermon, where you was speaking of the happiness of the children of God, I felt in my soul that I was interested therein; and my soul blessed the Lord, for a moment or two, for ever putting it into your heart to print it: and I have also found several pieces in the *Earthen Vessel* that have given this poor unworthy worm a little encouragement to still hold on in the way. And now may the dear Lord rest upon you and lighten the burden of the *Vessel*, that it may still sail through the storms and opposition that it will meet with: and may the Lord bless you in the work; may grace, peace, and truth, rest upon you, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

And, now may the dear Lord enable me to give you some little account of the Lord's dealings with my poor soul; and what I have tasted, haudled, and felt:—

When I first felt conviction, it was about sixteen years ago; the Lord shewed me without I was regenerated or saved, by and through the blood of Christ, I must be lost for ever and ever. I was so distressed in my soul that I was not able to go to my employ; it appeared to me that I was going, and must go to hell, which I justly deserved; when I got upon my knees to cry for mercy, my mouth was stopped. Oh! the anguish that I felt! It is easier felt than described. It appeared to me that I saw the flames of hell flashing before me; and I was like Job—'I forgot to eat my bread.' One morning as I was in my distress, I got up from my breakfast table, I went up stairs to go on my knees to beg of the Lord for mercy; and as it appeared to me, I felt a rap at my breast, and it pressed me off my knees; I could not say a word. Oh! I thought I was going to lose my senses. I was so for three or four days; I could not work: as for the Bible, I did not dare touch, or look into it. I looked into 'Mason's Portion'; and there I dropped upon these words, 'In all their afflictions, he was afflicted;' it seemed to lighten my distress; I was then enabled to go to my employ. When I was in my shop by myself, I was enabled to beg of the Lord to make it manifest to me, whether the work was of himself or not; and, bless his dear name, he sent these words into my soul with power—'THOU SHALT OBTAIN MERCY.' This took my heavy trouble away; and a little hope rose up in my soul, with 'Who can tell, but

the Lord may appear for a poor wretch like me?' There I appeared to be for several years; but about seven years ago, it was ordained by the Lord, for me to hear that man of God, Mr. RAYNSFORD, at Warbleton; and I have reason to bless and praise the Lord for it. For four years ago, last March 13th, I heard him from these words—'My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away.' (Sol. Song, iv. 14.) Oh, the joy, light, and love that flowed into my poor soul; it was the rejoicing of my heart; I went home then, and could bless and praise the dear Lord, and could say, 'I have found him whom my soul loveth.' But when I got up the next morning, the Lord's presence was withdrawn. I was enabled to go to a throne of grace, and there as a child goes to a parent, I went to the Lord in this way—'Oh, may I say that thou art my Lord and my God? May I say thou art my Father? Do I dare say that thou art mine?' Oh, I seemed to feel love flow down into my soul. I could then say the Lord was my God; it was unspeakable; and I could, and did say, that I loved the Lord, and clasped my hand to my breast, and told him that I did love him, and could say with Mr. HART—

"I love the Lord with mind and heart,
His people and his ways;
Envy and pride, and lust depart,
And all his works I praise."

That morning I could not work; I know by heart-felt experience, that is a thing as impossible for a poor soul to work, when he is blessed with an overflowing of that precious love, as it is when he is in soul-trouble. Then I went several miles to get with some of the Lord's dear people; and I ran, and cried, and laughed and sung, and wanted trees and hedges to help me to bless and praise the Lord. I could truly say that my feet were set upon a rock, and he had established my goings, and put a new song in my mouth. I know that it takes all worldly things away: for at that time, I had not got more than about four-penny-worth of bread to eat, and I did not know where to get any more when that was gone; but that was no trouble to poor unworthy me: no; I was feasting then upon the paschal Lamb of God. I could say then with David in the 103rd Psalm—'Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' I was obliged to go and see that dear man of God, and to proclaim what the Lord had done for my poor hell-deserving soul; and I went through a field where were some sheep, and that brought to my mind, about a month before, as I was in great distress, both in temporal and spiritual things, where I met some sheep. Oh, how I did wish I was one of them, or anything but an human being. Ah, says the devil, you will be always tried

here in this world, and be damned at last. Oh, how my soul sunk down in great distress, and so full of rebellion that I thought I must go out of my mind. But when I saw those sheep in the field, I did not want to be a sheep then: oh, no; I wanted then the sheep to help me to bless and praise the Lord; and when I saw Mr. RAYNSFORD, I was obliged to break out to him and, say 'Bless the Lord, oh, my soul;' &c. and I wanted no dinner; oh, no; for I was then feasting on real dainties; oh, such feasting as that, my friend, is better than all the feastings of this world; let the world have their dainties, and give me some of the good old wine of the kingdom; and let who likes have the rest; for, I can say, it was sweeter than honey or the honey-comb, and better than ten thousands of worlds. And I know when the soul has the love of God shed abroad in the heart, the dear Lord will have all the praise, and all the glory; and shame he will take to himself.

That comfort and consolation lasted for three or four days; then the Lord withdrew his presence from me. But, I had, now and then a littlesip by the way; but sometimes the devil would set in upon me in this manner, and say, 'where is your hope now?' 'but,' says he, 'see how you are in debt; why, you a child of God? no;' says the enemy. Oh, how I have sunk down, because I could not pay where I owed. One morning in particular, I was so distressed because I could not pay, and then satan told me that I should never be able to get out of debt, and that I should go to hell after all; and in my trouble at that time I was under the temptation to destroy myself, but the Lord has kept me up to the present moment, and it is of the Lord's mercy that I am not consumed; and sometimes I am delivered out of my trouble without any word applied, and that has distressed me. But the Lord now and then sends a word of comfort into my soul. I never shall forget when he sent these with power, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.' Oh, the joy that I felt at that time; I was brought down then at the dear feet of Christ with humility. And once I heard Mr. R. with such power, two years ago, that I was so overwhelmed with that precious love from above, that I felt that I could have freely gone to the stake; and once the power of that love flowed in my soul, that I could say, 'Thou knowest all things, oh, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. I says 'what me, Lord? what such a hell-deserving wretch as me?' Oh, the power of that love! it took all my thoughts away, that I could truly say, my spirit was faint within me. But now I am ofttime in a cold, dead and a barren state; now and then a little hope still keeps me to

hold on in the way. I must conclude as my paper is gone, and lest it should be too tedious, or much more I could say. And may the dear Lord bless these few lines to your soul, and any one of the Lord's poor distressed family that it should drop into, and then the praise and glory will go to the Lord, and the writer will be put into the back ground. Excuse all blunders, for I am a poor ignorant worm.

Your's &c. HENRY BRIDGER.

Letters addressed to Mr. W. Allen.

No. II.

DEAR, AND WELL-BELOVED, IN THE BEST SENSE, AND PASTOR OF THE CHURCH IN THE CAVE ADULLAM:—Having been often deceived in men and women for these last thirty-four years, to whom I have spoken of God's wonderful dealings to me, both in a way of providence and grace, that I have almost come to some determination in my mind, never to speak to any more of the Lord's family at all, but to keep all intercourse to myself and God, only; but seeing the Lord has so openly and so clearly manifested you in my heart, soul, and conscience, and has made you his mouth to preach my very identical experience in past and in present circumstances, I cannot forbear. It is of no use for me now to enter into a long detail of things to take up your time, but this morning, December 13, the whole volume of my heart's experience was revealed in your own heart as you preached from 'Commit thy way,' &c. Therefore, seeing very clearly that you have gone through the same channel, I shall herein be silent, only mention a few things which I should wish to be kept secret to all but God alone, knowing that we certainly do now live in such an awful day of hypocrisy and religious cant, that I am afraid to speak to any one of God's family in particular, particularly so when it pleases God to bring me into very deep and trying circumstances. But, for the glory of God, and for the encouragement of others, I make known to you a few of the trials I am now made to walk in.

About three weeks ago I began the trial present with about eight pence. Day after day I wandered here, there, and every where, seeking employment, and am as near the mark, according to all appearance now, as when I began; though the whole of the three weeks has been spent in begging, praying, crying, watching, and waiting; yet, the Lord has so clearly shewn me by token upon token, proof upon proof, evidence upon evidence, that he is now shutting up the door of that employment wherein he has been pleased to give me bread these last ten years, since he delivered me from a sea-faring life, in

answer to about a twenty-years' prayer. But now all appears to be shut, not one soul upon the face of the earth to communicate with, either in the church of God, or the world. The whole of my time is now occupied as above, in my lonely room with an 'Elijah's portion'—a little table, a stool, and a candlestick, and a sea-coat for my bed. But the presence of Elijah's God which I so often do enjoy, makes my lonely room a palace indeed. Times out of number have I meditated upon a workhouse, but when I appoint a certain time in my mind of going to knock at that door, the Lord is sure to step in, in some mysterious way—I must meet some one or another, who must give me a six-pence, another a shilling, another a loaf and some dripping, another a bit of meat, another a cup of tea, &c., which is sure to come in a time much needed; and when I have been without a bit of coal or candle, or a bit of food of any description in the morning, I have gone out, and some one has met me and gave me six-pence, this has served to get two penny-worth of coals, two penny-worth of bread, a penny candle, a penny for tobacco. This day of deep trial, is also a day of deep invention, and for want of a candle I get some grease, and make a lamp in a little galley-pot, to read the Word of God by, at night. But now to the bright side of the question—These are the poor converted sailor's golden days. As the affliction abounds outwardly, so consolation abounds inwardly; and was it not for the little debts for rent, and at the chandler's shop, I would rather live in this way, under the deepest of trials, than live in the greatest of luxury, pomp, and grandeur among the ungodly world, or even in the church, and be without the many sweet and gracious powerful influences of divine love, that I now so often do enjoy in my very heart; for every discourse that I now hear from your mouth, my heart now says, 'Go on and prosper; God is working by you where you do not know it.'

Your's in the gospel,

GEORGE WOOD.

An old converted sailor. When well, remember me.

A Miracle and Monument of Grace.

MY DEAR BROTHER—As the above friend could not write, she wished me to write the above for her, and God is my witness, my soul feels more in writing to you for her than any one that I have wrote for; she is a middle-aged married woman, with seven children, almost grown up; and seven years since she was a sworn enemy to the truth, and also to me. Her husband attended

the chapel before, and she used to persecute him on the account, and as for me she hated the sight of me; and fought as stoutly as she could against the truth. Well, seven years ago, one Sabbath, she came to chapel to mock, and hate the preacher once more.

I well remember that Sabbath, being solemnly impressed in my soul while preaching to say as follows—'Doubtless there are some in this chapel now that will go to hell;' and that was fixed as a barbed arrow in her heart, and she sunk down, feeling she was that character. She went home, and opened the Bible, and the first words she saw were these—'Woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him;' and she shut up the book and sunk in despair; it was as Nathan to David indeed; and three or four years of great distress she was led in and safely kept, but stuck close to the truth; ah, this is sure to be the case as to hearing, though it condemns. Arminian doctrine may be tried, but it won't do. She has since had many sweet and true tokens, blessed heart-melting manifestations of Christ under the word, and also at other times—first, from Job's words—'Will he plead against me with his great power? no; but he will put strength in me.' Oh! that blessed no, dissolved her heart; and once in affliction a verse of HART was the means of great deliverance—

"For his correction render praise," &c.

She is often a subject of blasphemous temptations, even to curse God—but bless the Lord, the prey is taken from the mighty. Enemies make best friends, and this I do know in her case, 'Worthy is the Lamb.'

Your's truly,

J. RAYNSFORD.

Unicorn Yard Chapel.—No. 3.

BUT to proceed:—It was the opinion of some, that if the party for truth entirely refrained from assembling themselves in the temple, Jesus, perceiving the SACRED PLACE was profaned, and that the lovers of his truth had separated themselves, and come out from among them, would, in rich mercy enter in and overturn the tables, driving out the changers of the truth of God into a lie, with those followers, who setting forth the attributes of mercy to the disparagement of justice, were engaged in a deceptive employ as sellers of doves. A school-room for public prayer was kindly offered, in which

the people had not assembled but a few weeks, when Jesus did enter in, and a scene of great consternation ensued. The people, who just before had full possession of the place, were scattered in every direction, the Lord convincing some of the error of their ways, and driving others into a far country where I trust true repentance will be granted to them. In the midst of this tumult, Mr. PENROSE tendered his resignation. The Lord having purged his floor, bid his children in. Though they were scattered about, the voice of the Eternal Noah reached them; and now the sweet pleasure devolves upon me to tell HOW THEY WENT INTO THE ARK, and what transpired WHEN THEY WERE SHUT IN. Although the seceders had many weeping hours they were not entirely bereft of banners, each bearing the inscription—'The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!' The display of such a motto caused us to be deemed censorious, but knowing it has braved many thousand years, the battle and the breeze, we were not inclined to let the flag float half-mast high, although pathetically besought so to do, when to the joy of the Christian fleet, the resignation of Mr. PENROSE was unanimously received; Messrs. BEACH and BRADLEY still maintaining their unsound position: hut, happy for them, they were not allowed long to remain so. I believe them both to be children of the Most High, and that the Father of the faithful has brought them into the way of truth. At a church meeting held on Tuesday, Dec. 29, Mr. BRADLEY totally renounced his belief of the erroneous doctrines, explaining at some length those portions of Scripture which he had supposed afforded him warranty for receiving them, shewing, experimentally, how the Lord had opened his eyes to discern their true import. With his confession the church were truly satisfied, and passed a resolution to the effect that they were gratified with Mr. B.'s account of the Lord's dealings with him, and received him with every feeling of christian regard. Mr. BEACH, who never fully received the doctrines, also declared he had for weeks been making most diligent search into the Word of God, and could say from his heart, he believed them Scripturally untrue. The temple is purified. Jehovah hath triumphed. His people are free. The pulpit is now supplied by those who are publishing good tidings to Zion.

Let the sons of men shout for joy, and all the angels of God praise him.

WILLIAM JEFFERY.

TO THE READERS OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

Having promised to insert in this Magazine the substance of a sermon preached at Jamaica Row on 'The Future Punishment

of the Wicked;' and so much time having elapsed since that promise was made, coupled with the fact, that the speeches of Mr. JAMES WELLS, and other ministers, upon the subject are now in print; with your consent, I will refrain from engaging these pages on the behalf of those important doctrines, so ably advocated by others.

WILLIAM JEFFERY.

Good News from the North.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS:— Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. It is with great pleasure I remit you a small New Year's Gift, in accordance with the suggestion of my esteemed brother, "A Watchman on the Walls;" and I earnestly hope that considerate and necessary appeal has not been made in vain. Take encouragement; its monthly visit is hailed by some of my poor people with delight, and in this dark village, where never before a periodical of truth was taken. I congratulate you, my dear brother, on the kind support you have had through the past year; and pray God that he may be with you in the present; and I do earnestly pray that the little bark may be preserved from that party spirit, so awfully manifested in this day, distracting the churches of the saints; keeping up discord among brethren; and causing the way of truth to be evil spoken of.

These things ought not to be so; but they are so, and to a fearful extent. Oh! that we could see those professing to hold and enjoy the same blessed doctrines of salvation, unitedly contending for the faith, with *one* mind and *one* mouth, glorifying God in the camp of Israel, while surrounded with the enemies of free and distinguishing grace. God has doubtless a variety of workmen employed in his building. Some are sons of thunder, some of consolation; as every man has received the gift, so he ministers; therefore let not the carpenter despise the mason, nor the latter shun the glazier; each has his particular work appointed by the great architect, till mercy's building is complete, and the top stone is brought with shoutings of 'Grace! grace! unto it.'

I have reason to believe the Lord is with us here; christian love is manifested in our little number of members: several are enquiring the way to Zion, and our congregations continue good. 'The Lord hath dealt bountifully with us,' while we have been a wonder unto many. He has given us rest after much conflict; many weapons have been formed against us, but they have not prospered; many tongues have been industrious, but God has silenced them, and our enemies are found liars. Oh, how blessed have I found it in the midst of tumultuous com-

motion, slanders, reproaches, and misrepresentations, to stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord. I am, dear brother, your's in Christ Jesus. WILLOUGHBY WILLEY.

[Thanks be to God for such tidings as these. Let them encourage the truly honest servant of Jesus Christ to persevere, and to put their trust in him. Our brother WILLEY has been called to "endure hardness;" but the Lord is giving him to see that his labour is not in vain. Go on, ye heralds of salvation! Preach and practice—live and love—fear and follow after your glorious Lord—for his reward is with him, and your crown is sure.—ED.]

CALVARY.

O, solemn, dark, and gloomy mount!

On thy accursed tree,
Hangs passively creation's Lord;
And he is all to me,

That wounded, feeling, bleeding heart,
Is fill'd with grace and love;
From thence proceed affection's cords,
Which drew my soul above,

All that is high, and vast in power,
Dwell in my suffering Lord;
Sustaining, keeping ruling, all,
By his commanding word,

From him, the great, the smitten Roe,
Flows mercy, full and free;
For he, all mercy doth possess,
For guilty worms like me.

Without a spot, unsullied, pure,
All perfect holiness;
He takes upon him all my guilt,
He's all my righteousness.

There, in an uncreated mind,
The deeps of wisdom lie;
To guide my wand'ring footsteps home,
To blissful realms on high.

Delightful friendship's sweetest ties,
All dwell within that breast;
And bind my weary spirit to
His bosom, where I rest.

The fount of all compassion, he,
In ev'ry pain and care;
In deep distress, to him, I go,
All sympathy is there.

In him all glories are combined;
All worlds his hand sustain:
Yet, he, a 'Man of Sorrows' dies
Midst agonizing pain.

Tho' 'all in all'—sin, death, and hell,
Against my all unite;
I stand amazed! He bears it all!
Earth trembles at the sight,

But shall commingled powers prevail,
'Neath nature's darkest pall?
Wonder of wonders! Tho' he falls
And dies, He conquers a l.

While I this sinful body wear,
When mortal flesh shall die;
The streaming blood of Calvary,
Shall fill my soul with joy.

Since 'all in all'—and all I want,
Hung on the accursed tree,
In all thy conflicts, O, my soul—
Remember Calvary.—W. WILLEY.

Billesdon, February, 12, 1847.

Christian Reviewer.

MR. TRYON'S TRACTS.

THREE tracts written by Mr. FREDERICK TRYON, Minister of the Gospel, at Deeping, Lincolnshire, have been published. Most of our readers are probably aware of the prominent part, which MR. TRYON has lately taken, in publicly reproofing and condemning the conduct of several acknowledged ministers of the gospel. We must say, *we* feel it to be very solemn ground which he has trodden; and to us, very painful is the work he has had in hand: but how far he is justified in this—what his evidences are, that God has called him to such a line of things, we must leave. The word which has fallen upon our souls, is this: 'Grudge not one against another, brethren, lest ye be condemned: behold, the judge standeth before the door:' He will bring to light the hidden things of darkness; and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts of men.

We have heard MR. TRYON preach; and feel a secret and certain union of soul to him; and received him into our consciences as a minister of the true circumcision; wherefore we earnestly pray that (as he acknowledges he has heretofore been entangled in connections which have proved snares to his soul,) he may henceforth be preserved from every false spirit; and be led deeply, experimentally, and usefully into THE TRUTH as it is in Jesus. John says, 'He that loveth his brother, abideth in the light; and there is none occasion of stumbling in him. But he that hateth his brother, walketh in darkness, and he knoweth not whither he goeth.' These words to us are very distinct, discriminating, and wholesome. That the Lord may give MR. TRYON, and all his brethren in a living ministry, to stand under John's first description of character, is the strong desire of our souls.

The two first tracts which MR. TRYON has issued, are letters to the Editors and Readers of the 'Gospel Standard,' complaining of some things recently contained in that work. We shall refrain from making any comment on these tracts at the present; but from letters we have received, we make an extract or two, in the hope that they may be instrumental in bringing into exercise a careful, and a watchful spirit. We know—all sober-minded and observant men of God know,

that there is in the true Church of Christ, (what there ever has been) much that is contrary to the spirit of Christ; but when division and strife begin to make havoc among the saints and servants of the living God, we are made to tremble for the consequences that must ensue.

One valuable correspondent says.—

"After reading these tracts I felt a solemn awe pervading my spirit. At nearly midnight I fell on my knees before God, alone in my room, and cried out, 'This is a wilderness, O Lord, and we are like wild beasts, tearing one another.' I felt much enlargement, and some comfort in prayer; and being a long while on my knees with my natural eyes closed, to the eyes of my mind was opened a pure river of water flowing through the room, which represented to my understanding the pure gospel water of life, proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb, winding its meandering way through a wilderness of wild beasts, thorns, briars, and deadly serpents. It appeared to me a pure gliding stream, amidst all my wilderness woes, vexations, cares, and sorrows. I drank sweetly; went to bed; awaked in the morning, and my sleep was sweet unto me.

"When we see those, who we hope are the children of God, fighting and striving one with another, about toys and playthings, we would not wish to lay a finger on them, nor angrily, or wilfully offend one of these little ones. But we say—'Naughty Boys!—you may all expect a severe chastisement when your Father comes in to set things at rights: and if he puts you down the dark cellar, and you feel the wounds, like the wounds of an enemy, we may hear much howling from the dark cellar, until you confess your faults, unreservedly to your Father, and one to another; and from your very hearts forgive one another, and pray one for another, that you may be healed.' And then you will come out and embrace one another, and love as brethren—'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another.'

"A little group of men left the Church of England to be captains and leaders among the ranks of dissenters: pushing old dissenting officers out, and stepping in at the heads of the ranks. But, alas! some how or other, these new officers in our ranks, from some private grievance, not made plain, drew daggers at each other, and have been fighting a paper war duel, to the disorder and confusion of many in our ranks who are so frightened, and broken in judgment, and so weak in the knowledge of the statutes of our King, that they know not what to believe, nor on whose side they are to fight. We would say, Honest soldiers of the cross! in this case, 'ground arms;' 'stand still and see the salva-

tion of the Lord.' Follow the Lord in all things, not men when they cease to follow the Lamb. The Prince of glory will come into the field—' In righteousness he doth judge and make war.'

The following quotation from a grave, useful, and discerning man of God, may be taken as expressing the feelings of a vast number of believers with reference to these tracts, He asks—

"Have you seen Mr. TRYON's reply to the Editor's address in the 'Standard' for January? It is out; and I consider it a very foolish production, and a mere quibble about words. Had the Editor stated any false doctrine, either in experience, or practice, there might have been some room to complain; but even then, it ought to have been proved that Mr. TRYON had a right to take up the weapons of warfare, and write against the Editor's address, because he *conceived* that the Editor was aiming a blow at him. I have heard from the Editors on the subject, who inform me that their remarks were of a general character, and not personal to any one. May the Lord abundantly bless his people amid the divisions and sub-divisions in the church below."

Beside the before-mentioned tracts, a third has reached us, entitled, 'An Attempt to Warn the People, addressed to all in this land who profess to believe that the Bible is the Word of God. By FREDERICK TRYON.' This is a plain, straightforward exposure of the numerous false coverings which wicked men and professors have spread over the face of the land. In this tract, MR. TRYON has ransacked both the world and the church, and laid open some most grievous sins. We have no mind to dwell upon these things: therefore only catch out a sentence or two where Mr. T. not only speaks his own experience, but what is more or less the mind and feeling of all honest, God-fearing men in these days. He says—

"I have some opponents who consider my religion a gloomy one—my manner of addressing others a desponding one—and the language of complaint to be my great pleasure—but they are mistaken. That gloom hangs over my mind at times, is a truth; and that I often complain is also a truth; but the religion which I profess does not cause the chief of this; the want of power—want of godly fear in exercise—want of honesty and uprightness before God—makes sad work within; the spirit of God is grieved, and joy is exchanged for lamentation. The pious condition of the Church of God, so far as it has been seen by me, is cause for grief: the afflictions of Joseph are not trifles. The last few years have proved that Zion is more and more defiled and that the spirit of judgment and the spirit of burning are needed before any probable prospect of health and cure."

"Through great mercy I know that the power of

God supports me at times in the prospect of what is coming sooner or later. It drives away the gloom of the natural mind, and makes the favour of God felt in the soul to be of higher and higher value: it mingles a sweet with every bitter, and holds forth such delight to be enjoyed when the affliction is passed through, that the present is cheered with the assurance of future victory."

"I think no poor child of God can have felt more completely destitute of power, and more choked with evil than I have felt several times during the last two years, besides the sinkings I have had in former years since 1836, but the Lord has appeared for me notwithstanding all my wretched distrust, slavish fear, and gross workings of my fallen mind 'Wait on the Lord—pour out your heart before him—tell him all you can of your foes and fears—cast your burden on him—trust in him—and though your burden may roll back on your feelings again and again week after week—through your prayers seem disregarded, and you often dare not call them prayers—though they be groanings that cannot be uttered, God will not disappoint you at last.' The needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever.' But you will see painful sights as you travel on, as well as have great opposition from within."

"*The Faith of God's Elect Delineated; the substance of Two Sermons by S. COZENS.*"

INSTEAD of this month continuing our review of Mr. Cozens's Experience, we stop briefly to notice two sermons which he has been advised to publish. There are many precious things contained in them: such things as a man can only learn in that place, where "deep calleth unto deep," where the terrors of the law, and the consequences of sin, kill the sinner to all self-righteousness; and where the glory of Christ's person, the virtue of his blood, and the almighty grace of his grace, are most certainly and solemnly known. A minister down in Suffolk told a friend of our's the other day, that such men as Skelton, Day, Banks and Mason were only fit to slay the people; and that the *Earthen Vessel* was but a *dagger* in disguise. Poor man! we know where "the shoe pinches;" but what will he say to Cozens's sharp knife? Read the following extract from these Sermons on Faith:

"The majority of professors are only changed on the Lord's-day; they go to chapel with all the sanctity of a pope, and on Monday will go into the world with all the craft, subtily, lies and deception of a devil. Oh! I have seen it, and now the Lord has called me to proclaim his gospel; I am determined to give such base hypocrites no place. Many of them are the devil's instruments for committing spiritual robbery, they are like Ishmael, mockers of the children of promise; but O, wretched creatures, bye and bye, 'cast him out,' will thrill through their guilty soul like rolling thunder in the azure vaults of heaven."

We think if Samuel Cozens publishes many such sermons as these, he will soon be numbered among the slayers. See Heb. iv. 12.

The Present Position, the Prospect, and the Privilege of the True Church of Christ.

“ And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads ; for your redemption draweth nigh.” (Luke xxi. 28.)

CITIZENS OF ZION, AND HEIRS OF IMMORTAL GLORY :—

THE precious words of our adorable Lord, as recorded above, have been much impressed upon my mind : they appear to me to shew us where the church of Christ now is—the circumstances in which our gospel Zion now stands : and while they plainly declare our present position ; they also reveal unto us the glorious prospect of a better state : and teach us how to behave ourselves during the remainder of that period through which we are passing ; and of which the Lord has spoken by Zechariah ; ‘ It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear nor dark ; but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord ; not day nor night ; but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light.’ This wondrous prophecy, without controversy, has direct reference to the nature and extent of the Gospel Day ; which reaches from the destruction of the Old, to the erection of the New Jerusalem : hence, in the first of Zechariah, the Lord Christ speaks of his Mediatorial work—of the building up of his church—of the unbroken line of the gospel ministry—of the happy consequences resulting from that ministry—and of the glorious termination of it, in one sentence, and says, (Zech. i. 16, 17.) first, of his finished work in redemption, ‘ I am returned to Jerusalem with mercies.’ Yes ; bless his precious name ; he was like a certain householder who planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine-press in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country :—it was a long, a heavy, a solemn journey the Redeemer took, when he went forth for the salvation of his people. He went where his beloved bride never will go. He went to the end of the law—to the end of sin, and finished it—to the end of divine wrath, and drank the last drop of it—to the bottom of hell, and endured it—and down to the iron grave of death, and slept in it. But did either one of them overcome him ? Aye ; what shall I say ?—Yes, in one sense, they did ; and in another, and better sense, THEY DID NOT : for he was our spiritual GAD : ‘ A troop did over-

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come him ; but he overcame at the last.’ Therefore, ‘ He is returned unto Jerusalem with mercies ;’ and these mercies he shewed unto his disciples immediately after his resurrection. For when the disciples were met together, Jesus came and stood in their midst, and he said, ‘ Peace be unto you.’ And then he shewed unto them his hands, and his side ; and he breathed on them, and said, ‘ Receive ye the Holy Ghost.’ Here was life, pardon, peace, and almighty power. These are the mercies Jesus brings unto his beloved spouse : in these shall his house be built up ; the line of the gospel shall reach from Calvary’s cross to the immortal crown ; and he will everlastingly comfort Zion, by taking her home to dwell with him in endless bliss and holy joy.

But, stop ! *What is our present position ?* ‘ When these things begin to come to pass.’ What things are these ? Please to note distinctly, that in the twenty-fourth of Matthew ; in the thirteenth of Mark ; and in the twenty-first of Luke ; our Lord delivers a four-fold prophesy. First, he declares the destruction of Jerusalem : *that is past*. Then, secondly, he speaks of the terrible persecutions and calamities that should attend the setting up, and progress of the gospel kingdom : and I feel I may say, *that is also past* : for ‘ Except the Lord had shortened those days, no flesh should be saved ; but for the elect’s sake, WHOM HE HATH CHOSEN, he hath shortened those days.’ and, they shall never come again. Then, thirdly, he speaks of things that shall accompany the approaching end of the gospel dispensation : and, fourthly, he shews us what shall be seen, and done, when God makes up his last account.

There are three things, then, that I would briefly allude to at this time.

First, to shew how certain it does appear from the Word of God, and from the circumstances in which Zion now stands, that the end of the gospel kingdom is fast approaching.

Secondly, what shall be seen and done in the closing up of this dispensation.

And, thirdly, the soul-comforting ex-

hortation here given to the house of Israel, 'When these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.'

I. Then, the approaching dissolution of the gospel kingdom. Look at the thirteenth of Mark, from verses 24 to 27; and then look at the signs of the times in which we now live.

'*But in those days, after that tribulation.*' What tribulation? I believe the tribulation there spoken of, is that flood of persecution through which the church has passed. It was that 'fourth beast' Daniel speaks of (chap. vii. 7.) as being 'dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly: it had great iron teeth: it devoured, and it did break in pieces.' Many thousands (says an ancient father,) have felt the dreadful sharpness of the devil's iron teeth. He crushed and ground poor saints to powder. But, the devil is, in a measure, jaw locked now; he cannot, nor never will again be able to bite and devour the saints as he has done; growl, and foam, and trample with his feet he may; but bite and devour again, in flood and fire, he never will. Well, then,

'*In those days.*' What days? Oh, Zion! they are the very days in which we live: these gospel days in which the Lord is fast gathering up the remnant of his heritage, so that all Israel may be saved. What then is said of these days? First—'*The sun shall be darkened.*' I believe this is figurative language. Truly, I say, the sun is darkened. By the sun, I understand the glorious Person of the Lord Jesus Christ; and the blazing glories of the gospel; both of which are solemnly darkened in these days.

There are two things said of Jacob, which have forcibly arrested my mind; I fully believe Jacob, from first to last, to be a typical character of the true church of Christ. Now, it is first said of Jacob, that when he went out from Beersheba (Genesis xxviii. 10.) and went towards Haran, he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and 'he took stones and put them for his pillow, and laid down to sleep.' This is where the gospel church of Christ *now is!* She is gone out from Beer-sheba; that is, she is come forth out of the womb of the covenant—out of the bowels of Christ—out of Zion's birth chamber; and she is going towards Haran. Now Haran may be

rendered the '*hill of songs,*' and 'hot wrath.' The final judgment will be the hill of songs to the church of Christ; for there she will stand and shout victory through the blood of the Lamb; but it will be the pouring out of *hot wrath* upon the wicked. Well, towards this Haran the gospel church is travelling: but she has lighted upon a certain place, because the sun is darkened.

The gospel church, like Jacob, has taken the stones—(the great doctrines of grace, electing love, redeeming blood, and justifying righteousness,) and she has laid her head upon them; and is almost, if not quite, fallen asleep. Well; dark and dismal as the place might have been to Jacob, *it was a safe place:* he had a pleasant dream there: he had a revelation of Christ there: and he had some most glorious promises there. Yes! and though he awoke up affrighted, and said, 'How dreadful is this place!' yet, he sustained no injury at all. Neither am I going to say, that because the sun is darkened in our gospel horizon, that the church is in any danger! Oh, no! Resting by faith, simply and entirely, through the power of the Holy Ghost in their hearts, upon the precious blood of Christ for cleansing, and upon his perfect righteousness, for justification, true believers are now and then indulged with some heavenly dreams; and occasional applications of the precious promises. And what more is said of Jacob? Why, after that solemn wrestling he had with 'THE MAN whose name is the Branch;' after Jacob had 'seen God face to face, and found his life preserved:' why then he 'passed over Peniel, and the sun rose upon him.' Even so; low as the church may sink; yet Christ will come down and deliver her; we shall see him face to face; and then—

"O may I live to reach that place,"

'the sun shall no more go down; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light; and the days of Zion's mourning shall be ended.'

There are three things especially which declare, in a great measure, that the sun is darkened. They are these:—

1. There is an almost general conformity to the fashions and maxims of the world among even the real and decided followers of the truth. Go where you will, you shall see that the proud

spirit of the world has thrown itself over the church; and she has lost her deep humility, her peculiarity, her conformity to the image of him she professes to serve.

2. There is a solemn lack of a genuine devotedness of heart, of spirituality of soul, and of close living to God. There is an emptiness, a want of decision and savour in the churches of Jesus Christ. It is but here and there you can see the man has *been with* Jesus, and is really anointed of the Holy Ghost. In the inner house, in Solomon's temple, there were three things—'cherubims, palm trees, and open flowers' The church in this day, has got her cherubims, (her living creatures,) but the *palm trees*, (spiritual uprightness), and the *open flowers*, (spiritual beauty and a rich perfume,) are sadly deficient.

3. Thousands of real believers are walking in darkness, and mourning an absent Lord. How applicable is the question of the weeping prophet to the present aspect of the church! 'Ask ye now, wherefore do I see every man with his hands on his loins, as a woman in travail, and *all faces are turned into paleness?*'

The sun is not entirely hidden! Some blessed rays occasionally burst through the clouds: but Zion knows that it is a day that's neither light nor dark.

II. '*The moon shall not give her light.*' It is true, there have been, and still are some 'precious things put forth by the moon.' The gospel church, by the power of the Holy Ghost, has continued to send forth *some* faithful men, as ministers of Christ; and she has continued to give birth to *some* precious sons, of whom it shall be said 'This man was born in her:' but oh, what strife, what divisions, what lamentable inconsistencies every where abound among the churches of Jesus Christ! Truly, the moon does not give her light! We must divide that question in Sol. Song vi. 10; into two parts. The first part is applicable to Zion now—'*Who is she that looketh forth?*' Ah, *who is she*, indeed! It is a difficult matter to tell whether she be the spouse of Christ, or the Mother of Harlots. We get but such very indistinct views of her: she seems to be hardly awake; it is as though she was afraid to open the door and *come forth*; she only *looketh forth*: and her night clothes are so wrapped around her, that you seem puzzled to declare who she

really is. But, '*THE MORNING COMETH!*' And, then, blessed be our God, there shall be no mistake: she 'shall be fair as the moon'—(chaste, and clean escaped from all her pollutions—) 'Clear as the sun'—(manifestly justified and glorified in the Lord her righteousness,) and 'terrible as an army with banners;' being brought together into one perfect and glorious body, and made *more* than conqueror through him that loved her.

"O glorious hour! O blest abode!
She shall be *near*, and *like* her God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of her soul!"

III. '*And the stars of heaven shall fall.*' The ministers of Jesus Christ, I think, are here intended. But stop: do not be alarmed; nor think I am going to declare that these shall fall into perdition; or, scandalously fall into open sins. No: God forbid! But, I do solemnly believe, they have fallen into much weakness, obscurity, and confusion.

Travel through the churches of this highly favoured land, and answer me these two questions:—

First—*What is it*, that is preached? Is it the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God? Does the Father's everlasting love—the Son's most precious blood—the Holy Ghost's quickening, humbling, anointing, sanctifying operations, evidently, manifestatively, and powerfully burn out and blaze forth from the ministry? Alas! I say—(let men deceive themselves as they may,) IT DOES NOT! When the true nature of the gospel kingdom; and the genuine properties of the gospel ministry were revealed unto John in the Isle of Patmos, he saw the ministry as combining at least a four-fold variety. This is represented under the figure of four beasts, (or living creatures). The first has the face of a lion, to denote boldness and dignity; the second has the face of a calf, to denote cleanness and nourishment; the third has the face of a man, to denote wisdom and sympathy; the fourth has the face of an eagle, to denote keenness, deep penetration, and a soaring into the very heights of heavenly mysteries. They are said too, to have eyes before and behind; they look backward into the eternal counsels and covenant transactions; they look forward to the coming glories of the eternal world. They are said to have six wings—spiritual knowledge—living faith—gospel hope—

heavenly zeal—fervent prayer—and a burning love. Without these faces—these eyes, and these wings, no man can really glorify God, nor be truly useful to the church of Christ in the gospel ministry.

Into what, say you, have these stars fallen?—Into pride, envy, and jealousy; into an exaltation of self, instead of an exaltation of Christ; into a theoretical, philosophical, and (in some cases,) a *whimsical* abstract system, instead of being baptised by the Holy Ghost into the inexhaustible fulness of the everlasting gospel.

And it must be so; until the Spirit shall be poured upon us from on high.

IV. '*The powers of heaven are shaken.*' There appears no invincible power in either law or gospel: sinners are not alarmed; saints are not made to rejoice. Of course, there are partial exceptions to these statements; but in the main, this is the present paralyzed condition of the professing church of Christ.

I must close without one word upon the exhortation—'When these things begin to come to pass, then LOOK UP; and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh' In other words—'Let not your hearts 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.' (John xiv.)

Reader!—for the present, farewell. Read Revelations iii. 18 to 22. Great grace be with thee, prays thine to serve in the gospel,
C. W. B.

The House Built upon the Rock.

"And the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded on a rock." Matt. vii. 25.

How very little in our country do we know naturally of winds and floods, but in those parts of the world where the violence of the storm uproots the stoutest trees of the forest; and the inundations of their mighty rivers, sweep houses from their foundations, something more is known of these things naturally; and how illustrative are they of the winds and floods of persecution and trial encountered by every child of God in his path to the kingdom. Hurricanes and floods that will surely uproot every hypocrite, false professor, head notion-

alist, and free-will boaster, whether parson or people; and spread devastation and woe, ruin and distress over them; but amidst it all there stands the poor child of God on the Rock of eternal ages, all the firmer for sustaining the shock; yes; all hell hath tried, doth try, and will try, to shake the house on the rock, but that soul eternally founded there, can never be divided from it, by all the powers or devices of earth or hell. From the foundation of the world has the devil tried to sever the soul of the christian from this sure resting place; but has he succeeded? No. Will he ever succeed? Never. For the soul on the rock, never was, or ever can be, apart from it. Satan, hell, unbelief, doubts and fears, may harrass the soul, and bring it into the greatest perplexity and darkness. But has the devil gained an advantage? No. There he stands, looking (if I may use the expression,) a bigger fool than ever for his pains, whilst the christian is driven by the very means, closer to his strong hold. But must not the soul have a very particular founding on this rock, to make it so invulnerable to every shock? Ah! believer, it has a founding so particular that no chance traveller slips on this rock to gain a founding; so particular, that no free-will gentleman or lady can so twist their beautiful plans, manage their calm and smooth tempers, hatch up their well arranged prayers, subdue the rankling enmity of their hearts, and mould their nature to such a degree as they think to fit for heaven. Oh no! it is a height never to be climbed, as each soul on it knows by experience; a height that none ever reach who are not carried there; so particular a founding too, that no proud pharisee, with his beautiful and carefully whitewashed outside, long prayers, &c., can manage to gain a footing on this eternal and solid foundation of the christian. But is there any principle inherent, in the nature of the believer, different from others, that he should be meritoriously placed on this rock? In no wise. United to it from before the foundation of the world, by the free, sovereign act of God's electing love; there he stands, proving by every day's experience, that it is the eternal arm of Omnipotence holds him in the way; and not a single syllable dare he boast of keeping himself there, whatever those creeds of devilism, (huddled into

and centreing in one focus,) called by our respectable people of the day, 'man's free-will,' may say to the contrary. No: the believer can rest satisfied with no standing short of one ordered in the covenant; for whatever falls short of this is delusion, and no safety at all. There is a vast difference between free-will and human merit, creeping apparently, on the outside of this rock, so as to look very much (to the superficial observer, at least,) as if they were really founded there, and a free-grace soul, timid and trembling, hidden in the secret cleft of that rock—the life of that believer is so peculiarly hidden, that but seldom can he see he possesses one single spark of it; no wonder then that these in this cleft are so hidden from the world, and not one atom less so, from professors; many of whom hate the very name of God's covenant; but that soul's salvation that was eternally contrived, eternally secured, eternally ratified, and witnessed in heaven by the Eternal Three that bare record there, and sealed and stamped with the very blood of God, must be sure, and shall be sure. Not only do they hate the name of covenant, but what a stumbling-block is that word 'election!' They would erase it from the Book of God if they could; it is what they never can make out. Ah, but I'll tell you who can, and it is my firm belief that many a parson standing in the pulpit, preaching election as a doctrine only, knows far less, and can make far less out of it, than the poor timid creature that has got no further in experience than—'Oh, if I only knew I was personally interested in Christ!' Free-will professor! Were you ever here? No. That question, with a heart ache for its companion, is peculiar to the inhabitants of the rock.

Another part of the distinguishing truth of God, that the devil, in league with professors, have been shouldering, with a view to overturn, for years, is the sovereignty of God in the choice of his people. Ah! that 'one taken, and another left' religion they cannot bear. And what do they call the infinite Jehovah for this sovereign and free act? Why, 'An unjust God;' as though justice itself could ever be unjust. Ah! could they once feel the abominable workings of their corrupt nature, and know something of the plague of that heart they carry about with them, 'de-

ceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, how would their language be altered, and instead of charging infinite wisdom with injustice, would shrink back in astonishment, that he should have taken a single one. But when does the sovereignty of God shine forth in the mind of the christian in all its resplendent beauty, and experimental reality? Why, when a humble hope springs up in the mind that they are in this rock; and be that hope faint or weak, the effect produced in the minds of the living family of God is this: 'if ever he hath chosen me, that choice must be a sovereign one;' for with such a nature as they feel within them, it is absolutely impossible that he should have chosen them because they were better than others, or for any other reason than because he would; and they are compelled to acquit God of injustice, had he, in his purpose, left them to perish in their sins.

Another striking idea of safety presented to the mind is this—that they are preserved in this rock; and who can ever fathom the bottom of those words—'Preserved in Christ Jesus.' What daily, hourly, momentarily preservations are we continually experiencing from the hands of a covenant God! And when privileged to look back on that path through which we have been led, are we not compelled to exclaim with the poet,

"Who could hold me up but thou?"

And when reviewing that part of our life when we were dead in sin, in how many instances can those of the profane world, view the preserving care of God over them in those daring acts of outrage, scenes of riot, and debauchery, the very remembrance of which, strikes a chill into the bosom of the poor soul, who, when dead in sin, was the deliberate perpetrator of them; that man must see the hand of God in preserving him. But are those from the profane world the only people who can look back on that part of their life and view the hand of a covenant God towards them? Ah! no; the poor white-washed pharisee, with an outside daubed and plastered over with his good works, exactly the number of duties to still Mr. Conscience; and when that fidgety old gentleman was a little easy, all would do very nicely inside; and with such a pretty outside dress as free-will, what professor could ever fail of gaining a name amongst hy-

poctrites? aye, and a good one too. But that soul once brought by the mighty hand of God, naked and bare, before the searcher of hearts, stripped of such stuff, and compelled to look this way and the other for some refuge, in which to hide his guilty head, struck from every false one, till driven to that eternal rock that shelters him from every wintry blast; that soul, in a peculiar way too, views the hand of a covenant God in his preservation; and he parts with free-will from that time: for though he sink ever so deeply in trouble, does he have recourse to free-will to help him out of it? No. Is he tortured with doubts and fears?—His path surrounded with difficulties?—Darkness hovering over his head?—Can free-will help him out of this? No. He is a living witness that if that could have helped him, he would not remain in such a state. Oh, had it been possible for the devil to have furnished professors with a more suitable doctrine for his own interest, he would not have neglected doing so; he is too active for that; and had it been possible for hell to have produced gayer spangles with which to ornament this doctrine than human merit, hell would gladly have brought them forth to dress up in the most fascinating colors, this infernal lie. Who knows the nature of this lie? Not those who are rolling it as a sweet morsel under their tongue; or the clean headed opinionist who knows nothing of experience. It is the soul compelled by grace to cry with the apostle—'Who maketh thee to differ?' Ah, it is then the soul feels the very thing, that is a stench in God's nostrils, is hateful to his followers. But amidst all the doubts, fears, unbelief, trials, persecutions, and other shakings of the soul in the rock, what a sweet mercy that the foundation of our God standeth sure; yes, and the soul in the rock shall sing of the rock; the soul in the rock shall boast of the rock; the soul in the rock shall cleave to the rock: and finally, the soul in the rock, however tossed in the sea of trouble, shall find these words fulfilled in the experience of his soul to the very letter, 'And it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.'

CHARLOTTE.

He will give grace for a living hour; and grace for a dying hour; but we want a present Christ to live upon.—*J. H. Evans.*

THE

Doctrine of Eternal Punishment for Sin.

Dear brother Skellon,—May grace and peace be multiplied unto you, through the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the almighty anointings and effectual workings of God the Spirit, thereby making you fruitful and faithful in every good word and work, and abundantly willing to spend and be spent in the cause of Christ, for the real good of his people, and the exaltation of his all glorious name! May you continue preaching the everlasting gospel, with the ability God hath given to you, and may many signs follow, proving thereby the Lord is with and in you of a truth. I have a desire to send these lines to you, through the medium of the EARTHEN VESSEL; but on her wharf are so many parcels waiting for passages that makes the matter doubtful; yet I shall try the case, therefore, I must not be rambling about, nor give a long preface to this letter; if so, my parcel will get put up on the old file.

Oh! to be in possession of divine life! What a treasure! How the children of God do pant to know if the work going on in their souls is of the right kind; and that it is not fleshly excitement. Absalom (the fleshly) says, 'Oh, that I were made judge in the land, I would do every man justice! Oh, let me have my liberty, I want to pay my vows.' Oh, the deception of the heart, its aim, if let loose, shall be to destroy the Spirit, or bring it into bondage. 2 Samuel xv. 7. But, I not only look at Absalom, as being a striking type of our fleshly mind, but also of an empty professor; in this professor you shall, if you trace him out, see the very features of Absalom—a more artful man never existed; malice will lay in his heart for years, and when he shall have an opportunity to spit it out, it shall be brought about by a profession of the greatest kindness. 2 Samuel xiii. 27.—see Judas also; but awful were the ends of these men, who once pretended to have so much kindness for the poor. But, where am I going? My intention was to inform you the character that you, with the Watchman on the Walls of Zion, at Tunstall, brother Day, and the Harleston Trumpeter, sustain in the eyes, or estimation of a watchman and commander on board a little ship which sails

from another quarter. Surely, I shall not be wrong in saying, what I believe to be a libel on your character—namely, that your aim is to sow discord, and to strike at the fathers who were in the church before you were born. This is indeed what I have heard of you by a little man, in Suffolk.

I come then to notice a rather singular circumstance relative to a poor cabin-boy, that sometimes sails with the men on board the *Earthen Vessel*.

This cabin-boy was in company with one of the Suffolk ministers, some few months since, when he was instrumental in delivering him out of a dreadful snare. I wish to be explicit here, it may be some poor dear child of God is in this trap, for I know not what evil there is on the earth.

This, then, is the wicked temptation: the devil had been persuading this minister, to believe that the word '*everlasting*' did not mean '*eternal*;' and that, therefore, the punishment of the wicked would not be eternal. True, he said, 'the fire shall not be quenched, but it shall consume the wicked, and burn them into annihilation.' The cabin-boy answered, 'if such is the case, then I need not fear hell so much; nor is Christ's death so precious and valuable; however, (says the poor boy) Spira did not believe such a doctrine, for he said, while he was standing, as it were, on the wharf of the bottomless gulf, 'I would not (says Spira) refuse to endure the heavy weight of the wrath of that great God for twenty thousand years, so that I might at length attain to an end of that misery which I now know will be eternal.' Soon after this the boy left the house, little thinking the devil had fastened himself, or sown this seed of hell in his mind, nor did he know the minister was delivered from the temptation until the boy met with him again; and then the boy told this minister 'he was a wolf in sheep's clothing.' He asked, 'Why? was it because of what I said to you at my house? if so, let me tell you, I was perfectly delivered from that snare, by the words of Spira;' and then some rather edifying conversation ensued.

Lastly,—Let me tell you how this awful temptation troubled the boy; and how he was delivered out of it. He was walking along a certain road, leading

from Coddendam to Stonham, Suffolk, when he was assailed by the enemy in the way following: 'You know (says the devil) that the word *everlasting* does not mean *eternal*,—look at the word: the Jews broke the everlasting covenant; now, you know they did not break Christ's covenant—that is eternal; the sheep have eternal life; but the wicked shall be annihilated, as this man says.' At this kind of reasoning, the poor boy was put to a stand; at last he called out loud, 'O Lord, take the devil away, for I cannot combat with him.' Directly afterwards, the boy was internally asked, 'Do you know the reason you could not combat the devil?' He replied, 'No.' Then the answer was given, 'Because you will not read the Word; that is, the sword of the Spirit, by which you shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one.' A few days afterwards, while on his road to Ipswich, the temptation was as before, upon the word *everlasting*, when some one says, 'read Jude;' the boy answered, 'I know what is in Jude;' so he did not turn to his Bible. Something said again—'Do you know it was the adversary prevented your looking to your Bible?' Then, in a moment, the Bible was pulled out, and the boy read these words, 'suffering the vengeance of eternal fire.' The boy is unable to tell out what he felt; for the deliverance was of so solemn a nature, it made him tremble and rejoice. He thanked the Lord for the deliverance—and yet trembled at the doctrine of eternal fire. Oh, to be delivered from that. Will eternity be too long to sing hallelujah to the King of kings and Lord of lords, for his precious blood? Ever speak well of that; stand by that, and that shall stand by you. I would say much more upon this precious blood, and glorious person, the God of heaven and earth; but, my paper is full—must conclude, kind regard to Mrs. S. and to your dear son, whom I trust is snatched as a brand from the everlasting burning. I am still in the wilderness, without any work for my hands to do, or prospect, but that of trouble, for the words are with me: 'I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness; then will I speak comfortably unto her.'

I remain, yours, in hope of eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

C. C.

The Backslider Reclaimed.

"Stand! stand! thou rebel!" Justice cries;
 "For all attempts to flee are vain;
 And thou thy guilt couldst not disguise,
 For guilt hath reach'd the clouds again."

"For vengeance, now, thy sins do call,
 And vengeance now I've come to pay:
 Beneath my sword thou now must fall,
 And what canst thou now dare to say?"

"O, guilty! guilty! yet, do spare!
 For I of sinners am the chief;
 O listen, listen, to my prayer,
 Remember the poor dying thief."

Stern justice then with wrath enflam'd,
 His glittering two-edged sword did shew;
 And in his rage he thus exclaimed,
 "Deceitful wretch, receive the blow."

"Hold, justice!" cried a voice so sweet,
 "And tell me what is thy demand?
 His debts I'll pay, his bills I'll meet;
 And in his woeful place I'll stand;"

"Take off his yoke, set him at large;
 In sorrow he shall not repine;
 Come, mercy, write out his discharge,
 For I will own him still as mine."

"My blood shall justice satisfy,
 My blood will cleanse the foulest stains:
 For sinners of a crimson dye,
 Shall prove the virtue of my pains."

"For I remember Calvary still,
 'Twas there his crimson crimes I saw;
 And there, for him, my blood did spill,
 To satisfy thy holy law."

"And now I'm here, his cause to plead,
 As Prophet, Counsellor, and King;
 His guilt shall make his conscience bleed,
 But love shall make his heart to sing."

"So come, poor helpless sinner, come,
 And wipe away those falling tears;
 For in my heart there still is room,
 To sympathise and heal thy fears."

Ah, Lord! thy love, my heart has broke;
 'Tis shame, 'tis shame belongs to me;
 Yet who could stand against that look?
 That look has conquered even me.

And of thy love, to all I'll tell,
 I'll talk, and sing of thy free grace;
 For thou hast saved a wretch from hell,
 The vilest of the human race.

O, grant, dear Lord, that I may lie,
 Like Mary, weeping at thy feet;
 And when thou callest me to die,
 I then thy praises will repeat.

I then will hallelujahs raise
 To him that sits upon the throne:
 His mercy I will ever praise,
 And ever he shall wear the crown.

Lincolnehouse, London. THOMAS HALL.

Thirty-nine Questions to Unitarians.

1. Do we not read in the Word of God, of the 'mysteries of the kingdom of heaven?' Is not the inscrutable manner of Jehovah's existence, one? Nay! is it not the highest, the most adorable *mystery of all*? Is it not a *divine* revelation, receivable solely, and alone, by a faith *divine*? Is not to rationalize it—to attempt to remove the mystery of it—to endeavour to make it plain to reason—(one and all,) the same as to destroy it? Consequently, what other word

can we apply to such conduct, (in a consistency with truth,) save *blasphemy*?

2. In professing a disbelief in any religious dogma which you cannot comprehend, are you not deceived? You believe that Jehovah, the great adorable God of heaven and earth, could have prevented the entrance of original evil into this world. And as your preachers often enlarge with eloquence and pleasure, on the beautiful words—'*God is love*,' how do you reconcile this glorious truth, with all the 'ills flesh is heir to,' the miseries, woes, pains, sorrows, anguish and torments, man has been subject to, nearly six thousand years? Is not this a truth which you *believe* but cannot *comprehend*?

3. Is not the doctrine of a Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, as clearly, as fully, and as indisputably stated in Holy Writ, as the unity of the Godhead? Why, then, not believe *both*? Why do you reject half the Bible?

4. On the hypothesis that Christ is a mere man, how is he the 'Lord from heaven,' 'God's fellow,' the brightness of the Father's glory, and the *express image* of his person?

5. Are not believers in the great, and ever-blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, pronounced *blessed*? And by the same eternal word, are not all who trust in man, pronounced *curst*? Are believers, then, *both blessed and curst at one and the same time*?

6. Do we not read—'The children being partakers of flesh and blood, *he* likewise, *himself*, took part of the same?' Does a mere man take upon himself flesh and blood? Who is this *HE* and *HIMSELF*?

7. Does not the awful hypothesis, that Christ is a mere man, involve the shocking absurdity that every man is the only begotten of the Father? If, then, the term '*only begotten*,' cannot be applied to any mere man, does it not therefore belong to him, solely and alone as the eternal Son of the eternal Father, in truth and love?

Leicester.

J. II

(To be Continued.)

"Christ is the preserver of grace; all the grace that is in us, is in Christ Jesus; he keeps all our graces for us. As the beams of the sun is said to be in the sun, because they are preserved by their union with the sun, 'our life is hid with Christ in God;' hid as the life of a tree is hid in the root, as the being of a stream is hid in the fountain. And herein is the comfort of believers, that their condition is more stable and immutable, and safe, than ever Adam's was in innocency, for he had all perfections of a creature, but they were in his own keeping; but now all the grace that is in a believer is in Christ Jesus, by whom and in whom grace is safely preserved, so as it shall never perish."

The Living and Dying Experience of the late Elizabeth Howling.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS: — According to my implied wish, and agreeable with your expressed desire, I proceed to furnish the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, with an account of the dealings of the Lord, with, and in the behalf of, the late Miss Elizabeth Howling, whose immortal soul departed from its mortal tenement, on the night of Jan. 2, 1847, at Aldborough, in the county of Suffolk, to be for ever in the possession, and enjoyment of everlasting bliss, in an upper and brighter world, there to realise the presence of Jesus without a cloud between.

Surely the Lord is yet pleased to make his hidden ones manifest even in these dark and gloomy days in which we live, and that in his own appointed time; and for which purpose he is pleased to work by such means as proclaim and declare his own sovereign will. As we behold his dear children in his own time born, (that is of the Spirit,) not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God; and thereby he bringeth to light the hidden things of darkness, which lay concealed and locked up in his infinite and eternal mind, according to his eternal purpose; and as things standing in his irrevocable and immutable decree; and thus to every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven; and these times and seasons, wherein he bringeth his purposes to pass, proclaim aloud his divine sovereignty, whether they declare the counsels of his will, in the pouring out of his judgments, or the manifestations of his mercy; so that we exclaim with profound acquiescence and holy reverence, 'He giveth no account of his matters;' while we behold some of Adam's race, who from the first dawns of reason in them, have been accustomed to sit under the sound of gospel truth, and have shewn a sort of natural interest in, and attachment to truth, which, from connection and habit they have been wont to attend to, yet have accomplished the number of their days without the least good ground to hope they ever experienced a passing from spiritual death unto spiritual life, through the life giving power of the Holy Ghost in the matter of the new-birth, without which it is impossible an entrance can be given into the kingdom of heaven; and some others who have, in their connections been encompassed about with God-fearing relations and friends, in the midst of precept, example, and affectionate invitations, as concerning the mere attendance on outward means of grace; yet have manifested the natural opposition, and native enmity of the human heart against God, and against the ways of God; yet notwithstanding

all such manifested dislike and opposition, they have been brought, through the invincible power of God, to know and to feel themselves lost sinners, and to find by happy and heart-felt experience, that Christ hath died for their sins and hath risen again for their justification; the realization of which blessed truths having been wrought in their souls, through the work, the almighty operation of God the Holy Ghost; they have, (through grace,) on being taken away from the evil to come, left behind them a blessed, a soul comforting, a Christ glorifying, and grace exalting testimony, that they have passed under the rod, and were brought into the bond of the everlasting covenant, while we have beheld them as the prisoners of hope sent forth out of the pit wherein is no water, through the blood of the everlasting covenant. The truth of this latter position has been exemplified in the case, conversion, and death-bed experience of Miss Elizabeth Howling, of whom, and concerning which, the few remarks here penned were witnessed by an eye and ear witness to the great mercy manifested, and sovereign love displayed in the conversion and death of this object of eternal love, who writes as follows:

Elizabeth Howling was born into this world of sin and sorrow on the 26th day of March, 1807, and at an early age came to reside with her grandfather and grandmother, who brought her up with as much affection as though she had been their own child. Like all the rest of Adam's race, she was a lover of worldly pleasure, and neither felt the sinfulness of sin, nor the necessity of being born again. Her dear grandmother was the subject of the new-birth, and thereby was made to feel herself a lost sinner, and also to feel her soul washed and cleansed from sin, in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, the precious, sin-atoning, all-cleansing blood of Christ; she knew what it was to feel her feet on the Rock Christ Jesus the Rock of eternal ages, and to realise the joys of salvation, through the work and power of the divine comforter, the Holy Ghost; lived a life of faith on the Son of God, whom she was made to know had loved her and gave himself for her: enjoyed much of his spiritual presence, and for a long time before she departed hence, earnestly, and familiarly used to pray with sweet nearness to the feet of Jesus, and say, 'When, dear Jesus, will you take your weary, longing pilgrim home, to dwell with you?' I cannot describe, (says her daughter,) her fearlessness of death, her holy longing to be with Christ, her firm faith, nor half the blessedness wrought in her soul by God the Holy Ghost. She went home to glory on Tuesday

a quarter past five in the afternoon, December 30, 1845, without a struggle or a groan; her Saviour kissed her soul away, and took it to himself. This dear parent of mine, (says Elizabeth's aunt,) frequently used to say to me, 'Betsy, I believe Elizabeth is a child of God;' I answered, at present I can see no proof of that: no evidence whatever being given. Well, my dear mother has again said, 'From what I have felt in communion and wrestling with God, on her behalf I believe it will be made evident that she is before she dies.'

From her having been accustomed to read the Word of God daily, and hymn and other books to her grandmother, it is presumed she was not ignorant of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and that without any works of the sinner by way of merit; that she knew the demerit of sin, and the utter helplessness of the creature; but though she knew these things, she felt them not. Oh! ye multitudes of cradle-trained, mere Sunday-school professors of the name of Jesus, so abundant in this day: having a form of godliness, and being destitute of the power thereof, nothing short of almighty power, as displayed in the new birth, can constitute a vital religion, without which, dead creeds received by traditions from your fathers, and mere theoretical knowledge of Scriptural truth, and a mere profession of the same, will leave you without a refuge, and without a hope in the swellings of Jordan, and destitute of a leg whereon to stand before the bar of God, in God's tremendous day of judgment.

Elizabeth's health had been but very indifferent for three or four years, but after the death of her grandmother, she came to live with me, (says her aunt,) and appeared to gain health and strength, but manifested no love to the ways of God, to the preached gospel, or to family worship, which seemed a burden to her; her thoughts were occupied with earthly things expecting shortly to become a wife; but God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, which is our mercy, for he intended far different things for her, things which she knew not, and far more blessed than she had thoughts of. She went out in the September of 1846, to visit some friends at Woodbridge, and at Ipswich, and while staying at the latter place was seized by the English Cholera in a fearful manner, so bad that her friends did not expect her recovery, but it pleased the Lord to restore her, at least sufficient for her return home to Aldborough, but very weak and greatly altered; and shortly after had a slight relapse, which, by the blessing of God attending the means used, subsided. But alas! its effects were deep rooted, the seeds of disease had laid hold as with an iron grasp, on the vital principle; pains in the bowels fre-

quently returned, and her illness gradually increased, until it was considered needful to have medical advice; and about the 14th. of November she went to her bed, was blistered, and every means used from that time to the day of death, but disease gained ground, and although I have been accustomed to witness the taking down of many of my fellow mortals by disease, yet never did I behold sufferings so acute and distressing as her's. At the commencement of her illness I spoke to her of the state of her soul, (which I had been in the habit of doing for years,) to which things she would say, 'Well aunt, I do not think I shall die; but you well know I cannot convert myself.' I answered I am aware of that, but the Word says, 'Seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you;' yet the felt sense of need to seek and to knock with the will and power to do, comes from God, through the work and power of his Spirit put forth in the sinner. At every opportunity, I took occasion to speak to her on soul-matters; and sometimes have said, You will, I fear, dislike my waiting on you, because I am so frequently talking to you about these things. But she answered, 'No, aunt; I like to hear you.' I felt it my duty to read the word to, and call upon God with her and for her, and one morning after I arose from prayer she burst into tears, and said, 'Oh, aunt, I cannot pray so.' I answered, My dear Elizabeth, prayer is not merely the words which flow from the mouth, many are uttered where there is no prayer at all; it is the cry of the heart that is prayer in the sight of God. 'Well, aunt,' said she, 'my heart is constantly going up to God to be taught by his Spirit, washed in his blood, and clothed in his righteousness.' I ought to have said, continues her aunt, in her diary, we had invited a minister of Jesus Christ to read and pray with her by her own desire, who had done so previous to this time, and twice or three times afterwards, at the same time giving her this caution that it was not the prayers of others could be any dependence for our souls. 'I know that aunt,' she replied, but 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' One morning after a night of keen bodily sufferings, she said to me, 'Aunt, I shall go to glory.' I said Elizabeth, what is the foundation of that hope? if it is in the mere mercy of God, you are deceived, for he is also a just God, and will by no means clear the guilty, only through the blood and righteousness of Christ, and we must be brought to a godly sorrow for, and an hatred to sin, and to flee unto, and feel a love for Jesus before we have any firm hope to rest upon relative to our being in glory. 'Well aunt, she said, I do, and have felt a sorrow for sin, as done against God by me, and I look entirely to Christ for salvation; and last night

he appeared before me, hanging on the cross, and looked upon me with such a look of love, that I do feel I shall go to glory through him.' I said, I am satisfied it is the work of God upon and in you, but dearly as I love you, and painful to natural feelings as it has been, I would not, dared not, have attempted to buoy you up with false hopes. By this time the water in her body had gained much upon her, yet no murmuring; and when her medical attendant plainly told her she would not recover, but would live on earth but a short time, she received his statement with great calmness, and said there would be but little food for the worms; I said, Well, dear, I think Mr. B. told you very plainly what he thinks of you, I thought perhaps rather too plainly. 'Not at all aunt,' she answered, 'why should he deceive me? besides I do not wish to live on earth; we all must die once, and if God please I am quite willing to die now.' On Lord's-day morning, December 27, 1846, the water so pressed her heart that her agonies were indescribable; we were indeed much grieved to see her sufferings, and at her request, sent for Mr. B. who performed the operation of tapping, which he went through with great firmness, and by which operation twelve pints of water were taken from her. On the Monday-morning she was very ill, and said to me, I almost wish I had not gone through the operation.' I answered, Why, my dear? She replied I should have been in heaven before this; for Mr. B. said the agonies I was enduring must have terminated my life before nine o'clock last night.' I told her there were bounds set for her time on earth, and till that moment came, she could not die, but God had promised strength equal to her day. She appeared happy in her mind, and in the evening fell asleep; upon awaking she cried out, 'Where am I? Where am I? I thought I was in heaven! But oh! I am back to this vile earth again!' and rising herself up in the bed, she raised her eyes with earnestness heavenward, and uplifting and opening wide her arms, she cried with a plaintive and loud cry, 'I want to go to Jesus! Oh, why? Oh, why do you try to keep me from going to Jesus? I long, I long, I want to go to Jesus.' I said, my dear, we do not keep you from Jesus: your times are in his hands, and may he give you patience till his time and your change come. She was asked if she felt the sting of death? she answered 'Death hath no sting to me; I long to be in heaven; I have been there; I am there now. Oh, I am so happy, aunt! I cannot tell you how happy I am! Happy beyond expression.' After this, upon her telling me of the happiness she was feeling, I said to her, I should wish if possible, when she came into the swellings of Jordan, if she found Christ was with her, and heaven open

for her, she would give me a sign of the same, if she was unable then to tell me. 'Well aunt,' she said, 'if I cannot then speak, I will, if possible give you a sign, and if not, take this as my dying testimony, I am fully persuaded of being with Christ;' and she said, 'I want to be with God, eternally shut in.' On the Thursday, her death was fully expected, and willing to see the last of her here, four of us sat up with her, and she fell fast asleep, and to our astonishment in that sleep sang aloud—

"Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then oh how pleasant, the conqueror's song."

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

And did not awake for some little space of time; when she awoke she exclaimed, 'Oh! I have been to heaven; and have been along with my dear grandmother.' I said, how did you know it was your grandmother! 'Oh! she said, 'I knew her very well; and she knew me well.' I said, can you tell me what she said to you? 'No, aunt,' she said 'I cannot, for there were great numbers all so busy in singing, and I sung too, as well as I could,' (which we had a proof of, in her sleep.) Well, I said, how did your grandmother look, perhaps you can tell? 'Yes, aunt,' she replied, 'that I can; she was clothed with a long white robe from top to bottom, head and all.' She fell asleep again, and a dear aged pilgrim present said, 'these are glorious things, but I fear we shall not know by what means they were inwrought in her soul.' I said, perhaps we may; God is shewing out great things, and she may disclose this also. Well, after some time, she awoke again; and I said to her 'The last time you awoke, you told out such blessed things, that our friends here long to know when they were first powerfully impressed on your heart?' She immediately said, 'Well, aunt, I can tell you that also, the first time Mr. Skelton read and prayed with me, he read the 33rd chapter of Job, and the Lord applied it as well as his prayer, to my soul; so that from that time I saw different, felt different, and felt changed altogether.' We got the Bible, and read the chapter, and she said it was no particular verse, but God spoke to her through the whole chapter. She was a little comforted in her bodily feelings a day or two before her death; and she said 'What do you think I am afraid of, aunt?' I said, I do not know my dear. 'Well,' said she, 'I am afraid the Lord is about making me well again, and bringing me back to earth.' I answered, My dear, that is a vain fear; for assuredly you will never leave this bed till he take you to himself. She answered, 'Bless God for that. Oh! I shall be in heaven!' (and working her fingers, as though actually engaged in striking the cords of an harp already strung,)

' shall seize the harp, (as my dear grandmother used to say,) and praise redeeming love.' On Friday night and Saturday, dying, but quite sensible, she was asked how she came to Jesus? To which she answered, ' Poor and naked in myself, wanting all from him.' About nine o'clock on Saturday night she began saying aloud, and in the most expressive tone of voice, and with peculiar emphasis, expressive of inward, and heart-felt glory—

" Glorious things are spoken of thee,
O, Zion, city of our God."

And then immediately and most sweetly sung—

" What is this, absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly;
O, grave, where is thy victory?
O, death, where is thy sting?"

And immediately said—

" None but Jesus; none but Jesus;
Can do helpless sinners good.

A few minutes after she said, ' Grandmother come.' And after this spake no more.

Reader! There is a divine reality in the religion of Jesus; it is a living religion produced in the soul by the life-giving power of God the Holy Ghost, so that its possessors are enabled, through the power of the Holy Ghost, to triumph, to sing, and to rejoice, even while passing through death's cold flood in the glorious prospect, and anticipation of everlasting bliss, and never-ending felicity, in the bright world beyond the skies. But to return to the closing scene of our dear sister's life:—

A little before her death, her medical attendant came into the room, about half-past ten; he said, ' she is dying fast; I should think she will be here a very little time.' I called up my dear friend to see the last of her. Mr. B. said ' what is that she is doing? She is giving some sign.' I said, Oh, sir, my dear niece promised me if Christ was present with her, and heaven open to her view, in the swellings of Jordan, she would give a sign. ' Well,' said he, ' she has now done so.' Oh! said I, but I did not see it. She again raised her arm and waved her hand round her head in token of victory; again all in the room saw it but myself, which I cannot account for; I felt grieved at heart that I did not see it; and, with tears, I said to her, My dear Elizabeth, you have given the promised sign, but oh, your poor aunt did not see it.' She tried to speak, but was unable; but with great difficulty again raised her arm the third time, and waved her hand round and round her head; this time I saw it, and exclaimed, Victory! Victory! Victory! Her arm nor hand never moved after. She entered into rest, at a quarter past eleven

on Saturday night, January 2, 1847; and her mortal remains were interred in the churchyard at Aldborough, in hope of a glorious resurrection, according to the word of the Lord, ' they that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.' Thus lived, thus died, and thus was buried this elect vessel of mercy. And seeing it is recorded, Ps cxlv. 10, 11, 12, ' All thy works shall praise thee, O, Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee, they shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power.' What for? To make known to the sons of men, his mighty acts and the glorious majesty of his kingdom, therefore, a public declaration of these Christ-glorifying, grace-exalting facts was made by me in a funeral discourse on the occasion, in Aldringham Chapel, from the words recorded in Job xxxiii. 29, 30. ' Lo! all these things worketh God oftentimes with man to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living;' the substance of which discourse was to shew that Jehovah hath a purpose to fulfill in the behalf of his men, yea, every individual one of those who are interested in his purpose of love, namely to bring back his soul from the pit of spiritual death and darkness. 2. As he fulfils his purpose in the behalf of his people, in quickening them by his Spirit, he enlightens them with the light of the living, making them to possess the light of life. 3. That for the accomplishment of his purpose, he is pleased oftentimes to work by afflictions of body, for lo, all these things mentioned in the chapter worketh God oftentimes with man to bring back his soul from the pit; and 4. To show or declare the ground of our hope that the Lord had dealt thus with our departed sister in Jesus. It was a solemn, serious and weighty season; and while the power of God was testified of, and witnessed to, the free grace dealings of the Lord were proclaimed. It appeared that many of the dear Lord's children ' rejoiced for the consolation,' while the tear of joy and sorrow on the cheeks of many seemed to tell that grace, and Jesus' dying love, hath a constraining influence when power goes forth with it, to melt the hard and flinty heart, while grace, free sovereign, almighty grace is the burden of the discourse, and Jesus Christ the subject of the song.

Thus, dear brethren and sisters in Jesus, ye who must soon pass the same way, I have given you an account of the dealings of the Lord with one who has gone before us into the land of bliss and joy. May you and I be found like unto servants waiting for our Lord's bidding when he shall say, ' Friend! come up higher;' and may the reading of the above account comfort your hearts—gladden your souls—and invigorate your minds in the prospect of being called to

'prepare stuff for removing,' from this land of deserts, and of pits, this land of drought, and of the shadow of death. A bright crown is laid up for us; a glorious mansion is already prepared for us; and all its bliss is reserved for us; and soon we, with all the eternally clected, blood-redeemed, regenerated throng, shall meet around the throne to celebrate the high praises of Jehovah Jesus; while we shall eternally share in the victories and triumphs he has won by his death on the cross, his resurrection from the dead, his ascension into heaven, and his glorious setting down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. So writes, so prays,

Your's to serve in the bowels of Christ,
WILLIAM SKELTON, S.S.

Baptist Parsonage, Aldringham, Suffolk,
Feb. 19, 1846.

THE DYING

Testimony of William Lapworth,

Who departed this life, Feb. 22, 1847.

WILLIAM LAPWORTH was many years a serjeant in the police force; he was a member of the church under the pastoral care of Mr. Hughes, Trinity Chapel, Hackney, and was well known to many as a man that walked in the truth and fear of God. His remains were interred in the burial ground adjoining Dr. Burder's Chapel, on Thursday, March 4, when the following testimony of his faith and consolation in the article of death, (as taken down by his sister,) was read by C. W. Banks, after an address from Proverbs xiv. 32.

DURING the affliction which the Lord caused him to pass through, he said, 'I have found Jesus very precious indeed; he is all in all to my soul.' And as the time drew near for his departure, he said, 'My heart is steadfastly fixed upon Jesus; he is my only strength; he is a strong hold in the day of trouble; I have often found him to be a very strong hold; Oh, precious Jesus! Oh, if we were as faithful to him as he is to us how we should love him.' Four days before his departure, it pleased the Lord as it were to draw aside the veil—He said, I have seen the mansions in my father's house; so glorious was the sight that I cannot describe the many mansions; oh, the glorious sight! '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;' 'and I am going to my Father; oh, the host of attendants! They seem to walk with such a glorious dignity that they cannot stoop to look down on creatures, only unto those that they are sent, their glorious dignity is so great. I shall cast

my crown at the Saviour's feet and be clothed with the robe of righteousness: I am only going a little before you; I shall be taken from the evil to come, for there is a trial coming upon the church; the Lord is coming to search Jerusalem with candles; and many will fall away, but the weakest will stand, because feeling their weakness they will cleave closer to Jesus.

"God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade,
E'er we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid."

'I am going to mount Zion, the city of the living God; to the heavenly Jerusalem; to the general assembly, and church of the first born. Oh, the innumerable company, and Jesus in the midst as a Prince, and he has taken them there; eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, what joys the Father hath prepared for all the lovers of Jesus. I long to be with him. Cleave to Jesus, for he is worth cleaving to.

"My tongue above the rest shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well."

He sung—

"How did my heart rejoice to hear,
My friends devoutly say,
In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

He said to his partner in life, and to his sister 'How is it that you look so sorrowful, while I am singing? You ought to rejoice too; don't grieve; we shall soon meet again; the river of Jordan is a wide river; but the valley is not very dark, for Jesus is a light. He again sung—

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear,
Heav'n with the echo shall resound.
And all the earth shall hear."

Oh, precious Jesus, what would the valley of death be without Jesus? I am the purchase of his blood; oh, more than conqueror! To his partner in life he said, 'Cleave close to Jesus; live near to him, and he will be near you in the cloud, he will never leave you nor forsake you, he will be your husband, and your comforter; trust in him; you will soon come too.' To his sister he said, 'Cleave close to Jesus; trust in him, and be not afraid; 'he is a brother born for adversity;' he will be your brother, fear not; he hath begun the work, and he will finish it; he will soon give you the satisfaction without a doubt of saying 'Jesus is mine, and I am his;' wait for him.' To a stanger, standing by, he said, 'Do you know Jesus? Is he precious to you? He is a friend to poor sinners; he is so precious to me a poor sinner that I would recommend him to you; do you feel your need of him? Because

"All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him."

'The religion of Jesus Christ is very simple;

it is Christ dwelling in the heart, the Spirit working, and the word speaking; it is all inward; so that Christ is there the hope of glory; I have found it so, and this is my hope within.' A very short time before his departure, he said, 'I am going to paradise, to that inheritance that fadeth not away, and to drink of the fountain of life in my father's house.'

"There we shall see his face,
And never never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

'Oh, how my thirsty soul longs to be gone, and to cast my crown at the feet of the blessed Lord Jesus. I do not fear death, because I shall be more than conqueror, through the blood of the Lamb. Farewell! till we meet again in glory.' Shortly after he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

These things were born witness to by his affectionate wife. MARY LAPWORTH.

SOME

Thoughts on a Minister of the Spirit,

By Mr. Samuel Lane,
Minister of Bethesda Chapel, Hull.

IN our number for January, we commenced a series of extracts from the testimonies of faithful servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, respecting their call to, and commission for the Gospel Ministry. We begun with that venerable, laborious, and truly experimental man of God, Samuel Lane, of Hull; and having since that been favoured with a kind, and christian-like epistle from him, we are authorised to proceed with further quotations from that scarce work of his, entitled 'An Ambassador of Peace from the Prince of Life to Zion's Citizens.' In our next quotation he says:—

"As I have, in the former chapter, stated my call, I shall in this, inform the reader what further evidences I had to step forward in the Lord's vineyard. About the year 1802, there was an old Itinerant preacher, whose name was Morley, who had been a preacher in Lady Huntington's connection. This old gentleman used frequently, to come to my house, and I well remember one morning, as he and I were sitting by the fire, I began to relate the dream I had the night before, which was as follows:—

"I thought I was at a village a few miles from Boston, in a small room crowded full of people, who had met for public worship, but no appearance of any minister amongst them; they all seemed eagerly looking for somebody to begin the service, when no one attempted to step forward; at length a grave person whispered in my ear, saying, 'You must preach here to night.' I trembled at the news, sensible of my own insufficiency to the work, I made the following reply:

'I have no text upon my mind, and how can I speak? or how can you desire I should? I was still urged to begin, when, at last, with much reluctance, I made an attempt, and began to engage in prayer, when and where I also found great liberty; before I had concluded my petition at the throne of grace, the following passage was brought with great power to my mind: viz. 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work.' This was no sooner brought to my mind, than the following ideas accompanied the same with equal power to the former, and I divided the text in the following way, (viz.)

"I. The Wisdom of God.

"II. The Power of God, and

"III. The Glory of God.

"I found great liberty on each particular, and spoke a long time to the following effect:—

[Here our author details the discourse, which he then dreamed he delivered.]

"It may be thought a thing incredible that such an exact account could be given from a night vision; but, however incredible it may seem, I can assure the reader, that the above is not, in any particular, exaggerated, as not one half of what was then brought to my mind, is here stated.

"When I related the above to the old gentleman, Mr. Morley, he could not forget it for a long time afterwards, and whenever he came to my house after, he used to say, I cannot help thinking of your dream! I am much pleased with it, and I believe God intends to call you to the work of the ministry.'—He, however, fixed a time for me to speak before him, which was the Sunday after I had the above revelation, and I agreed to go with him to Freeston, about three miles from Boston, and to speak in the evening in a new chapel, erected for a person of the name of Platt."

"I told the old gentleman I hoped he would be honest with me, and tell me what he thought of my call to the work; thinking at the same time, it was impossible for him to err in his judgment on the business. Here I was leaning too much to the creature; but God soon brought me off from that.

"The evening came on, and the time arrived for me to make my appearance as a preacher. When I ascended the pulpit I trembled every limb, and wished myself down again; but it was now too late for that, I therefore prayed that God would enable me, that once, to speak all I had experienced of his goodness with me, and then I would never presume to speak more in so public a manner. I took my text out of Psalm lvi. 13. I found great liberty, and the people declared if they had not known me before, they could not have supposed but

I had been a preacher for seven years. This I call my first sermon, which was on April 4, 1802.'

[From this time, Samuel Lane was kept in the work, though, (as it always is the case,) he found the path a rough one.]

We here copy the substance of a letter written by him and inserted in the 'Gospel Magazine,' in the year 1809.

*Thoughts on a Minister of the Spirit ;
Or, a brief description of a Ministerial Call.*

"A minister of the Spirit is one who has the witness of the Spirit within him, whereby he knows by heart-felt experience, that he is called by God to the work ; this was Paul's settled belief ; hence, he says, 'Now he that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who hath given us the earnest of his Spirit. Who hath made us able ministers of the New Testament ; not of the letter, but of the Spirit ; wherefore, (says Paul,) I was made a minister according to the gift of the grace of God given unto me by the effectual working of his power.' A person of this description is one chosen of God to bear his name to his chosen people, see Acts ix. 15 ; ordained of old to the office of the ministry, see Jeremiah i. 5 ; called forth in time to the work, through the powerful operation of God the Spirit on his heart, Isaiah lxi. 1, 2, 3. Taught to understand the truths of the gospel in the school of Christ, John vi. 45, whereby he is made to know God for himself, and to come forward with these words in his own experience :— 'Thus saith the Lord my God ;' not merely 'Thus saith the Lord,' but 'Thus saith the Lord MY God,' to denote that he really knows for himself God to be his God, see Zechariah xi. 4. Such a one will not only have the gift of prophesy, but he will sensibly feel, for his own comfort, the refreshing influence of the glorious things he predicts that shall come upon the church of God. He not only understands all mysteries, but happily enjoys the real life of God in his own soul ; he not only preaches all the glorious doctrines of grace contained in the gospel, but has a feeling sense and rich experience of the effects of them in his own heart, and by a living faith in Christ, he is enabled to rejoice in the finished work of the cross, through an enjoyment of God's pardoning love in the blood of atonement, applied to the heart by the Lord the Spirit ; the effect of which frees him from the slavish bondage and legal workings of the moral law in his conscience. He not only preaches up christian experience, but really experiences what he himself preaches ; and when this is the case, what he advances comes from the heart, and such experiences go to the heart again, and such miraculous im-

pressions of God the Spirit on his soul emboldens and enables him to declare the truth, detect and expose error, strike at the root of rotten hypocrisy, preach the gospel in its purity, and honourably declare its glorious and most important essentials, whereby the church is edified, sinners are convicted, the cause of God strengthened, and God himself is glorified. I should be very loth to believe that a man was really called to the work of the ministry, unless he had some visionary token of God's approbation, or was possessed of some miraculous impressions of God's Spirit on his own heart. Before a man can be considered as called of God to preach the gospel he must

1. Know what it is to be in legal bondage through the convincing power and killing letter of the law, working guilt, wrath, condemnation, and death, in his own soul ; and he must be made sensible what it is to have his mouth stopped, his boasting excluded, his hopes cut off, his refuges taken away, his soul left without a covering, and himself standing as a guilty criminal at the bar of God, with all his sins as so many adversaries and strong evidences in court against him, standing in open view before him, all the thoughts of his heart summoned as the jury to give in the verdict, while conscience gives the casting vote ; all of which, together with a sight of the hand of justice, having hold of the flaming sword of God's vengeance, expecting every moment to be cut down ; he will, under these apprehensions, cry out, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me ?' Thus being brought to behold the purity of God's law, the impurity of his own heart, the strict requirements of obedience to its divine precepts, and his own inability to satisfy its vast demands ; the curses it denounces against the failure in one point, and knowing he has broken it in ten thousand instances ; that a condemned person can never go to glory ; and that by the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified ; all hopes of salvation forsake him, and he concludes that hell itself is ordained for him ; and in this state he remains until God by his Spirit, freely delivers him out of it. But then he must be first in it, before he can know what it is to enjoy liberty from it, and he must enjoy liberty from it, before he can be a fit person to preach to others about it. He must therefore,

"2. Know what it is to enjoy a full and free pardon of all his sins, past, present, and to come, through the powerful application of Christ's blood to his heart, through which his conscience will be freed from guilt : his soul will be freed from the fetters of darkness, and at the sight of the cross, his burden will fall from his shoulders, and then he will joyfully leap forth into gospel liberty, see Romans viii. 2. Thus will the Spirit of

God work true faith in the soul, and then draw that divine principle into lively action, enabling the possessor of it to lay hold of that robe that justifies him in God's sight from all eternity; the real evidence of which brought home to his heart, acquits the conscience of every charge, frees it from guilt, and enables the believer to say, being justified by faith, I have peace with God Romans v. 1. *i. e.* justified in God's sight, in the righteousness of Christ, and in the conscience, by or through a living faith in what Christ has done and suffered for him. Thus when true faith views the cross, the burden drops from the back; when faith lays hold on the best robe, the conscience is freed from all condemnation; when faith looks to the surety, the law can have no claim on the debtor; when faith takes hold on the horns of the altar, the avenger of blood can never lay hold on the sinner; when faith looks to Jesus for deliverance, justice pronounces the sinner innocent for ever; and when faith keeps her eye on the captain, the poor soul is sure of final victory. Thus the Spirit of the living God, agreeable to eternal love engagement, himself takes possession of the heart, abides as a living principle in the soul, draws out all his own graces in lively exercise, and graciously demonstrates liberty to the man possessed therewith; 'for where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty;' and no man can be a real minister of the Spirit, but what has the true witness of the Spirit of God in his own soul, bearing an evident testimony to his conscience that he is really called, and fully sent of God as an heir of promise, to do the work of an evangelist. See Romans viii. 16. 2 Timothy iv. 5. Now such a one will,

"3. Know that his call is real, not merely because he may be solicited by the people of God to go forth in the work; for I believe thousands, in the present day have no more call than what they receive from a few old women who call themselves believers; nor is it because vast numbers flock to hear him, that he has any proof of his commission from God; and, although he may be possessed of great volubility, and may have great zeal in the work he is engaged in, many, apparently, called under his ministry, and be much applauded by the religious world: all this with a thousand times more, will not be sufficient to satisfy him that he is really called of God to the office he sustains, unless he has the witness of the Spirit within him; which nothing short of a miraculous impression of God's Spirit on his heart will ever bring forth the decision in his own conscience. Now, what I mean by a powerful and miraculous impression on his heart, is this, that he is called of God to this work by an internal call, the force of which makes his, (God's) word like a fire in his

bones, so that he can no longer withhold telling poor sinners what God has done for his soul, *i. e.* how, and where, he found him, viz. in a waste howling wilderness, cast out into the open field to the loathing of his person: how he quickened his soul, and made it alive unto himself and brought him to a feeling sense of his own state by nature and practise; how he broke his heart by the power of blood applied, and then healed the wound by the same efficacious balm; how he took away his filthy garments and invested him with a change of raiment; how he liberated him from legal bondage, and made him rejoice in the finished work of the cross; how he fed him with spiritual food, and made him drink full draughts of the water of life which flows from the river that runs in the midst of the paradise of God; these things experienced and enjoyed in the soul, the man of God forcibly impressed and inwardly compelled to tell others of their saving effects having at the same time an eye to God's glory, and the eternal welfare of all the elect at heart, at last he cheerfully goes forward in the vineyard of God; labors to expose error, detect hypocrisy, vindicate the truth, and comfort the minds of God's dear people. The man thus wrought upon by God the Spirit, and having a clear knowledge of all the essential doctrines of grace, not merely in the head, but in the heart, his aim is to glorify the author of them in every step he takes; and I am bold to say in the presence of God, and a faithful conscience, the above has really been my own experience; and when my divine Master first called me to the work, I can truly say, I met with the most violent opposition, both within and without; fears within and fightings without, the world, legal-mongers, Baxterian spouters, Arminian groaners, Pre-existerian or Arian professors, universal restitutionists, duty-faith priests, rotten hypocrites, and drunken professors like hees, swarmed around and encompassed me about, and I can truly add, that, after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts, at S—h—d, *i. e.* hypocrites of beastly tempers, and brutish dispositions; but having obtained help of God I continue to this day. And I am neither afraid nor ashamed to say, that my call to the work I am now engaged in, (*i. e.* the ministry,) has not only been owned and blessed by God outwardly, but he has, blessed his dear name for ever, manifested his approbation thereto repeatedly in the night season.

(To be Continued.)

Many have asked "Where is hell?" 'Tis of little importance where it is located. 'Tis where the wrath of God is.—James Wells.

STATE OF THE LONDON CHURCHES.—No. 7.

OPENING OF BETHEL CHAPEL, HOLLAND STREET, KENSINGTON,
WITH CRITICAL REMARKS ON MR. OSBOURN'S MINISTRY.

THIS neat and commodious chapel, was opened on Wednesday, March 10, 1847, when sermons were preached by Mr. James Osbourn, Mr. Sears, and Mr. Shorter.

The opening of a new chapel for *experimental preaching* is a thing of rather a rare occurrence in these days. I trust, in the building of this small chapel, like Noah, the friends have 'moved with fear;' or have been moved by the fear of God, to build 'a tabernacle for the God of Jacob.' The principal parties connected with its building, are a few, who separated themselves from the ministry of Mr. Broad, a Particular Baptist, at Kensington Gravel Pits, five years ago. This Mr. Broad is now over a mixed communion church, at Hitchin. We can hardly hope he 'moved with fear,' in throwing open, or coming into such wide doors.

Mr. Septimus Sears, was engaged for the first two Lord's days, to supply the pulpit of this new Bethel. We trust that that character of ministry which marked its opening, will continue to be sounded forth from this quarter; and, that its present feebleness will not prove a drawback from such ministerial support. May the Holy Ghost come down upon it, in the power of his word, as showers that water the earth, and make this little hill a blessing. We give a very brief notice of the discourses of the day, commencing with Septimus Sears, who, in the afternoon, spake from John xii. 32. 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.' His subject embraced a wide field in shewing us the glories of the God and Man, Immanuel, connected with his lifting up, and especially as being the great gospel theme of the ministry, to draw sinners unto him.

To lift up Christ as Head over all, should be the aim of every gospel minister. The uplifting of Jesus in the conscience is by the power of the Holy Ghost; and this is when he is beheld just such a Saviour as I feel my need of, and want, when I am driven out of all shelters to shelter only in Immanuel.

Mr. Sears concluded by observing,—'he trusted this chapel would be a finger-post, like John, to direct sinners to Christ, saying, 'Behold the Lamb of God.'

"When first the great project to angels was known,
They hailed him in songs as the Lamb on the throne,
The concave of heaven resounds with their cry,
God-Man Mediator, they lift him on high."

In the evening we heard Mr. Shorter, of the City Road, and must confess we were reminded of the Gadsby and Kershaw school in him, who, in a noble style, followed out the afternoon strains without a

jarring note, from the words—'But Christ is all, and in all.' In the course of the sermon, he said, 'I once went to hear Mr. Warburton, in a wretched state of mind; he spake from these words, 'The Lord will go before you.' He shewed how he had gone out before us in creation, providence, and grace—how he had gone out before us in all our paths, up to his going before us in glory. I so heard that had it been lawful, I could have sung his praises before all the people in the chapel, so were my feelings changed.' Again, he said, 'I once was oppressed with the thought of being only an hypocrite: I was determined to leave the place where I lived and go somewhere else, to avoid being seen. I set off, and walked fourteen miles one day, without having anything to eat or drink; when I reached Marlborough, I went into a place and called for refreshment. Here I heard such conversation that made me tremble—I apprehended the judgments of God would immediately come down upon them for such profanity. In this situation these words were applied, 'Who maketh thee to differ?' I said, Who, Lord! but thee? That night I returned back over the Downs, and went blessing and praising God for the difference between me and them. Christ is the life of every promise: the life of every prayer: the life of every song: the life of conversation: He is all that is spiritual life—he is the beauty of the church: the Bible, from beginning to end—is full of Christ. Christ is all the promises; and is the original promise. Christ is all, and Christ is in all.'

Mr. Osbourn, from America, in the morning, spoke from Psalm lxxv. 1. 'Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks: for that thy name is near thy wondrous works declare.' I would now take this opportunity of saying a word or two respecting his ministry.

Mr. Osbourn's writings have ushered in his name among us, so that he has received a hearty welcome to England. His writings for the most part will leave a sweetness behind when the writer is mouldering in the dust. Probably there is more solid gospel in some of his publications, than all our present writers put together can produce. Well—we have heard him ourselves, and listened with strongly excited feelings. And how have you heard? Partially disappointed. Those deep and broad features of experience, so ably written and delineated, have seem to come short in preaching. We have found him a determined enemy, making a firm stand against an enemy we did not expect him to say anything about; and no

where so strongly, as at Zoar Chapel. And what is this enemy? You shall have his own words in a sermon preached there, March 7th, on Isaiah, xxxv. 3, 4, respecting slavish doubts and fears, he said, 'I suppose you want me to act the liar's part, to indulge you in your fears, frames, feelings, and doubts, and to tell you this is christian experience. I would rather be run over by the railway, or die in a ditch, than preach such a gospel: and yet this is spoken of as gospel in this city, and elsewhere. I say, it is not a span from blasphemy, and yet God's children are overrun with these things, and men call them gospel.' This is a broad saying: and will please numbers. But Mr. Osbourn must go on and finish. 'Doubts and fears are attendants upon the grace of God, but are intruders, and must not be considered welcome visitors.' Some ministers would certainly have been cashiered Zoar pulpit for giving expression to these things—we make no comment; forty years must speak, before us minors. Mr. Osbourn aims in his ministry, to bring forward the fulness of the gospel. Nor is there any uncertain sound, or confounding law and gospel,—we seldom hear the distinction so strongly kept up and delineated.

Two particulars must comprise what we have to remark on the character of Mr. Osbourn's ministry:—

First, That it is without exaggeration. We do not feel as if listening to a man, of deep experience in the gospel, of the most extensive knowledge of the church of Christ, or to one who has travelled over vast tracts of land, thousands of miles from home, and must have witnessed a great variety of circumstances; nor would you think him one whose experience has been, as it were, at the bottom of the sea, swallowed up with the apprehension of the wrath of God, and yet mercifully delivered from the horrible pit and miry clay, firmly established upon the rock of eternal truth, and going forth in songs of deliverances to the God of all grace. Mr. Osbourn is one whose life has been signally preserved in perils by sea and land. Let his own words speak, in which he concluded his sermon, at the opening of the chapel. 'Not long ago I was forty days on the Atlantic. The oldest sailor on board never knew such a storm. Who would have thought that the little vessel could have possibly endured those mighty billows and surges that swept over it, and perfectly baptized the men, and yet to safely reach Liverpool? So it is with the soul, tossed up and down, but arrives safe—not after a passage of forty days, but perhaps forty years—and not to Liverpool, but to the continent of glory. Forty or forty-five years ago I used to pass this way, when a giddy youth, without a friend, half starved, and half naked. It

now looks like a miracle to me. Everything looks like wonder, as I pass this little wee island, England.'

There are things which makes Mr. Osbourn's an interesting and highly privileged ministry. He rather seems to us a second Whitfield, though quite an Huntingtonian in style, manner, and doctrine. We view him rather, and hail him as a father in the gospel; a welcome messenger coming not with a rod, 'but in love, and in the spirit of meekness,' full with the blessings of the gospel of Christ. And to those who are afraid their experience is not as so and so's, and conclude themselves all wrong, because they have not been through such deep waters, fiery furnaces, hard bondages as some have, Mr. Osbourn will be very acceptable.

But, secondly,—as we perceive no exaggerated statements of himself and his trials beyond a simple narration, so there is no extravagance. By extravagance we mean no spiritual extravagance, in not giving a just and due regard to the letter of the word. Mr. Osbourn's is a spiritual ministry: he shall speak for himself.—'The gospel is the breath of God, breathed over the field of death to resuscitate it. As the trunk of Adam was lifeless until God breathed into it the breath of life, so is a sinner—so is the letter of the word without the Spirit: but how different when the Spirit breathes upon it.' Extravagance is not faithfulness in any sense. I do not believe the Lord will accept of any strange fire, no more than he did of old. Lev. x. 1, 2. I believe too that an Achan will only trouble the camp and prevent its going forward, but that every Jeremiah and Isaiah speaking in the Lord's name, will prove a blessing, though their testimony be despised. I do not believe the Lord will set his seal upon that which is false, bearing the semblance of, but not 'the truth.' Truth is himself speaking, and his truth may be spoken and owned by a little maid in captivity, as well as from a Paul, 'less than the least,' or from one just putting on the gospel harness, as well as by an Osbourn who has nearly passed through the toils of it, and must soon put it off. The rough garment to deceive (Zech. xiii. 4,) he does not wear: no cutting and deep sentences belong to him: littleness is rather more conspicuous than greatness; no putting on what does not belong to him, a charge brought against the church of old, awfully true now. Jer. iv. 3. Yet he shews two sides in his ministry, death before life, darkness before light, sorrow before joy, and captivity before freedom; a ministry that will cut off some thousands; but exaggeration and extravagance, or the extremes that men so easily run into, he is preserved from. These two are rather the dresses of error, the mask of deception, and the paint-

ing of an harlot: but plain truth, comes with a plain testimony, made powerful by the Holy Spirit. And this is the dress of the gospel; its name, features, and character is humility. Such a man who is least in our eyes, is great in the kingdom of heaven, and with this rule I try to measure a man's stature.

Mr. Osbourn's visit to this country I do hope will not be in vain. There is sickness that wants healing; rubbish that wants removing; carnalities that want purging away; and distances filled up; or some one to say, like as of old, when God raised up Nehemiah to superintend the wall building, 'The work is great and large, and we are separated upon the wall one far from another. In what place, therefore, ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us: our God shall fight for us.' Nehemiah iv. 19, 20. Oh, that the sounding of the gospel trumpet, as blown by Mr. Osbourn, might be heard, and the savour, power, and dew of the Lord's blessing follow it, and make the spirit of it a rallying point to poor divided Zion.

The poor worm who writes this, whilst he is made to know and feel he has a nature of iron and steel, he also feels it is lighter than vanity, a nature that soon catches, and takes fire at light pulpit expressions; we are such tinder boxes. Mr. Osbourn considers the pure gospel in a cloud in England, and so it is; but why so? Let Jeremiah tell us. (Chap. v. 1—6.)

We say to Mr. O., whom we hear is to be in England about eighteen months longer, that afflictions, temptations, and trials, attend the path-way to heaven; that a daily cross, fears within, and fightings without, with no small tempest, accompany and mark the followers of a meek and lowly Jesus, who was despised of the people. Keep this in mind in declaring the gospel; and it will silence empty professors of every name. Let Mr. Hart declare it—

"Afflictions make us see,
What else would 'scape our sight;
How very foul, and dim we be,
And God, how pure and bright.

"His chast'nings, therefore prize;
The privilege of a saint:
Their hearts are hard who that despise;
And their's too weak who faint."

The following scraps are gathered from Mr. Osbourn's sermon at Kensington.

The mercies of God, have a strong and powerful claim on our thanks. They demand a tribute of gratitude and praise from us, even common temporal mercies, to say nothing of spiritual mercies. Ingratitude, and unthankfulness mark the footsteps of all men by nature, and is one of the strongest proofs we can give of the depravity of our nature, when God's favours are all thrown in the back ground. And yet men speak of

going to heaven in the way of works, and live in this state, and so speak of it as if it were within their grasp. If my salvation depended on this, I should have no more hope than the infernal crew in hell have. It is a matter of praise that the salvation of the soul is not depending on human or divine contingency; God throws the javelin and says, 'I will and they shall.' This is God's delight and pleasure, and 'Unto thee do we give thanks.'

We must go further up the field, (so to speak,) than temporal favours, to find a grateful heart. We must forage the household of faith, and now consider ourselves in the company of that diminutive few our Saviour speaks of, 'Fear not little flock.' And here we must pick and cull to make a distinction, and ask who feels his heart interested in the text, to 'give thanks?' David was under a gospel influence. His little soul was full of the boundless goodness of a covenant God; he felt it in his soul, and then opens his mouth, 'Unto thee do we give thanks.' David could give thanks for providential favours, so can the saints at times with the Psalmist; because they feel that if these blessings are all forfeited, they can lay no claim to them. And under these feelings, a place of worship is erected, to sit and bless the Lord for his goodness, to offer praise unto our God; to meet together—and to talk of the glory of his kingdom. But souls can get to heaven without churches and chapels; but we cannot without some things, as Mr. Hart says—

"Something must be known and felt."

And what is this something? 'Christ formed in the heart, the hope of glory.'

I.—We will consider under what circumstances christians are disposed to offer praise. When God by his holy law, pulverizes the man, and makes the man's greatness and importance to fall, and to be nothing, like the leaves in autumn, before the northern blast—When under the withering hand of God, the sinner is consumed by the blow of God's hand—When the man feels himself lost, wretched, and undone—This man will ask for the mercy of God, not hypocritically, but from a feeling sense of the state he is in; and when he is brought up out of the pit in which he sinks, then with the notes of the lute or sackbut, he says, 'Unto thee do we give thanks.' I have found an home for my soul; a refuge to fly unto; a Saviour to hide in. Thus, man sees the end of the storm, with its hurlings, and Calvary, with all its charms: he, like the magnetic needle, flies from one to the other. 'I, a rebel, a transgressor, see myself interested in all the blessings of the gospel.' This is the man, who can, indeed, without the hypocrite's disguise, bow in his feelings before God and

say, 'Unto thee do we give thanks,' while he feels so inadequate, and says, 'Who am I? What can such a poor dog as I am say? Praises fall so infinitely short of the blessings I am put in possession of.' But, oh, how the soul tries to sidle along! still anxious to approximate nearer and nearer the bosom of his God: and before he is aware, perhaps, he finds himself in the heart of his Redeemer; his soul is melted with gratitude, praise, and thanksgiving unto God, with a sweet humility. There is such a thing, as a personal appropriation. A man may hope, and feelingly so, and have a little gratitude upon the hoping plan. But Paul says that 'we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us,' speaking of the 'two immutable things. Now laying hold on eternal life,' is going a little further than hoping. But David says, and it is well with us when we do the same, 'hope in the Lord.' But yet Paul comes in and crowns the climax—'Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.'

II.—But this man in the language of the text goes a little further—'For that thy name is near.' David seems to have been brought up from the depths of the earth, and comforted on every side, when uttering the text—'That thy name is near.' Where is it that God is not present? He is omniscient, and omnipresent. Sometimes God is near in his wrath, and visits our iniquities with his rod, and reproves our failings. He is also near us in the furnace; and so he is when plunged in the ditch. This is a nearness of God to us, and a frightful one; but it is not the sense of the text. The apostle Paul will give the sense in the Acts, where he had been pointing out to the idolators, the character of our God; describing his providential greatness towards us. He says—'That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us.' 'If haply they might feel after him.' This figure is borrowed from nature, from blind persons feeling and groping their way, who take good heed and security to the ground they stand on; so we feel after God, when we are in the dark, when all our best schemes are frustrated, and are brought into perplexity, then are we like the blind, groping for the wall, feeling after him, if haply he may be found. And then he is near—'thy name is near.' Not in wrath, but in mercy. Mercy is one of God's names. And his grace is near. Mercy and truth are twin blessings. If you have received the truth, mercy will be sure to follow. Truth makes us free. Mercy comforts the soul, when God's name is thus near in

mercy, love, truth and grace. The soul makes free with God's name, but not presumptuously. Gloomy doubts and fears are attendants upon the grace of God, but we are not to consider them welcome visitors. We say of these as Christ said of the pharisees, 'Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.' Faith and believing is of God; doubts and fears of the devil: let us distinguish here: doubts and fears are the mildew of the soul.

III.—'That thy name is near, thy wondrous works declare.' The works of creation declare God to be near. Every where is God. But with Zion, his saints, his afflicted ones, he is near in a different sense, to what he is in providence. But what wondrous works declare him near? It is his work of redemption, as Mr. Hart says—

"How wondrous are the works of God,
Display'd through all the world abroad,
Immensely rich, immensely small!
Yet one strange work exceeds them all."

"But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove,
The wonders of redeeming love?"

Here his name appears in folio; but of this large volume God speaks to us in his beloved Son, and says, 'In him am I well-pleased, hear ye him.' This is the title page of the book. Then go on and read the body of the book; and here is a field for meditation, and contemplation. Poor trembling sinner! come to this grand point. Here is Christ and here is the gospel opened to sinners. Religion is a tangible thing: there are no features in it to awe and terrify our minds. It was so with the disciples in our Saviour's time. Religion is the same in this nineteenth century as in the first, second, and third centuries. There is joy and freedom in it. I sat under his shadow with great delight, and 'Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.' My God is it so? So it reads, and let it stand. 'But to them that are without it is not given. Oh, the distinguishing love and grace of God, 'for that thy name is near thy wondrous works declare.' His name is nearest in redemption. Talk to a man that knows nothing of the secrets of God in his soul about redemption, and he may talk fluently; but it is only talk; honouring God with the lips only; what is that work greater and nearer than this? The Spirit's work—'The kingdom of God is within you.' If you know no more than this, the kingdom of God coming nigh you, you will be damned after all; the kingdom of God must be within you."

H. W.

We purpose, next month, if spared, to review the second edition of Mr. Osbourn's "Lawful Captive Delivered."

Fiery Darts from the Wicked One.

(FROM THE LIFE OF WILLIAM HARRIS.)

It is now some months since we noticed a very valuable little work, entitled 'A Narrative of the Life and Experience of William Harris, Minister of the Gospel, at Providence Chapel, Hailsham, and at Lewes, Sussex.'

William Harris having recently been down to Manchester, to supply for one month, in the late Mr. Gadsby's Chapel, preached on his return, at Brown's Lane and Crosby Row Chapel, in London; and where, we may add, his labours were peculiarly blessed to many souls. From these circumstances we have been constrained to refer to his work again; and to state that he has left some copies of it at our office, from whence any friend can be supplied.

Reserving for another number the interesting account he has given of his Call to the Ministry, we, for the present, only make the following extract:—

"One night the enemy was let in upon me like a flood, (and not without cause), but such were his fiery darts, for two hours, as I shall never be able to describe, sometimes against God, sometimes against Christ, and sometimes against the Holy Ghost. And I may say, for two years and a half, I never was wholly free from these temptations, and I often thought that the reason was that I was too reluctant to engage in the ministry; but I kept it concealed from every one. In a few weeks after this, the enemy finding that he could get no ground here, began to alter his mode of attack, and surely such were his fiend-like suggestions, as drove me well nigh to destruction, for he tempted me to lay violent hands on a part of my family whom I wished to love with all tenderness, and so incessant was he in this temptation, that I think I may say a hundred times a day, for days together, did he keep hurling into my soul the horrid suggestion, do it! do it! in consequence of which, I could not work by day, nor sleep by night. I wandered about from place to place seeking rest for my poor, tried and tempted soul. I went to Brighton to try if the gaiety of that place would produce any good effect, but no rest could I find there; back again I came, and went to Hastings; but ah! my unwearied foe followed me, go where I would. I was uneasy out, and the same at home. And in addition to all this, my enemy kept referring me to that passage in Holy Writ: 'But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.' Isa. lvii. 20, 21. Implying that I was that person, and that I had sinned against the Holy Ghost. Most people with whom I was in the habit of conversing, and

even some good people, could not see into this trial, but concluded I was insane. After about twelve months had passed over, this temptation became weaker, but I was assailed again by my old foe in another quarter, for he tempted me to blaspheme Christ, and held him forth as the great impostor. Often have I walked with my handkerchief to my mouth lest the words should break out openly from my lips. I am totally unable to mention one hundredth part of the distress and anguish which I felt at that time; I can only say, that no trial ever shook my faith like unto this, and I pray that the Lord will never put me into this sieve again, but that I may at all times be obedient to his will, and preach that gospel which he hath committed into my hands, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear. But happy, happy morning was that, when the Lord broke in again upon my soul, and spake these words to me: 'Cheer up, thy sins are all forgiven.' Oh! would you believe it, it caused rejoicing in all my house. Though I had sunk so low in my confidence, and my faith very weak, I could not wholly cast my confidence away, 'I remembered the wormwood and the gall,' and could say, that the Lord had made known to me the forgiveness of my sin, nor did I ever come under that wrath, and guilt of sin, nor into that despair again, as I did under the law. I have often thought since, that the Lord brought me into these severe trials, that I might be enabled, through his teaching, to reach the lowest case, and to shew from the word, why he deals so sharply with some of his people. Truly 'there is a cause,' for the Lord does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men."

THE

Importance of Choosing a Minister,

BY MR. JAMES WELLS.

THE following most wholesome advice to christian churches upon the important matter of choosing a minister, is extracted from a speech, delivered by Mr. James Wells, at a public meeting, held in Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley Street, February 2, 1847—a full report of which meeting has recently been published.* As we have, in previous numbers, inserted letters respecting the painful circumstances connected with the late pastor of the church, at Unicorn Yard, we need not say more than that the professed object of this meeting was "for the purpose of commemorating the Triumph of Truth."

Before we make the proposed quotation, we would notice that the meeting was addressed by Mr. Wyard, Mr. Felton, Mr. Leader, Mr. Samuel Milner, Mr. Bonner, and Mr. Thomas Stringer.

* Published by Mr. Jeffreys, 84, Cannon-street, City.

Mr. Wells entered more fully into a refutation of the errors that had been advanced. But we only quote the closing part of his speech, which was as follows:—

“More, much more may be said in proof of the wickedness of this doctrine of annihilation, but I ought to apologize for having already occupied so much of your time. When I first heard of the doctrine being among you, I felt more disposed to think than to talk about it; and it seems my comparative silence has, by some, been construed into consent, it having been reported among you that Mr. Wells was favourable to the doctrine. Will you say so now? (No—no! You have redeemed your character!) Well, I am glad of it.

“I did wish to say a word to you as a church, relative to your present position; especially, upon the important matter of choosing a minister. I will not suppose there is any danger of your choosing an open and avowed freewillor, or Socinian, or Sabelian, any glaringly erroneous ungodly man: yet, there are five different kinds of ministers who may come to you under the colour of truth, and prove nothing but a burden and a pest to you.

“You want then, firstly: not the man whose preaching consists in almost nothing else but a repulsive, not to say indecorous detail of all the worst tendencies and filthiest passions of human nature, and these details interspersed with domestic anecdotes, carnal squabbles, and old wives’ fables: so that the man who knows anything beyond that which is beastly or demoniacal, is in the eyes of these funny tale preachers, a dead letter man. To hear these men talk, you would think them to be the most humble men in the world, and yet a little close dealing with them will prove them to have, in reality, much more gall than grace; and instead of the law of kindness being under their tongue, you will be much more likely to find the poison of asp. This I have proved.

“You do not want a minister who thus comes to you, with nothing but a collection of the blemishes and frailties of good men, without their grace and wisdom to counteract the fleshly tendency of such abominations; no, you want a minister who can enter into all the exercises and trials of a soul convinced of sin and taught of God; one, who lives in the personal exercises of these things, so that he knows what it is to weep with those that weep.

“Secondly: you do not want a minister whose preaching consists of little but a display of memory—his sermon made up of little else but quotations of scriptures; and that, without the path of life being clearly marked out, or any mystery of the kingdom being opened up. There is a want of the nether springs, and no taking forth, clearly, and searchingly, the precious from the vile.

I never knew such a minister to be of much use to sinner or to saint. You want a minister who can, from time to time, shew up and follow out with savour and effects, the experience, the practice, sentiments, and prospects of those who are strangers and pilgrims on the earth. An enlarged quotation of scripture is good, but only when made with effect.

“Thirdly: you do not want a minister, who though he enter very well into both sides, as we say, of christian experience; yet, there is in his preaching, neither newness nor savour, and when you have heard him a few weeks, or a few months, you have heard him always, and his ministry becomes more like a stagnant pool than a flowing brook. There is no refreshing, and if he should get a new thought once in a few months, even this is most likely borrowed. Under such a ministry as this, if at the end of seven years, one ask another, how matters are going on: ‘aye, going on, indeed, is the reply; I see no going on, there is plenty of standing still—a mere dead round of the old words and thoughts—as it was in the beginning, is now, and I am afraid, ever will be.’ Mind then, that you do not choose a post instead of a living tree, or, stagnant water instead of a flowing brook.

“Fourthly: You do not want a minister to come with the wisdom of words—one who is a would-be orator, and labours to preach sympathetically, and to be very rhetorically, very sublime; and, while professing to exalt Christ, is all the time, seeking to gratify his own ignorant pride; and the more the people cry, the more this tragical deceiver is pleased; while, at the same time, the consciences, the understandings, and real state of the people before God remain untouched. Be content with nothing but the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.

“Fifthly: You do not want a minister who makes one end of his sermon contradict the other end of his sermon. One, who seems not to know how the promise and precept harmonize—who knows not how to contend for the precept on gospel grounds, but sets the Holy Spirit’s power aside, and exalts the creature into a mighty being, whose duty it is to help himself to that which God alone can give. Such a ministry is divided against itself; and, if you are a people (as I believe you are) taught to take good heed how you hear, you will see this to be a matter of great importance.

“I am aware of the diversities of gifts bestowed upon men, but the Holy Spirit is always consistent with himself; nor do I judge a man so much, by whether he has few or many, but by the simple and homely rule—whether he be useful, according to the sphere in which he is placed.

“You may, perhaps, form thus, some judgment of the sort of minister you want.”

Christian Reviewer.

"The Brand plucked out of the fire: being a brief outline of the Life and Experience of John Turner, of Brighton, and of the Lord's gracious dealings with him before and after conversion; and of his Call to the Ministry.

JOHN TURNER'S path has been a chequered one: but we hope, from the testimony he has given, that it is 'the right path which leadeth to a city of habitation.' We think he has been too brief in stating both his coming under the law, and his liberty by the gospel. When a good man publishes his experience, he should remember there are two classes of persons who will very closely examine it. The first is, the poor broken-hearted, sin and self-condemned sinner: he will read with much eagerness, to find out, if possible whether there is any thing in his soul like that which is recorded; and, he therefore, requires every step to be clearly and plainly pointed out. The second is the old established veteran in the school of Christ. See with what jealous eyes he takes up the published life of a young man! 'Who is this John Turner?' says he. 'And what does he know savingly of the Lord Jesus Christ? How did he come by his religion? And what is his motive for sending out this book?'

Well; he puts on his spectacles; and to work he goes; examining, and weighing up this testimony. Now, then, if such solemn things as being brought in guilty before a holy God; and afterwards being pardoned and set at liberty, be only briefly glanced at, the work may do mischief in three ways. First, it may tend to confuse the poor seeking soul: he will say—'I cannot trace out the steps which this man's soul has travelled.' Secondly, it may prejudice the minds of some against the author: and lastly, it may tend to prop up some professors who have neither been killed nor made alive.

In John Turner's narrative there are many striking and positive features of the work of God in his soul: but we should have advised him more fully to have worked them out. Perhaps he will do this in a second edition.

We here make such extracts from the work, as appear to us to be genuine spots of belonging to that chosen generation for whom the dear Redeemer shed his, precious blood.

After a brief recital of his mean origin—his early deep convictions of sin, and his subsequent profession of religion, he makes the following statements:—

"I had not yet been killed to the law, but found a cleaving to it, and a supposition still remained that I could bring something in my hand. But he who is too wise to err, knew how to bring me into a widowed state

and to strip me of all my fancied goodness, and taught me to say,

'Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.'

"I went on for some time after this, entreating that Christ would give me an assurance that my sins, though many and great, were all forgiven me. Now and then a little confidence would spring up, and then doubts and fears would lay hold of me respecting the way in which I worshipped God. So little was my knowledge that

I to the Father first did pray,
Then to the Son my prayers would say,
Then to the Holy Ghost,
The triune God I did not know,
But felt condemned for doing so,
My faith was small at most.
So much perplexed was I in mind,
The way to God I could not find,
To pour out my complaint.

"I used to address each person in the Trinity with the same words separately, thinking that I should displease the Father if I paid more respect to the Son than to him. In fact, these thoughts pervaded my mind respecting each person in the Trinity; thinking that God was affected by passions like unto men. And it was a long time before I was brought to see that the glory of Jehovah in his trinity of persons shines in the face of Jesus Christ; and that Father, Word, and Spirit, the Three-one God, is worshipped through the glorious medium of access, Christ Jesus, the God-man Mediator."

"Sometime after, I was removed to Northampton; here we wandered about from place to place, but could find nothing like sound truth till we were directed to a little chapel where George Arnsby preached. As soon as I heard him, I felt a union to him, and went and shook hands with him as soon as he descended the pulpit. This union I still do feel, and believe I ever shall, while in this time state. Whilst I remained in this town, which was only a few months, I endured such darkness and barrenness of soul, that I shall not easily forget; and being tried in providence, I was full of murmuring and complaining. Prayer became a real task, the Bible a dry uninteresting confused mass of words, and as for the means of grace I would rather have gone almost anywhere than to the house of God. I was now sunk into a miserable, desponding, dejected state of mind. Amidst it all, the Lord directed my steps to Brighton where I have remained up to the present time. The despondency which I felt at N., not only came with me, but I really thought it increased tenfold.

For fresh discoveries now I saw
Of Sinai's burning fiery law,
My heart felt more obscene.
Such depths at length appeared to view,
Of sin and foul corruption too,
Ere this I had not seen.

"I appeared to myself like a walking mass of corruption and abominations; and having to pursue my course through this black and stormy sea, where neither sun nor stars appeared for many days and months too, I staggered to and fro like a drunken man.

"I thought all professors pointed at me and detested me, and as for the world I knew I could not mix with them, and I often thought, surely no one could be like me, and that I was the vilest wretch out of hell; for the law was now being opened up to me as to its requirements, 'a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart,' and then these words would follow me, 'I will by no means clear the guilty,' and my wounds stinking, and fresh ones breaking out, I was often tempted to lay violent hands upon myself; for,

I found in heart I cursed and swore,
And oft I fear'd the world would hear
Me bring it forth in words.

"After having been weighed in the balances of God's holy law, and finding that I was wanting in every respect, and that I could not move hand or foot to help myself, and that all my tears, cries, and groans, availed nothing as respects justification or acceptance with God,

I then was brought my Lord to see,
Groaning from wrath to set me free,
And sweating in Gethsemane,
Great drops of precious blood.

"Salvation now became truly a personal thing with me, and being thus brought to see the curse of the law due to me laid upon Christ, I was enabled to say,

'The sins he bore were not his own,
But sins of mine with shame I own,
Did pierce the spotless Lamb;
How great the weight he must have borne,
His guiltless soul was racked and torn;
He suffered scoffs, and jeers and scorn,
And then was left alone forlorn,
Forsaken by his God.'

"I was sweetly led into fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, to which I had been comparatively, a stranger before. And I felt what Hart says, 'pride cannot enter here.' No! that genuine humility which covers and absorbs the soul while favoured to know what is the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, brings that divine softness, which I believe never is entirely forgotten and never can be feigned; and I could truly and feelingly say,

The sun its wonted light withdrew,
Such sufferings ne'er appeared to view,
As were by Jesus borne.

The soldier pierced his side,
But oh! my sins his spirit tried,
While on the ground he laid and cried—
'Father, thy will be done.'

And while these thoughts my soul did view,
I felt the Holy Spirit's dew,
And sweet humility,

Though painful, yet these thoughts were sweet
To wash my precious Jesu's feet
By faith, and wipe them too.

Thus was I brought to Christ so near;
And oh! the sweet repentant tear,
Which love did not withhold,
Ere this I did but little know,
Of Jesu's agonizing woe.
So deep before I ne'er did go;
Or was I ever brought so low,
To feel that I so much did owe
To him who bore for me that blow,
Which must have crushed my soul.

"That the Lord intended me for the work of the ministry appeared now clearer than ever it did. Truth was now opened up to my mind with that fulness, freshness, and blessedness that was unusual to me. Christ also became growingly precious to me, and I often thought I could give up every thing and go forth to tell of the beauties, the wonders and glories, I beheld in my dear Lord. But then I had to find out that 'every man's work shall be tried of what sort it is.' Sometimes I had such dread of the work of the ministry, that I thought I would rather be anything than a minister of the gospel. The responsibility, the trials attending the same, and the constant exercises of mind which appeared to me forced out many times, 'Lord, send by whom thou wilt send, but not by me.'

"I many times called myself a presumptuous fool for entertaining such thoughts; and formed resolutions over and over again to entertain such thoughts on such a solemn matter no longer. And I believe I can truly say, that the exercises of mind respecting the ministry exceeded by far those heavy exercises I had respecting my own salvation. I wrestled, I cried, I groaned thousands of times before the Lord in secret respecting it. And all that I appeared to get was the impression that it was to be so, with these words, (Hab. ii. 3.) 'For the vision is yet for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.' Well, this seemed but poor consolation very often; and the number of fears, doubts, and hard trials it brought, no one knows, but he who has been led in a similar way."

After this John Turner relates some peculiar trials respecting the ministry, but concludes by assuring us that many doors have been opened for him, many seals have been given to him, and much consolation enjoyed by him in the ministration of the everlasting gospel. That the Lord may encourage and honour him, is our fervent prayer.

The little work is published by James Paul, at sixpence.

[Other works for review in our next.]

THE BLESSED LIFE AND HAPPY DEATH OF Mr. HENRY HEAD,

Late of Peterborough : to which is added, the substance of

HIS FUNERAL SERMON,

PREACHED BY MR. JOHN CARTER, BAPTIST MINISTER, OF PETERBOROUGH.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—In attempting to give some account of the blessed life and happy death of Mr. Henry Head, late of this city, and evidently a Citizen of Zion, I feel happy to be enabled to give a proof that the great, glorious, and distinguishing doctrines of grace firmly held, and experimentally believed, and enjoyed, do not, (as the professing world affirm) either lead to, or encourage a loose, licentious way of living; nor yet to a careless unconcern either in prayer or practice.

The following account is taken from a local paper; which will shew the universal esteem in which the deceased was held in the neighbourhood:—

“Died at Peterborough, on the 26th ult., Mr. Henry Head, draper, of the firm of Head and Co., aged 45. The universal respect in which the deceased was held by all classes in Peterborough and the neighbourhood was never exceeded; as a tradesman, husband, father, master, and sincere friend, he was the very character that each of these should be; and never was, or could be, manifested a more general regret than his death has occasioned. He was for many years, deacon of the dissenting church united for worship at Zion Chapel, under the ministry of Mr. Carter, and although he was what is called a hyper: yet he was no antinomian; for by the grace of God he lived and acted the gospel which he for so many years professed, loved and died in the faith of it.”

Some of the particulars of the life and death of our late friend was mentioned in a funeral sermon preached by his pastor on Easter Sunday Evening, and it being much requested that it should be printed, I shall here give a brief statement of the same.

It appears that he was convinced of sin, and called by grace at the age of sixteen, under the ministry of Mr. Parrot, at the Tabernacle, London; and that he

continued to worship there for four years; till, in the course of providence, he was removed to Peterborough in 1820. But during his stay in London he frequently heard that man of God, the late Mr. Wilkinson, who was the means, under God, of breaking his bonds and bringing him into the liberty of the gospel—first, from legal bondage; and again, after satan had been permitted to environ him around with that alarming chain of temptation that he had committed the unpardonable sin, Mr. W. was led to speak of that very subject when he was thus harassed. Mr. W. said he believed that the devil never tempted any in a particular manner about that sin but those who could not commit it, namely, the real children of God; and this gave so much ease of conscience and release to his burdened soul, that he felt compelled to go into the vestry to tell that man of God: who replied—“Give God the glory; give God the glory!” I must pass over some years wherein the Lord frequently manifested his sovereignty, both in providence and grace: and during which that passage was often sweetly verified (Deut. xxxiii. 3.) ‘Yea he loved the people; all his saints are in thy hand; and they sat down at thy feet, every one shall receive of thy words.’ It has pleased the Lord to bless his word, lately spoken by such an unworthy instrument, but applied by the Holy Ghost, at our little hill of Zion, more than in any previous year out of twenty-two, which I have been permitted to speak at Peterborough; and the word was so forcibly and experimentally applied the last six months to the soul of our dear brother that he had a continual feast—as well as many others, both old and young: that it was remarked the Lord is ripening some for glory. But little did we think it was our deacon, Henry Head. When leaving the chapel, weeping for joy, he would relate how he had heard and felt,

and the little ones would gather round him, just like chickens at the clucking of the hen, to see if they could get another crumb or kernal.

On the first Lord's-day in February, we had ten new members which sat down with us at the Lord's table, and as many more hovering round: but still looking to their own unworthiness, kept back upon that occasion: five of them are now candidates for admission, which our departed friend was not permitted to know while here below. So the last time he was permitted to sit down with us was the first Sunday in February. On Saturday, February 27, he was seized with a cold and hoarsness; on the Sunday he did not get to chapel till the evening, when he tried, as was his usual custom, to give out the hymns. The first was that by Irons—

“O wonderous wheel of providence:”

and the last, (O! little did we think it was the last time that we should hear his voice amongst us here below), he attempted to read, but his hoarsness prevented him, and he gave the book into the hands of a friend; it was that of Watts—

“Keep silence all created things,” &c.

On the Tuesday following, although his cold continued, he went to London upon business, and while there he heard Mr. Irons, and a Mr. Cooper; for he was never so much at home as in the house of God. He returned on the Friday evening following, very languid; he went to bed, but came down stairs no more till brought down a corpse. On Tuesday morning he kept his bed, and his friends for the first time sent for a physician; he continued to get worse: but perfectly resigned: he had made his will: had done with the world: and was waiting the will of God. He never expressed a wish, word, or desire to get better; or to be restored to bodily health. His disorder was of that kind that he was not allowed to speak nor to be spoken to, but as little as possible. The particulars I have stated in the sermon. Christ was near and precious; the cross was all his theme; and he fell asleep in Jesus, on Friday Morning at 10 o'clock, March 26th, without a sigh or a groan. Thus died, as he had lived, Henry Head, who, by the grace of God, was a most eminent christian. I do not recollect

ever hearing him speak evil of, or manifest any hatred but to one: and, strange to say, that one every other person was ready to speak well of — it was himself. Yes; sinful self; “a wicked heart,” he often said and sung, is no small part of my burden, sorrow, and pain. But he has done with that, and entered into the joy of his Lord.—JOHN CARTER.

Funeral Sermon for Mr. Henry Head.

IN attempting to give an outline of the life and death of our departed brother, it will be a few remarks, interspersed with an epitome of a sermon delivered upon the occasion of his death, at Zion Chapel, on Easter Sunday-evening, the fourth of April, to one of the most crowded, attentive, and sorrowing congregations that was ever at the above place assembled together, filling every corner in the chapel, school-room, and yard; and many could not get near.

After reading a portion of Scripture, part of the fifth chapter of the Gospel by John, the text was taken from the fourth chapter of the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, and fourteenth verse—

“For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again; even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.”

In speaking from these words, (said our brother Carter,) upon “this most solemn occasion, I shall not have to dwell long upon the death and resurrection of Christ; because of the first, the death of Christ, I was speaking on Friday-evening; and of the resurrection I was speaking this morning. But it is not what I say, or have said; not what you may hear or have heard; not what you read or profess, but that which is essential is couched in the three first words—*‘If we believe.’* Not merely with an historical faith, a notional, a natural, or educational faith; not with a creed or creature faith; but that faith which is the gift of God, called the faith of God's elect; which centres in Christ not merely in a dead and crucified Christ, but in a living, risen, and exalted Christ; having finished the work he undertook, and sat down at the right hand of the majesty on high; where he ever liveth to make intercession for all that come unto God by him. This faith must be wrought in the heart by the Spirit of God—a personal, experimental faith, which all the

floods of water, cast out of the old serpent's mouth, can never extinguish. Upon the resurrection of Jesus Christ hangs the hopes and security of believers. And upon, and in this fundamental doctrine, centred the hopes and expectations of our departed brother. He knew whom he had believed, and that he was able to keep that which he had committed to him against that day. He was enabled to commit both body and soul into his hands, not only until the day of death, but until the day of the general resurrection. He knew experimentally that great truth which Jesus related to Martha, (John xi. 25,) 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' Yes; Jesus had raised him from a death in sin, to a life of faith upon, and in him, as the Son of God; the only Saviour of poor sinners. And the apostle saith, (1 Cor. 14.) 'If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain,' false, deceptive, empty, delusive, and unprofitable; for who can believe him to be the Son of God, if he is detained under the power of the grave? And one reason why he could not be any longer under the power of death, or the grave, was because he was the Son of God, as well as the surety for his people; and had paid every demand of law or justice, even the whole debt. So the preaching of his incarnation, sufferings, or death, is of no use or avail if he has not abolished death, and brought immortality to light, first, for himself; then for his people. Your faith is also vain, and the Gospel in which you profess to believe, is an empty theory; and the apostle and others false witnesses; and if Christ be not raised, ye are yet in your sins, in a state of nature and unregeneracy; under the power and dominion of sin. If Christ be not risen, ye are under the guilt of sin; yea saith Paul, 'If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable.' If our hope was only in the life that Christ lived upon earth, without a view to the death and resurrection of Christ, our hope will prove to be fallacious, and our end miserable. But 'he was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification;' then 'exalted as a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel and remission of sin.' The apostle's was not a deceptive miser-

able hope, that rested only in, or on the things that he had done by himself in this life; nor was the hope of our departed brother, dependent on, or in the least upon the things done by him. His language was—'But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ; yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things; and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having on my own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith; that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death.' But once more upon this head, Christ died a young man; in what we call the prime of life: so our departed friend. It is said of Christ, (Isa. liii. 8.) 'He was cut off out of the land of the living:' So our friend it appears, to us, in the midst of his usefulness. Perhaps nothing is more affecting to the human mind, nor more dark and unaccountable in providence, than when good and useful men are removed, while wicked, and apparently useless persons live to old age; there appears something mysterious in such dispensations. But shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Nature recoils under such dispensations, and is ready to put a negative upon God's proceedings. Had the question been put to you a month ago when looking round upon the congregation, 'Which of all these are you willing to part with?' You would have been ready to answer, 'any one rather than Henry Head.' Yet that very person had God decreed to remove.

May we obey while we hear the voice, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' And consider also, that it is a great mercy to our brother, although to us it is a grief and loss. But Christ has said—'What I do thou knowest not now, but ye shall know hereafter.' Who can tell? God may have taken him away for our over fondness and indulgence, and too great opinion and expectation from him? Have we killed him by our kindness, by looking more to him than to his Lord and master? Have we provoked the Lord to jealousy by putting him in his place? Remember, the last verse of that portion

of Scripture which I read respecting John the baptist and his disciple—'He was a burning and a shining light, and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light.' Mark! IN HIS LIGHT. Do you see any analogy here? Is it not evident that his disciples thought more of, and cleaved more to John than to Jesus? And the Lord suffered John to be cut off in the midst of his days.

We come now to the second particular, 'Even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.' The saints that are dead, are not only represented as asleep, but as asleep in Jesus. And so the death of our brother was but a falling asleep in Jesus; and it might be truly said of him as of David, (Acts xiii. 36,) 'And David after he had served his own generation, by the will of God, fell on sleep.' Yes; like David he was of a public spirit, and serviceable to others as well as himself; he did not live to himself, nor for himself; he was useful as a deacon, and as a brother, and member of the church in particular, and the neighbourhood in general; he was a blessing to the age or generation in which he lived: the death of this good man, though to him a gain, is a public loss; the world loses a benefactor, and the church a kind and sympathising friend and brother. But all that he did, in serving his generation was by and according to the will of God; and by the influence of the grace of God. It appears that our departed brother was called by grace very early in life. When about sixteen years of age, he was led by his brother, Mr. R. J. Head, (instrumentally) to the Tabernacle, London, where a Mr. Parrot was then supplying. And the Lord sent the word home with divine power to his soul, so effectually that it could never be erased: it was fastened as a nail in a sure place. And he continued to attend at that place of worship, until his removal to his brother at Peterborough in the year 1820. Shortly after, a few friends being anxious to hear an unmixed gospel, obtained the occasional services of the late Mr. Hardy, of Leicester, and others; he attended, and by the blessed Spirit's teaching, he was led into, and brought to embrace the more distinguishing and glorious doctrines of the Gospel; and which continued till the day of his death, the joy and delight of his soul. And when this chapel was built in 1824, and a church

formed, he became a member, and was chosen deacon: but I have not time, nor is it necessary for me to repeat subsequent events which are well known to my hearers in general. But now we, the church, the town, the neighbourhood, society in general, his wife, children, and relatives, have suffered a great loss, and myself in particular; I feel as though I had lost a right hand or a right eye. But the Lord reigneth; may we bow to his authority—remembering that for him to live was Christ and to die eternal gain. And oh, that we may be enabled to take the apostle's advice in the verse before the text—'For I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not as those which have no hope.' We may say as Jesus said, (John xi. 11,) 'Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.' But Jesus will awake him up out of his sleep. Yes; says Jesus repeatedly in John vi., 'I will raise him up at the last day.' Jesus loved Lazarus, and he loved our brother; was it not said, 'he whom thou lovest is sick?' and may we not say, 'Lord, he whom thou loved, and whom we loved is fallen by sickness into the sleep of death?' But the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, 'Lazarus come forth.' 'He fell asleep,' is a metaphor often used in Scripture to signify the happy death and state of good men or the saints of God, and I think it is never applied to them but in this sense. It is so applied to David, Solomon, Jehoshaphat and Hezekiah, in the Old Testament; and to Lazarus and Stephen in the New; and also to saints in the words of our text, and in 1 Cor. xv. 20. Death is not terrible to a good man with life in his soul, with faith in exercise; it is like shutting our eyes and going to sleep; the putting off the body is like putting off our clothes or being unclothed; and lying down in the grave is like stripping and going to bed, (Job xiv. 12.) 'So man lieth down, and riseth not till the heavens be no more; they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep.'

With respect to the last illness of our brother, I need not go through the particulars. But with regard to the state of his mind he was perfectly tranquil and composed, at peace with God and man, through Christ who was his peace. He appeared to have done with the world, and could leave all his concerns, temporal and spiritual: yes, his wife and

children; for when asked by the nurse how he felt on this head? He replied, 'Has not God promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless?' And I know he is the performing God, and will fulfill his word. The nature of his disease was attended with such a violent hemorrhage, that the physician desired he should not speak or be spoken too. But upon the different occasions that I saw him he appeared to be firmly fixed upon the Rock, and Christ very precious; and upon several occasions when he spoke to those around him, Christ was his theme; and he frequently recapitulated the many appearances, and interferences of the Lord during his pilgrimage. And the many Ebenezers set up by the way, in the Lord's delivering, directing, and supplying mercy in providence and grace. I shall not repeat, what I said, as is usual on such occasions, suffice it to say, satan was not, I believe, permitted to harass him but once; and then the standard of the cross was lifted up against him so that he could not prevail. I was with him, for the last time in prayer, at ten o'clock the Thursday-night. He knew, and could just say, that all was right; this was twelve hours before his departure. And his last effort to give utterance with his human voice was respecting the finished work upon the cross. 'Finished, all finished; Cal-Cal-Cal-vary.' And he breathed out his soul without a sigh or a groan. And thus fell asleep in Jesus.

It is usual upon these occasions to address the relatives in particular; but I shall not harrow up their feelings, nor my own by thus speaking. You, my friends, are satisfied that all is right. As a church, we have lost a most valuable officer and member, one to whom we could at all times, look unto for sympathy and advice. It has been said by some, that grace always shines the most brilliant when communicated to a man of great learning and natural abilities. Be it so. But how few know what grace is. For the mere professor supposes that if a man speaks in what is called a gracious manner with elegance and eloquence, of course he must be a gracious man. But all this may be when there is not a spark of grace in the soul. If a man does but exalt and exhort the creature, why then he is a very gracious man. But on the contrary, if a minister is faithful in debasing the creature, and

exalting the Saviour, Oh, then he is a very ungracious man. But, notwithstanding this, I know that grace shines most conspicuous, when communicated to those who (so to speak,) were constitutionally formed with a mild and amiable disposition. Such was our brother; his talent laid in sympathizing, and condoling or comforting them that were in any trouble with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God. It is in vain that we set up any standard to judge by altogether from outward appearance. One person might be of a sanguine, and another of a phlegmatic temperament. And here in the first it would require much grace to counteract and in the other to excite and stimulate. But of this we are certain—that the foundation standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his; and he will have them, whatever may appear to stand in the way.

The religion of our brother was what was wrought in his soul, and wrought out by the Spirit of God. His friendship was like that of his blessed Master, abiding through evil report and good report. His friendship shone most brilliant when the children of God were in the night of affliction, darkness, or distress. And by the grace of God he was as a city set on a hill, which could not be hid. And when the bridegroom came, he having oil in the vessel, trimmed his lamp, and went out to meet him. His soul has entered into the marriage supper of the Lamb; and his body which sleeps in Jesus, will God bring with him on the resurrection morn.

Some of you may say that I have been praising the dead too much; but it is not the creature, but the grace of God communicated to that creature, and it was by the aid, and under the influence of the Spirit of God that grace was so exemplified in his life and death. But had he no faults? Yes; he was no fleshly perfectionist. But of those faults it is not for me to speak. God had covered them with a mantle of love, and there I leave them.

There was nothing about our brother of that pharisaical, puritanical, hypocritical cant of affection put on for the occasion, but always the same freeness, oneness, and candour. He was clothed with humility, and blessed with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; But, finally, thy dead men shall live, says

God the Father; yes, says Christ, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead.' Amen. JOHN CARTER.

MR. JAMES OSBOURN.

New Edition of the Lawful Captive.

A SECOND English edition of "The Lawful Captive Delivered;" being the Life and Experience of James Osbourn, of Baltimore, America, has just issued from the press. The work is neatly printed—contains nearly 400 duodecimo pages—and is certainly written in a very pleasing style, richly studded with the most soul-comforting testimonies of the vitality of the Author's religion; of the use the Lord has been pleased to make of him; and of the faithfulness and kindness of a covenant God towards him. We feel justified in saying that we know of no christian's published life and experience that contains more savoury and demonstrative proofs of vital godliness, than does this 'Lawful Captive.' The Lord has blessed its perusal to many living souls; and it is a work that will live, and be useful to Zion's afflicted children when James Osbourn's remains are mouldering in the dust.

We shall make a few extracts from this new edition of 'The Lawful Captive,' as we are anxious to promote its circulation.

We commence by giving the following most merciful deliverances and protecting mercies vouchsafed unto our brother Osbourn, by Almighty God, in seasons of extreme danger. He says—

"Being at one time riding through the eastern part of the state of Virginia, and finding that it was not possible for me to reach the place of my destination without riding some hours in the night, my conclusion was to tarry for the night, (as the manner is in my country) at a house near by the road-side. And as I rode towards the mansion, for it was a very large dwelling, I alighted from my horse to open a gate which led into an expanded yard; and while thus engaged, a mastiff-dog of the bull breed bounced down the yard towards me in great fury, and reared himself on my breast, open-mouthed, and as if ready to take my life in a moment. I, with

the gate in one hand and the bridle in the other, stood motionless and confounded; and never shall I forget the visage which the enraged animal assumed on that occasion. The people of the house, servants and all, knowing as they did, the strength and voracity of the creature, were all but frantic at the fearful sight before them, and expected instantly to see me drop dead on the ground. But God was there, with the dog wholly under his control, and hence the dumb creature, with his nose in my face, was as mild and harmless as a lamb, and I received no injury, though in appearance at the point of death. Dogs, and lions, and a fiery furnace heated seven times more than usual, can do no hurt without divine permission. No!

'Not a single shaft can hit,
Until the God of love sees fit.'

"But in view of my escape from a beast so furious, I can but exclaim with the royal Psalmist, 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.'"

"About seven or eight months after the circumstances last stated, I was on a journey in the State of Tennessee, and in the course of the day I came to a water-course, which was then under a very high freshet, and through it I had to ford; and not taking the proper fording-place, it being hid by the high water, occasioned by the freshet, my horse in crossing came in contact with a huge pile of rocks concealed under water; he flounced about for a while, and by so doing he became yet more entangled among the rocks, and my situation was getting to be perilous, and no way appeared whereby it could be improved by any effort of mine. The distance across was about a hundred and fifty yards, and the water was up to the skirts of the saddle, and the current running very rapidly, and my horse refractory. Thus was I placed for the space of five or seven minutes, and with a multitude of thoughts within me; and although my wife and children were a thousand miles from me, or rather I from them, yet in this painful crisis they were plain before the eyes of my understanding, and the warm remembrance of them greatly increased my gloom. I thought if I could keep on my horse it might be well with me;

but he snorted and plunged at a strange rate, and at last he fell down, and I was thrown out of the saddle among the rocks, but was enabled to scramble on a broken piece of a rock, and to catch hold of the bridle, and somehow or another to get again on my horse's back, and so made shift to make landing on the opposite shore; but that I escaped being dashed to pieces on the rocks in a fall so violent, was too marvellous for me to decipher; only I knew then, and I know now, that the eternal God hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of men's habitation."

It has been a matter of inquiry among the christian folks in England, as to what it was led Mr. Osbourn to visit again his native land? Towards the close of the present edition he says—

"After having travelled far, and passed through many changes in my feelings, and seen many strange places, and people, and things, and 'another gospel,' and many baneful effects of the same, I returned home to my family and friends, and found all well. And when at home my mind would sometimes be exercised about visiting England, for I was persuaded that the Lord intended I should be his floating lamp. But still I was afraid of coming without some assurance from the Lord of its being my duty there to go, and hence my mind was in a pause concerning this thing. Soon after this I received a short letter from a brother of mine in the flesh, residing at Colchester, in the county of Essex, and concerning whom I had heard nothing for forty years, wanting a few months."

In answering his brother's letter, Mr. O. expressed a desire, "to spend a summer in England, and to preach from city to city, Christ and him crucified." From the postscript of this letter, we must make one short extract—which doth in most striking sentences throw out to view the real "complex" character of the man. Many thousands in England are crying out with desire to see and hear Mr. Osbourn. We have been written to, and requested again and again, to invite him to preach in various parts: in fact, there has been no man raised up, or brought into this country, for many years past, whom the lovers of gospel truth have been so concerned to see and hear. Well; here he is—look

at him; and listen to him, while he speaks of, and for himself.

"Since I have been in the ministry I have preached much, and written and published twenty-three different works on theology, and many of them contain from three to four and nearly five hundred pages of a duodecimo size. I also have reprinted several works written by other authors. I have seen huge rocks, and massy mountains, and frightful cavities, and extensive lakes, that you have no proper conception of. I also have been where the inhabitants raise cotton, tobacco, rice, indigo, figs, and sugar in abundance; and also in places where there are wolves, bears, wild cats, racoons, and opossums. But the worst and most odious place that I have yet seen in all my travels is my own heart; and the worst living creature I have met with either by day or night in the northern region or in southern clime, or at the extreme east or far west, in the summer season or in dead of winter, is James Osbourn. He is complex in his make; one part of him is morose and haughty, and selfish and corrupt, and ill-disposed and very refractory. On the other hand, he is mild and humble, and as clean every whit as a new pin, and opposed to all that is wrong. Such then is James—quite complex, and as the poet says,

'To good and evil equal bent,
He's both a devil and a saint.'"

Again, to his brother, he says—

"I suppose you thought me dead and gone years back, but it is not so; I am yet alive and have entered into the 64th year of my age, and am quite well and hearty, and the weight of my carcase is two hundred and six pounds: but the full weight of my sins is a good deal more than that. I left the famous city of London for America thirty-nine years ago next June, about a year after I was with you last, and I arrived in New York the August following, and left there for Baltimore in the fall of 1815, and this city has been my home from then till now, and here it is likely I shall end my mortal days."

After a rough passage, on the 6th of November, he writes from Liverpool as follows:—

"Through the good hand of God upon us we have escaped the dangers of the sea. We arrived safe in dock last night about ten o'clock, and this morning I came on shore, and I am now snugly housed in a magni-

ficient hotel, and intend going to Manchester to-morrow morning by the cars, and there to make myself known. And there in all probability I shall hoist the 'broad pendant,' and also give two or three salutes from the 'strong tower;' and from there go through the whole length and breadth of the land, blowing 'the great trumpet.' I wonder what the people will think of the stranger from 'over the hills and far away.' The following is to be my motto go wherever I may: 'I am determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.' Will this do, think you?

We will only add—this new edition of the 'Lawful Captive,' being published by Messrs. Groombridge; as also a very handsome portrait of Mr. Osbourn, can be had of any bookseller. We are also authorised by Mr. Osbourn to supply copies of either the work or the portrait from our own office.

(To be Continued.)

Our Great High Priest.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON BY MR. JAMES WELLS, DELIVERED AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE, BOROUGH ROAD, APRIL 26, 1846.

"For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities," &c. Heb. iv. 15, 16.

THE people of God have many infirmitates, and among others, they have the infirmity of being more pleased with the things of the flesh, than with the things of God. They have also the infirmity of blindness—spiritual blindness. They have also the infirmity of deafness—spiritual deafness. Spiritual deafness is a dreadful infirmity. Blessed are the people who hear the joyful sound. They have, again, the infirmity of lameness—spiritual lameness; they are brought sometimes that they are compelled to halt, not being able to take one step in the ways of the Lord. And though these things fetter their souls; and bow them down, yet such is their nature, that they are continually going after vanity. The Lord's people, therefore are the subjects of manifold infirmities. If all these hindrances were moved out of the way, if the temptations, the flattery, and the vanity of the world were removed, then, indeed, it would be easy to talk about acting and working. No person can enter heaven with any infirmity: to enter heaven we must be free from blindness, from deafness, from lameness, from leprosy, and from every other infirmity. It is infinite condescension in the Lord to call these things infirmities. What a mercy it is, that let there be whatever there may, wrong, as soon as the dear Redeemer comes in and speaks a word to the soul, every thing is immediately put right. The sympathy of Christ's human nature was not a natural sympathy; and the sympathy

which he exercises now, and always has exercised over his dear people, is as superior to that sympathy with which he wept over Jerusalem, as infinite Divinity is superior to perfect humanity. If the sympathy of Christ was the sympathy of a man, it would not reach us. The dear Redeemer having walked the path of tribulation before his people, is able to succour them; and though he was tempted in all points, as his people are, yet they are not tempted in all points that he was. If Christ has borne my transgressions, and my sorrows, he must have borne innumerable sorrows, and innumerable transgressions, as far as all human calculation goes; and if he was wounded for my transgressions the wound must be deep indeed. We have an High Priest, bless his dear name, he is HIGH, sitting at the right hand of God; and his mediatorial work has swept the whole surface of the globe, and not left one point either east, west, north or south, untouched, but extended it to all his redeemed, even to as many as the Lord, our God shall call. There are three senses in which Christ had no sin:—He had no sin naturally—it was an impossibility according to what he was. 'In the beginning was the Word, and the word was with God, and the word was God.' It is impossible for God to lie: all sin comes under the character of a lie: therefore as Hart says—

"Let God be true, and every man a liar."

'Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and his name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace. Christ had no sin practically. What a number of snares were laid for him, and yet he overcame them all. And his sinless life is imputed to his people. Christ had no sin objectively; by this I mean that all his purposes and all his objects were holy. He had no object in view, but what was holy, just, good, and honorable. His object was glorious—so glorious that devils would be proud to own him. 'Therefore having such an High Priest, let us come boldly to a throne of grace.' Publicans and harlots enter the kingdom of heaven, while pharisees are ashamed to own that mercy and grace by which they are saved. Boldness is necessary in the ministers of the gospel, to declare these things. Boldness is also necessary to the hearer: therefore, 'Let us go boldly to a throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need.'

"The reason why most men are not troubled about their sins to any purpose, is from a persuasion that God is merciful, and will pardon; when, indeed, none can really, on a gospel account, have that persuasion, but those who have been troubled for sin, and that to purpose."—Owen.

The Freeness of Christ's Love :

FAITH TO BE EXERCISED UNDER A SENSE OF GOD'S WRATH — GRACE SUFFICIENT FOR ENDURING OF THE GREATEST TROUBLES — THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF CHRIST—OUR AFFLICTIONS CHOSEN BY HIM, AND ALL DESIGNED FOR OUR PURIFICATION.

MUCH HONOURED AND DEAR FRIENDS: Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. The necessary impediments of my calling have hitherto kept me from making a return to your letter, the heads of which, I shall briefly answer.

I approve your going to the fountain when your own cistern is dry: a difference there must be betwixt Christ's well and your borrowed water; and why? Because you have need of emptiness and drying up, as well as you have need of the well. Want, and a hole there must be in our vessel to leave room for Christ's art; his well hath its own need of thirsty drinkers, to commend infinite love, which from eternity, did brew such a cellar of living waters for us. You commend his free love; and it is well done. Oh, if I could help you, and if I could be master-convener, to gather an earth full, and a heaven full of tongues, dipped and steeped in my Lord's well of love, or his wine of love, even tongues drunken with his love, to raise a song of praises to him, betwixt the east and west end, and furthest points of the broad heavens! If I were in your case, as, alas! my dry and dead heart is not now in that garden, I would borrow leave to come, and stand upon the banks and coasts of that sea of love, and be a feasted soul, to see love's fair tide, free love's high and lofty waves, each of them higher than ten earths, flowing in upon pieces of clay. O welcome, welcome, great sea! Oh, if I had as much love for wideness and breadth, as twenty outmost shells and spheres of the heaven of heavens, that I might receive in a little flood of his free love; Come, dear friend, and be pained, that the king's wine-cellar of free love, and his banquetting-house, so wide, so stately, so God-like, so glory-like! should be so abundant, so overflowing, and your shallow vessel so little, to take in some part of that love. But since it cannot come in you, for want of room, enter yourself in this sea of love, and breathe under these waters, and die of love; and live as one dead, and crowned of this love.

But why do you complain of waters going over your soul, and that the smoke of the terrors of a wrathful Lord doth almost suffocate you, and bring you to death's brink? I know the fault is in your eyes, not in him: it is not the rock that fleeth and moveth, but the young sailor: if your sense and apprehension be made judge of

his love, there is a graven image made presently, even a changed god, and a foe-god, who was once, ('when you washed your steps with butter, and the rock poured you out rivers of oil,' Job xxix. 6.) a Friend-God. Either now or never let God work: you had never, since you were a man, such a fair field for faith; for a painted hell, and an apprehension of wrath in your Father, is faith's opportunity to try what strength is in it. Now, give God as large a measure of love, as you have of sorrow: now, see faith to be faith indeed; if you can, make your grave betwixt Christ's feet, and say, 'Though he should slay me, I will trust in him; his believed love shall be my winding-sheet, and all my grave clothes. I shall roll, and sew in my soul, my slain soul in that web, his sweet and free love. And let him write upon my grave — 'Here lieth a believing, dead man, breathing out, and making a hole in death's broad side, and the breath of faith cometh forth through the hole. See now if you can overcome and prevail with God, and wrestle God's tempting to death quite out of breath, as that renowned wrestler did, 'And by his strength he had power with God,' Hosea xii. 3. 'Yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed, (ver. 4.) He is a strong man indeed, who overmatcheth heaven's strength, and the Holy One of Israel, the strong Lord, which is done by a secret supply of divine strength within, wherewith the weakest, being strengthened, overcome and conquer. It shall be a great victory, to blow out the flame of that furnace you are now in, with the breath of faith. And when hell, men, malice, cruelty, falsehood, devils, the seeming glooms of a sweet Lord, meet you in the teeth; if you then, as a captive of hope, as one fettered in hope's prison, run to your strong hold, even from God glooming to God glooming; and believe the salvation of the Lord in the dark, which is your only victory; your enemies are but pieces of malicious clay; they shall die as men, and be confounded.

But that your troubles are many at once, and arrows come in from all points, from country, friends, wife, children, foes, estate, and right down from God, who is the hope and stay of your soul, I confess is more, and very heavy to be borne: yet all these are not more than grace; all these bits of coals, cast in your sea of mercy, cannot dry it up. Your troubles are many and great, yet not an ounce weight beyond the measure of grace he has to bestow; for, our Lord never yet broke the back of his child, nor spoiled his own work. Nature's plastering, and counterfeiting work he doth often break in shreds, and putteth out a candle not lighted at the Sun of Righteousness; but he must cherish his own reeds, and handieth them softly; never a reed getteth a thrust

with the Mediator's hand, to lay together the two ends of the reed. Oh, what bonds and ligaments hath our surgeon of broken spirits, to bind up all his lame and bruised ones with: cast your disjointed spirit into his lap, and lay your burden upon one who is so willing to take your cares and your fears off you, and to exchange your crosses, and to give you new for old, and gold for iron, even to give you garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

It is true in great part what you write of this Kirk, that the letter of religion only, is reformed, and scarcely that; I do not believe that our Lord will build his Zion in this land, upon this skin of reformation. So long as our scum remaineth, and our heart idols are kept, this work must be at a stand; and therefore, our Lord must yet sift this land and search us with candles; and I know he will give, and not sell us his kingdom. His grace and our remaining guiltiness must be compared, and the one must be seen in the glory of it, and the other in the sinfulness of it. But I desire to believe, and would gladly hope to see, that the glancing and shining lustre of glory, coming from the diamonds and stones set in the crown of our Lord Jesus, shall cast rays and beams of many thousand miles about. I hope Christ is upon a great marriage; and that his wooing and suiting of his excellent bride, doth take its beginning from us, the ends of the earth.

O, what joy and what glory would I judge it, if my heaven should be suspended till I might have leave to run on foot, to be a witness of that marriage-glory, and see Christ put on the glory of his last married bride, and his last marriage love on earth, when he shall enlarge his church, and set it on the top of the mountains, and take in the elder sister, the Jews, and the fulness of the Gentiles. It were heaven's honor and glory, upon earth, to be his lackey, to run at his horse-foot, and hold up the train of his marriage-robe-royal, in the day of his high and royal espousals. But oh, what glory to have a seat in Jesu's chariot, that is bottomed with gold, and paved, and lined over, and floored within, with love, "for the daughters of Jerusalem." (Cant. iii. 30.) To lie upon such a king's love were next to the flower of heaven's glory.

I am sorry to hear you speak, in your letter, of a God angry with you, and of the sense of his indignation, which only ariseth from suffering for Jesus all that is now come upon you. Indeed apprehended wrath flameth out of such ashes as apprehended sin, but not from suffering for Christ. But suppose you were in hell for past sins, and for old debt. I hope you owe Christ a great sum of love, to believe the sweetness of his love. I know what it is to sin in that kind; it is to

sin out, if it were possible, the unchangeableness of a God-head out of Christ, and to sin away a lovely and unchangeable God. Put more honest honest apprehensions upon Christ; put on his own mask on his face, and not your veil made of unbelief, which speaketh as if he borrowed love to you, from you and your demerits and sinful deservings. O, no! Christ is man, but he is not like man; he hath man's love in heaven, but it is lustred with God's love, and it is very God's love you have to do with. When your wheels go about, he standeth still. Let God be God, and be you man, and have you the deserving of man, and the sin of one who hath suffered your well-beloved to slip away, nay, hath refused him entrance, when he was knocking, till his head and locks were frozen. Yet what is that to him? His book keepeth your name, and is not printed and reprinted and changed and corrected. And why, but he should go to his place and hide himself? Howbeit, his departure be; his own good work, yet the belief of it in that manner, is your sin, but wait on till he return with salvation, and cause you to rejoice in the latter end.

It is not much to complain; but rather believe than complain, and sit in the dust, and close your mouth, till he make your sown light grow again; for your afflictions are not eternal; time will end them; and so shall you at length see the Lord's salvation; his love sleepeth not, but is still in working for you; his salvation will not tarry nor linger; and suffering for him is the noblest cross out of heaven: your Lord hath the choice of ten thousand other crosses, beside this to exercise you withal; but his wisdom and his love chose out this for you, beside them all, and take it as a choice one, and make use of it, so that you look to this world as your step-mother in your borrowed prison. For it is a love-look to heaven, and the other side of the water, that God seeketh; and this is the fruit, the flower, growing out of your cross, that you be a dead man to time, to clay, to gold, to country, to friends, wife, children, and all pieces of created nothings; for in them there is not a seat nor bottom for the soul's love. O, what room is there for your love, if it were as broad as the sea, up in heaven and in God, and what would not Christ give for your love? God gave so much for your soul; and blessed arc you if you have a love for him, and can call in your soul's love from all idols, and can make a God of God, a God of Christ, and draw a line betwixt your heart and him.

If your deliverance come not, Christ's presence and his believed love must stand as surety for your deliverance, till your Lord send it in his blessed time; for Christ hath many salvations, if we could see them; and I would think it better borne comfort

and joy that cometh from the faith of deliverance, and the faith of his love, than that which cometh from deliverance itself. It is not much matter if you find ease to your afflicted soul, what be the means, either of your own wishing or God's choosing; the latter I am sure is best, and the comfort strongest and sweetest: let the Lord absolutely have the ordering of your evils and troubles, and put them off you by recommending your cross and your furnace to him who hath skill to melt his own metal, and knoweth well what to do with his furnace: let your heart be willing that God's fire have your tin, brass, and dross.

To consent to want corruption, is a greater mercy than many professors do well know; and to refer the manner of God's physic to his own wisdom, whether it be by drawing blood, or giving sugared drinks: that he cureth sick folks without pain is a great point of faith; and to believe Christ's cross to be a friend, as he himself is a friend, is also a special act of faith; but when you are over the water this case shall be as yesterday, past a hundred years ere you were born; and the cup of glory shall wash the memory of all this away, and make it as nothing. Only now take Christ in with you under your yoke, and let patience have her perfect work; for this haste is your infirmity. The Lord is rising up to do you good in the latter end. Put on the faith of his salvation, and see him posting and hastening towards you. RUTHERFORD.

[If spared, perhaps we may give in a future number, some of the last words of Mr. Rutherford; hoping that the Lord may bless them to the comforting of some poor soul who might be in bondage, through the fear of death. Heb. ii. 15.]

A COMFORTING

Word from Brother Ephraim.

DEAR BROTHER, AND COMPANION IN TRIBULATION:—You may think it strange that I have not fulfilled my promise before, but God, who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, has been pleased to make himself known unto a vile, base, and sinful wretch, as a kind and gracious, merciful, covenant-keeping God, in preserving, upholding, and appearing as a God of providence, to a base wretch, to the astonishment of his poor rebel, notwithstanding all our wanderings, baseness, and proneness to choose our own way; for we are, sometimes, permitted to choose our own way, and as we are suffered to choose our paths for ourselves, the Lord is pleased to hedge up our path with pricking thorns, and here we fret, murmur, and complain: there is something saying

within us—'the Lord dealeth hardly with us; and death is stamped upon all that we are pursuing;' and here I have felt bound up in hardness, and blindness, and deadness, without any real feeling to cry unto God; for I have proved again and again, unless the dear Lord is pleased to bring the soul and make him acquainted with his own condition; and to grant him a little softening, and a feeling of his soul, we have no right conception of our true state, and here we truly need the quickening influences of the Holy Ghost put forth in the soul, and faith which is the gift of God, to enable a poor worm to come; and from his inmost soul to sue for mercy, for pardon, and forgiveness: and here we have to sigh and cry till the set time is come, for I have proved that the Lord hath a set time to favour his people, to grant them their souls' request, and that request is, that pardoning love and blood be realised to the cleansing of their guilty souls, to assure their hearts that they are one with him; nothing short of this will satisfy their guilty, sin-bitten consciences, to enable them to stand upright; and this a poor worm has been brought in some small measure to; to a rejoicing of the soul; but I still find I am in the wilderness, and I have a bad old man to grapple with, and a mighty foe (that is unbelief,) and this foe shakes the poor soul to its centre, and causeth the soul to call in question every step of the way; it turns things up side down, and oh, the sighs and cries and searchings of heart for an evidence clear; and, oh, the accusations that are brought against a soul, and he cannot return one answer, and here he has to prove that nothing short of coming in mercies, can enable him to return an answer, and this is how a vile, sinful, base, ungrateful, hard, blind and sinful wretch, hobbles on in the wilderness.

Dear brother, may the God of hope, and the God of all comfort strengthen, establish, confirm, and build you up in the truth, prays

A Poor, Sinful Worm, E. NUNN.

Walpole, March 25, 1847.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF

Mr. James Osbourn's Sermon,

*Preached in the Independent Chapel, Horsham,
On Wednesday-evening, Feb. 24, 1847.*

As soon as this venerable weather-beaten, faithful champion of truth, arose and shewed himself in the pulpit, his singular gravity and solemnity of appearance, put me in mind of the old prophet Elijah. In prayer, he evidently was favored with sweet and close communion, and fellowship with the Lord, as a man with his friend. His text was Exodus xxv. 22. 'And there I will meet

with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat."

After describing the ark, which he said was a kind of portable chest or box; which the children of Israel carried about with them from place to place; and the solemn antiquities the ark contained; and its exact dimensions; and the breadth and length of the mercy seat above it, being exactly the same; and then he spoke of the solemn emblem of all this to the Lord Jesus Christ, the spiritual ark, and the length and breadth of the great atonement, reaching to all those chosen in Christ, before all time; so the mercy seat was as long and as broad as the ark; but no longer, nor no broader; and the glorious gospel of Christ was a dispensation and revelation recorded and made known to every beloved, elect vessel of God's sovereign mercy, in due time by the Eternal Spirit, the great Revealer and Sealer of all covenant mercy and covenant blessings.

Then he solemnly described the awful state of all men by nature, and with a dead profession of religion; like the boasting pharisee of old, in the temple; proving from many Scripture testimonies how far from God, and the only place of mercy and spiritual communion, such characters all stood; blind to their own lost condition, having never felt the condemnation of the law; and how bitter was the enmity of such men, against the real truth of God, and against his humble followers, and seekers for his mercy, at the only place to obtain it. There, there will I meet with thee. This, he said, was the state of the great majority of professors, in his adopted country; and it would be well he said, if it was not the same here.

Then he went on to describe the solemn work of God in spiritual conviction; making such truly feel guilty before God; stripped them of all their beauty and plumage; how he brought down all their pride; broke down all creature carved work, and all human merit; shook them out of all confidence, in duties, dead works, and fleshly prayers; put a cry into their soul where there was no strength shut up nor left; like as he did the poor publican and others. Then the dear, and faithful man put the question close to his hearers by saying, 'Have you felt these things?' 'If not,' he said, 'I would say to you, as Pilate's wife said to him—'Have nothing to do with this just man.' Then he gave us a solemn, but brief account, of what he had felt and experienced of the solemn work of God in humbling and emptying his own poor soul: and his scriptural, and solemn manner of address, and personal testimony, was with such undeniable certainty and assurance, all confirmed with a 'Thus saith the Lord,' that it bid defiance to men or devils to attempt to contradict him;

though modern pharisees hate it with the same malice, as those recorded in Luke, xxviii. 19. Then it was truly sweet, the great encouragement given to those poor distressed souls, relative to the precious promise—'There,' 'There,' mind, 'will I meet with thee, and commune with thee;' a solemn stress he put on the word 'There,' in contradistinction to any where else. Not in your prayers; not in your duties; but 'there,' mind, 'will I meet with thee, at the foot of the mercy seat.' Thence flows everlasting love to the poor sinner, thence flows sin-atoning blood, thence flows mercy, full forgiveness for all sin; there is displayed the brother's love, not a brother in law; but own brother; own flesh and bones; a brother by consanguinity. Oh, the blessed vital union! one with Jesus! 'I am in my Father; ye in me, and I in you.' Here he arose into the communion; 'There will I commune with thee;' and here the dear aged man sweetly described the blessedness and glory of this communion until language was lost. Truly, it was soul-absorbing; and I could have sat under such truths, until morning light. If such the sweetness of the streams, what must the fountain be?

Horsham.

J. RAYNSFORD.

An Instrument of Ten Strings.

Psal. xcii. 3.

DAVID was, no doubt, a skilful musician both literally and spiritually; he charmed himself, and many others, on the harp, in a literal sense; he also charmed himself and many others, (and does to the present day,) on the gospel harp, spiritually. The gospel harp is a full toned instrument, and consequently possesses a perfect number of strings, viz. ten; it is to be played upon two ways, Doctrinally and Experimentally: each string being separately touched, will, in the issue, produce a joyful sound; and blessed are the people that know it.

The Doctrinal notes touched on each string, are, 1, God the Father; 2, God the Son; 3, God the Holy Ghost; 4, Eternal Election; 5, Eternal Love; 6, Eternal Predestination; 7, Eternal Redemption; 8, Eternal Sanctification; 9, Eternal Justification; 10, Eternal Glorification. The experimental notes are, 1, Feeling; 2, Knowledge; 3, Fear; 4, Hope; 5, Faith; 6, Love; 7, Peace; 8, Desire; 9, Joy; 10, Assurance. Now, in order to avoid prolixity, I must only touch each string, the whole terminating in one sweet accord and a certain sound. 1, God the Father in his covenant enactments, settlements, and designs relative to his elect people, all immovably fixed. 2, God the Son in his covenant responsibility, undertakings and engagements perfectly arranged. 3, God the Holy Ghost in his

covenant agreement, purpose and promise unalterably planned, the three incommunicable persons in the one co-equal, co-essential, co-eternal Jehovah; the I am which was and is, and is to come, incomprehensible Deity. 4, The eternal election of the church out of every kindred, nation, tongue, and people, in the person of Christ by Jehovah the Father, revealed and discovered to the saints by Jehovah the Spirit. 5, The everlasting love of God set upon them; loved by the Father, in the Son, by the Son in the Father, by the Spirit in the Father and the Son, and by the Father and the Son, in the Spirit. God is love, in which the church was from, and shall be to, all eternity, swallowed up; and who shall separate her from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord. 6, Eternally predestinated to everlasting life, though spiritually dead in the first Adam, her spiritual and eternal life was, and is with Christ in God, the second Adam; being then predestinated she shall persevere through millions of foes and mountains of opposition, and finally reach her destined port, for so he bringeth them to their desired haven. 7, Eternal redemption through the blood of the Lamb, from all thralldom, all slavery, all sin, all death, all curse, all condemnation, and all hell. O, glorious truth! the Lord hath redeemed his servant Jacob; the work is finished, the victory won, and the church is safe. 8, Eternal Sanctification, separated and set apart by God himself, from everlasting, for God himself, to everlasting: the people shall dwell alone, sanctified and made holy by the Spirit's work within them, as the glorious result of their eternal union to, and oneness with Christ. 9, Eternal justification; sin and guilt for ever taken away; holiness and righteousness imputed to, and implanted within the saints of the most high; justified from all things, made free from all sin, acquitted from all curse, and delivered from all condemnation; eternally pardoned and cleansed from all evil and iniquity, in and through the blood of the Lamb. 10, Eternal Glorification; 'for whom he justified, them, he glorified;' and what glorification is, we must die to know; yet blessed be God, we 'shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is,' and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Having just touched the ten strings in point of doctrine, and find them sweet and harmonious, I now touch them in point of experience, and 1, Feeling; when the Holy Ghost communicates supernatural life and light to the soul, there follows a deep feeling sense of what we are as lost, ruined, wretched, hell-deserving sinners: some are more solemnly acquainted with this, their fallen condition, than others; God is a sovereign in these important matters, yet all shall know their own sore, so as to be

constrained to put up earnestly the publican's prayer; this is a bass note on the bass string, yet music is not worth a rush without good bass. 2, Knowledge; they know that in them (that is in their flesh,) dwelleth no good thing; they know that the law is spiritual and they are carnal, they know that God is just in all his ways, words, and works, they know that they are not redeemed with corruptible things; in a word, they shall know the Lord and his truth, and that shall, and does make them free; O, blessed knowledge: 3, Fear; a slavish fear they are no strangers to; for such fear hath torment; thus they often fear they have not come in right, that their religion is of the flesh; that they shall never hold on; that at last they shall be cast away. O, what searchings of heart these things produce! God puts his fear (or love,) in their hearts, and this is the beginning of wisdom for time and eternity. 4, Hope; 'a good hope through grace,' rises up in the soul with a 'who can tell?' hope in the gospel, hope in the promise, hope in the power, hope in the person, and hope in the performance of the Lord Jesus, so that we hope for that we see not, and so with patience wait for it; which hope we have as an anchor for the soul; let Israel, therefore, hope in the Lord. 5, Faith; as 'the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for;' thus we are constituted believers, possessing the faith of God's elect, like precious faith with all our forefathers, faith in Christ of the operation of the Holy Ghost, faith which works by love, faith which purifies the heart, faith, the gift of God, faith which shall prove victorious over sin, death, and hell. Whosoever thus believeth in Christ, shall never perish. 6, Love; 'the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts;' 'we love him because he first loved us;' so that we love the Lord, his word, his works, his truth, his people, his ordinances, and his salvation. Oh, for more of this love! and that in soul realisation. 7, Peace; 'The peace of God which passeth all understanding;' he, Christ, is our peace, for us, to us, and in us; we have peace in the conscience, with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; a rich legacy bequeathed to us, and enjoyed by us; peace shall be upon Israel! Hallelujah! 8, Desire; the desire of our soul is toward thee; he is all our salvation, and all our desire; 'there is none upon earth we desire beside thee;' and he will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; even of those that desire to fear him; all our desire is before him, and the desire of the righteous shall be granted; and we sometimes have a desire to depart and be with Jesus. 9, Joy; your present sorrow shall be turned into future joy; joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ; everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; this joy

is one of the properties of the kingdom within the saints, 'righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,' it is a spiritual, holy, and heavenly joy, the certain harbinger of that celestial state where all will be a perfection of joy. 10, Assurance; this is a high note, touched on the tenth string; so shall all God's elect, more or less, sooner or later, touch it to the joy and rejoicing of their hearts, and to the honour and glory of God; the full assurance of faith is the believer's highest standing in the present world, it amounts to 'my Lord, and my God,' 'my beloved,' 'my portion,' 'my refuge,' 'my lot,' 'my inheritance,' 'my salvation,' and 'my all,' experimentally known, confessed, and claimed, beyond the power of doubt or fear; thus, this ten stringed instrument produces a rich variety of sounds, and none of them is without signification, all concentrating in the praise and glory of Zion's God, Father, Son and Spirit for ever and ever. Amen.

T. STRINGER.

Desiring to depart and to be with Christ.

MY DEAR SISTER :—As I am now better in health, but not able to work, I have taken this opportunity to write you a few lines to tell you a little of the loving-kindness of the Lord which he has so bountifully bestowed upon me. Oh! that he may enable me so to speak of his goodness that your soul may be refreshed, that you may exalt the Lord with me, for truly, he alone, is worthy to be praised; his name alone is excellent, for he has delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and I hope and trust he will keep my feet from falling. 'He hath brought me up out of an horrible pit and out of the miry clay, he hath set my feet upon a rock and established my goings; he hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise to our God. 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.' You know it hath pleased him to afflict me, which I know he has done in faithfulness, in tender mercy, and compassion to my poor soul; for he has most sweetly brought me to fall under it at his feet, and to kiss his rod, and him that appointed it. I never, in all my life spent, such a comfortable week as I did last week. The dear Lord did most sweetly break in upon my soul, on Monday afternoon, with his pardoning love and mercy, and sealed it home upon my heart with such power, sweetness, and assurance as I never felt before. I was then very weak and poorly in body, and did not much expect that I should get better, but oh, I found the Saviour's blood a balm for every wound; I

had no more desire to live but did most earnestly long, and beg, and pray, for my soul could sweetly sing—'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 Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth,' therefore, 'Thanks!' Eternal thanks! 'be to God, who giveth us the victory, through his Son, Christ Jesus, our Lord.' O, what sweet peace, and tranquility of mind I felt! Truly, this peace of God passes all understanding; none can comprehend it but those that have felt it; this is that sweet 'secret of the Lord,' that 'is with them that fear him,' which is hid from all others. O, that I had a free tongue to speak the praise of my dear Redeemer, who loved me and gave himself for me! Oh! how my soul sometimes sinks astonished that the great and Infinite Being of heaven and earth, before whom the nations are counted but as a drop of a bucket, should ever take notice of such a poor worm of the earth as I am, and that he should set his everlasting love upon me, and watch over me for good, even when I set at nought all his counsels, and would none of his reproof.

"Determin'd to save,
He watch'd o'er my path;
When satan's blind slave,
I sported with death."

"Preserv'd in Jesus,
When my feet made haste to hell;
And there should I have been,
But thou dost all things well."

"Thy love was great, thy mercy free,
Which from the pit delivered me."

Oh, I am satisfied that a sense of this love will melt the hardest heart! Oh, what strong consolation it gives under trouble! 'When he giveth quietness, who then, can make trouble?' In the midst of all our trouble in our business, my heart has not been the least moved, it has been nothing to me, and I can now say with the apostle Paul, 'None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself that I may finish my course with joy;' Christ is all my salvation and all my desire. 'All my desires are now content to be comprised in one;' I desire nothing but to enjoy daily a heart-felt union and communion with my dear Redeemer; this I sweetly enjoyed more or less every day last week. Oh, how sweetly would my cheerful soul look up to God, as my reconciled God and Father in Christ Jesus; how very precious his word has been to my soul! I have not read much since but the Bible, and I find that that yields me all that I can desire, when the dear Lord is pleased to shine upon and apply it to my heart as he has done many times. Oh, how

strong, how solid is that consolation which the word of God affords when applied by the Spirit of all grace to the heart as he has done many times, 'thy word was found,' says the prophet, and I did eat it, and it was the joy and rejoicing of my heart, 'Christ says, 'The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life.' Oh, the unspeakable goodness, mercy, and love of God! I have filled all this paper with words and have said nothing about it as I wanted to do. I will leave off attempting to speak of it with the words of dear Rutherford—'Oh that the heavens and the heaven of heavens were paper, and the sea ink, and the multitude of innumerable pens of brass, and I were able to write that paper within and without, full of the praises of my dearest, my sweetest, my loveliest, my matchless, my most sinless, and most marvellously well-beloved.' Now may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead, our Lord Jesus Christ be with you, amen. * * From your affectionate brother. SAMUEL DAW.

[This Samuel Daw was the author of a very precious little volume of Experimental Poems, advertised on the wrapper of this work. He is now in glory.]

THE CERTAIN, SUDDEN, AND PROBABLY Speedy Downfall of Antichrist.

JOHN OWEN says in his sermon on the Use of Faith, if Popery should return upon us, 'The second difficulty that we have or may have to conflict with, is the return of Popery into this land. I verily believe that those who have the conduct of the Papal antichristian affairs, throughout the world, are endeavouring to bring it upon us. I remember what holy Latimer said when he came to die: 'Once I believed Popery would never return into England; but,' said he, 'I find it was not faith, but fancy.' I wish it may not prove so, with many of us. Now that which I am to speak unto you is this, how we should live by faith, both in the prospect of the danger of it, and if it should come upon us. I shall name a few things, which I exercise myself with. If you have more supporting thoughts and a better guidance of light, I pray God confirm it unto you.

"The first thing I would exercise my thoughts upon, and that my faith rests in in this case, is this, that there is a fixed, determinate time, in the counsels of God, when Antichrist, and Babylon, and idolatry, and superstition, together with that profaneness of life which they brought in, shall be destroyed. It is so fixed that it shall not be altered. All the wisdom of men, all the sins of men, and all our un-

belief shall not hinder it a single day. It shall assuredly come to pass in its appointed season. This time is reckoned up in Scripture, by days, by months, by years, not that we should know the *time* of it, but the *certainty* of it; for if it hath but so many days, so many months, then it must have a certain period. The fixing and computing of the time of the man of sin, of Antichrist, by days and months, and years, is to secure our *faith* in the punctual determination of the season, but not to satisfy our *curiosity* when that season should be. But the consideration of this, that there is such a determinate season, is a great foundation of faith and patience. When we know it *will* come, that there is such a determinate time, that it *will surely* come, is a great ground of patience to wait for it. This is a great consideration with me, and I leave it with you. Here I can exercise faith without fancy in the counsel of God, that he will pour out all his judgements and plagues on the antichristian world until antichristianism be destroyed and rooted out.

"The judgments of God shall come upon the antichristian world when they look not for them; when the kings of the earth do not look for them; yea, when believers themselves do not look for them; they shall come so suddenly. The Holy Ghost saith so expressly, Rev. xviii. 18, 'Her plagues shall come in one day—death and mourning, and famine—and she shall be utterly burnt with fire.' The reason is, 'For strong is the Lord that judgeth her.' Almighty strength shall be put forth for the accomplishing of it. And if this be not enough, the seventeenth verse tells you that it shall come in *one hour*. And I do verily believe, that the destruction of this cursed antichristian state (of the head of it) will be brought about by none of those means we see or know of: but that the strong Lord shall break in upon her and destroy her by ways unknown to us. It may be *to-morrow*; and it may not be these hundred years. She herself, when it is done shall look for no such thing, verse 7th. When she is boasting herself, destruction shall come. The kings of the earth shall have no expectation of it, for they shall cry (verse 16th,) 'Alas! alas! that great city Babylon, that mighty city; for in one hour so great riches is come to nought.' Believers themselves will be like the children of Israel in Egypt; they could not believe Moses because of the cruel bondage they were under. So will God's judgments come upon antichrist, the old enemies of Jesus Christ."

"If the waters of the sanctuary have flowed into your soul, the death of the minister will not drown your religion. Oh no; that it won't."—C. W. B.

Another Persecuting Saul

BROUGHT TO THE FELT OF JESUS.

I'm oft'times tempted to believe
That I, God's people do deceive;
And think I surely shall at last,
Be manifest a vile out-cast.

But, O my friend, when I review
The path the Lord hath brought me through,
I stand astonished, and confess
I am a monument of grace!

I once was led a blinded slave,
Denied the power of Christ to save;
I thought that years to come would do,
For me to be religious too.

But Oh, the Lord, I must repeat
He brought me prostrate to his feet;
I cried, have mercy, Lord, forgive,
And let a guilty rebel live!

He kindly heard and answer'd too,
And made me feel, and made me know,
The riches of redeeming grace,
And thus I found a hiding place.

But Oh, the time, and where he met;
The circumstance I can't forget;
I thought, annoy the saints I would;
But Oh, this time of love and good!

Compell'd, I went to see baptiz'd
The saints of God, who highly prized
And love to 'bey, his gracious will;
And all his precepts to fulfil.

I went with oaths upon my mind,
By satan led, a captive blind:
And could I had my heart's desire,
I should have set the place on fire.

I thought I'd go, and go to sleep;
And thus annoy his blood-bought sheep;
But, no! the time was come, when he
Would make me bend my stubborn knee:

He proved to me to be all wise,
And sleep removed from my eyes.
I stood to see his saints descend,
While they obey their Lord's command.

His power I felt, I straitway cri'd,
"Grant, Lord, that I may be baptiz'd;"
I left the place; and, strange to say,
My heart it was compell'd to pray.

I felt myself so vile and base,
I knew not where to hide my face;
I wept, and cried, and beg'd the Lord
That he in mercy would afford
Some rays of hope, that I might find
Some ease, and comfort to my mind.

Well; soon the Lord he did appear;
He'd planted in my heart his fear;
He gently led me by the hand,
And I obey'd my Lord's command.

I then was favour'd for a time
To tell the Lord that he was mine;
I humbly sat at his dear feet,
And knew in him I was complete.

But soon how alter'd was the scene,
My love got cold, my heart grew lean;
Temptations then did me beset,
The fowler drew me in his net;
Oh, how this made me sigh and groan,
And often thus myself bemoan.

I pitied my sad state, and thought
The Lord he had me quite forgot;
I thought that one redeem'd by grace,
Would never be so vile and base.

Thus I concluded in my mind,
I still was ignorant and blind;
I only did profess his name,
But never really lov'd the same.

Thus I have been most sorely toss'd,
But cannot give all up for lost;
I often think I'll look again,
Perhaps the Lord will make it plain.

Sometimes I think my soul will stand,
Supported by his mighty hand,
At others think I'm sunk so low,
His vengeance will me overflow.

But midst it all, there's something says
'Poor soul! thou shalt hold on thy way,
My grace sufficient thou shalt prove,
Thou art the object of my love.'

I now must say, farewell, my friend,
May truth and peace thy path attend;
And may he keep in whom thou trust,
Prays a poor

PARTICLE OF DUST.

A Crying Child.

Dear Lord! if I favor have found in thine eyes,
My request is that thou wilt now list to my cries,
To deliver my soul from this treacherous foe,
This base wicked Haman, who fills me with woe.

For if thou prevent not, he'll surely devour,
For when thou art absent, he comes with such power,
That makes me stand fearing, not knowing that thou
To a poor trembling Esther thine ear will soon bow.

For I trust that like her, through distress I've been
brought
To stand by the place where the King doth resort.
But ah, what I want is to see while I stand
The sceptre of mercy held out in thy hand.

And hear thee say, 'Trembler! what is it you need?'
However great thy petition I grant it with speed,
But, Lord, thou art mighty, and I am so weak,
That I scarcely have got any power to speak.

Thou knowest my wants, and where I now stand,
And though wicked Haman destruction may plan,
Thou canst overturn it, and cause me to sing,
It was not in vain that I cried to the King.

ELIZA.

Extract of a Letter

FROM THE LATE WM. GADSBY TO WM. GILES

"Oh, the matchless wonders of God's grace, 'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift,' and adored be his name for the methods he takes in revealing it to the conscience of poor sin-sick, hell-deserving sinners. Honours crown his brow, he has been, is now, and ever will be, the help and glory of his people; and when a glorious Christ and a detestable, vile sinner, are brought together by the invincible power and glory of God the Holy Ghost, and the glory of God shines upon and in the sinner, what a God-glorifying sight it is! Here reason is confounded, and free-will and unbelief are obliged to skulk out of the way, while vital faith and love have solemn and free intercourse with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; and the soul solemnly sings a measure of the glory of the love and blood of the God-man—this is one branch of the solemnities of Zion."—From "*Christian Converse*."

The New Curate :

OR, EFFECTS RESULTING FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF THE GOSPEL INTO A DARK COUNTRY VILLAGE.

A LITTLE tract, shewing 'how clergymen make dissenters,' has recently been written and sent into the world by Charles Robinson, Minister of Borough Green, Kent, with an introductory preface by George Wyard, Minister of Soho Chapel, London.

We have read the tract not only with pleasure; but with some soul profit: in fact we had a real soul-melting and weeping time, in going through some parts of it, and we feel persuaded no christian can read it without feelings of gratitude to God for his boundless mercy to poor sinners.

The tract is written in an allegorical style; the person called Mr. Fear-God is the new curate; he is, by the providence of God, brought to preach in a country church where parson and people have hitherto been sunk in heathen darkness. The following brief extracts declare the opposition he met with, as well as the use which the Lord was pleased to make of him.—

"The bells in the parish steeple announced to the inhabitants the return of the Sabbath, and the enquiry went from one to another to know whom Mr. Weaver had engaged as the Curate. Some said, Mr. Owl's eyes, of the village of Darkness, was the man, as they knew him to be a great favorite with the rector: while others as positively affirmed that Mr. Jovial, of the town of Rattledown, had received the appointment; but none of these knew that Mr. Fear-God was in the town; however, in order to satisfy their curiosity, they all began to prepare themselves, with their Sunday suit, to repair to the Church; and, it is supposed, that it had not been so well filled for many a year. At the proper time, Mr. Fear-God, in a solemn manner, commenced the service by reading the prayers and lessons appointed for the day, which he went through, I believe, to the satisfaction of all present. But, during the time of singing, there was a good deal of whispering in order to know his name, and where he came from, which very few were acquainted with. Mr. Fear-God having now ascended the pulpit, offered up a short extempore prayer, in which he besought the Lord for his presence and his blessing: and then, taking a small bible from his pocket, gave out his text from Eph. iv. 15, 'But speaking the truth in love.' In a few short and

pointed remarks he shewed them that all men, by nature, are in a state of darkness and error by reason of sin; and then expatiated on the love of God in sending his dear Son into the world, 'a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel.' He divided his text by saying, I will first notice to you, my fellow-sinners, *what is truth.* Secondly, *Why the Lord has appointed his truth to be preached.* And thirdly, *The way in which every minister is bound to preach it, that is, in love.* It was very evident to the good man, from the circumstances of his hearers, that all this sounded strange to them, having been accustomed to the dry harangue of the late Mr. Larkish. But he was not at all daunted by their looks, for it would appear that he had no sooner entered upon his subject than his own soul was filled with the comfort of those truths which he was desirous the Lord might impress on the minds of his auditory; and while his heart was inditing a good matter, his tongue became as the pen of a ready writer. Dwelling on that part of his subject, in which he set forth our Lord Jesus Christ as the Way, the Truth, and the Life; he became so animated in his manner, that some of the congregation, especially those who had descended from Simon the Pharisee, thought that much learning had made him mad. He then went on to observe, in the most melting strains, that Christ, by his precious blood, had sealed, and made all the promises of the gospel eternally sure to all who have fled for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before them in the gospel. Next, he set forth the design of God in having his truth preached. It is, said he, that the apostate sons of Adam might have life; and that he might gather together in Christ a remnant of all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people; and that the poor, the blind, the destitute, and the miserable, may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, with exceeding joy. These good tidings, continued he, we preach to you in love: in love to him who has died to deliver our own souls from the power of the grave; and in love to the Father who has sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that whosoever believeth in him, might not perish, but have everlasting life. He committed the people into the hands of his God, by a few words in prayer, entreating the Lord to bless the seed now sown.' The congregation dispersed. But before Mrs. Heal'em left her pew, she addressed her husband by saying, Things are now come to a pretty pass I think, as we are all to be put upon a level with Turks and Jews: but it's just what I expected, from what I heard last night. While Miss Prim drew up the train of her dress, and said, If this is your new Curate, he may preach to the pews for me, for he shall not have my ears again, I can promise

him. * * One said, he is a beautiful reader. Another declared, I'll venture my life that he is some Methodist. Farmer Tattle then came up, and addressing the last speaker, said, you are pretty near the mark, for though, as I am told, he was brought up to the clergy, yet he has turned round since, at least, if his name is Fear-God, he is the same man that Jim Skinner, the butcher, was talking about at Broadway-fair last week; for he told us that Rector Hatelight had just turned away his Curate for preaching some new doctrine, and driving the people all wild; and they tell me that somehow or other he has got a way of getting over you by sleight of hand work; and you can't stand before him, but you are sure to be caught in his net. You know Tom Driver, the coachman, he was as good a fellow as ever used a whip; but as he was employed one day to drive some old lady to church, and was there waiting, he thought he would just step into the porch, to see if they were not coming out; well, just at that moment Mr. Fear-God said something that quite turned poor Tom round, and stuck to him like bird-lime, and he has never been himself since: and there he is singing and praying all the day long; and as to getting him to a bull-bait, you might just as well try to jump over the moon."

The person called Mr. Heal'em, was the surgeon of the parish; and was ultimately called to a knowledge of the truth, and died in the faith. This Mr. Heal'em had a patient named Anxiety; and the account given of Mr. Fear-God's visit to him is exceedingly interesting. We here give a portion of it. Mr. Heal'em (the surgeon,) calls on Mr. Fear-God, the curate,) 'When he called on Mr. Fear-God, he found him reading his Bible, and thus familiarly addressed him, 'What, at it so early in the week, my good sir? a little relaxation would be beneficial to your health.' Mr. F. replied, 'Through infinite mercy, I am quite well in body, and refreshed in mind by what I have been reading. * * * Mr. H. said, after some conversation, 'I have to request a favour of you, if it will not be taking you from your devotions. Will you accompany me to Mount Pleasant Farm to see young Mr. Anxiety, who has been ill for several weeks? His complaint I have been unable to discover, only that it is on his mind; and nothing which I have sent him, seems to reach his case. Yesterday, when I was there, his mother informed me that she had used all her influence with him to ascertain if it was a love affair, which he assured her was not the case; but he

told her that some time ago he had a strange dream about seeing the Son of God, and the day of judgment, and the wicked turned into hell, with several things more of that sort; and they have so affected him that he is worn almost to a skeleton.' * * * *

The curate and the surgeon having arrived at the house of young Anxiety, the following scene occurs: Mr. Heal'em said to the mother of the young man, "Mr. Fear-God has taken a walk with me this morning, and he would like to have a little conversation with your son. Upon which, the old lady dropped a low curtsy to Mr. F., and said, 'My poor dear boy, sir, has been one of the best of lads from his childhood, even before his dear father died; so that as he used to say, he is too good for this world. But you must know, sir, that just before harvest, he had a dream, and a *very strange* dream it certainly was, which has so affected him that he has never been well since. He does nothing but cry and say, What will become of my poor soul? And although we have had all his young friends to see him, and tried to comfort his mind with cheerful company, and such like, yet it is all to no purpose, as he tells us that it is *not what he wants.*' Mr. Fear-God then observed 'I should judge, from what you have related of your son's case, that it must be something very different from what you have prescribed that can give him comfort. But, if you will allow me, I should like to have a little conversation with him.' Mrs. Anxiety immediately rose, and led them up stairs into her son's room. He was sitting, with his elbow leaning on the table, and his head resting on his hand. 'Well, Mr. James,' said Mr. Heal'em, 'how do you find yourself to day?' 'Not any better, sir, but worse and worse,' was the reply; and the tears began to flow down his cheeks. 'Come, come,' said Mr. H., 'don't despair; I have brought Mr. Fear-God to see you, and perhaps, a little *talk with him* will relieve your mind; for, as I have always said, if you can get comfort there, you will soon be as well as ever.' James answered, 'But how can I hope for comfort, who have been such a great sinner before God?' At this sentence Mr. Fear-God asked him, 'How long is it, my dear young friend, that you have felt concerned about your state as a sinner?' James replied, 'Only just before harvest,

sir. Up to that time I was living in the pursuit of the pleasures of this evil world and spent my days and nights in sinning against God.' 'What was the circumstance,' inquired Mr. F. 'which led you to think upon the evil of your ways?' James then said, 'On the night after I was at Rattledown races I had a dream, which I have already related to my mother, and so deep was the impression made upon my mind that I could never get rid of it; and I have no doubt it was sent to inform me that in a very little time, perhaps in a few short hours I must be cast into that place which burneth with fire and brimstone.' Then, wringing his hands, he exclaimed, 'Who can dwell with everlasting burnings?' Mr. F. again inquired, 'Do you remember ever reading any thing like a description of your dream in the Bible?' To which James answered, 'Alas! sir, the contents of that holy book I am a stranger to.' Mr. F. then took a Bible from his pocket and turning to the twentieth chapter of Revelations, read from the eleventh verse to the end, which set forth the whole of the dream. At the hearing of the same, James appeared like one upon whom the judge was passing the sentence of death: and cried out, 'Yes, that's it, that is just as I saw in my dream!' 'But,' said Mr. F., 'do you not perceive that there is a revelation of *mercy*, as well as justice in the account? For while the wicked are justly condemned to everlasting punishment, yet mention is made of a book of life, and those whose names are written therein, shall surely inherit everlasting glory.' 'Do tell me, then, sir,' replied James, 'how I may know that my worthless name stands there recorded.' Mr. F. said, 'we can only know this as we are made partakers of the Spirit of life, by whom we are raised from a death in sin, to life and union in Christ, and led to cry to God in the language of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' This, sir,' said James, 'has been my cry for many days and nights; but I fear there is no hope for me, as I have been so awfully wicked.' 'Notwithstanding all this,' said Mr. F., 'you may venture to approach, for the Lord will cast out none who come unto him; though your sins be as scarlet, yet he will make them whiter than snow; and the apostle John tells us the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.' * * But

James still objected, exclaiming, 'I feel my load of sin to be so great that I am afraid to pray to him: and when I have groaned out, Lord, pardon a wretch condemned to die! it seemed to me as if it would make that Holy Being more angry; so that my punishment would be greater at last.' 'This,' said Mr. F., 'is the work of the enemy of souls, to keep you from the throne of grace, for there is nothing the devil hates more than to see sinners crying for mercy. But if you are willing, let us all kneel before the most High God, and supplicate his forgiving favour.' Mrs. Anxiety here asked, 'Shall my daughter fetch you the prayer book, sir?' Mr. F. replied, 'It is not on all occasions needful to use a book, for the Spirit will make intercession for us.' Then Mr. F. in the most solemn and affectionate manner, besought the Lord for mercy upon his young friend; and blessed God that he had opened his eyes to see his danger and ruin; expressing his hope and confidence that as he had thus wounded him, he would also heal him; and prayed for his anxious parent and sister, that they also might be brought to know him, whom to know is life eternal. Now when Mr. F. rose from his knees, he perceived that the feelings of all present were much wrought upon: Mrs. Anxiety, and Miss Patty wept aloud: while Mr. Heal'em walked across the room and wiped away the tears which started from his eyes. James exclaimed, 'I feel at this moment more comfortable than I have been for many weeks: and who can tell but I may yet be saved?' 'There is no doubt of it, my dear friend,' said Mr. F. 'for when God could swear by no greater, he swore by himself, that we might have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us in the gospel.' But I will now leave you, and if agreeable, visit you again on Wednesday.' 'Pray do sir,' exclaimed James, pressing the hand of Mr. Fear-God, who bade him for the present, farewell. * * *

"On the following Wednesday morning, Mr. F., according to his promise, repeated his visit to Mount Pleasant Farm, and being introduced into the parlour, was informed by Mrs. Anxiety, that he would find a wonderful change in her son, at which, said she 'I can but feel glad; still, I have my fears that it will prove too much for his head.' Mr. F. said, 'You will allow me to go up stairs and

see him.' 'Certainly sir,' replied Mrs. A., calling Miss Patty to conduct Mr. F. to her brother's room, which he had no sooner entered, than James rose from his seat, and taking him by the hand, exclaimed, 'O my dear sir, I have found all that you said the other day to be true; there is indeed forgiveness with our God that he may be feared; and I have found from experience, that he saves to the uttermost all who come to God by Jesus Christ.' Mr. F. then said to him, 'I felt persuaded that it would be so, for Jesus is a merciful and faithful High Priest, and knoweth how to have compassion on the ignorant, and those who are out of the way. But how was the change brought about?' James replied, after you left me on Monday, I was musing on what you had told me, and I felt thereby encouraged to pour out my soul before God. There was one word you mentioned, which helped me greatly, and I pleaded it before the Lord, I should think, a hundred times over; it was this, 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin;' so I kept on till just after three o'clock, the next morning, when it was as if an angel spoke to me these words, 'I have blotted out as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.' (Isa. xlv. 21); and then in an instant, all my sins, and guilt, and misery, vanished from me, and it was as though I could see the precious Jesus hanging upon the cross, and dying for my sake; whilst all grace, and mercy, and truth, and even heaven itself was in him for me: so that I am as sure of life now, and that my name stands recorded in his book, as I was before of my ruined and undone condition! And as to my poor body, it is already so much better, that I have no doubt, with God's blessing, but I shall be able to go to Church next Sunday, and hear you tell us something more about these holy things, for my sister Patty tells me that you gave them a wonderful sermon to begin with, such a one as she never heard before in all her life.' Mr. F. observed 'I am not in the least surprised that you feel your bodily strength increase, now your soul is comforted, for as the royal Psalmist declares, 'God is the health of our countenance.' And as to your being with us in the sanctuary next Sabbath, I shall be most happy to see you there, and pray God that you may find there the sincere milk of the word, that you may grow thereby. Mr. F. then went on to speak of the distinguishing grace of God in gathering sinners to himself, and the joy which is felt in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. 'And I trust (said the good man,) a very similar feeling, at this moment glows within my own breast. Then, after spending a few minutes in prayer, or rather

praise, took an affectionate leave of this young convert.

We are told—but cannot vouch for the truth—that the good curate, here called Mr. Fear-God, was no other than the late Mr. Gunn, who for many years laboured as a faithful servant of Christ in the metropolis. The pamphlet from whence these extracts are taken is published by J. Nichols, 9, Chandos Street, Strand.

True Gospel Repentance,

SKETCH OF A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE
TABERNACLE, NORWICH, BY MR. J. J.
KEMPSTER, SEPT. 13, 1846.

"For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of, but the sorrow of the world worketh death." 2 Cor. vii. 10.

SIN is the cause, not only of suffering, but of shame; but it is a grief when sin enters into the christian society, and it must be repented. Sin entered the church of Corinth, and the apostle Paul wrote to that church with considerable sharpness; and if you would know the language the apostle wrote, I would refer you to the fifth chapter. And this letter was seen by various characters, and there was one feeling that was predominant, and he wrote—'God who comforted those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus; without were fightings, and within were fears; and then there was good tidings conveyed to the apostle Paul; and I can truly remember in the course of my short ministry, the times when within were fears, and just at this time the Lord was pleased to set some poor sinner at liberty. Now it was Titus brought them, and that gave them the comfort, and not his person; and now the apostle said, 'I rejoice that ye sorrowed with a godly sorrow unto repentance.' In the first place, evangelical repentance. 'Godly sorrow worketh repentance not to be repented of.' First, I am to speak to the church. This is set before us by the apostle, and denominated 'godly sorrow,' or, as it reads in the margin, 'the sorrow of God;' and this in God's people, is a heart-felt sorrow that enters the vitals, and enters the very soul. When God works he works effectual, and this is called 'godly sorrow;' it is not a repentance that is produced by the effect of the preacher; but God is its author; and there is no repentance worth a rush but what God works in the soul by the invincible operation of the Holy Spirit. It is not preaching the terrors of the law. When Peter went to Cornelius the people said then unto the Gentiles, hath God granted repentance to them also? Then you will observe that godly sorrow is an heart-felt sorrow for sin; it is for sin felt

within; as one of old said—I will be sorry, for my sin with my heart. Some of the first objects discovered by a quickened soul is a feeling sense of sin, and that they truly are sinners, and over sin they mourn. And then observe that this godly sorrow is not confined to mourning for individual sin; for he looks abroad into the world, and then into the church, and he observes inconsistency in that member and in others; and he cannot behold these things which are contrary to the Word of God, with his eye, and his heart not be affected. Observe what was said by the man who went through the city of Jerusalem, and set a mark upon them who sighed for the abominations thereof. O, my brethren, if you could see the convinced sinner, when he is alone, and is impressed that no human being can see him, and he is telling God what he feels, pouring out his whole heart before God, and God is present with him in his closet; you would then see that the sinner is possessed of such a repentance as you never thought of. O, my brethren, look at Job! and see how he was mourning for a faith's view.

Secondly, we notice its tendency: 'Godly sorrow worketh repentance.' Observe! it produces repentance; and there is no true repentance, which is not produced by that sorrow which is called 'godly sorrow.' Godly sorrow does this, by leading a sinner to the law, and how few there are who know anything about a law-work, whereby they can only become acquainted with their own character, and there they are brought to see that their acts have been acts of disobedience against God; and the sinner then sees he himself hath no good in him; and the Lord the Spirit brings him there, and keeps him there for awhile, and this is to shew him that he is under the curse of the law. I am now speaking to the sinner who is the subject of godly sorrow, and this repentance is working most sharply, and he trembles, and is filled with horror. Let but the Spirit work this godly sorrow, and then he will bring him to Calvary; and there it is that the sinner finds peace; this tends to deepen the work of repentance in the soul; here it is that repentance is worked, 'I will,' said God, 'pour upon the house of David, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and supplication. How overwhelming is sin! it is Christ who must suffer for his sin; and how deeply is the effect by the grace that is therein displayed! And again, godly sorrow keeps penitential feelings in exercise within the quickened sinner's heart; and godly sorrow works godly repentance: every day we want more of this work of repentance. I would just notice how it manifests itself—The man will be found confessing his sins before God; this was the case with the Psalmist—'I acknowledged my sins,' he said

'I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord.' And this godly sorrow is manifested in his humility 'Oh, my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to thee, O, my God, for our iniquities are increased over our heads.'

Here you see godly sorrow worketh repentance in humiliation, 'I said I will take heed to my ways, I will keep my tongue with a bridle, lest I sin with my mouth:' this is the cry of the poor penitent. And again, godly sorrow worketh salvation; now this is contrary to the sinner's thoughts; for the sinner thinks God is angry with him, as Manoaah did.

Now just look how this godly sorrow worked in the case of David; there was the confession made; and the Prophet said, 'The Lord hath put away thy sin.' And look at Peter how godly sorrow worked repentance in him, 'And he went out and wept bitterly;' and his was a repentance to salvation. Is there a poor sinner here? Are these the feelings you are the subject of? If they are, they are produced by the Spirit of God; and here is salvation from the punishment dreaded by the poor sinner. The very feeling of godly sorrow is to work out manifestly your salvation. Here you are led to the consideration of him whose name is Jesus, 'Because he shall save his people from their sins.' Now there must be a deliverance from sin, or the penitent will never be satisfied: well might Paul say 'It is a repentance not to be repented of:' and they will never have to say, their repentance has been too much; through eternal ages they will have to be thankful to God that ever they were made sorry after a godly sort. Oh, never was a saint heard to say that he was sorry he had been sorry to repentance. Godly sorrow will preserve a man from that. But worldly sorrow will sink a man into despair. 'The sorrow of the world worketh death.' Now this is a very solemn consideration, 'A cheerful heart maketh it glad, but the sorrowful heart maketh it heavy,' and leads to self-destruction. I read of a man who did the crime he ought not to have done, which was Judas; who said he repented in that he had sold innocent blood, but not one trace of soul-sorrow for his deed, which indeed was the blackest of all deeds, and might well in the vilest heart draw forth natural remorse, which indeed we find often displayed by the very profligate; but in his heart was found no place for godly sorrow; it was natural, only in the head, and on the tongue, which vast numbers have, or else they, and this awful man Judas, would not do the acts they do against God: and take his sovereign prerogative into their own hands, or arraign as they do at their bar.

This subject speaks a solemn admonition

to the sinner; beware, lest that which was spoken by the prophets and ministers of God, be disregarded by you, and in the end have not godly sorrow, and die in your sins.

The Lord in his infinite mercy grant unto you repentance, which the Son of God is exalted to give unto Israel, viz, the election of grace afore ordained unto life. (Acts vi. 31.) Amen.

The Sinner's Friend,

A FEW WORDS TO SHEW

How it is a sinner is brought to see, and to say, that Christ is his, and that he is Christ's.

MY BELOVED BROTHER IMESON—The words which you spoke to me at the foot of the pulpit stairs dropped into my soul, and have there worked so powerful, that I feel obliged to attempt to gather up a few scraps and send them to you; and I do it through this medium in the hope that other poor sinners who are saved by grace, may pick up a crumb of living bread.

To write out and print those two sermons, would be impossible. But I have endeavoured to send my memory back to see if she could find a few of the things then uttered; and just what she has brought me, I send to you. May the Lord bless it. Amen.

You remember the text; the words were very gently, but firmly fastened on my soul on the Lord's-day morning; "My Beloved is mine; and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies. Until the day dawn, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved; and be thou like a roe, or a young hart, upon the mountains of Bether."

Very much depends upon consulting and properly viewing the context with the text. It is thus my mind has been led to what I believe to be the mind of the Holy Ghost in this scripture. I will notice

I. The object of faith—'My Beloved'

II. The confidence of faith—'My Beloved is mine, and I am his.'

III. The evidences and benefits of a living faith—'He feedeth among the lilies.' And

Lastly. The quietness of soul, and desires for communion with the Lord, which a living faith will produce—'Until the day break,' &c.

First—A word or two on the object of

faith. Christ is the beloved of his Father. He laid in the Father's bosom from all eternity; and of this wondrous Word, John says, 'We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' Christ is the Beloved of his Father, not only for that he was and is his only begotten Son, but, because of the voluntary surrender he made of himself for the accomplishment of his Father's will; his magnifying his law; and the faithful performance of his covenant—'Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again.'

Christ is the Beloved One of his church. The Holy Ghost delights to honour Christ—and this he does, by revealing the glories of his Person, the love of his heart, the freeness of his grace, and the richness of his mercy in poor sinner's hearts—so, that, like Peter, they sometimes muster up courage enough to speak out boldly and say—'Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.'

Now this glorious object of faith has been set before the eye of my soul, in two places in the Old Testament.

I believe Gideon was a type of Christ. Read the sixth chapter of Judges. Gideon made two altars. The first he called JEHOVAH-SHALOM—that is 'The Lord will perfect it,' and 'The Lord will send peace.' This altar was a type of the Person of Christ; for when he, the Father, brought him forth, he said, 'By him I will perfect salvation'—and 'By him I will send peace.' Faith fastens upon this, and says, "By that one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified;" and when the virtue of that one offering is brought into the conscience, then the sinner is made nigh by the blood of Christ, and finds peace.

The other altar that Gideon built, was upon the top of the rock, 'in the ordered place;' and this is the setting up of Christ in the Gospel church, and in the hearts of elect sinners. The church of Christ 'is the ORDERED PLACE, the ordained sanctuary.' Here, God in the Trinity of his Persons, dwells; and upon this rock the church is built. Christ thereby becomes the object of faith; and the beloved one of the redeemed soul.

Again—look at the object of faith, in the person and work of Solomon. Read the first six chapters of the second book of Chronicles, with an eye to Christ, and there you will see 1. The exaltation of Christ—(2 Chron. i. 1.) 2. The fulness of grace

given to Christ, and his being made Head over all things to the church, (2 Chron. i. 12, 13.) 3. Christ covenanting to build the church is beautifully prefigured in the second chapter, and verses 1—5: and so you may follow out this glorious object of faith in the person of Solomon, till you come to his making the brazen scaffold. This was a type of Christ's intercession on the ground of his finished work. This brazen altar he has set in the midst of the court. A full and finished salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ, is the glorious theme of the gospel still. Upon this brazen-scaffold Christ stands in heaven: upon this, he stands in the church: upon this, he stands in the faith of true believers; and so he becomes our best beloved.

Secondly—The church says—'MY BELOVED IS MINE; AND I AM HIS.' This is double confidence. He is mine! I AM HIS. How is it the soul comes to this most blessed assurance?

By the help of the Lord, I will tell you. The first thing that leads to it, is a manifestation of Jesus in the soul. Paul calls him 'the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God.' And, truly, Christ is a hidden mystery: But, though he be hidden from 'them that are lost,' yet, there is a time, when Christ is revealed in the heart of an elect sinner, as he was in Magdalene's; in Zaccheus's; in Peter's; in Paul's; and in thousands besides. And what does he say? How does he open and make 'known himself? He says, 'I am the Rose of Sharon.' He is the beauty, the life, the savour, the sweetness of his church. This beautiful and heavenly view of Christ fills the soul with glory, and fires the sinner with longing desires to embrace him. But the Saviour points the poor soul to its present condition; he seems to call her attention to the situation she is yet in—so to prepare her for much after experience—'As the lilly among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.' What thorns are these? Oh, they are the corruptions of the human heart; they are the fiery darts of the devil; they are the wicked allurements of the world. And is the living soul among these thorns? Yes, it is; and therefore, Christ tells the poor sinner this; and bitterly do these thorns prick the poor soul in its struggles and desires to be near and to be like unto its beloved one.

In this chapter, then, there are three distinct degrees of Christian experience traced out. And it is after the soul has passed through these, that she comes to say—'My beloved is mine, and I am his.' The first—is descriptive of the gentle drawings of Christ. The sinner made alive, and favored with some sweet views of him, says, 'As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow,' &c.

This is the first work of Christ in drawing the soul to him. She gets very blessed views of him; she comes and sits down under his precious word; she sits down in the company of his saints; she sits down in secret meditation and prayer; and his fruit is sweet unto her taste. Oh, how sweet were those days to me. After Jesus was revealed in my soul, (as he was,) early one Lord's-day-morning, when he awoke me out of my sleep; and then again in the Countess of Huntington's chapel, at Canterbury, I had such happy and solemn, such holy and sacred communion with him, that I dreaded to go to my work; and seemed not to be fit for the world; truly, he brought me to his banqueting house; and his banner over me was love. And how clean did he then keep my conscience; how close did he keep my heart; and how firm were my affections set upon him. In those days, the Word of God used to be opened up so richly in my soul that at times I have been filled with heavenly joy; and in those days, I could spend hours in meditation upon sacred portions of Scripture, which became my meat and my drink; and frequently in those times, have I been compelled to leave my employ, and find a secret corner where to pour out my soul in prayer and praise. In these things, truly, my soul was brought into his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.

But, with all this, I was not brought to say, 'My beloved is mine: and I am his.'

There is, then, a second stage of Christian experience very fully implied here: and it is that wintry dispensation, in which the soul is brought to mourn over its barrenness. All heavenly fruit in the soul seems to be withered; the voice of the Spirit seems to be silenced; temptations set in; corruptions arise, and this once happy soul begins to fear all its past mercies and enjoyments were delusions; sparks of its own kindling; and that ultimately it will lay down in darkness and eternal death. The eyes of the soul are taken off from Christ; the mind is nearly swallowed up in worldly things; prayer is formal; reading God's word is dry; hearing the gospel is without power: and all things seem against the soul's having hope in God.

Still there are seasons in this stage of experience when the soul waits, watches, and earnestly cries for a return of those happy moments it once enjoyed. Oh, how many times in this state of soul, have I secretly cried out—'REMEMBER ME, O, LORD, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people; O, VISIT ME WITH THY SALVATION. That I may SEE the good of thy chosen; that I may REJOICE in the gladness of thy nation; that I may glory with thine inheritance.' And I will say, that never could I cease from hearing his precious Word, and watching for his return; though, sometimes it was in much hardness, and darkness of soul.

Presently Jesus speaks. He says—' Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away: for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.' The soul knows his voice; and says—' The voice of my Beloved! Behold! he cometh.' But this coming is more gradual; the soul's views of him are less animating, and not so distinct as before. She says—' He standeth behind our wall; he looketh forth at the windows.' For six or seven years I walked in this state. I had no guilt on my conscience: no particular temptation in my soul; no heavy darkness in my spirit. From time to time, I heard his voice, saw his face, enjoyed his presence, and sweetly felt the drawings of his love, moving my soul, as the prophet says, ' with my soul have I desired thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me, will I seek thee early.' And it was under such a state of soul, that I was thrust forth into the ministry; and though I was well received, and much blessed in the work: and although at that time, my whole soul was set upon the best things; and I prayed much, I read much, I thought much, I desired much; yet, was I frequently kept in what appeared to me a low prison-house state of soul; if I got a little lifting up, and flew sweetly upon the wings of faith and love, as I would whenever I could, then down came a heavy cloud again, and made prayer and preaching a labour to my soul. These things kept me in much inward fear, in much inward jealousy about my eternal state; so that I could not say—' My beloved is MINE, and I am his.'

But I must come at once, and hastily, to the third branch of Christian experience, which leads up to the happy conclusion.

The figures employed to set forth this branch of experience, are borrowed from the position of the Temple. The Temple was built on Mount Moriah. Now Nehemiah tells us there were stairs that went up, and that went down from the city of David, and from the temple: that is, there were clefts in the sides of the rock or mountain on which the temple was built; and there were steps cut in the rock, which led up and down, to and from the temple.

Well; this is the case. A poor Israelite, who had been in the temple, is tempted to go outside: then comes the adversary with some poisonous breath, with some alluring bait; the poor Israelite goes down one or two of the steps: and then says satan unto him, ' You had no right in the temple at all: you are a damned soul; you are an apostate spirit; at best you was never more than a formalist, or an hypocrite; therefore come along down the steps, and take your fill of sin.' Headlong, the poor soul is cast: into some wicked thing he falls. And but for a preserving hand, into hell itself he would sink. But something makes him cry, and

bleed, and sigh. He creeps into some of the clefts of the rock, under some of the secret places of the stairs. ' Here,' he says, ' I will hide myself; for I am undone for ever. Oh, how ashamed is this poor soul! How guilty and condemned he feels! And hides his head in sorrow, shame, and woe.'

Christ's love to him is the same!

" His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love."

Down after this poor soul, the Good Shepherd comes. There is something deep and solemn in his voice—He says, ' O, my dove! O, my dove! that art in the clefts of the rock; in the secret places of the stairs.'

Ah! it is true, what David says, ' He restoreth my soul.' Christ by his Spirit, and by the ministry of the Word, keeps calling to this poor fallen soul. Oh, how the word sometimes rings through him. ' O, my dove, hidden in the clefts; and secret places!' And then the words of Jonah are true in this poor sinner's case—' Out of the belly of hell have I cried unto thee.' But what does the Saviour say? Does he say—' Go down to the gates of death, ye dreadful sinner?' No! bless his holy name, He says—' Let me see thy countenance; let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance comely.'

From this, the soul is led to look up. So I found it. One minister after another spoke with almighty power into my soul. Many solemn meltings of soul did I have in Zoar Chapel, and in Gower Street, under Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Smart, Mr. Kershaw, and others: sometimes under Mr. Abrahams in Regent Street Chapel, I used to be so cut down, I hardly knew how to walk home. Once, in particular, under Mr. Wells, the Lord searched out and described every sorrowful feeling of my soul. But at length, the time of deliverance came. Mr. Abrahams being sent especially from God to my soul; he came in the power of the Holy Ghost; and with a glorious revelation of Christ in the words, ' Thou art more excellent and glorious than all the mountains of prey.' This raised my soul into the highest state of bliss and peace. Pardon love and blood flowed in: and then, I knew what it was to say—' MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS.'

Months and years have rolled away since that. But, thanks be to God, my soul is led increasingly to feel the work was his; grace reigns; my soul rejoices in hope; and only desires to love and serve him more. I must conclude for the present. The Lord bless you, prays,

Your's to love, and serve in the Gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

6, Pagoda Terrace, Bermondsey New Road.

SOME PARTICULARS CONNECTED WITH
THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF THE LATE EDWARD CROWHURST,

Twenty-four years Minister of the Gospel, at Hadlow, in Kent.

OUR dear departed brother for twenty-four years was pastor of the Baptist church, at Hadlow, Kent; during that time he faithfully preached Christ Jesus in his blood and righteousness, as the great antidote against the fall, against sin, the curse of a broken law, the depravity of our poor fallen nature, unbelief, and all the powers and craft of hell; and as every way suited to the poor and needy, the hungry and thirsty soul. He was favoured with a rich experience of the most glorious truths of the gospel, and preached those things he had handled, tasted, and felt. He not only preached, but lived the gospel; and in his life, walk, and conversation, practically testified to all around, that Christ was in his heart, and for him to live was Christ, and to die eternal gain.

For many years he was the subject of heavy afflictions of body; his features were much disfigured by the disease, so much so, that he was an object of the deepest sympathy. No one could look upon him without peculiar feelings of gratitude to the God of our mercies for preserving perfect the precious members of our body. On the other hand, no one could visit him without wishing to be like him, while listening to the blessed testimonies he continually bore to the faithfulness of his covenant God.

He was perfectly resigned to all the dispensations of God; he would say, 'it is all for the best; it is for my good; my dear Lord knows what he is doing; and works all things after the counsel of his own will; and when he has tried me, and perfected all that concerneth me, then he will take me home for ever to be with him.' And often when I have been with him, and felt pained to look at him, he would rejoice, and say, 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? O yes, he cannot do wrong: I am quite satisfied, and will bless his dear name for he hath done all things well.'

One Lord's-day, after morning service, I went to see him, and asked him how he was. He replied, 'Well, you see I have a few inconveniences, (referring to his affliction) but, O, the goodness of the

Lord! How unspeakably and eternally good is he in himself, though the independent and self-existent Jehovah! His goodness is great, as the God of providence; but above all, as my covenant God. Look at me! and you see the effects of his goodness; he has loved me with an everlasting love; saved me from death, and hell, and called me by his grace. My affliction is the effect of his goodness; this is what my Father has done! But all in love; he has sent me this affliction as a kind of a vehicle to take me home: it is pulling down my tabernacle: I long to see it fall; that I may take my willing flight to him who is my all. I shall soon be there; and dwell for ever in the world of wonders. O, what a wonderful place heaven is! Wonderful angels! Wonderful sinners made saints! Wonderful mansions for the saints; yes; and there is my wonderful Brother, Head, Lord, and Saviour Jesus Christ!

"There I shall see his face,
 And never, never, sin,
 There from the rivers of his grace
 Drink endless pleasures in."

A friend wrote to him, saying, I am sorry to find you are so grievously afflicted: this preyed much on his mind for some time: he said to his dear wife, 'Did ever I say I was grievously afflicted? My precious Lord Jesus was grievously afflicted; but what are my afflictions compared to his? Light, light afflictions, which are but for a moment, working for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I will not mourn my miseries and affliction; for, at most, I do but taste the cup, Jesus alone has drunk it up.'

When I saw him again, he asked me what text I had been preaching from? I told him, 'Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God our Father, who hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation, and a good hope through grace;' he directly run over some of the precious things in this sweet text; saying, 'Yes; he is my Lord Jesus; and I am his! He laid down his life for me; shed his blood for me; rose from the dead for

me; and now lives in heaven at the right hand of the throne of the most high, making intercession for me; he is my Husband, my Brother, my Shepherd, my Refuge, my Rock, and Christ is all and in all; and I know he is my Father; I hold communion and intercourse with him every day; and I have the Spirit of Christ; and am led by his Spirit; so I know I am a child. I know he has chosen me in Christ; for he has said, 'Blessed is the man whom I have chosen: whom I cause to approach unto me.' He has caused me to approach unto him as my Father with all my troubles; and he helps me, comforts me, and delivers me." He said to one of the deacons, 'I have been a guilty sinner, but I have no guilt now: my precious Christ has taken it all away by his precious blood; and I am free! While in this happy state of mind, he repeated the following verses:

"O I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly flies away;
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day."

"The day that I must enter
Upon a world unknown,
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone."

This last verse he did not very well like; for said he,

"The day that I must enter"—

Why it seems as if there was a reluctance; well, there *I must* enter; I will alter it,

"The day that I *shall* enter."

And the second line,

"Upon a world unknown:"

No, that will not do; what, heaven a place unknown? What, unknown to me? What am I going where I do not know? This cannot be; for I know something of heaven. I know the blessed inhabitants; they are my brothers and sisters; and my Lord Jesus is there, and I know him.

"My helpless soul I venture:"

No; but

"My helpless soul I'll *render*."

The last time I saw him, he was in a very low, weak state of body; but as happy as he could be out of heaven; strong in faith; blest with a solid peace; uninterrupted communion and inter-

course with the dear Lord; and the holy triumphs of faith in the person, work, blood and righteousness of a precious Lord Jesus; it was wonderful to behold! Never, never, can I forget it, he appeared to me to have been where Paul was when he was taken up into the third heavens; he had seen the glories of the heavenly world; and his ransomed soul was overjoyed with the thoughts of soon being there; he was contemplating the happy change, the delightful employ, the holy company, the joy, the satisfaction, and the possession of all the blessings of the covenant of mercy; and a beholding of the unveiled glories, matchless beauties, and perfections of his most blessed Lord and King. When I approached his bed, I asked him how he felt? 'Well, (said he) I am going home, I cannot eat nor drink any thing here; when I get home, O how I will eat then, and how I will drink to the full! I will plunge into the river; I will swim in it; I will go over head and ears into the river; I will live in it;

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

The whole of this day he continued in this happy state, continually talking about the river to every one who came to see him; saying, he could not find words to express the feelings of his soul: and this state of mind lasted till he was taken home; the last words he said was 'My God! My God!' And then the great time-piece of the throne struck twelve; the morning now began; the door was opened wide, he entered in for ever and for ever, to live, and reign, and dwell with Christ his glorious head in spotless white, a Saviour's righteousness; in uncreated light, in holiness, apart from sin, from sorrow, pain, and woe.

Farewell, dear brother, for a short time; we hope soon to be with you; and the whole church of God, in saying 'Amen. Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb: and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God; Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for ever and ever, Amen.'

He was buried in the ground belonging to the chapel, by Mr. Pope; and a funeral sermon was preached by Mr.

Shirley, from the words chosen by himself before his death—'Christ is all and in all.'

[For the above interesting particulars, we are indebted to Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure, who we are happy to find has been for some time supplying at Hadlow, with very considerable acceptance.]

[The following is extracted from a letter written to Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure by Mrs. Crowhurst, the widow of the deceased.]

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD:— Agreeable with your request, I will endeavour to give you a few particulars of the happy state of mind, of my late dear and afflicted husband; I feel it a great task; but, with the Lord's help, I will endeavour to do so. He was taken worse the latter end of January, 1846. He continued preaching the glad tidings of salvation, till the last Sabbath in April; but with great weakness; the last text he spoke from, was Ps. xvi. 3. From the commencement of his illness, he enjoyed almost a constant peace of mind, which, indeed, had been the case, for the last three or four years. He used to say, 'My being laid by from preaching, is no trouble to me, the Lord is able to carry on his cause without such a poor worm as me; if he has any further need of me, he will again call me forth in his vineyard. What he is about to do with me I know not; but I am enabled to commit all into his hands; often saying, 'It is sweet to be passive in his hands, and know no will but his.' As the summer advanced, his health fast declined; he appeared to be going home very fast; he often said, 'I do not contemplate death near; I wish I did. I long to be gone; to be with my dear Saviour, who died for me: all my times are in his hands; I must wait till my change comes.'

He was enabled to converse much on spiritual subjects to the edification of many; it was his delight to speak of the Lord's goodness to a worm like himself; saying, he was less than the least, yet, the Lord was kind and indulgent to him. 'The Lord's goodness,' he would say, 'is so wonderful to me; I do not suffer any severe pain; how gently he is taking down this tabernacle! What sweet peace I enjoy! I can say, Not a day passes but I have some sweet and sensible communion with God, although I am deprived from hearing his word, yet the dear Lord more than makes it up to me; I have a Sabbath every day: when I have company I like to be talking of my matchless Jesus; when alone, I talk to him; I feel no shyness; I approach him with holy boldness; we are perfectly agreed; he has nothing

against me; I have nothing against him. The Father sees no spot in me; I am all fair; the truths that I preached, I now live upon; they are more precious to me than ever. The church I am enabled to commit daily to the Lord by prayer; he will take care of them.' He would frequently say to me, 'To give you up, my dear, is a trial; but I feel, when the Lord takes me away, he will surely visit you; he will support you in a way that you can neither ask, nor think of.' This sweet passage was much on his mind—'I will surely do thee good.' 'The Lord is doing me good by this affliction; my sight is bad, but all is good; I am deaf, but all is good; my mouth and throat is bad, but all is good; there is not any thing I wish to be altered; there is not a christian friend I would change places with; nor a minister of Christ: there is but one character that I would change places with, that is a saint entering glory. I am ready packed up, only waiting for the Lord to come. I so long to be with Jesus; I am not unhappy here: I have many comforts; I have many kind friends; I am daily receiving some little present from one and another; these are all tokens for good.' He always was much pleased with a little present; he always made a point of praying for a blessing on the giver and the gift. As the autumn advanced he appeared something better: we went from home for a month, to visit his dear aged mother.

Soon after our return home he got worse, but as the outward man decayed, the inward man was renewed; his longing to be gone increased, frequently saying, 'I am only waiting to be sent for! With what joy should I now obey the summons! Oh, that I could see the chariot coming; I would leap into it, and say farewell to all below.' He would often say, 'When I leave this body, I am sure I shall go to heaven; where else can I go? My heart is there; my soul is there; my mind is there; my affections are there; and Jesus, my head, is there. He loves me with an everlasting love, and I love him. We daily hold sweet communion together: we can never be separated; no! no! indeed we cannot.' On a Saturday, evening he would frequently say, 'Oh, when will the last Saturday night come? No school boy ever longed for home more than I do. Surely the time is not far distant when the Lord that has given me this desire to be with him, will soon send his chariot for me.' In this happy state of mind he continued month after month. In February his strength and appetite fast declined, which he hailed with peculiar pleasure; saying,

"I feel this mud-wall cottage shake,
And long to see it fall;
That I my willing flight may take
To Jesus, who's my all."

To a friend that he had not seen for some time, he said, 'Do you think I look more like a dying man? Do you see much alteration in me? I long to be at home; I long to be in glory; I am more in love with heaven than ever! Oh, that wonderful place! I so long to see the land. I shall be no stranger when I get there. I shall know all the Old and New Testament saints with a perfect knowledge, and many dear friends that I have had sweet communion with here; and some of my own children too. I look at death with all that calmness and pleasure that I look at you. When I saw you come in, I thought, oh, had I not seen Jesus since I last saw you. I have seen the king in his beauty, I think, I can say, every day. I daily pray to the Lord to give me patience, to wait his time; nothing I dread like impatience.' One evening he said to me, 'I have had the sweetest communion with God this day, that ever I had in my life. It appears as if the veil was drawn away, and I was permitted to approach him; he was so full of glory, majesty, and beauty I cannot describe my feelings: I did long to burst the prison to be with him. His love to me was so great, I had such a sight of it, and such a view of my own vileness, and nothingness, that I was melted in the dust before him. I wept exceedingly; when I die, I hope I shall die triumphant; if I feel as I do now, I must die shouting.' Lord's day, March 14, was the last day he came down stairs; he was very weak, but very happy; generally asking me what they thought about him; telling him that it was their general opinion that he was going home very fast, he would say, 'I can say, Amen to that; I fear it is too good news to be true; I may linger some time yet; I hope you daily pray to the Lord to give me patience. While he was confined to his bed, he did not converse much, as he was much inclined to sleep; he would say, 'I should like to die triumphant; if it is for the Lord's glory, I shall; I feel perfectly happy; and I enjoy perfect peace. On the following Sabbath, when you saw him, dear sir, he was much revived; and conversed freely with you; the Lord indeed gave him his request, he was enabled to triumph in the Lord; he was very happy the whole of the day; he said to me in the morning, 'My dear, you recollect that saint of the Lord we read of, that said he could suffer his body to be cut into a thousand pieces, so that he might die to be with the Lord Jesus; I feel, I think, as he did.' I said, 'The Lord will soon send for you; I think this will be your last Sabbath on earth.' 'I do sincerely hope it will,' he said, 'but it may not; but I must not be impatient.' On the following Tuesday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he said to me with much pleasure, 'I think my time

is drawing very near; I feel pains about my heart, that I have not felt before; I think the long wished for time is now near.' Soon after that he vomited blood. We quite thought he was dying. He was very happy; he exclaimed—'Death, where is thy sting? grave, where is thy victory?' But the time was not yet arrived; he lay another day. Early the next morning, he said to the friend that was sitting up with him, 'I hope this day, I shall enter Paradise; I hope this will be my last day.' He said to me in the morning, when alone with him, 'I hope this will be a feast day to me; not a fast day. I hope I shall be with the Lord before night; I feel perfectly happy. I have not any thing on my mind; my confidence is not the least shaken; I have nothing to cause me a moment's uneasiness. I have felt enabled to give you up for some months. I feel satisfied the Lord will be with you, and support you.' I said, 'my dear, I make no doubt you have offered many prayers for me.' He said, 'I have, I can say thousands; my very breath has been prayer for you; but, my prayers are now nearly at an end. Do not neglect prayer; I have found the Lord to be a prayer-hearing, and answering God. I have generally prayed six or seven times a day; may you be enabled to live to his glory. I am sure he will be with you and bless you. 'About half past two o'clock in the afternoon, he was again taken with vomiting blood. He said, 'My love, it will soon be over now.' I said, 'Are you happy?' he said, 'Blessed be God, I am happy. I shall be with him.' I then left the room.

May the Lord, bless you and your's, is the prayer of your unworthy, but sincere friend in the bonds of the gospel.

MARY CROWHURST.

Pembury, April 30, 1847.

(To be continued next month.)

"He is the Rock."

FIRST.—He is the Rock on which I build all my hopes for eternity. The Holy Ghost has discovered him to my soul as the only Rock on which I dare venture my never-dying soul; here I have a solid, safe, sure, immovable, and everlasting foundation, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail; the floods may beat, the tempest may gather, the enemy may roar, the mountains may depart, the hills be removed, the earth and them that dwell therein may be burnt up; but, oh, my soul, if thou art founded on this Rock of Ages, thou art safe for ever. For 'He is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever.' As the

Rock of thy salvation, he sustains thee under all thy doubts, fears, and infirmities; bears thee through this wilderness of affliction, cares, crosses, and anxiety; supports thee in the valley of death, when heart and flesh gives way; and will be the Rock of thy strength to all eternity. Oh, may I never be left, as Jeshurun was, to lightly esteem, or to be unmindful of such a foundation as the Rock that begat me, and to this moment has kept me. He brought me up out of the horrible pit, and set my feet upon this Rock; and gave me to see and feel that all besides is but sand and dust,

“On Christ the solid Rock I stand,

And all beside is sinking sand;”

So sung the Poet, and so saith the word of the living God, ‘For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.’ Look to it, ye professors, and free-willers, for your Rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges. Your duty-faith and dead-works will all be consumed together.

Second.—He is the Rock in which his people take shelter: sin and transgression have exposed us to every danger; laid us open to the wrath of the Almighty, who is a consuming fire to the sinner without a Mediator, and when this is discovered to us in the day of his power, by his holy law, it makes us cry to him for a shelter, which is embraced by precious faith; no man will take shelter in the blood and righteousness of the God-man, until he is driven to his wit’s ends in soul matters; and all lying refuges swept clean away from him; then it is he is brought sweetly to feel that the wounded side of Jesus is the blessed cleft into which he enters by faith and hope; and abides for ever. Here he beholds the Lord God merciful and gracious, and here the Lord beholds him with approbation and delight. ‘O my dove, that art in the clefts of the Rock; in the secret places of the stairs; let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice, for sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely.’ Here it is the child of God can rejoice when he finds he is sheltered from all the curses of a broken law, the malice of his enemies, the corruption of his heart, and the sting of death. How wonderful did the Lord shelter Noah in the ark; the Israelites by the blood of the lamb slain; David from Saul; Peter from the devil; and the church from the dragon!

Third.—He is the Rock that supplies his elect as they sojourn through this wilderness. He supplies them with living water from the smitten rock, which was Christ; ‘And they did all drink the same spiritual drink, for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ.’ Had it not been for this miraculous supply, we poor famishing sinners must have perished in this dry and thirsty land, where no water is; but it may be found in the Rock of our salvation, as it is written, ‘When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none; and their tongues fail for thirst;’ then the Lord will appear to open up Christ crucified and smitten, as the water of life to our parched spirits; and moreover, whosoever drinks of this water shall never die; but it shall be in him a well of living water springing up into everlasting life.

Oh, that we may be found drinking more freely, deeply, and constantly from these holy waters; for they gladden the hearts of the citizens of Zion, and cause them to rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.’ All very good (saith the poor soul,) but I fear it is not for me; it is for all the thirsty and willing, as you may plainly see John vii. 37. Rev. xxii. 17.—so fear not. From this Rock he supplies them with honey, for all sweetness is to be found in a precious Christ; for as the rocks of the promised land did abound and drop with honey, so the rock Christ abounds with sweetness to the believer; his love, grace, mercy, peace, pardon, blood, righteousness, person, offices, power, and promises, are, at times, sweeter than honey, or the droppings of the honey-comb, to the soul; his mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely; this is my Rock; oh ye daughters of Jerusalem. Again: with oil, out of the flinty rock; no unction can be truly felt in the soul or attend the word of his grace, but that which comes from the Holy One of Israel, with whom is the residue of the Spirit. Jesus of Nazareth was anointed with the Holy Ghost without measure, that his elect might be anointed in him, and receive the oil of joy for mourning, and unction from the holy one, that they may know all things. And this is the desire of a poor saved sinner in the Rock Christ.

C. H. C.

Reading.

Letter from Mr. R. Aldis,

Minister of the Gospel, late of Aldringham.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER IN OUR LOVING HEAD:—Your daughter's kind and welcome letter came safe to hand, bearing the best of news from that part of the wilderness, that will ever be dear to me, for the sake of the many Bethels my soul has had in it. When I read the contents of the letter, my heart was indeed overwhelmed within me, and the peculiar and mingled feelings it produced, is by me indescribable; truly, it shall be said, what has God wrought? Wonders of grace to him belongs. Think not yourself forgotten by me because of the long delay in writing; multiplied engagements, a state of heavy bondage, hardness, and wretched barrenness must be the only excuse I plead; and even now I do not feel that anointing which destroyeth the yoke, as my soul longs to feel. You have been much on my heart, and many times presented by me before the throne, when it has been my happy privilege to see the King. What a mercy to know he is on his throne, ordering all things well, even after the counsels of his own will; that he is love, ever was, and ever will be, therefore, 'All his works,' however distressing and heart-rending some may be, 'are done in love.' He is only now doing in grace and power, what he has before time done in his counsels of wisdom and purposes of love. His blessed Spirit will enable us to trust his promises when we cannot trace his footsteps, and shelter in his Son when every earthly gourd withers over our heads; the fountain is on purpose to supply us when all created streams are dried; created streams must be dried up before the fountain will flow in its appointed sweetness. Your heart must become parched and dry before the dew of heaven will fall upon it to make it soft and fruitful. The Lord always throws down before he builds up, strips us before he clothes us with our better robe; roots us up from earthly standings before he plants us in his heavenly soil; and he must burn us out of our earthly dwelling places before we shall run into that precious name which is as an high tower, where alone the righteous find safety. We shall not prove by sweet experience the heavenly skill of our divine physician till we become broken and wounded, and full of diseases from head to foot, nor shall we call in his help till we feel we have none of our own. Has he, my dear sister, made a large opening in your heart by taking a dear child from you? You may rely on it he intends to come and fill the place himself, which is infinitely far better. If he is graciously pleased to bear your name before the eternal throne, and wear it on his

once wounded heart, it is but a small matter that he should have the chief and best place in your's. I think not, dear companion in tribulation, that your dear Lord has dealt hard with you, in taking to himself your dear child; she was your Lord's right; she was only lent to you to be called for when your loving master thought best; nor, did he call for her till he had made her ready to go; you loved her, and cared for her, but your's was only a time-love, and a feeble care; but your Lord's was an eternal love, graciously shown and maintained; your Lord laboured for her, travailed for her, bled and died for her, rose and ascended for her, and has now taken her to himself, glorified for ever, where he ordained her to dwell, and where she desired to be; so, her desire is fulfilled, and his purpose accomplished; then, it must be right; she has entered into that place where the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall lead her to fountains of living water, where there is no night, no sin, no pain, no sorrow; she is there in her Lord's presence, dressed in his righteousness. What she knows, and how happy she is, we cannot guess, but this we know, her bliss is in being like her Lord; it is through the wonder works of her Lord she is there; and there to gaze upon and admire that God who loved her, and recount the acts of grace that brought her there in safety. By adoption the Lord put her into his family; by redemption she was secured for heaven; by sanctification he gave her a meetness for it; by justification he gave her a title to it. By giving her a sight of Christ crucified, he made her long to be with him glorified; and now her longing is abundantly satisfied; he came from heaven to earth, to take her from earth to heaven; where she desired to go, and where you shall enter, to see her and be with her and her Lord, glorified. Surely then the Judge of the whole earth has done right! By what he has done, your cares are lessened, her's lost, sin is banished, the world is overcome, the devil defeated, death removed, sorrow ended, heaven possessed, Jesus crowned, her happy, ransomed spirit delighted, and her mansion filled, while she is infinitely glorious, according to her wish. Who, then, can say, but it must be right? Dry up your tears, then, mourning saint, or ask your Lord to wipe them from your weeping eyes. Think, in how many ways your dear child might have been a living sorrow, or had the Lord removed her without pardoning her sins, how great, unbearably great, must have been your grief. All he has done has been in love, mercy, and wisdom. Oh, may the thought of her eternal gain, comfort you under your loss. But there is something far more precious still, viz. the humble hope that you shall shortly meet her on those ethereal plains, where

the smiling face of your much-loved Lord shall for ever delight you, and where he shall for ever live through all your soul; how cheering the thought that you are mantled in the same righteousness in which your dear child stands before the throne complete; that your life is in the same living Head secure, and your sins removed by the same sacrifice, while your hopes are based on the same atonement, made and anchored in the same Lord who made it; that the road to it is firm and good, though often rough and rugged; but your gospel shoes shall last through all the tedious way, and you shall say, though faint, yet pursuing; or if you are so faint and feeble that you cannot walk, then you shall be taken home in the same heavenly car, your Lord's state carriage, (the gospel,) in which your daughter rode in triumph to glory, attended by angels as the life-guards from heaven. You are only now parted by but an inch of time; and the Jordan through which you shall pass in safety, the Lord being with you, his rod and his staff comforting you, according to his word, you need not fear the passage, though it may appear to you dark and gloomy in the prospect; your Lord will not give you dying peace till you come into your dying hour. But how vain my attempt to comfort your friend, unless the Lord seal home the word with unctuous power, and give the comfort needed. If the Lord withhold from his Rachels, comfort, they mourn their absence till he bury them.

I know that nothing but a religion felt will satisfy you, and what a mercy it is, it will not; it proves a tender conscience which none but the Lord can give. But are you saying your hope is cut off from your Lord? So said one of old, but it was not so; the Lord never cuts off what his own almighty power hath wrought; such expect the fulfilment of his word; or, are you saying you shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living; so one of the Lord's anointed ones exclaimed, and under it said, 'I am oppressed, O Lord, undertake for me.' Has the Lord shaken you to pieces, and broken in upon you with breach upon breach? So he dealt with his servant Job; so you see your face in the gospel glass, answering to these, and are a manifest companion with them in tribulation, who are safe landed, and your's is the language of Canaan, which none but the Spirit of God can teach, and proves you have not forgotten your Lord, and this gives proof that he has not forgotten you. Nor will he forget you world without end.

"His love in times past,
Forbids you to think,
He'll leave you at last,
In trouble to sink."

No; he has said, "where I am, there ye shall be also;" but you will say who is it that shall be with him? Why, the poor, the needy, the tempted, the sorrowful, the heavy-laden, and the burdened. Cheer up, then; the Lord has given you the land in possession; the Lord bless you with that anointing which destroyeth the yoke, for his name sake.

I well remember the circumstance that led my mind to the subject which was blessed to your dear child. I remember preaching from it, but do not remember the time, but will say more about this when I write to Sabina; my love to her, and Mr. Smy, and all friends. I shall be glad of a letter from you when you can write; my wife and family are well, and send their love to you all. The Lord bless you, is the prayer of

Your's truly, R. ALDIS.

Willingham.

To an Afflicted Saint .

ON THE COAST OF SUFFOLK.

MY DEAR FRIEND, and afflicted sister in the lovely and beloved Lord Jesus Christ:—I received your letter with some feelings of pleasure, and while taking my tea this evening, my wife read it to me. You are unknown to me in the flesh, but I trust well known in the Spirit. Your simple, and artless tale of the sweet love of Christ, cheered and warmed my heart as my wife read on. Oh, my dear heaven-favored girl, it does me good to hear the bubbings of a heart, in the simplicity of Christ, from the fountain of life in the soul: Yes; love divine in its risings and overflowings in the soul is sweeter than honey, and more fragrant than lillies and roses. O, yes; I have been overcome with the sweet unctions, and odours, as if my spirit had been carried out of my body into a paradise where Jesus lives and love immortal reigns.

But while we are in this tabernacle we must expect to groan more or less, at times, under some calamities to which this poor flesh is heir; and the soul that has known and experienced the love-visits of Jesus, will often moan and groan at the loss of his presence, which nothing in nature can supply. Mine is a heart disease—'plague of the heart,' which sometimes breaks out, and 'my sore runs in the night.' And I believe there is no radical cure while I am in this tabernacle, but we have many reliefs, and sweet visits of love; which, sometimes, for a season make us forget our miseries, before the great and final relief comes, when we are to put off this tiresome load of mortal flesh, and exchange our rags for robes of royalty.

The poor soul is locked up in a filthy dun-

geon, and vile flesh, at present: and we sometimes can only breathe through the key hole, to draw in a little of the pure air of heaven, which keeps the soul from suffocation. May the beloved breathe a little spice and myrrh into your dungeon, to keep you from fainting; and may he drop a few more love-drops into your heart, to soften the affliction of the wearied flesh, and look forth at the windows of your soul, and shew you the pure white wedding robe, that you are to appear in when he takes you to his Father's court to behold his glory. You may know the robes which the heavenly fair one brings by their purity and perfume. None are perfumed like them. They all "smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad."

But if thou art afflicted in body, and Jesus hath married thy soul; if the 'earthly house' is taken down, he will raise it up more glorious at the last day. He has a house ready-furnished, full of good stores, ready to receive you. 'In my Father's house are many mansions;' and depend upon it he is no flattering lover; he tells no lies. Amazing love! Yes, it is indeed, that he should take such a poor creature as you are to be his bride, to live in his palace with him and lodge in his bosom of love for ever. And I believe Jesus loves you, and I feel a little of the same love to you. Ah, I have spent many days of love, on the yellow heaths in Suffolk, by the sea-side, in the days of my youth. There I quaffed the wholesome air, and the warm pulsation of my lightsome heart, beat time in love to the music of heaven in my soul; and still, still I love the simple hearted sea-side Suffolk saints, and the simplicity of your letter roused my thoughts of the long by-gone days of love, and involuntarily compelled me to return thee a few responsive lines to your letter from the chamber of affliction.

Waft it, ye western winds;
Go, whispering, tell
The sea-side Suffolk saints,
I love them well;
Distance, nor time,
This love can ne'er remove,
Though time kills all
But love, immortal love!

'Afflictions are not joyous but grievous,' but there is a 'needs-be' for our affliction that we do not always see while they are working: sometimes when in health and prosperity, and in the bustle of this vain life, we cannot find time to talk with the Lord; but he has means to compel us to find time for reflection, consideration, and communion with him: he took Ezekiel by a strong hand for this purpose: and sometimes he takes us by a strong hand and lays us on a bed of affliction, and then we have

time to talk with him, and he with us in a private chamber. Well, it is all in love to his children, not in wrath, though we may think it a queer way of shewing his love; but it is to learn us some sweet love-lessons in a private chamber, that he knew we would not be willing to learn in health and strength; and if you had been in health and prosperity, probably you would not have found time to write to me.

May the great Father of all mercies, bless you, and the Lord Jesus sympathize with you in your afflictions, and the Holy Comforter comfort you abundantly, and fill you with all the fulness of the Three-One God of Israel; and may the members of the body of Christ, which is his church, sympathize with you in your afflictions, and assist you in temporals, according to their ability, as done unto Christ.

My christian regards to the friend you mentioned, and to all friends of Jesus, whose names are in the book of life, though I cannot call them all by name, but I do remember Mr. and Mrs. Barns, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehand, and a very dear friend of mine whose name is Larter, tender my love to them all, and believe me your's in christian love,

W. GARRARD.

Leicester, Jan. 8, 1847.

Some Work for Spiritual Men.

MY DEAR SIR:—May the Lord incline you or some of your esteemed correspondents to give their thoughts (oh, that they may speak the mind of the Holy Ghost!) on the following passages of Holy Writ:—

"Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

"If the light which is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."

"If we sin wilfully, after having received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin."

"It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them."

Believe me, my dear sir, I am not a speculative enquirer, but, indeed, my soul is in earnest. The above passages seem against me. I should feel thankful to have them opened; and also explain the distinction between godly sorrow for sin, and convictions or remorse on account of actual transgression; and also to point out the difference between the intellectual enjoyment, if I may so term it, or creature excitement under the word preached, (or at other times,) and that which comes directly from the Holy Spirit.

Your kind compliance will be a favour for which I shall feel grateful.

Your's very sincerely, A. B.

Fellowship with Christ in his Sufferings.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. B. GATWARD,

Minister of the Gospel, Hitchin, Herts.

"The sorrows of death compassed me, and trouble and sorrow, Then called I upon the deliver my soul; gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple; I was brought

low, and he helped me." Ps. cxvi. 3, 4, 5, 6.

THERE is no doubt but the Psalms of David have respect to Christ both as God and man, the glorious work he performed, in his obedience and death to save his people from everlasting perdition; and also the feelings he had in his soul and mind, in the performance of this great work of redemption. I consider the words I have taken particularly applicable to Christ and his sufferings. It may be truly said of Christ and his sufferings that 'the sorrows of death compassed him, and the pains of hell gat hold upon him.' There was not a trouble, pain, or suffering but what the Son of God endured for his elect, and their salvation. His sufferings came from every quarter; from men who afflicted his body with spears, nails, and thorns; they afflicted his mind, as a man, with that insult and mocking which they gave him. Our Lord was afflicted in that designed cruelty in men, in the death they inflicted upon him, which is perhaps the most tormenting a man could die. He was afflicted by satan, who, for a season triumphed, as Christ said, 'this is your hour, and the power of darkness;' and he says, 'the world shall rejoice, but you my disciples shall have sorrow.' Oh; what shoutings through the regions of hell while Jesus groaned upon the tree. But as the Scripture says, 'the triumph of the wicked is short;' it is but for a moment. It is like the crackling of thorns under a pot. I believe this triumph of the wicked refers to satan's supposed victory over Christ while he hung and died on the tree. But his triumph was short, for in three days Christ triumphed over death and the grave: he arose with power to the right hand of God, and assumed his rest as conqueror, henceforth expecting till his enemies should be made his footstool.

But if you come to take in all the sin of God's people that was laid upon him, and charged to his account, and the wrath of God which he endured it is wonderful. We cannot conceive what Christ the Lord must have felt. However we

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the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found the name of the Lord—O, Lord, I beseech thee believe he felt all that we deserved on the account of our sins, he felt all that we deserved to eternity, and that to the full. Christ's sufferings was not a sip of our sins, but the whole. Christ suffered in body and soul, while body and soul were united, because we deserved this. But after Christ died, he suffered no more, nor dieth no more on this account. There was nothing wanted to make the sufferings of Christ complete, equal to what we deserved, and justice required; so that in his sufferings he became a perfect Saviour. However, I believe he felt what answereth to the words I have taken, and they are applicable to him—'The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.' But did not our Lord sink under this? I answer, in one sense he did; he died under it. But in another sense he did not sink. He did not sink so as not to endure all. He bore all God's wrath due to us; but, in his trouble he says, he called upon God, (in Gethsemane's garden)—being in an agony he prayed, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; yet, not my will, but thine be done.' And when on the cross, he cried out 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'

Now, here I believe our Lord felt the pains of hell, a separation from his Father for a time; and this accords with that Scripture, 'In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee.' I consider the same Scriptures that are applicable to a believer, are also to Christ; therefore it may be said as in my text—'Then called I upon the name of the Lord.' But you may say, Why did Christ pray thus, in his trouble and distress? I answer, he prayed to shew that he was really man, and that we might also know that he did really suffer. 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee,' is God's promise. This Scripture has respect to Christ also, as well as it has to us; therefore, he prayed to his Father;

But what did Christ want? Did he want the affliction removed? As man, he did. Therefore, he said, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' But as the Son of God, anointed by the Spirit, he prayed with submission to God's will; 'Not my will but thine be done.' But what did he want? Was he unable to bear? As man simply considered, he was; therefore, he wanted help. It is said 'he was heard, in that he feared;' an angel was sent to strengthen him, so that he did not pray in vain. This is evident from verse 5, where he says, 'Gracious is the Lord, and merciful.' Then he had an answer, and this is confirmed in the sixth verse—'The Lord preserveth the simple;' Christ was simple; the word simple signifies *meeke, holy, humble, and honest*; and as to Christ being preserved the promise is this—'I will preserve thee and give thee for a covenant of the people.' And as to this hour of darkness, suffering, and death, Christ was preserved in all, and through all, even when in the grave, and raised to glory at last. 'But, says he, 'I was brought low, and the Lord helped me.' Surely, dear Lord, thou wast brought exceedingly low; but thou by dying hath conquered for us, and art now raised everlastingly high. Thus, I conceive these words to have respect to our dear dying Lord and Saviour.

But though these words may be applied to Christ, you cannot separate his people from him in any sense. The same promises belong to us as to him; they have to a degree the same enemies and afflictions; the same God and Father; the same glory: and he says, 'As he was in the world, so are they; and they taste of his bitter cup, and if we suffer with him, we shall be glorified together.'

I shall now shew how these things contained in the text, are fulfilled to a certain degree in all the elect of God. And here we may consider David as a man of God, great and eminent. He says in the first verse that 'he loved the Lord; but why did he love the Lord? He says 'the Lord heard his prayer.' David accords with that Scripture, viz., 'We love him because he first loved us;' and this is the substance of these words, —'because he has heard my prayer.' His giving a spirit of prayer, and answering prayer, is a manifest proof of his love; therefore, David loved him, and I am sure, unless a soul is brought into

soul trouble, as David was, and in it calls upon God, and he is pleased to hear, answer, and deliver, there is no true love to God in the heart. There may be a profession of it, but God is the judge of hearts.

This is the first beginning and cause of David's love to God. But the words I have taken give a description of the soul-trouble that God's people are made experimentally to feel and know.

I shall, in the first place speak a word or two of death. Secondly, of the snares of death. Thirdly, of the pains of hell, and the effects therefrom; and then speak of his prayer and other things.

Now, by death in this place, I do not understand natural death, the separation of soul and body, though this is a solemn thing, even to die and leave our earthly connections. But this is not all, we remove to a world unknown; we must appear before God, and have our state finally fixed in happiness or misery. This death hath its snares or things which forerun it; in which the person becomes entrapped. But, I believe, by death here, we are to understand eternal death or destruction from God's presence. This is death in the strictest sense of the word. David could not mean natural death, for that he was not delivered from. When he had finished his generation work, he slept with his fathers, he died. The death he speaks of, he was delivered from; and he blessed the God of his salvation. That which David was afraid of, and had expectation of, was eternal death, or separation from God, who is life; and banishment from his presence, which is death. But was David always afraid of this? I answer, No. There was a time when he was not; and so I have found it; but how came David to be so alarmed with this death and the fear thereof? Why, he says, 'I had got into the snares of it.' 'The snares of death compassed him about.' So a sinner is taken in the snares of death, and he begins to struggle, to be alarmed, and expects to die; but when the snare is not felt there is no fear or alarm. He gives the dead sinner light, life, and feeling, then he comes with the snares of death. But the snares of eternal death in which his people are taken, are sin and the law. Here the soul is hampered and enthralled. The law reveals the man's sin. 'By the law is the knowledge of sin.' And as David says, 'the sor-

rows—that is, those things which cause my death—those things which cause sorrow, which is sin and the law, and God's wrath revealed therein against sin. Now David found his sin compass him about. He looked around him and found nothing but sin, destruction, and an angry God. He looked within, and there was a wicked, corrupt, and rebellious heart. So, look which way he might, there was nothing but sin and folly. Thus he was surrounded and ensnared. This produced what he calls 'The sorrows of death—or, the snares of death produced sorrow.' If you look into the eighteenth Psalm, what he calls sorrow, he there calls a snare. The snare is the sorrow—it produces sorrow. Solomon says, (Prov. xiii. 14.) 'The law of the wise is a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death.' And in the 14th chapter and 27th verse he says, 'The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death.' Now, this sorrow or snare of death, is SIN.

To be convinced and convicted for sin, this is dreadful. Most men would avoid conviction if they could; they would do anything to escape it. But, no; the quickened soul is sometimes held in conviction day after day, month after month, and year after year. He cannot get free nor into liberty—he sees others, he hears them rejoice, but he cannot say as David did 'the snare is broken, and I have escaped,' or, 'I have escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler.' But, what makes the snare of sin so strong? Why, the apostle says, 'It is the law.'—'The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.' The law reveals sin in its true colour, and it is out of the sinner's power to alter it.

Now, what think you, will follow next in this poor, lost, perishing sinner's soul? Why, he will find as David says, 'The pains of hell gat hold upon me.' Thus, a further experience and a greater degree of distress, I conceive by this expression—he meant the fear of hell—a dread of damnation worketh in his mind, and it also expresses the torment and anguish of soul which ariseth from the thoughts of being for ever miserable, and considering the greatness of his sin, and the strictness of the law, and God's holiness, truth, and justice, he had no hope of being saved—here he was completely lost and miserable. I believe all the chil-

dren of God, sooner or later, are brought to this experience—to know themselves utterly lost. And then he says, 'I have found trouble and sorrow;' meaning, his mind was filled with gloomy expectations, dreadful apprehensions, and slavish fears; and as he says in another Psalm, sank in an hopeless state, which he calls 'deep waters, where there is no standing.' In this state he called upon God; but, what was his prayer? Why, no form would do. His prayer was suited to his situation and feelings—'O, Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.' He was a man in a lost condition; and therefore prayed for deliverance. I believe no man truly prays, nor acceptably to God, till he experiences his lost estate. It is remarked of Paul—'Behold he prayeth!' and the publican also said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' But a man may acknowledge himself a sinner who never felt his sin, nor his lost estate through sin, but such prayer is mere form, and is an abomination to the Lord; but the Scripture speaks of cries to God in trouble; and that prayer has the promise of God annexed to it—'Call upon me in the time of trouble and I will deliver, thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' Well, poor David stands as a pattern for others—'O, Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.' But, was he heard and answered? Did God hear such a man? and will he still hear? I answer, he did and he will. This is plain by these words—'Gracious is the Lord.' By this word, gracious, righteous, and merciful, we are to understand three things in God which are mentioned to encourage the guilty, lost, and needy person; under the Spirit's influence to call upon God in faith and hope. The word gracious, here means that God is kind, tender and willing to hear and help a soul that calls to him in this condition. Many doubt God's willingness, but they have no cause. We read of the Lord being nigh—being present—being ready to save. I believe he is as willing to save his people as he is able; if not willing, what use is his power? His power is at the disposal of his will. The apostle makes his will every thing, 'Of his own will begat he us.' Saves whom he will. May you be enabled to believe in his will as well as his power.

But, he says also, he is righteous; by righteous, it means he is good; it also means he is just: a just man is a man

that acts uprightly. Well, in this sense, God is righteous, not only to his law, but he is righteous and just inasmuch as he has promised to hear prayer and to deliver. Therefore, when he does deliver, he may be said to be righteous in that he is faithful to fulfil his promise and word of grace. And as David had an experience of this, he confessed it; so that you may look to the promises—you may plead it in prayer, and ground your hope upon it—for God is righteous to perform his promise; and therefore, it is said, 'Remember thy word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.' But, a third thing is—He is merciful; meaning that he is not only willing but gracious, and faithful to fulfil his word by righteousness. He will do it freely, being merciful. Mercy seeks no worth or worthiness in the object; of his mercy he saves us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. You need not despair, because you have nothing to bring. Yea, says the Psalmist, 'Our God is merciful.' These three things in God, if wisely considered, tend to remove the objections of the coming soul, and to confute all satan's false representations of God, and silence all his temptations about our sins—'Gracious is the Lord and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.'

But David gives another sweet testimony, 'The Lord preserveth the simple.' Now, by the simple here, he means an honest soul that is so delivered from guile and deceit as to confess the truth. One honest in heart before God to acknowledge his sin and unworthiness. He is a simple man; one that is meekened and made teachable, and willing to be saved in God's way. He lies at his feet begging mercy—'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' 'The Lord preserveth the simple,' meaning he will preserve them from hell and death; and says of such—'Deliver them from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom.' O, what a mercy! Yea, most assuredly, Our God, mind, Our God is merciful to us. He blesses us freely. Mercy shall be built up for ever. Then, David like a godly man, brings in his own testimony to confirm the whole; 'I was brought low, and he helped me;' so that he could speak feelingly and experimentally; and surely some of us can say the same, and heartily join in with the Psalmist. And those of you that have not attained to this de-

liverance, there is great encouragement to hope. You see what hope there is for the lost man in God. He is gracious, willing, righteous, and faithful to fulfil his promise, wanting no goodness at your hands. What he requires of his children, he gives them: may you be enabled to lay hold of, and set your hope in God; and not only so, here is the Psalmist, who gave his testimony to the truth: and the earth was never left without some witnesses to bear a testimony to this truth, that God is merciful, and he will save the afflicted person.

The Lord grant you faith and patience, to keep you waiting, till the time to favor Zion comes. This, I beg, for his dear Son's sake. Amen.

The Life of the late Henry Fowler.

(Continued from p. 42, Vol. III.)

Now the snare was broken, and I had two things to attend to, that is minding my business, and preaching the gospel. This appeared to me to be what the Lord had designed me to pursue: nor did I think to leave my calling at this time.

During the time of my silence before spoken of, I made arrangements to establish myself in business; but was more than once crossed in my purposes, which made my heart very rebellious. I rose early, and sat up late, and ate the bread of carefulness; but after all, it was with difficulty that I could pay my way; and my unbelief has often said, that I should die in debt, and that my family would be left a burthen upon others. These fits of unbelief used generally to come on me after I had been preaching in the villages, on a Lord's-day; and there appeared a shew of reason in my fears, because I seldom had any thing for preaching. If I received my coach-hire and victuals, that was the most I received; and in many cases, I have paid my own expenses, and travelled on foot many miles of a Lord's-day, and preached twice or three times, so that on the Monday I have not been able to labour in my business. In this way I went on for several years. Sometimes I was so tried in my business, and had such darkness of soul, and sore temptations from satan, that I thought I should be deprived of my reason. What with labouring all the week at a sedentary business, early and late, the buffetings of satan, and my unbelieving fears and carnal reasonings, my bodily frame was much shook, and my nerves much more. But in the midst of all these things, I embraced every opportunity for meditation and reading. After the business of the day, I

have devoted two or three hours in trying to learn the Greek language, in order to be able to read the New Testament in its original language; after which, I intended to learn the Hebrew also: and indeed I began it: the Latin, also, I was obliged to attend to, as most of my books had the original words explained in that language. But never having received an education in my youth, and now having no tutor, and a business to attend to, I found my progress was very slow in the knowledge of the dead languages. Indeed, it required more time than I could spare for the object mentioned. It required, I conceived, more than a common capacity to learn so many things together, and under such circumstances as I was in. It was not from an idea that I should ever excel as a scholar; nor, did I suppose that there was any defect essentially, in our translation; nor did I act from a principle of pride, in order to shine before men; nor did I think the mind of the Holy Spirit could not be known without the knowledge of the original languages, that induced me to try to learn them. But it struck me, that our faithful translators were fallible men, and that our language had been very much improved since our last translation; that by comparing the different parts of our translation with the originals, some light might be cast upon the word. Nor do I once regret the attempt I made, for I found the benefit of it in several ways: it brought me more into the habit of close thinking; it made me more familiar with the Scriptures; and many times I have had some sweet enjoyment, while comparing our version with the Greek. That language I liked best; the very sound of the alphabet was to my ear like a fine tune skillfully played on that noble instrument the organ.

I differ from many good and well-meaning men, I know, on this subject; but I wish not to offend them. for every man has his proper gift from God. As for those good men who know the originals, but carelessly lay them aside, I do not think they display much wisdom either human or divine. If I were familiar with the originals, I would read them in common with our version. Nor do I suppose that any servant of God would lose one grain of his spirituality by so doing. This was the practice of Dr. Goodwin, Owen, Toplady, Romaine, Gill, and others, to whom we, in this our *forlorn age!* are no more to be compared than the rushlight taper to the blazing torch.

My path became every year more trying, both within and without; and I was determined not to leave my business if possible. All that I wished the Lord to grant me, was a sufficiency of business, and to preach the gospel free of all charge. Neither could I persuade myself that there was any body of people that would ever receive me as a min-

ister, because of my peculiarities; or, if they did receive me, they would not support me long; therefore I was determined to be independent of every body of people: such were my thoughts.

Many propositions had been made to me about the propriety of my being engaged wholly in the ministry, but all in vain; for I said I will use no carnal means to promote such a thing. I said, if the Lord intends it, he knows of a place, and can open the door; but I will have no hand in it. I never solicited a pulpit; nor ever wrote to another minister to recommend me to a place; nor ever advertised for a situation in my life: I looked upon such things as belonging to the flesh, as human policy, as carnal craft, and not likely to end well; and I am still of the same opinion. My desire was to watch the cloud, and follow the leadings of his providence. I had sometimes a full persuasion that the Lord would employ me wholly in his vineyard; but this seldom lasted long, but was all upset by the deep sense I had of my very great deficiency for such a work; and then it appeared to me nothing less than presumption for such an ignorant mortal to harbour a thought of the kind.

About this time, I was chiefly employed in preaching in Devonport and Ivybridge; one Lord's-day at Ivybridge, every fortnight, in a commodious room; and only occasionally at Devonport, when the stated minister was ill, or on a journey; and I think my testimony was best understood, and more cordially received in this place, than in any other place I preached in in that quarter, at the time alluded to. At Ivybridge I continued preaching about two years, but I saw very little good done; and I think, out of about sixty or eighty hearers, I could not in a judgment of christian charity, reckon up more than six or seven persons who were brought out of their natural state of darkness. The tree is known by its fruit. According to my feelings, I would sooner preach to twenty of the called in Christ Jesus, than to one hundred persons in nature's darkness: but a preacher's feelings must not be his guide, but the Word of God. He must preach and sow the seed of the kingdom beside all waters. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." I considered it my duty to preach the word of truth to this people, and leave the event with the Lord. Perhaps my testimony was received with power by two or three only; but I know not. Some seed lies a long time in the ground before it springs up; and I believe the Lord wisely conceals from the man whose ministry has been blessed to sinners the knowledge of it, lest the proud heart should be uplifted.

From some circumstances I used to hope

that my labour was not in vain; for I had often much freedom in prayer for those people; and felt as if I could endure anything if the Lord would use me as an instrument to open their poor blind eyes: I really longed for their salvation; and with great boldness and pleasure did I preach Christ, and his full, free, and finished salvation to them. Having to labour the whole week previous to my preaching, and sometimes very hard, up to a late hour on the Saturday night, I was often so worn out in body that I was more fit to go to bed than go eleven miles to preach on the Lord's-day morning. One day, after a hard week, I set off early in the morning on foot, to preach three times that day. When I had walked about half the distance, I felt much fatigued and dispirited: some fits of unbelief and clouds of darkness came over me, so that I thought I would go no farther, but return. I sat on a bank for rest and reflection; and said to myself, 'To what purpose do I thus toil, and wear out body and mind? neither temporal nor spiritual good comes of it; I am neglecting my family, and that is to do them great injury. Thus I reasoned and murmured. I think I had on this occasion something like the feelings of Elijah under the juniper tree, when he said, 'Lord, it is enough; take away my life from me, for I am no better than my fathers.' How long I sat on the bank lost in thought I cannot now recollect, but at the time I well remember those words arrested my attention: 'Death worketh in us, but life in you.' I considered the words as coming to me from God to give me instruction, and to stir me, half dead as I seemed to be, to pursue my journey, and preach the gospel, that life might thereby be manifested to poor sinners. With this impression, new strength seemed to be given me, both in body and mind; and I arose and pursued my journey courageously. When I arrived at our meeting-house the hymn was sung, and one of the friends had engaged in prayer, through my delay; I therefore gave out for my text these words: 'It is good for me to draw nigh unto God:' and I enjoyed, while preaching, light, life, liberty, and peace: the dose of bitters I received on the road made the sweet all the sweeter. At another time as I was going to this village to preach, I was so assaulted by distrust and unbelief, and perhaps, by satan too, that I said if I go on this way wearing myself out, my family will come to beggary, and who will thank me for all my labour? will not people say I had no business to run about preaching to the injury of my health, and to the ruin of my family? Just as these things crossed my mind, those words of Christ were, I thought, spoken as powerfully to my heart as they were in the hearing of the disciples: 'When I sent you

without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? and they said, nothing.' I blushed at my carnal reasoning and unbelief, and kept on repeating as I went, 'Lord, I have wanted for nothing, I have wanted for nothing, since I have laboured in thy service.' 'A word spoken in due season how good it is.'

(To be Continued.)

The State of Things in Zion.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—I am happy to find in your *Vessel* for this month a little of the treasure of prophecy; for of all things the church of Christ seems most ignorant of those truths which immediately concern her; nor is this much to be wondered at when we consider it a part of satan's policy to labor to maintain that ignorance which is specially calculated to ensnare the Lord's dove, and decoy her into that dead fall he is by his confederacies now so busily preparing for her. And, to bring prophecy into disrepute, he will, on the one hand, hurry men on into the wildest vagaries, and most stupid enthusiasm; and then on the other, tempt even good men to run to the other extreme, and disregard it altogether! This is that spiritual tee-totalism that has spread itself among the preachers of the word; because some have abused the solemn statements of truth, others will neither taste them themselves, nor place them on the table that they may eat who can. Nor is this evil confined to prophecy, but to all the other departments of truth; so that we have one man taking his stand upon a certain fundamental point, and there he abides, and condemns his fellow who has also taken his stand perhaps on an opposite point; and these, all, instead of throwing stones at the common enemy, are throwing them at each other. Yea, they throw about fire brands, arrows and death, and say, 'Am I not in sport!' Alas, alas! how long ere the valiant men of Israel shall see eye to eye!

In your leading piece I found several points to which my soul said Amen, as I read them. The first is the darkening of the sun; and truly the shadows of the evening are stretched out, if indeed the sun is not already set: but as it is an evening with clouds and mists hovering in the horizon, we can hardly say what the precise moment of the evening is; but surely we see enough to tell us that we are passing into a night much to be remembered, even that night of which those of Egypt and Gethsemane were but shadows; and therefore it is ours to see if we have the right Lamb for a passover, one without spot or blemish; not an Arian or Socinian lamb—not an Antinomian or Ar-

minian lamb, but the Lamb of God manifested to the eyes of our understanding, at the solemn moment that we felt our Isaac—our own life was going for our own sin. This Lamb thus seen is God's Lamb, the one of his own providing. Then the next point is to ask ourselves, 'Have I seen it slain? seen it dying and taking away my sins? If I have, then I have the blood thereof sprinkled upon my door-posts, and I have nothing to do but to stand and eat, and say, 'Bless the Lord, O, my soul,' &c.; and see that I have the staff in my hand, (i. e. the covenant,) my shoes on my feet, my loins girded, and my soul ready to start at the first voice of providence that shall bid me, 'Arise and depart.'

Then, I thought your illustration of Jacob at Bethel was beautiful—a word in due season; for, with you I agree that Jacob was a type of the church, or rather of Christ, as being one with his people—Christ mystic; he being identified with her, both in her sin, and her afflictions—in her own name Jacob, and in her new name Israel. This theme is very sweet; to feel that Jehovah Jesus is one with us, and we one with him. But to feel that he with us is entering into the dark night, our Noah, our Rest—is going with us into the ark, and into the furnace; into the day of Jacob's trouble, when each must put his hands upon his loins because of the darkness that covers the earth, and the gross darkness the people. Ah, to feel that we are coming to Bethel, *the house of God in the dark*, the chamber of hiding, till the indignation be gone by, and that he who is the resurrection and the life shall be in our midst, saying, FEAR NOT, and giving us honey-comb from the carcase of the lion to eat! And shall we be afraid, with such a prop as bears the world and all things up? No; though the hills be removed, and the mountains be cast into the sea, though the heavens shake, and the earth be removed, and all the great nations tremble to their centre, yet will we not fear, for 'The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!' Then, again, to take the stones of that place for our pillow—those precious stones of immutable doctrines, and on them to rest as on Jesus' own bosom—on the very stones of the breast-plate, and sleep that sweet sleep, in which the heart waketh and beholds the wondrous way of God, (the Son of Man,) on which angels, as ministering spirits, for us ascend and descend! Oh, what a dream when the world shall be in a commotion! When men's hearts shall be failing them for fear, when the seas of peoples and nations shall rage, and their billows foam with fury and despair! Blessed be the Most High for the knowledge of such an hiding place, by which we foresee, that, like Stephen, we shall behold the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right

hand of his Father and our Father, and our hearts flowing with such love as many waters cannot quench, nor the floods drown.

Then, you see, brother, though there will be no sun shining openly or publicly, yet Zion will have light in her chamber, Israel shall have light in his Goshen; as it is written of that hour when darkness shall cover the earth, (Isa. lx. 1, 2.) 'The Lord shall rise upon thee: and his glory shall be seen upon thee.' And of this, I think, we have an earnest, from the fact that though, as you say, 'thousands of believers are walking in darkness, and mourning an absent Lord,' yet there are some who are so established, and rooted, and grounded in the love of God, that none of these things move them. They know the time of the day, the judgments that await the world, and the fearful crisis commencing, yet, these enjoy peace and safety, and the light of heaven shines upon their soul.

Then, as you say, again, 'The moon shall not give her light.' What matters that? You know we are coming to a *change* of the moon; and you know that at that moment no clouds of this lower world pass between her and the sun: and that though hidden from us, her broad disk is set in full front of the king of day! And, you also, know, that if ever the sun is eclipsed it is at the moment when the moon hides him from our view; and then if it be a day of clouds and thick darkness, black night even at noon day must cover the earth. So that we are not only going to have a change, but an eclipse, and that too in a day of clouds, of gloominess, and thick darkness, (Zeph. i. 15.) So that if one looketh upon the earth, behold trouble, and darkness, and dimness of anguish, and they shall be driven to darkness. But, observe: the point I wish to exhibit, is the fact that at the moment the moon shines not on the world through public ordinances, she will personally enjoy the full splendour of the solar ray.

That the stars shall not give their light, has long been my decided opinion; the seven stars of which I once heard you so sweetly speak, shall be laid by at the time when the seven candlesticks shall not be needed. The sevenfold ministry will then be hidden a short space, like men in ambush, or a lion in his thicket, to leap forth when the set time of treading down the enemies like ashes under the feet is come. At the present, this mighty man, like Gideon, is busily employed in the floor to thrash wheat, and hide it from the Midianites, in the hearts of the Lord's elect; but presently he will forbear to thrash, and be busy in the dark night in doing such things, unseen and unknown by men, as will issue in the destruction of the hornet-like enemy, and the deliverance of Israel from that fear, contempt, and re-

proach to which he is now exposed. And how solemn is the prayer of the Holy Ghost, in Ps. lxxxiii. 'Do unto them as unto the Midianites,' &c., read the whole Psalm; and also this statement—'Thou hast broken the yoke of his burden, the staff of his oppressor, as in the day of Midian.' Isa. ix. 4.

When we reflect thus, how solemn is the position we occupy! How grand are the things which we have to do! May the Lord the Spirit be with you, and abundantly bless your work, and labor of love, prays

Your's in the bonds of the gospel,

Brenchley.

W. C. P.

THE GOSPEL.—

The power of God unto Salvation.

DEAR FRIEND—I feel constrained to tell you a little of the goodness of God to my soul, under the blessed gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, preached by Mr. J. Raynsford.

I was once an enemy to the Lord, his truth, his people, and his ways: but, bless the Lord, he met with me when hearing Mr. Raynsford the first time he preached in Horsham. I was completely broken down, and I felt like a condemned criminal at the bar of justice, and I cried out, 'Woe is me: I am lost for ever.' I thought hell must be my portion for ever; for there could be no hope for one whose heart was full of blasphemy and rebellion against his truth; but, blessed be the Lord, he stopped me in my mad career of sin, and showed me my lost state and condition in the Adam fall; and I could feel nothing but condemnation; my conscience condemned me; the law condemned me; and I thought God had condemned me to everlasting punishment, which I felt would be just and right; for I felt that I deserved a double hell: but I was obliged to beg for mercy, and often cry out in bitterness of soul, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' 'Lord, save, or I must perish.' I could get no further; and so I was kept grovelling about upon the dark mountains, mourning over my sad state, and often greatly tempted by the enemy to destroy myself; my soul was in great distress for three years; and I had made a solemn vow the night before my deliverance, that I would not go to chapel but once more; but in the morning, before I went to chapel, these words were applied to my soul with divine power, 'To day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' Oh, how sweet and precious it was to me; it broke my hard

heart into godly contrition at the feet of him who hath saved to the uttermost. Oh, blessed be the dear Lord, he hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad. Oh, what a blessed day of release was that to my soul! Mr. Raynsford preached from the words recorded in the fifty-eighth of Isaiah, fifth, sixth, and seventh verses; my soul sweetly fed on the bread of life; I fed upon love and blood the whole of the day. My fetters fell off, my bands broke assunder, my soul was clothed with the best robe, so that I could say feelingly, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am his.' And I felt like Jeremiah, when he said, the word was found and I did eat it; and it was the joy and rejoicing of my heart; it was more precious than gold, sweeter than honey or the honey-comb; the whole of that day's preaching seemed on purpose for me; my little cup was full, and run over with the goodness, love, and mercy of a covenant God: it was indeed a soul-humbling, Christ-exalting, God-gloryfying season to my soul. 'I sat under his shadow with great delight and his fruit was sweet to my taste;' it made me say with David, 'Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' Oh, how it humbled my poor soul down in the dust at his feet, and sometimes, like Paul, I did not know whether I was in the body or out, I was lost to all things here below completely; I felt my sins all drowned in the sea of God's everlasting love; and these words were very sweet to me for several days, 'Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the Spirit of our God:' and many blessed passages that I cannot now mention: but I have had times of great distress and darkness since then, and many blessed deliverances under the preached word by dear Raynsford, and may the Lord stand by him, for he is a poor, tried, persecuted man, but his preaching has been made a great blessing to many poor souls, and to mine, who am the least of all, the worst of all, and the unworthiest of all; but he must be persecuted, as his Master whom he serves was persecuted, and he says himself, you are not to marvel that the world hate you, it hated me before it hated you; and again he says, ye must be hated of all men for my name sake, but great is to be their reward.

C. B.

Horsham, Sussex.

The People of God led forth by a Right Way.

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF A DISCOURSE FROM PSALM CVII. 7.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—It is in accordance with your kind request that I now attempt to give you the substance of what I said respecting the typical character of the twelve sons of Jacob. May the good Spirit commend these few broken fragments to your conscience; comfort you under your manifold afflictions, and give you most blessedly to see that the God of Jacob is leading you forth by a right way, in order that you may go to a city of habitation.

I was walking in some fields near the chapel where I was going to preach, with my eyes and heart lifted up to God in secret prayer for a sure and certain opening up and application of his most precious word, when this scripture fell into my soul. 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant;' (in the margin it reads, 'and his covenant to make them know it.')

Never before did I appear so clearly to understand these words. I was going to preach from the words in the 107th Psalm—'And he led them forth by a right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.' The other scripture falling on this one appeared most clearly to shew *who* the people referred to were; and what sort of a way that 'right way,' is, in which the Lord doth lead his own most beloved elect. Observe then, first, that the people spoken of in the seventh verse of the 107th Psalm, were, literally, 'the children of Israel;' and the Holy Ghost very strikingly commences the book of Exodus with these words. "Now *these* are the *names* of the children of Israel which came into Egypt; every man and his household came with Jacob: Reuben, Simeon, Levi, and Judah. Issachar, Zebulun, and Benjamin; Dan and Naphtali; Gad and Asher; and all the souls that came out of the loins of Jacob, were seventy souls, for Joseph was in Egypt already." These sons of Jacob then, as the heads of the twelve tribes, were *typical* of the true church of Christ, as she stood in the covenant, in Christ, under the law, under the gospel, and in real vital, and practical experience.

In confirmation of this, I would refer you to two portions of the word. First,

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read Exodus xxviii. 21, where concerning the two onyx stones which were in the High Priest's breast-plate, it is said, 'And the stones shall be with the names of the children of Israel, *twelve*; according to their names, like the engravings of a signet, *every one with his name* shall they be, according to the twelve tribes.' This again declares these twelve sons of Jacob to be typical of the true church of God; and that none other are in the heart of Christ, or interested in his intercession. Then, read, secondly, the 48th of Ezekiel and the 31st verse—'And the gates of the city shall be *after the names* of the tribes of Israel:' one gate, you see, for every tribe: hereby declaring that as none of the elect of God are either in the loving heart, or prevalent intercession of Christ, so, none but these children can enter by the gates into the celestial city. The whole tenor of God's word goes to set forth and declare these solemn truths.

'IN CHRIST.' These are the two onyx stones in the breast-plate—these are the two foundation beams on which all gospel truth is based; these are the two mighty pillars [*Jachin*, ('He shall establish it;') and *Boaz*—'In it is strength,'] by which all gospel glory is preserved, and gospel order maintained: these words—'IN CHRIST,' Oh, what solemn grandeur—what heavenly beauty—what depths of covenant fulness—in these two words do dwell! I tell ye, my brother, these are the *two angels* that came to Lot when he sat in the gate of Sodom. Lot—Lot—who, and what was he? Why, as Terah took Abraham and Lot together; (Gen. xi. 31;) as Abraham and Lot went forth together; so did the eternal God take Christ and the church together: and they have gone forth together; and dwelt together from everlasting. And of our glorious Christ—(the Father of a great multitude,) it may be most truly said—

"Nor sin, nor death, nor hell,
Shall make him hate his choice."

But, you say, 'Abraham and Lot were divided: Lot went into and possessed the plain of Jordan; and Abraham dwelt in

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the land of Canaan.' True, my brother : and so, through the strife of the flesh and the devil, the church, to all appearance, was separated from Christ in the Adam-fall. But, will you read Genesis xiv. 13—16? There you see, when Abraham heard how poor Lot had been robbed and spoiled, and taken captive; his heart burned within him with love to Lot, and down he came with an armed band, '*and brought again his brother Lot ;*' so, our blessed and glorious Abraham, when he saw his poor church carried captive by the devil and sin, came down and fought her battle for her; and, with garments rolled in blood, yet, with a most glorious victory obtained, he has ascended up on high; led captivity captive, and received gifts for rebellious men. Poor Lot, then was a type of God's elect, for so his name declares, its interpretation is—one that is '*Wrapped up, joined, and covered,*' such is every elect sinner : he is wrapped up in the bowels of the covenant, in the everlasting love of God : he is, by the Holy Ghost brought forth into gospel liberty, joined unto Christ and the saints in him—and ultimately shall be covered with his righteousness. No wonder, then, when Lot sat in the gate of Sodom, that two Angels came down to fetch him out. I tell ye, these two angels—'*IN CHRIST*' will fetch an elect sinner out of hell itself, if it were possible for him there to sink. '*IN CHRIST,*' fetched David back; brought Mannasseh unto God; raised Jonah from the deeps below; made blaspheming Peter cry; laid Saul of Tarsus at the Redeemer's feet; and these two Angels—('IN CHRIST')—will carry the whole election of grace right into glory, be their diseases and disasters what they may.

Do ye look for a moment, at the rescue which these angels effected for poor Lot. The barbarous Sodomites would have crushed poor Lot in an instant, and have broken in the door of his house—'But the men put forth their hand, and pulled Lot into the house—shut the door—and then smote the rebels with blindness.' Ah, this is Christ's manner of dealing with his own; just in the moment of danger, when destruction appears close at hand, he puts forth his omnipotent hand, shuts out our foes; and smites them with blindness, so that they know not where to find us, nor how to attack us. And, as in the case of Lot, the Lord will never leave a vessel of mercy until he is

clean escaped beyond the reach of death and dangerous foes.

But, to the text. I have shewn that Jacob's sons were typical characters. In speaking of that right way, then, by which the Lord doth lead his people, I must first notice that in the names given to Jacob's sons; in the order of their birth; and in the divisions made of them you have a four-fold view of that secret of the Lord which is with them that fear him; and also of that covenant which he shews unto them. See, in the thirty-fifth of Genesis (verse 22), the Holy Ghost says—'*Now—the sons of Jacob were twelve.*' And then gives them in their four-fold order; wherein you have these four things set forth.

First—Jehovah's way of providing for his people in the everlasting covenant of grace, is typically shadowed forth in the first six sons which Jacob had by Leah.

Secondly—Jehovah's way of providing for his people in the person of Christ, is typically shadowed forth in the two sons Jacob had by Rachel.

Thirdly—God's manner of bringing his people under the law, is set forth in the two sons Jacob had by Bilhah.

Fourthly—The Holy Ghost's revelations of grace and mercy under the gospel, is typified by the two sons of Zilpah.

By the help of God, I hope simply to lay these things before you just as they were opened up in my mind; and as I spoke them out on the occasion referred to. Some may be disposed to ridicule these interpretations of the Word of God: be that as it may, I can only say, I did not borrow nor steal them: I did not purposely labour for them: they were spontaneously dropped into my heart; other Scriptures came in to confirm the views I was led to take: much sweetness and liberty was given unto me in the delivery; many souls have declared they were greatly blessed, and have requested me to put it on record; my own spirit being inclined thereto, I have done it. If the good Lord will make it a pipe of communication to the edifying and comforting some of his own family, and thereby bringing glory to his own name, I shall therein rejoice.

First, then, 'He led them forth by a right way that they might go to a city of habitation.' Now, how God did first bring forth his elect in the everlasting covenant, and how he makes this cove-

nant known to them, was revealed in my soul by the first six sons of Jacob. 'The sons of Jacob were twelve. The sons of Leah, *Rueben*, Jacob's first-born. (Mark! there is a strong emphasis laid upon Reuben; he was Jacob's first-born.) Then came *Simeon*, and *Levi*, and *Judah*, and *Issachar*, and *Zebulun*. Here the whole interior of the covenant of grace is comprehended: here is that secret which is with them that fear God.

1. Reuben, being interpreted, means, '*the vision of his son*;' or, '*the son of vision*.' Some interpretations may differ a little from this; but they are the same in substance. Reuben, then represents the glorious bringing forth or setting up of the Son of God from everlasting. While I was thinking upon this, that text in the 89th Psalm came in most sweetly. There the Holy Ghost is speaking of the blessedness and glory of God's elect, in the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses. Then he traces this blessedness and glory up to its source, and says—'Our shield is of the LORD; and our King is of the Holy One of Israel.' (See margin of the 18th verse.) What shield and King is this? It is the glorious Son of God; the Word, that was afterward made flesh, and whose glory was beheld, as the glory, or bursting forth of Deity in the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Then, in that 89th Psalm, God the Holy Ghost speaks of the bringing forth of this, our glorious Reuben, and says—(as though addressing the Father, and recapitulating this most amazing transaction,) 'Then, thou spakest *in vision* to thy Holy One, and saidst—I have laid help upon One that is mighty; I have exalted One chosen out of the people. I have found David, my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him.' Will you say this belongs only to the literal David? Then read further on in this Psalm: '*I will make him, my FIRST-BORN higher than the kings of the earth; his seed will I make to endure for ever; and his throne as the days of heaven.*' Here is the glorious installation, or setting up of the Christ of God—'Who is *the image* of the *invisible* GOD; the first-born of every creature. And HE IS BEFORE ALL THINGS, and by him all things consist.' 'It was the Father, (says Gill,) that called Christ from the womb of eternity, to be his servant, and directed and enjoined his work and service as appears from Isaiah xlix. 1—6.' There

Christ himself declares that he was called from the womb, and appointed as God's servant 'to *raise up the tribes of Jacob*, and to restore the preserved of Israel.' What language it is! See, how the whole body of the elect are designated Jacob! 'The Lord that formed me from the womb, to bring *Jacob* again to him.'

How can it be said that this SECRET OF THE LORD is *with* them that fear him? Because as the bringing forth of Christ was the first work in the covenant, so the revelation of Christ in the soul of the sinner is the first work of the Holy Ghost. Christ is that incorruptible seed by which spiritual and eternal life is brought into the soul; and which liveth and abideth for ever. You may speak of convictions; of a law-work in the conscience; or of what you please; but certain it is, Christ is first given to, and implanted in the soul, before there can be the least breath of spiritual life or heavenly desire. This is why he will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax—this is why he will not cast out any that come unto him; because it is his own life, his breath, his power, his grace in the soul, that brings the elect sinner to him, who is God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works. It is called 'THE NEW MAN, which after God is created in righteousness, and true holiness.'

Do you ask 'How doth this indwelling of Christ become manifest? Paul tells you: 'Who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' Christ being in the heart, true wisdom begins; and its work will never cease until entire and eternal redemption hath glorified both body and soul in heaven.

2. Jacob's second son is called Simeon, that is, *one that hears and obeys*. This opens the mystery of Christ becoming SURETY for his people, and voluntarily surrendering himself to the Father.

Oh, what a wonderful revelation of the Father's love and counsel; of the church's fall and restoration, of her redemption, and glorification, was poured into the ear of Christ: so that he bursts out and says, 'Many, O Lord, my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done: and thy thoughts which are to us ward: if I would declare and speak of them they are more than can be numbered.' Oh, what a rich fulness there is in the covenant and Christ of God for

the whole election of grace. In the 40th Psalm, Christ tells you how he became our Simeon: 'mine ears hast thou opened. Then said I, lo! I come: in the volume of the book—(in the Father's eternal mind,) it is written of me.' Christ's ear being opened, he heard, he received, he obeyed. So, when he came in the flesh, he was continually pointing to this solemn engagement, and said—'I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. See how beautiful Christ speaks of his suretyship engagement in Isaiah 1. 4, 5, 6.

Even so it is in the experience of the quickened soul; when Christ is given, revealed, and implanted in the heart, then is the ear opened to listen to, and receive the things of God. Look at Saul of Tarsus. Christ is revealed in his heart, and immediately he cries out, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' His ear is opened. Quickened, coming sinners, are seeking, enquiring, listening sinners: they wait to hear what God the Lord will say unto their souls.

3. *Levi* was the third son; which means—'joined, associated, or added unto him.' This is typical of the Father giving the elect into the hands of Christ. 'Thine they were, (says the Saviour,) and thou gavest them unto me: and I have kept them.' The Father told them out into his hands: and here the eternal union between Christ and the church was ratified; Christ and the church became one; for both he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are all of 'one.' In the blessing which Moses pronounced upon Levi, there is reference to two things. First, to the mediatorial fulness given to Christ for the church 'And of Levi he said, Let thy Thummim and thy Urim be with thy Holy One;' all light and perfection was first in Christ; and of his fulness doth the church receive, and grace for grace. Secondly, Moses blesses the church in Christ—'Bless, Lord, his substance, and accept the work of his hands.' Thus, there was a filling Christ with all grace and glory, as the church's head, and a securing unto her eternal blessedness in and with him. This was the glory Christ speaks of—'the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one.'

By virtue of this eternal union, (says one of the fathers,) 'the elect of God became a part of himself; a near, dear, and tender part, even as the apple of his

eye; they have a place in his heart, are graven on the palms of his hands, and are ever in his thoughts.' Dr. Goodwin says—'As in the womb, head and members are not conceived apart, but together, as having relation to each other; so were the elect and Christ (making up one mystical body to God,) formed together in the eternal womb of election.'

And this is the third feature in the experience of a living soul. Christ is formed in the heart; the ear is opened to receive the truth, and by the ingrafted word, the soul becomes joined to the Lord; espoused to him, and in love with him. Floods of sin; fires of temptation; nights of darkness; and mighty winds of a persecuting kind, may afflict this living soul, as I find it to this day; but nothing can cut in sunder the union which sovereign, regenerating, and converting grace makes between a living Christ, and living souls. No: no. The gates of hell shall not prevail against them. No man shall pluck them out of the hands of him who holdeth up their souls in life; and will never suffer their foundation in himself to be removed.

In coming to the fourth son of Jacob, which is Judah, I find I must be brief. Judah hath two interpretations of a most significant kind. It is rendered *confession* and *praise*—or may be read, 'a pouring out,' and, 'a bringing in.' These are expressive of the work Christ undertook for the church; and of the effects of grace in the conscience of a saved sinner. Christ engaged to take the elect, and to pour out his soul as a sacrifice for sin; he also engaged to bring in, and to bring near an everlasting righteousness for all that the Father gave him, thereby confessing to the justice of God, and praising and magnifying the electing love and predestinating grace of God. This is that gospel song that shall be sung in the land of Judah, **WE HAVE A STRONG CITY**—(that is Christ,)—**SALVATION**—(that is, the putting away of sin, and the bringing in of righteousness,) will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.' Yes; strong indeed! For, if God be thus for us, who can be against us? Moses knew how Christ, in the agony of his soul, would cry out of deep distress: and how in his intercession he would wrestle; and therefore, he says—'Hear, Lord, the voice of Judah, and bring him unto his people.' Jacob knew how Christ would triumph over death and hell; and how poor sinners would be exalted in and by

him: therefore, he comes out with all his soul, and says—'JUDAH! thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.' Thus, Judah typified the glorious mediator.

Now, how this part of the secret is with them that fear him; and what I have to say on the other sons of Jacob; as also of that Right Way by which Jehovah leads his people forth, I am compelled to defer until next month.

My soul is now full of it, and in much inward peace, arising out of it: but, I dare not further intrude on the space of this month's *Vessel*. I have loads of good matter for insertion: some of my correspondents think I ill-use them because I do not insert them sooner; but, in the insertion of matter in the *Vessel*, I desire to be guided by him whom I love to serve, whether men are offended or pleased.

Until next month, then, farewell. The Lord helping me, I shall, certainly then, continue this account. A precious enjoyment of grace and peace be thine, prays a little Watchman in this dark night, whose name is

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.
6, Pagoda Terrace, Bermondsey New Road.

The Sonship of Jesus Christ.

GOOD morning, brethren David and Bildad. I have heard you in conversation about the Sonship of Jesus Christ. I believe you are in some things right, and in others wrong: but you make very sad mistakes both of you. 'Well,' you say, 'I wish you would prove that from God's most holy Word.' That I will do. In the first place, Bildad knows nothing more than his minister told him, so his mind was soon shaken: traditional religion is not worth much. Secondly, eternally begotten, and eternal generation, are not according to Scripture; they are a contradiction in themselves, for if Christ was eternal, he could not be begotten or generated, and if begotten then he could not be eternal. Let us have scriptural language on this point as the Holy Ghost hath caused it to be written: what saith the Holy Ghost by John the baptist? 'FOR HE WAS BEFORE ME.' (John i. 30.) There is his manhood, which came after John; but his divine nature, whom John calls the Son of God, was before him: compare this verse with Proverbs viii. 30; 'I then I was

by him, as one brought up with him, and I was daily his delight; rejoicing always before him.' I lay a stress upon the words, 'was,' and 'always.' Is it anything like eternally begotten or eternal generation? No! Ministers are foolish to make use of such terms; they only breed confusion. The language the Son of God made use of to the Jews, and to his Apostles, is in accordance with Solomon and John. John viii. 8, 42, xvi. 27.

But, my brother David, you seem to say the Word was a divine person with the Father, abstractedly from the Sonship. This produces as much confusion as the other. To say, 'The Word was a divine person,' you may as well say, the power, or the wisdom of God, is a divine person, which are only divine attributes: and all the attributes dwelt in our Lord bodily. Jesus Christ is called the Word, because he speaks the words of the Father, as I communicate my thoughts and purposes to you, so Christ unto his church is both the word of communication and the word of reconciliation; but do you know, brother David, that the church never knew the Son as the Word by mere names before John wrote his gospel, which was about sixty-eight years after the ascension. But the word 'begotten' certainly doth refer to his resurrection; to his being the first-born, or first-fruits from the dead, as his people's representative; and the apostle John, who wrote his gospel sixty-eight years after his resurrection, hath joined his incarnation and his resurrection together; and so also hath the apostle Paul, in Romans i. 3, 4. John says 'the Word was made flesh;' Paul says, he (the Son) was made of the seed of David according to the flesh; by the term flesh, is intended his proper manhood, holy and undefiled. But, David, I will ask you a few questions. What constitutes the first person a Father, but the Son? and did not the Father constitute the Sonship of the second? and was there a period when the first was not a Father? Father and Son are terms of relationship, and of the same date and essence; but the Father is the highest in divine relationship. Our reformers and old divines considered and believed that the Sonship, as the Son of the Father, and the Word are, the same. As to the idea, that the first agreed to become a Father, and the second agreed to become a Son, is all imaginary.

Jehovah Elohim, doth signify self-existence, and a plural number in the

self-existent; 'The Lord our God is one Lord,' unto us there is one God the Father, and one Lord Jesus Christ; Father, Word or Son, and Spirit. Now see how they are interested in the salvation of all the elect: election is of the Father; redemption is by the Son; regeneration and sanctification is by the Spirit: these are inseparable; but the Arminians are trying with all their prayers to separate the Spirit's work from the purposes of God the Father's election; the Spirit's work is but a mere influence, and the atonement is no redemption at all, according to their creed. When Jehovah Elohim walked in the garden; when he wrestled with Jacob; when he talked with Moses on the mount forty days and forty nights, he was a trinity in unity; but when the Son proceeded from the Father, and the Spirit proceeded from the Father and the Son, it was a Unity in Trinity; so that our modern trinitarians may say what they please against the creed of St. Athanasius, they cannot manufacture a more scriptural one; nothing is there said about eternal generation, the Father is eternal, the Son is eternal, the Spirit is eternal. There is an axe laid to the root of all the creeds of modern trinitarians.

May these remarks meet the eye of David and Bildadas a word of correction and instruction, that they may be sound in the faith, if they are little ones.

PETRO.

"It has been my lot to live in great darkness of late, and to such an extent, that, I have been afraid that my faith, even after the sweetest manifestations of divine love to my soul, would at last make shipwreck. Unbelief, carnal reason, wicked, treacherous, and proud self—an arch, wily, and cruel adversary, and an empty, vain, and delusive world, have been, alas! my too frequent companions; and so great and terrible have the waves been, that had not the skilful Pilot, though unseen by me (for dark was the night) been at the helm, and when the storm raged with its greatest fury, said 'Peace, be still,' the much dreaded 'shipwreck' would have taken place; for 'when I said, My foot slipeth, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.' It was only by the skin of my teeth that I was saved. However, I am supported to this day, and would indeed raise my feeble Ebenezer, and ascribe the whole to sovereign grace. O, what gratitude did I feel when the storm abated!"

[From No. 3, of *Christian Converse*; a series of spiritual epistles, by William Giles, of Seacombe, near Liverpool.]

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. HENRY HEAD, LATE OF PETERBOROUGH.

Our brother's reach'd the happy shore
Of everlasting bliss:
He now contends with sin no more,
Nor hears the serpent's hiss.

He views his Saviour's lovely face,
And walks with him in white;
He now beholds that glorious place
He spoke of with delight.

He did not fear death's cold embrace,
Or Jordan's swelling flood;
He long'd to see him face to face,
Who for him shed his blood.

His love was great, his arm was strong,
That bore him conqueror through;
And now he sings the glorious song
Which is for ever new.

Of his salvation now he sings
Who wash'd him in his blood;
And with the echo heaven rings
'Salvation unto God.'

The Dark Signs of the Times.

Ye Pilgrims of Zion, stand forth, and behold:
For strong is the lion; and dim is the gold;
Awake from your slumbers, and gird on the sword,
For great is the number opposing the Word.

There's churchmen false teachers; dissenters also,
Send forth their great preachers, free-grace to o'er
throw;

They all are uniting, and go hand in hand,
Against God they are fighting, all over the land.

The great truth, election, is spurn'd and denied,
Eternal affection is mock'd and belied;
Arminians are ranting by night and by day,
And Papists are panting the sceptre to sway.

Dark times are arriving, as scriptures foretell,
For thousands are striving the truth to reel,
And God's own dear chosen are falling asleep,
For love appears frozen in most of the sheep.

This makes me quite weary, and sinks me in fear;
So darksome and dreary the signs do appear:
Yet still I'll be weeping at sweet mercy's doors,
And for the Lord's keeping for grace I'll implore.

The fan and the shovel must come as a scourge,
The sieve of the devil, the church for to purge,
For strife and disunion is fast gaining ground,
While love and communion are scarce to be found.

The sight is appalling to each thinkind mind,
For many are falling* and proving unkind,
'Tis truly distressing, oh where will it end?
God's frown, not his blessing, such scenes will attend.

Ye chosen, take warning; for trouble is nigh;
In sackcloth and mourning unitedly cry,
That God's preservation may o'er thee be cast,
Till his just indignation shall be over past.

Limchouse.

THOMAS HALL.

* Not falling from grace, for that is impossible. Christ says, 'I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hands. But we have many evidences in the scriptures, and in our own experience that a child of God may fall to the disgrace of himself and to the wounding of the church, and place a thousand thorns in his own pillow, but God will not cut him off; he shall prove that it is a bitter thing to sin against God although restoring grace shall be given to him.'

Jacob's Experience;

A TEST OF VITAL GODLINESS.

THERE is much said, and written in our day about spiritual travail, (or the experience of a heaven-born soul.) Now, I believe that 'Tekel' may be stamped upon ninety-nine parts out of every hundred, of this, so-called, experience. Therefore, I have selected Jacob as a specimen of the grace of God; and his experience as a test of our profession. I know that Esau's experience is more extensive, and more generally received than that of Jacob; and I do verily believe that it was not so much Isaac's blessing that Esau wept so much for, but that which was necessarily connected with it. Self-convicted sinners do not weep because they have not the blessing, but from a sense of the curse; deep convictions may rouse up the soul to self-pity; and a man may weep over his self-wretchedness, but self is all in the matter. A man may violate the laws of his country; he is condemned to transportation, or death; now, he does not hate the sin he has committed, but the law which commits him; he does not weep because he has violated Her Majesty's laws, but he weeps from self-pity in anticipation of the punishment. So it is with thousands of professors; they do not weep because they have sinned against God, but because they have sinned against themselves. Cain wept not because he had sinned against his Maker, but because he was cursed as a fugitive and a vagabond, and because his punishment was greater than he could bear—'And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord.' And every mere professor will follow him. When God's judgements were upon Pharaoh he could say, 'I have sinned.' But when God's judgements were removed, he sinned yet more, and hardened his heart, he and his servants.' (Exodus ix. 34, 35.) Balaam, when he saw the sword in the hand of the angel, said, 'I have sinned;' but his practice contradicted his confession, for he went fully bent to curse God's Israel. The devil has plenty of enchanters in our day that practise magic with immortal souls. But Jacob shall be delivered from all that run greedily after the error of Balaam for reward. When God rejected Saul, he said, 'I have sinned;' but he was a very hypocrite, for he only wanted Samuel to honor him before the elders, and at last his guilty soul dispatched him, by falling upon his own sword. And when God laid righteousness to the line, and judgment to the plummet in the soul of Judas, 'he repented himself,' mark, 'repented himself,' saying, 'I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood,' and he went and hanged himself. Now, we learn from this that a man may repent himself, but this all begins and ends in self. Saving repentance comes

from Christ, as a free gift, and goes back to the Giver, in confession of our sin and shame. Hence, when David had repentance planted in his heart, he cries out, 'I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.' You see, by this, that evangelical repentance goes up, and pardon flows down. The only way we can learn the genuineness of our repentance is by this blessed concomitant, the forgiveness of sin—'Him hath God exalted with his right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.' Observe! he is a 'Prince to give repentance,' and a 'Saviour to forgive, and save from sins.'

Now, let us look, as the Lord shall enable us, at Jacob. We find that Rebekah, the mother of Jacob, was many years barren, and Isaac intreated the Lord for his wife, and the Lord was intreated of him, and Rebekah, his wife, conceived; and the children struggled together within her; and she said, If it be so, why am I thus? And she went to enquire of the Lord. Now, mark the Lord's answer. My object in referring you to this, is to shew you that the Lord revealed Jacob to his mother before he was born, as an elect vessel of mercy; and this will account for the mother's after conduct to, and with Jacob. 'And the Lord said unto her, two nations are in thy womb; and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels; (mark, shall be separated from thy bowels. Sin and grace are in the same heart; but, by and bye, God will separate them, by concentrating sin in hell, and grace in glory :) and the one people shall be stronger than the other people; and the elder shall serve the younger.' The boys grew, and Isaac loved Esau; but it was fleshy, because he did eat of his venison. But, Rebekah loved Jacob, and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents.' Here is Jacob's original. Now, mark the words—'dwelling in tents.' What is a 'tent?' It is a pavilion. What is a pavilion? A shelter. Now Jacob everlastingly dwelt in the tent of the covenant. He was eternally sheltered in Christ, the pavilion of his church—'How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! and thy tabernacles, O, Israel.' Jacob was not a lodger in this tent, but a dweller: to dwell in, implies to live in, to continue in, to abide in; he had then an undying existence in the person of Christ, before he was formed in the fashion of perishing mortality. And it was by virtue of this life-interest in the eternal God, that Jacob was diverse in birth, life, and experience to Esau. Esau, like all Arminians, was 'a cunning hunter;' but with all his 'cunning,' and with all his 'hunting,' he came short of the blessing. Now, ob-

serve what he hunted; it was something like lamb, though it was not lamb. It was venison. Now, the Holy Ghost tells us in the 27th verse of the 25th chapter of Genesis, that he was 'A man of the field.' Yes; dead professors, with all their professional hunting, are only 'men of the field,' (the world,) they profess to *hunt after Jesus Christ*, but in heart they hate him, this *heavenly Lamb*, is not so savoury to them as the earthly venison of their own doings; bye and bye, when the blessing is *gone*, they will *weep*, and that for ever. When Esau was *going to die*, Jacob's *red* pottage was more value to him than his birthright. Yes; poor deluded professors, when on a dying bed, would give their birthright, their earthly substance, for *Jacob's mess*.

We are told that the Lord found Jacob in a desert land, in a waste howling wilderness.' This 'desert land' was doubtless, Luz, which lay between Beersheba and Padan-aram; whether the above Scriptures have reference to Jacob being found at Luz or not, I cannot say; but I know that Jacob was found at Luz; and every child of God is in Luz, till called by divine grace. Luz comprehends our position in a fallen state, as being separated from God in the Adam-fall transgression. Well, the Lord found him at Luz, a poor wandering outcast; and it does appear to me that God quickened his soul, while he lay slumbering on the pillow of stones, and that he did reveal his glory to him; and apply the promise to his heart, by, and through the visions of a dream. How true it is that 'God speaks once, yea, twice, in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction.' Job, xxxiii. 14—16. You see there was no FREE WILL in this matter. *Free-will was fast asleep*, while free-grace did *all the work*.' 'And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and said *surely*, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, how dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven; and he called the name of that place Bethel; but the name of that city was called Luz at the first.' Gen. xxviii. 10, to the end. Now, here are two things *especially* in the experience of Jacob, the first is godly fear—'And he was afraid.' The second is solemn and sweet assurance—'*Surely*, the Lord is in this place.' These two graces were remarkably prominent in the whole of Jacob's journey through life. Now I will just make one remark upon 'Godly fear,' and go on. Godly fear dwells in the bowels of assurance, and goes to, and lives near with God, whilst slavish fear cries, whither shall I flee from thy presence? Slavish fear cannot bear the name of God, cannot endure the presence of

God, while godly fear loves his name, reveres his name, adores his name, and triumphs in his presence. After this in-
nifestation, Jacob goes on his journey; he arrives at Padan-aram, and we find that Jacob had twenty years of sorrow, hard labor, disappointment, and distress—'Thus, I was in the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night, and my sleep departed from mine eyes. Thus have I been twenty years in thy house.' Gen. xxxi. 40, 41. Some of the Lord's Jacobs have to pass through twenty years' drought, before they experience their manifested interest in the love of God, but Jacob had it after. We do not read of the Lord speaking once to Jacob, till just before he left Padan-aram.

Farnborough.

S. COZENS.

Brethren dwelling together in Unity.

ONE of the happiest days we have seen lately, was Wednesday, May 12th. On that day was held the first anniversary of Mr. Isaac Spencer's ministry amongst the people meeting for worship in the late Mr. Houghton's Chapel in Guildford. In the morning, Mr. Spencer opened the services of the day, by reading, expounding, and prayer, and he was evidently exceedingly happy, and in much liberty of soul. C. W. Banks then preached to the people.

In the afternoon, Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure delivered a sound experimental discourse from the words of Peter—'Who are kept by the power of God.' At the close of this service, Mr. Allnutt (of Ripley, at the request of the friends) presented Mr. Spencer with a most valuable Quarto Bible, as a token of the very high esteem and affection of the church and congregation towards him. Friend Allnutt made a few most suitable and solemn remarks: Mr. Spencer acknowledged his gratitude in some nice and very appropriate words. A large company then sat down to tea; and the day was concluded by Mr. Allnutt reading, expounding, and prayer, and a sermon by C. W. Banks. The chapel was crowded, and, we have reason to believe that many souls were blessed. Our fervent prayer is this, that the ministry of our brother Spencer, which has commenced and been continued so evidently connected with the blessing of the Lord, may increase abundantly in that lasting usefulness which brings glory to God, and eternal good to never dying souls.

It would be ungrateful in us not to add, that the collections made on this occasion, and which were extremely liberal, have been given to the 'Society for the Relief of Poor Gospel Ministers.' The Lord be praised. [We hope shortly, to publish some letters written by our esteemed brother Spencer.]

THE PEOPLE OF GOD LED FORTH BY A RIGHT WAY;

A SPIRITUAL DISSERTATION UPON THE TWELVE SONS OF JACOB.—LETTER II.

(Continued from p. 145.)

MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, AND BROTHER IN THE FAITH OF GOD'S ELECT:—In my last letter, I purposed to lay before you a few fragments gathered up from a sermon which I preached upon the typical character of the twelve sons of Jacob, whereby the truth of that glorious text appeared to be confirmed in my soul; (I mean the fourteenth verse of the 25th Psalm,) 'The SECRET OF THE LORD is *with them* that fear him; and he will shew unto them his covenant.'

You remember I set out to notice these twelve sons of Jacob in their four-fold order, as recorded by the Holy Ghost, in Genesis xxxv. 22—26; and I told you that the spiritual interpretation of Jacob's first six sons, opened up to the view of my soul these two things:—first, how the Lord God did bring forth his elect *in the councils of eternity*; and, secondly, how he shews, or makes known unto them, in their own souls, 'the fellowship of that mystery, even the exceeding riches of his grace towards them in Christ Jesus.

Surely, these are great and solemn things! First, to know something of the provision which God has made; and then secondly, to know that that provision was made *for us*. Yes, yes, my brother, this is indeed the realization of that text, 'I lead in the way of righteousness; in the midst of the paths of judgment, that I may cause those that love me to *inherit substance*.'

In my last, I began with Reuben, and came down to Judah; and having briefly looked at Judah's typical character, my next business was to shew how what was concealed in Judah's typical character, is experimentally made known to the regenerated people of God.

Since I wrote that first letter, I have been travelling and preaching in Berkshire one whole week. After preaching my last sermon in that county, I retired to the bed room appointed for me; and there I besought the Lord to indulge me with the application and sweet opening-up of some precious scripture in my own soul, to come home with: for I seemed to have preached myself both barren and bare. Well, I took some books, and (before retiring to rest,) down

on the floor I sat to wait and watch for an answer to my prayers. It pleased my loving Master not to keep me long this time, for very quickly these words came with a sealing softness into my soul, '*In Judah is God known*;' I soon found the 76th Psalm, and read with some solemn feeling, the first four verses—'In Judah is God known; his name is great in Israel; in Salem also is his tabernacle; and his dwelling place in Zion. There brake he the arrows of the bow,' &c.

Oh, I cannot tell you what a sacred stream of meditation was then brought into my mind. I laid down to sleep; the text was with me. I awoke in the night, the text was with me—'In Judah is God known.' I arose in the morning; the text was still there—'In Judah is God known.' I left Reading; came to London by the train; the carriages caught fire, and a terrible noise and alarm there was; but my soul was still and quiet—'In Judah is God known' travelled with me, came home with me, slept again with me, went to chapel with me, and there I began to give vent to some few things which I do hope the Lord the Spirit put into my poor broken pitcher for the souls of the people. After preaching in the morning, then, from this Psalm, (lxxvi. 1—4;) I found a fulness in it still, and in the evening I went at it again. So, in this letter, I rather digress from a straight line through my intended subject, to give you a brief outline of what I said in the evening. There is a connection between my last letter and the subject introduced in this; therefore you must forgive me for not coming, in this letter, to those other parts which, please the Lord, will follow next month. After reading my text in the evening, Psalm lxxvi. 1—4. I said a something like what follows:—

You remember this morning I proposed to notice six things:—

I. To speak of Judah, and shew how God is known in him.

II. To shew his name is great in Israel.

III. That his tabernacle is in Salem.

IV. His dwelling-place in Zion.

V. The work he accomplishes in Zion—'There brake he the arrows of the bow, the shield, and the sword and the battle.'

VI. The blessed view Zion has of Christ, and the declaration she makes concerning him—'Thou art more glorious and excellent than the mountains of prey.'

I. Judah.—'In Judah is God known.' This is true—God, in a saving way, can only be known in Christ.

Judah, here, is a type of Christ—Judah is said to be God's law-giver. He reveals and accomplishes the will and purpose of the Father. 'The words which thou gavest me, I have given unto them. I have manifested (said the Saviour,) thy name, unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world.' 'Judah is my law-giver.' Ps. lx. 7.

Judah is the church's sanctuary. (Ps. cxiv. 2.) The church has been hidden in Christ from everlasting; and shall be glorified with him. Jesus Christ is that holy place, or sanctuary which Jehovah's hands have established; Exodus xv. 17. Oh, what a precious word is that! Moses says—God will bring his people in; and plant them in the place which he has made for himself to dwell in. How very wonderful were the views which David had of God in the Person of Christ! When he was in the wilderness of Judah, and in deep distress; when Saul was seeking him every day, (1 Sam. xxiii. 14.) then poor David remembered some glorious views, and the rich fellowship he had enjoyed in times past; and he seems to take hold, by faith, of our precious Immanuel, saying, 'O God, thou art my God; my soul thirsteth for thee; my flesh longeth to see thy power and glory; so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.' On another occasion, he says—'The Lord chose the tribe of Judah, the Mount Zion which he loved; (that is, the whole election of grace, the church of Christ;) and then he adds—'and he built his sanctuary like high palaces:' that is, as high palaces are built on the strongest foundations, erected with the most costly materials, and designed for royal inhabitants, even so, Christ is built upon the Rock of an eternal, immutable, and all-glorious Deity; all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, dwells in him, and he in it; and he is the church's palace, dwelling place, banquetting house, guest chamber, and her everlasting rest. See, my reader, how he is exalted in the 96th Psalm—'The Lord made the heavens. Honour and majesty are before him: STRENGTH and BEAUTY ARE IN

HIS SANCTUARY.' Such is our spiritual Judah, wherein God is known.

To know, then, how God is known in Judah, consider first Judah's name, and then his work. Judah's name meaneth *the praise of the Lord*. The whole person and work of Christ is designed to shew forth the praise and glory of the eternal God. Look at Christ's work in creation; it declares his praise. His works in providence are mysterious, but they declare his glory. His work in redemption, declares the electing love, the predestinating purpose, and the boundless mercy of the great God; and his work in the souls of his people doth wonderfully bespeak and shew forth the praises of the Lord, as I hope hereafter to declare.

In Judah is God known, then, first, by the power of the Holy Ghost. See Judges i. 3. 'Judah said unto Simeon, his brother, 'come up with me into my lot, and I will go with thee into thy lot.' Christ's lot is his church. Simeon typifies the work and person of the Holy Ghost, as well as the suretyship character of the Son of God. Christ cannot come truly and spiritually into the hearts of sinners, without the Holy Ghost. 'No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.' In Judah then is God known, by the life-giving, revealing, and sanctifying powers of the Holy Ghost. 'Come thou with me into my lot, (says Judah,) and I likewise will go with thee into thy lot.' The Holy Ghost comes into the soul of an elect sinner, gives him clear views of, and creates thirstings after Christ, and there Christ will certainly come to satisfy that soul—for all such empty, thirsting souls 'shall be filled.'

Well, it is said they found Adonibezek; they fought against him—he fled—they pursued after him—caught him—cut off his thumbs and his toes—they brought him to Jerusalem, and there he died. Adonibezek means *the lightning of the Lord*, and is a solemn prefiguring of satan, who, like lightning fell from heaven, as Christ says, Luke x. 18. Now God is known in Judah by the resistance of satan, the crippling of satan, the pursuing of satan, and the ultimate overcoming of satan, in the hearts of his dear, quickened and saved family. 'He destroys death, and him that hath the power of death, that is the devil.' But, experimentally, this is, like cutting off a limb at a time; it is a long, it is a sore,

a lingering work ; and the more satan's power is cut and crippled, the more he roars and threatens ; but his ultimate destruction (as regards the church) is certain.

In this first chapter of *Judges*, you may trace out the work of Christ, until you come down to the 19th verse—there the text comes in again—'In Judah is God known,' in that he has driven out the inhabitants of the mountain, but he could not drive out the inhabitants of the plain, because they had chariots of iron.' The mountain of God, which is Sinai, represents the terrors of the sinner under the law ; but Christ has redeemed us from the curse ; he has, by blood, and love, and power, given us to escape from Sinai's curse and awful condemnation ; but deliverance from this valley, the fallen powers of a depraved nature, these are with us still ; and will be, down to the end of our mortal career.

In Judah is God known, by the coming of Christ, and then by the church being brought to dwell in him ; as the Lord hath said—'I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Judah an inheritor of my mountains, and mine elect shall inherit it, and my servants shall dwell there.' You may take Judah then, as a type, also, of the spouse, or church of Christ ; and say—In Judah is God known by these things following more especially :—

First, by the revelations of the Holy Ghost. Secondly, by the resisting and conquering of the devil. Thirdly, by delivering poor, living souls from Mount Sinai. Fourthly, by supporting them in the conflicts they have with the inhabitants of the valley. And, Lastly, by the manifestations of Christ, and giving them in him to dwell and live. God is known in Judah by these five things.

II. I come to the greatness of his name in Israel—'His name is great in Israel.' For these two things come together in living souls : wherever God is savingly known through Christ, Christ's name becomes great.

The whole church of God is here denominated Israel ; they are a company of royal priests, and heavenly princes, who have power given them to prevail with God. God's name is great in Israel in a gospel sense, in an experimental sense, and in a glorified sense.

1. In a gospel sense.—What is it ga-

thers sinners out of the fall ? What is it raises up men to preach the gospel ? What is it binds and holds together the churches of Christ ? It is Christ's name. God's going to redeem his people, was to make his name great. Many men have had great names in Israel : Abraham, David, Isaiah, Paul, Peter, Luther, Bunyan, Huntington, Hart, Gadsby, and others ; but none of these names can do anything ; they must all die ; but 'His NAME shall be called JESUS, for he saves his people from their sins.' What is his Name ? It is JEHOVAH-JIREH ; that is, '*the Lord will provide*,' which is applicable to his eternal Godhead ; by which he has provided all things for the shewing forth of his own glory, and his church's salvation. His name is called JEHOVAH-NISSI, *the Lord my banner* : that is applicable to the person and work of Christ as the Captain of our salvation. His name is called JEHOVAH-SHALOM, *the Lord will send peace*, that is applicable to the work of the Holy Spirit in bringing Christ into the soul.

By all this Christ has a wonderful name in Israel. But how has he got this wonderful name ? By calling, convincing, converting, by cleansing, curing, clothing, and comforting some of the wildest rebels that ever the earth knew. Take only one or two instances whereby Christ's name has become great in Israel. Look, first, at Saul, a mad persecutor, and bold blasphemer. Well, Christ lays him down, calls, convinces, converts, cleanses, cures, clothes and comforts him. What is the consequence ? Why he went everywhere preaching Christ. "The grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love." Devils and men too run after Paul, trying to stop his mouth ; but none of them could do it. Says he—'I laboured more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God that was with me.' No man shall stop me of this boasting, says Paul : for me to live is Christ—and I am determined to know nothing else—JESUS CHRIST and him crucified. From henceforth, (says he) let no man trouble me. I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus. God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ ! All I want now, he would say, is to finish my course with joy, and the ministry I have received ; and so down to the end, to testify of the gospel of the grace of God, that Christ may be magnified both in

my life and death. Why, did you ever see or hear of such a man before; No man ever made such a noise about Christ as this converted Saul. Truly, Christ's name became great in Israel, through his running about and preaching. You must not say that Paul was a feather-bed soldier of the cross; nor that his courage could easily be daunted. No; no. A man came to me one day, and wanted much to go and preach; but when the opportunity was given him, and he found he should have to walk a few miles, he would not go. Some parsons, now-a-days, must be fine gentlemen, and have everything very smooth and easy, or they won't preach at all. But Paul, in preaching Christ, got some sound thrashings; he was beaten with rods, stoned, shipwrecked; a whole night and day in the deep; often weary, hungry, cold, and naked. Enough to make any ordinary man give up preaching. But Paul was a chosen vessel to bear CHRIST'S NAME unto the gentiles; and therefore he must suffer many things; and many things he did suffer; beside which he suffered *the loss of all* (temporal) things: but he never lost Christ; nor Christ never lost him. He was one of the greatest instruments ever employed to make Christ's name great in Israel.

Look at Bunyan, a notorious, swearing tinker in the streets of Bedford. Christ calls him! What is the consequence? Why, through John Bunyan's preachings and writings, the precious name and fame of Jesus Christ has been made great in the souls of thousands of sinners; and I have no doubt, but that God the Holy Ghost will put honour upon what Bunyan has left behind down to the end of time. The same may be said of Whitfield, Huntington, Gadsby, and a mighty host beside, whose work has been to make Christ's name great. I know there are plenty of counterfeits, who, while they profess to be after making Christ's name great, are, in reality, only aiming to exalt themselves. But *every man's work shall be tried of WHAT SORT IT IS!* So let them beware.

I observe his name is great in Israel in restoring poor, fallen, backsliding, children, and bringing back poor guilty sinners.

I don't think you can imagine three more dreadful cases than I shall mention.

Look at David—not only guilty of murder and adultery, but sunk in hard-

ness, and almost deaf to every call: but Christ will have one more fling at his conscience. He fires a shot into his very soul: *Thou art the man!* Down he falls; then comes confession, restoration, and pardon; and a holy triumphing in his Lord. Did not Christ get a name by this? Yes! Read Psalm xl. 1—3: "Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."

Look at Jonah. Look at Peter; and as you go through the land, you may find old Ben the sailor, old Harry the ploughman, and thousands of poor old sinners who have found Jesus and delight to preach his holy and blessed name.

It hath pleased his most gracious Majesty, too, to give me something to do towards making his name great; and better employment I never found; but most of the labourers who have been in the vineyard many years, have very hard thoughts of me; and certainly, I cannot blame them; for the old lion that still lurks about the vineyard, made such a desperate attack upon me once, and so tore me, and wounded me, that I ran clean away from the work; and expected nothing but that I should have been reserved in chains and darkness until the judgment of the great day. I will not here enter upon my miseries. It is to me a solemn wonder that ever I should be again sent to the work; but the Lord of the vineyard once spoke *in me* these words—'The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it, and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you.' Well; this precious promise has been fulfilled in my poor ministry again and again; and with all the powers of my soul, I am resolved, in his strength, to do all I can to make his name great. Some of the people tell me not to make such a noise about it, and I often wish I could be a little more steady and quiet, but when his name is poured forth into my heart, I cannot help shouting it out aloud, though it sometimes shakes me all to pieces.

Tell ye what, my brother; there are other workmen, who have something to say for the Lord Jesus, in this month's *Vessel*; so I add no more at present. Expect to hear from me again, if spared, next month. Farewell.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

6, Pagoda Terrace, Brompton New Road.

The Word of God,
AND THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS.

I, WHO also am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, am now in Banbury, for the Word of God, and the testimony of Jesus Christ, sendeth greeting. Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you from God our father and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the son of the Father in truth and love.

O! what an unspeakable mercy that such sinful, sinning and worthless worms of the earth, owl and dragon-like, often moping in the dark, hooting in the ruins of Adam's old fallen house, and wailing like dragons in the ruins of Jerusalem. I say, what an unspeakable mercy that we (who are thus, by nature, in this time state, unmodified, and unmodifiable,) should be brought to know, realise, and experience joyfully, our most solemn, glorious, and ineffable personal standing in the person of Jesus Christ, the Lord of life and glory, who was dead, and behold he is alive for evermore, the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, one with the Father and the Holy Ghost, the one Lord God of Israel, as it is written, 'The Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one.' Now the Word was made flesh, God manifest in the flesh, as it is written, 'Because the children were partakers of flesh and blood he likewise, took part of the same:' thus we are bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, no longer twain, but one flesh, and 'he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit;' this is a great mystery, I speak concerning Christ and the church; furthermore hear this blessed testimony, 'I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God;' now, mark, in this glorious, indissoluble union, is that Scripture manifest, 'Predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son that he might be the first-born among many brethren.' Oh, blessed conformity! None like it! The glorious image of his Son! I shall behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.' This, sir, is the efficient cause of our adoption, as it is written, 'Predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself.' Mark that, to himself, to GOD; hence we are heirs of God, and joint heirs

with Christ, who is heir of all things; 'Who was made for us, and who made us for himself.' Blessed be his name for ever; the Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup, thou maintainest my lot, and the Lord's portion is his people, and Jacob is the lot of his inheritance, but we hasten further onward. 'Let us go up and possess it at once, for we are well able, a land that flows with milk and honey.' Oh, the blessedness! He brought me into the banquetting house, and his banner over me was love. Hear his sweet speech—'I in them, and thou in me, that we may be perfect in ONE;' one in love, thou hast loved them, as thou hast loved me; one in date, thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world;' and blessed, thrice blessed be his name, 'We love him because he first loved us.' One in glory; 'Be astonished, oh, heavens! the Lord hath done it, the glory thou hast given me I have given them; that they may be made one as we are one.' See here, 'ye owls and dragons, ye shall honour me, saith the Lord, because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert; to give drink unto my people, my chosen;' 'the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, arise, arise my fair one, come away, come away my fair one. One in death, 'I am crucified with Christ;' 'buried with him in baptism' into death; one in life, 'raised up together with Christ, made to sit together with him in heavenly places; again, dead to the law by the body of Christ, alive unto God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the glorious gospel; he is the light of life, and our life is hid with Christ in God; and when he who is our life shall appear, we shall appear with him in glory. And sure am I, when this glorious gospel is preached, the same glorious effects are produced, and always will; for my word shall accomplish that which I please, it shall not return unto me void, it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I send it. I will work and who shall let it?' Therefore, my brother, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch, as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord. The Lord of peace himself grant you peace always by all means: the Lord be with you all. Amen.

Banbury.

D. LODGE.

THE CONVERSION AND EXPERIENCE OF

Mrs. Sarah Callow,*Of Crowborough, Rotherfield, Sussex.*

I WAS born in the parish of Rotherfield, Sussex, October 7, 1792. My parents were church-going people, and I was brought up to attend the Church of England; I was sprinkled by the priest in infancy, but never submitted to the popish ceremony of confirmation by the bishop. My father was a swearing man, and consequently, his children learned to swear also. No regard was paid to our morals. I used to swear oaths as long as I can remember. When I was about eight or nine years of age I was very much tried and tempted to suicide; when I heard of any one committing it, I was afraid I should do it; and that that would be my end, as it was of Judas. I had at times great fears of death and Judgement was before me; but these convictions wore away. At fifteen years of age I went to service; my master was a professor of religion; and used to go to chapel. I also attended; I then thought nearly all persons good people who went to chapel: I was stopped from swearing; I thought it was through attending the chapel, and the housekeeper checking me of it; however, I can say, a bridle was put in my mouth, that I could not swear; I then tried to be very moral, and to please God; and attended the chapel. I had legal convictions, and went on in legality, striving against sin, and striving to be holy, and appease an angry God, till a few years after marriage. I went on sinning and repenting and had great fears of death and judgement before me. As my family increased my soul-trouble increased; and not knowing the way to be saved, I strove and worked hard under the law, endeavouring to please God by legal works. I viewed God as an angry judge, and felt assured if I was cut off, by death, hell would be my portion. As I was not able to read, I used often to get a neighbour to read the Bible to me; my distress of mind was great, but no comfort could I find; I earnestly desired to know whether I was born again; for I was sure I must be born again or lost. I continued in this state of mind, till after the birth of my sixth child, and tried hard to subdue my evil temper. I felt myself to be such a sinner, that I feared

the Lord would strike me dead in his anger; and I was brought down in a very low state of mind and body. One Friday, the devil tempted me to suicide; he first tempted me to do it, and then accused me for having the temptation. I was in a very low state of mind all day Saturday and Sunday; felt myself to be such a sinful wretch; thought every one could see what I was; I said to my husband—'what wicked hearts we have.' On Monday morning I dreamed that satan was with me, and tempted me, and said he would have me; I threw a great deal of water over him, till I thought I had drowned him; and the temptation in my dream ceased. When I awoke, I was like a distracted person, and got up between five and six o'clock in the morning, and walked to and fro the house wringing my hands and begging for mercy through precious blood. I never was brought to such a place before. The enemy of souls told me I had sold myself to him. This was my greatest temptation; but this temptation ceased before I was delivered. I cried to the Lord till I could cry no more; then I went into my neighbour's house and sat down in a chair, with hell in my conscience; and something said to me, 'you must be more diligent in prayer.' I thought to myself what can I do more than I have done? I then repeated the Lord's prayer as the last thing I could do; which I had often repeated before to quiet conscience. I then was obliged to give up all works; I proved that when the strength of God's people is gone, and there is none left, then the Lord appears. I then got up to go to my own house, and took up the Bible, but before I got out of the house, I fell down upon the Bible; and upon being helped up, I said three times—'The Lord has delivered me.' I then felt for the wrath of God, and for my sins, but neither could I find. I felt pardon and mercy flow into my soul, and viewed God as my reconciled God and Father in Christ Jesus. I felt as though I was in a new world: I was so happy: I returned to my house, singing hallelujah! and continued to sing hallelujah all the day long: my neighbours sent for my parents, thinking I was going crazy; my parents came, and I tried to tell them something of my deliverance, but my head was so confused that I could not. The surgeon was sent for; he knew nothing about my dc-

liverance; he said if I laid there preaching I should want a straight jacket. The devil then set in and told me the deliverance was not from the Lord. These words from the Lord sounded in my soul for weeks and months, 'The Lord has delivered me.' The devil continued to tempt me to believe it was not the Lord's work; that I was like Lot's wife, and like the five foolish virgins, I had got the lamp but no oil.

The temptations of the devil, together with the rejoicings of my soul, brought on mental derangement. I was obliged to have a straight jacket on. My child was three or four months old, and was taken from me; and I was taken care of by two persons for about a fortnight. I was then taken to Rotherfield poor-house, where the surgeon attended me, and allowed me plenty of nourishment and medicines, but he could not cure my mind; none but the great Physician could heal my mind. When my food was brought to me, I received it with gratitude, and blessed and praised the Lord while I was eating it, and shed tears of gratitude over it; I often used, I thought, to fight severe battles; but, as I was deranged, I knew not who I fought with, but since, I have seen it was the fight of faith with the enemy of souls. I often fought till my strength of body was gone, and my mind very weak, and was often picked up blessing and praising the Lord. I was used very ill by persons who had the care of me, and this Scripture followed me—'It were better that a mill stone, were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than he should offend one of these little ones that believe in me;' also—'Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'

I was twenty-five years of age, when my deliverance of soul came. After I was a little better, by the blessing of God, I returned home to my husband and children. After I returned home I desired my neighbour to read the sixteenth chapter of Judges, not knowing there was anything in it for me. When my neighbour read as far as the twenty-second verse—'Howbeit his (Samson's) hair began to grow after it was shaven,' I was then led to see how the devil robbed me of my comfort, and this gave me relief. I often thought that I could not be a child of God, I felt such abomination in my heart, and was much tried

about this passage—'He that is born of God sinneth not.' I knew I had sinned: but the Lord shewed me afterward, the meaning of it. It is the flesh that sinneth; the Spirit of God in the child cannot sin. Sometimes I had no hope at all that I was born of God, and at other times I could see my interest in Christ clear, and the Lord is pleased sometimes to give me full assurance of faith. Sometimes I feel my heart hard, cold, and dead; and then the Lord breaks in again and softens it. But to return:—

After I returned home, I had not the opportunity of hearing truth very often. About twelve years ago, I first heard Mr. Raynsford from these words—'And they sung as it were a new song before the throne; and before the four beasts, and the elders; and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth.' I was weak both in body and in mind. He opened the passage; set forth who the characters were, who could sing that song and who could not. The song was redeeming grace; blessing and praising the Lord for what he had done for their souls. The Lord blessed it to me: I was much strengthened: I could sing that song: and I felt a rejoicing in my soul for what the Lord had done for me. The next day I felt more of the power of it. I had never heard such a minister before. I heard him once more, and then I did not go to hear him again for about two years, on account of false reports being raised against him, which prejudiced my mind. I was exercised again; I had inward trials: and trials in providence: and wanted another manifestation of Christ to my soul: so the Lord led me to hear him again. I went several times, and felt some rebukes, some cuttings down, and was humbled in my soul; but did not receive any satisfactory evidence of my interest in Christ till the Lord's set time was come, when I heard him preach from these words—'Jesus rejoiced in that hour, and said, I thank thee, O, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and has revealed them unto babes; even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.' He drew a line of discrimination between the characters of the wise and prudent, and the babes. He shewed us the character of babes; he set forth the trials and experience of the

babes in grace. I then had a satisfaction given me that I was one; but my prejudice was not all knocked down yet; I thought he was a man of God. I went again the next time he came to Rotherfield; for he came once a month. He took his text from Luk xiv. 'But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind.' He said, a person may be born lame and blind; but they cannot be born maimed; that is something done after birth; a wound or a bruise; I felt myself to be a maimed character; I had received a wound in my heart; and the Lord had healed it. He set forth the path I had travelled, in the exercises of my soul; and the Lord blessed it to me. I had a manifestation that I was one of those maimed characters, but that the wound was healed by the Lord blessing his word to my soul. I heard him the next time he came, from Acts xvi. 14, 'And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us, whose heart the Lord had opened, that she attended to the things spoken by Paul.' The Lord opened my heart, the word of the text came home with power to my soul, my prejudice was all knocked down, I received him as a sent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; my soul was knit with spiritual love to him. I told him the next time I saw him, that I heard him well from that text. Then the devil told me my experience was not real, he said I was after the man, when the words came home to my soul—'He that says he loves God and hateth his brother, is a liar, and the truth is not in him; the enemy was then gone for a time, and the words followed me—(1 Kings, xix. 20.) 'for what have I done to thee?' It was not the man had done it, it was the Lord who had cast his mantle of love over me. I hope the God of Elijah may never leave me and that I may never leave the servants of God.

I was tried afterwards whether the work in my soul was real, when I was led to hear Mr. Burch, from Cranbrook. I dont remember the text, but he gave us the evidence of a true token of being a child of God. He that receiveth one of these little ones, receiveth me, and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me. He said that a true token of the love of God in the heart, was love to the children of God, because you believe

they are the children of God: then I received an evidence, with power, that I had the love of God in my heart: I loved the children of God, and the servants of the Lord.

I have passed over many things I have experienced. This is just a sketch of the experience of poor

SARAH CALLOW.

The Faith of God's Elect.

'Tis faith unites the soul to Christ,
And brings us near to God;
By faith we're saved from sin and guilt,
Through Jesus' precious blood.

Faith is the Father's gift in Christ,
From everlasting given;
And 'tis by God the Spirit wrought
In ev'ry heir of heaven.

This living faith will bring the soul,
At Jesus' feet to bow;
Acknowledge him, the Lord of all,
Jehovah, just and true.

Faith will sustain the sinking soul,
That is by sin oppress'd
Nor will it leave the soul, until
She's brought, in Christ to rest.

Temptations too, faith triumphs o'er,
Of ev'ry shape and name;
Draws fresh supplies of strength from Christ,
And glories in his name.

Besetting sins faith will o'ercome,
Shall them, of power bereave,
To rule, as they before have done;
Faith will the vict'ry have.

'Tis God supports this faith alive,
Though often smother'd o'er;
Satan and sin in vain shall strive,
'Tis God's almighty power.

In worst afflictions, faith believes,
What God has promis'd true;
I will not leave, nor will I fail,
But courage will renew.

In Jordan, faith will be the stay
Of ev'ry blood-bought son;
In glory, safely land the soul,
And then her work is done.

More of this faith, dear Lord, impart,
May I, by faith, thee view;
Unite, dear Lord, my roving heart,
To love and fear thee, too.—A. MILLER.

"The Lord hath taken away." It is not by accident; it is not the result of hap-hazard; it is not to be traced to storms, and winds, and the base passions of men. It is the result of intelligent design, and whoever has been the agent or instrument in it, it is to be referred to the overruling providence of God. Job traced the removal of his property and his loss of children at once to God, and found consolation in the belief that an intelligent and holy Sovereign presided over his affairs, and that he had removed only what he gave."—*Albert Barnes.*

A Word from the Watchman ;

A LETTER
TO ONE OF THE WANDERING TRIBE.

I FEEL that I am called upon to give a brief outline on a passage of holy Scripture, from which I some time ago made some remarks in our vestry, and being charged with error and perversion of Scripture by one of the wandering tribe, who wander from chapel to chapel, to criticise ministers rather than to seek spiritual food for the soul; and as the prophet saith—'make a man an offender for a word.' I will here give the portion of Scripture, and then my thoughts on the subject, as then spoken, so far as things are brought to my remembrance, and then leave the impartial spiritual reader to his own thoughts:—

"Who is blind but my servant, or deaf as my messenger that I sent? Who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant? Seeing many things, but thou observed not; opening the ears, but he heareth not." Isa. xlii. 19, 20.

The dear man, for whom I feel compassion, rather than anger, and charity rather than to wanton with his infirmity, met me in the street, and charged me with preaching glaring error from the above Scripture, and with the great evil of espousing the cause of The Poor Ministers' Relief Society. And, said he, 'the servants spoken of in that text, are the Scribes and Pharisees.' I said, 'No; surely not so; they were not the Lord's sent servants; they appear to be the servants of the devil; the Lord saith, 'They run, but I have not sent them;' and Jesus said to them, 'Ye are of your father, the devil;' but the servant spoken of in the quoted text, is said to be one of the Lord's sending—'Who is blind but my servant, and deaf as my messenger that I sent?'

This servant is in the singular number, not in the plural; which I considered to be the Lord Jesus Christ, who was the sent servant of the Father, and messenger of the covenant; and, though a son, he learned obedience as a servant; and with regard to his being blind and deaf, not literally, spiritually, or judicially blind; but it is a comparative expression; as, when he saith in the Psalms,—'I am a worm and no man;' nevertheless, he was a real man; and the God-man too. The proverb saith—'Love is blind; love is deaf.' Love brought Jesus from the Father's bosom, to marry, redeem, and take home the church, his bride, to his Father's kingdom. Law and justice saw much sin, vileness, filthiness, and blackness in the bride, as she lay in her natural filthiness. Earthly parents sometimes say to a son, when in love with a poor, low, mean girl—'What! take her for a wife? One so vile, and so much beneath your breeding and

education?' They see nothing but faults in her; the son, overwhelmed in love with her, sees nothing but beauty in her. 'Love is blind;' he cannot see a fault in her. Thus, Jesus so loved the church, that he was blind to all her faults. Moses, law, and justice, saw her worthy of death and eternal banishment; the pharisees, satan, and the world are wide awake to her faults, and see every spot and blemish in her; and the poor soul convicted and enlightened by the Spirit, looks upon herself, and sees herself very vile, black, and uncomely; but what saith love? What saith Jesus? 'Thou art all fair, my love:' I see nothing of it; there is no spot in thee; none so blind as those who will not see; 'love is blind;' 'Who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant?' He will have that vile woman with all her faults; he takes her for better or worse, as if perfectly blind to all her faults, and the consequences that will follow; which is poverty, shame, reproach, spitting, and death. Samson, that striking type of Christ, was blind to all the faults of the woman; he said—'Get her for me, for she pleaseth me well.' And you know that he suffered much for her, and was stark blind when he died. So, Jesus, that dear, loving, and lovely man of sorrows, would not see our faults, midst all his sufferings for us; he endured the cross, despised the shame, and when the time was fully come that he should pay down the redemption price, his own blood, for the poor slave, his bride, 'they blindfolded him, and struck him on the face.' Luke xxii. 64. 'Who is blind as he that is perfect?' Like a deaf, dumb, and blind man; he would neither hear nor see the faults of his bride; like a lamb led to the slaughter, and dumb, he opened not his mouth to give one railing word to his bride, nor to his murderers.

Again: he was deaf to all the remonstrances of satan, Peter, and others, when it was said, 'Thou shalt not go to Jerusalem to die.' He said, 'Get thee behind me, satan; thou savourest not the things that be of God, but of men.' Again: the woman taken in adultery, who was a figure of the woman, the church in her fallen state; all ears and eyes were open to hear her crimes and see her stoned to death, but Jesus was deaf to every voice. So, when Moses, law, justice, wrath, satan, the pharisees, guilty conscience, and our own hearts condemn us, Jesus hears them not; he came not to condemn but to save. And when the pharisees pushed the question, and became louder and louder, and extremely noisy with the question, 'What sayest thou?' Jesus would not hear. Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not. John viii. 10. None so deaf as them that will not hear. The poor sinner hears them all and trembles

and is dumb with inward condemnation, but Jesus will not hear a word of all they say, to obey them. Jesus saith, 'he that is without sin, let him cast the first stone at her; and again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground;' he would not hear their accusations; and so, they all self-condemned, skulked off, as the devil, and all the poor soul's accusers must, when Jesus speaks with authority and power unto the soul, and says, 'neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.'

Jesus saw, heard, and knew all things; but he would not hear, 'Seeing many things, but thou observest not; opening the ears, but he heareth not,' (verse 20.) And, now, did ever the pharisees open the ears of the deaf, or the eyes of the blind? No, no; it was Jesus that opened the ears and eyes of the deaf and blind. Jesus opened the eyes and ears of his people to hear and see the way of salvation by himself, though he would not hear nor observe the devil's and pharisee's accusations against his bride, the church, because he knew it was all done in malice to tempt him.

And, to further prove that this servant in the text is not the pharisees, but that it is Jesus himself, hear him speaking of himself in the Psalms—'They, also, that seek after my life, lay snares for me, and imagine deceit all the day long; but I, as a deaf man, heard not, and I was as a dumb man that opened not his mouth; thus I was as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs.' Ps. xxxviii. 14. For, when in the council, just before his death, he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing. Then Pilate said unto him, hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he answered him not a word; insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly.' Matt. xxvii. 14.

Oh, thou dear, loving Jesus! Deaf, dumb, and blind to all the follies and infirmities of thy poor, feeble bride! Though satan and the pharisees would move thee against her, thou art immovable in thy love for ever more. Blessed! blessed, for ever be thy holy name, who saith—'I, even I, am he that bloteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.' Isa. xl. 25. Come, come, poor sin-distressed, and satan-oppressed soul, though all ears, eyes, and mouths are opened against thee, Jesus, and Jesus only, has a gracious word for thee; but he is deaf, dumb, and blind to all thy follies, and all thine accusers can say. Law, justice, guilt, sin, satan, thine own heart, and all pharisaical professors stand against thee to condemn thee to death, but the Lord Jesus is for thee; and if God be for thee, who can be against thee, to condemn thee? 'Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that

justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.' Rom. viii. 34.

But to confirm and conclude the whole business that the disputed text points to Jesus:—The concluding sentence of the text is conclusive, indeed. It is this—'The Lord is well-pleased for his righteousness' sake; he will magnify the law and make it honourable;' (or rather, *him* honourable;) and now, was the Lord well-pleased with the righteousness of the pharisees? Surely not; for it was as filthy rags, and hypocrisy. But he was well-pleased with the obedience and righteousness of Jesus; for he saith—'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well-pleased.' And he hath loved his believing spouse in Jesus, even as he hath loved him.

The Apostle saith—'Brethren, ye have need of patience; for the tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright, but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness.' Prov. xv. 2. For they appear to be full; and it must come out such as it is. But the Saviour saith—'Woe be unto them that are full, for they shall hunger.' There is a wandering tribe in London, and in all large towns, wandering up and down, from chapel to chapel, like the unclean spirit, 'Seeking rest and finding none.' Not empty, starving souls, seeking for the bread of life; no, they are full, and have no room for the best of preaching; they take no settled abode in any church or chapel; but run from place to place, to criticise, and sit in judgment on the ministers; they are full of pride, vanity, and conceit, and they will pour it out into any vessels they can find that will hold 'the broth of their abominable things.' And if they cannot find vessels sufficient, they will bray, and pour it out into the air. 'But, seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him.'

In this day, I am sure that all sound, and faithful ministers have need of patience; as Luther said, he had need to have patience with the devil, patience with the pope, patience with his wife Kate, and patience with the people. For pride, and conceited ignorance in this wandering camp, go hand in hand, from chapel to chapel, to teach the ministers of the gospel, rather than be taught. And men of the shallowest mind, will talk and know the most; but the bottom of it is pride, for the talk of such lips tendeth only to penury; they dry up my spirit, but bring neither rain nor dew; for they walk up and down in dry places themselves; 'dwell in a dry land;' and their noise and conversation dry up my spirit; for 'the noise of strangers is but as heat in a dry place.' But I am gaping for the dews of heaven.

Now, it is clear that the blessed Jesus doth

not grieve, vex, bruise, abuse, nor accuse the soul; we bruise ourselves with our own sins, and then satan makes a use of them to accuse us, and bruises us; and we see, feel, and know our sins; 'as for our iniquities we know them;' and satan endeavours to keep our eyes on our sins, rather than Christ; and endeavours to keep up a remembrance of them in the soul, to weaken our faith, and sink us in despair; but Jesus saith he will not remember our sins, neither will he look upon them any more; for he saw, heard, and felt enough of them, when he 'served with our sins,' and groaned under them on the tree. There he is blind to them, and deaf that will not hear any thing about them from the devil, the pharisees, and hypocrites, who are constantly reproaching his ransomed, and beloved bride; no, he will not look on them, neither does he encourage us to do so, but saith, 'Look unto me.' Jesus hath sunk our sins in the depths of the sea, and cast them behind his back, and left them there, in his blood, and in the tomb, when he rose from the dead; and will not look behind him after them, and saith to us, as the angel said to Lot—'Look not behind;' forget the things which are behind; and when satan makes a resurrection of our sins, and raises them up frightful ghosts, hobgoblins, and fiends from his dismal cave, to run after us in the night of soul-darkness, may they only serve to quicken our pace to run, cry, and look unto Jesus, who saith 'Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'

A WATHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, May 13, 1847.

The Christian's Path-way.

A LETTER FROM MR. JAS. OSBOURN, OF BALTIMORE, TO MR. WM. COOK, OF CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Grace and peace be with thee. It appears by your statement, that the leading step in the providence of God, towards your opening a correspondence with me here in America, was a letter published in one of your English religious journals, extracted from a work of mine, entitled, *Tidings of Joy from the Hill of Zion*. This circumstance, in it self considered, and viewed by mere reason, may be considered as remarkably unimportant, and yet, for aught we know, the hand of the Lord may be in it, and it is but just and right, that we should diligently watch this hand, since it is expressly said, that 'Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.' Ps. cvii. 43.

"On the possibility, therefore, of the hand of God being in this singular circumstance,

I now write an answer to your letter to me, dated Dec. 8, 1844. Your correspondent was hundreds of miles from home when your epistle reached this city, but he arrived home on the 10th inst., and among many other letters, he found one from Wm. Cook of Cheltenham in Gloucestershire, England, and while he was absent from home, he received three other letters from three different people in Old England: and from these letters as well as your's, your correspondent learns that different works of his have been reprinted in various parts of Great Britain. And I must needs say that my anxiety to visit England, according to the earnest request of my English correspondents, is increasing on me fast.

"It must be admitted on every hand, that the language of all God's children is pretty much alike the world throughout; and if my eyes, ears, taste, and judgment deceive me not, my new correspondent is one of those children; and if indeed he is one of them, he became so by an eternal predestination, for it is emphatically declared thus:—'Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children, by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will; to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved.' Eph. i. 5, 6. This is a touching passage of scripture, admirably adapted to sweep the Arminian deck from stem to stern. But are not all men born Arminians? If they are, they will die Arminians if grace prevent not, and grace can prevent it effectually; for, whenever this grace takes a sinner in hand, it is sure, sooner or later, to stab Arminianism to death; and at its death grace ascends the throne and acts as regent there; for it must 'reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord,' Rom. v. 21.

"I think we shall hazard nothing by saying Arminianism, when dressed up in its full uniform, is a kind of hobby-horse for old Apollyon to ride on hither and thither; and on which too he gets his children to ride, and away they go down yonder to NATURE'S PLEASURE GROUND, where may be found, *free will, human rectitude, fleshly perfection, good resolutions, fair promises, long prayers, mock-sancity, will-worship, feigned humility, false devotion, and sincere obedience*, in a very thriving condition. In these things, most men glory, while Christ is overlooked, and divine grace treated as if but a minor point in the business of salvation.

"Your correspondent professes to be such an admirer of distinguishing grace in the salvation of sin-burdened souls, that to him it is surprising to think what this grace must needs be, seeing it so very highly improves the condition of apostate man whenever it interferes on his behalf. However, we all

know that a shade helps to set forth a picture to better advantage ; and man's misery also serves as a back ground to divine clemency, when that clemency marks him for its own. Should a boasting Pharisee be told that human worthiness, as prided in by him, was calculated to spoil the look of divine grace, while total depravity tended to illustrate it ; this, in his view would appear vastly preposterous, for he would see at once that it thwarted all his fair prospects for heaven. But to an humble saint, a display of this almighty grace in rescuing sinners enslaved, impoverished, and quite undone, is a lovely sight. And he also sees and knows that this heavenly grace, not only carries with it such a dignified air as to claim the warm attention, and call forth the great admiration of the sons and daughters of Zion ; but that there also is such a divine fragrant about it, that wherever it comes, it emits a scent sufficiently strong to captivate a heaven-born soul, and to cause the lame man to leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing for joy. And this, too, is that grace which performs such wonders in the salvation of the basest of mortals ; for it buries all our faults be they many or few, great or small. It also dignifies the soul, and raises the affections to God, and endears to us the whole gospel system, and crucifies us to this world, and this world to us : and with the power of this grace upon our spirits, we can endure afflictions with cheerfulness, knowing that if we suffer, we shall also reign with him who suffered for us on Calvary's cross. By this grace, Paul knew how to be abased, and how to abound, and to be full, and to suffer need. Indeed, he says, ' I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. This grace also comforts and encourages the soul, and leads it on through evil and good report, and takes it at last to glory above.

As to the *nature* of this grace, we affirm, that in the business of our salvation it disdains co-partnership with frail mortals ; and hence our eternal happiness must be effected by grace alone, or else by works alone : and in this way the apostle argues the point—' Even so then, at this present time also, there is a remnant according to the election of grace. And if by grace, then it is no more of works ; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more of grace : otherwise work is no more work.' Rom. xi. 5, 6.

" It is well for us, my brother, that the salvation of our souls is wholly suspended on divine grace ; for if human works were called for, and could not be dispensed with in this case, our salvation would thereby be for ever interdicted, and we left on ground just as hopeless as that on which devils now stand. But eternal thanks be rendered to Almighty God, that he has not left a matter

of such vast magnitude as this on any human contingency, but has based it on his own eternal counsel. ' My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure,' Isa. xli. 10. In this glorious and soul-refreshing truth, the church of Christ rejoices, while the antichristian party are suffered against it to rail, and in heart to despise it. It is certain that divine grace can only appear amiable in the estimation of such men, whose eyes grace has opened to see the gospel mystery. Eyes closed against this mystery, see nothing but deformity in those things, which, eyes opened by the grace of God, can see so many charms, and sparkling glories in. And here lies the difference between men of grace, and graceless men. And who, we may ask as Paul did, ' And who maketh thee to differ from another ?' 1 Cor. iv. 7. We were all sold under sin ; and all of us went astray speaking lies, and were children of wrath, even as others ; and yet the Lord once said, and says now, ' I will shew mercy on whom I will shew mercy,' Exodus xxxiii. 19 ; Rom. 9. 15 ; and hence he hath shewn mercy to Wm. Cook in Old England, and to his correspondent in North America : and as we are one in Christ Jesus so we will now ' rejoice together in hope of the glory of God.' Rom. v. 2. And may we remember well, and may it often come into our mind, that the hope which Israel's God hath raised us to and blest us with, is not to go to wreck and ruin, but to abide with us through time and, at the end of our days be exchanged for a glorious immortality. In view of so happy a result of all, may we live and rejoice, and may the Lord be our memorial that we have passed from death unto life by an act of divine clemency !

" It is true, indeed, that our afflictions, and losses, and crosses, and temptations, and trials of various kinds while here in this inhospitable world, may be many and great ; and the common adversary of souls may annoy our minds at a strange rate, and disturb our feelings much and often ; and we too at times may sink low down in despair and despondency, and all hope of our being saved at last may seem to be taken away : I say all these mishaps, if they may be so called, may overtake us while on our journey to Jerusalem above ; yet, God ; yes, God with his grace, will by and bye appear for us and say, ' Fear not, for I am with you : be not dismayed, for I am your God ; and my grace is sufficient for you.' Isa. xli. 10 ; 2 Cor. xii. 9. The Christian's path-way is variegated, and his feelings checkered ; but he on this account should not be alarmed, but rather be alarmed if things are not so with him, for it is said, ' Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God.' Ps. lv. 19. Men may know the truth in the letter of it, and preach

it too, and for it contend with great zeal and ability, and to some good advantage; and for the sake of it suffer reproach, scandal, scorn, and ignominy, and yet know nothing experimentally of the above variegated pathway, and the Christian's checkered feelings; and hence, of course, they must be considered as graceless men, since the text says, 'Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God.' And according to Paul, a graceless man may speak with the tongue of men and angels; and have the gift of prophecy; and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and have all faith, so as to remove mountains.' 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2. So sure as there is a God in heaven, in my view of the subject, just so sure it is that most professed Christians, (preachers not excepted,) in this country at least, are ignorant and in the dark as to the real experimental sense, and spiritual purport, and vast importance, of these sweet words of St Paul, 'Even the mystery, which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints, to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ in you the hope of glory.' Col. i. 26, 27.

"Your correspondent has taken this view of the subject for more than twenty years, and almost every thing, bearing the name of religion, down to this present day, confirms him in the correctness of the view he has taken of the religion and the religionists of the day in which we live. You say that you live pretty much alone, not finding many thorough-going gospel associates. It is so with your correspondent, and so he has found it all through his ministry, and so he expects to find it. Gold dust is not every where to be found; nor can we meet with real saints at every point. But Christ, as God, is in every place, and that is enough for your correspondent, for this same Christ is the best of company; and

"His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice."

Newton.

"Your correspondent has for many years been more or less acquainted with this glorious Christ; and for a long time past we have lived together on terms of friendship, and he has always been remarkably kind and tender to me, and borne with my manners in the wilderness far beyond what I could well have expected. Although your correspondent knows very well that this choice Friend is in his natural disposition, loving and benign to poor returning prodigals and heavy-laden sinners; but to carry himself towards me in the way and manner he has done for forty years and more, looks like

a thing almost incredible: for he it known to thee, friend Cook, the real or native disposition and character of your American correspondent, is naturally, and we may say, notoriously, base, proud, heady, highminded, perverse, refractory, guileful, and wayward in his track. Several times within these few years he has been advertised throughout this great Republic, even from Maine to Louisiana, as being 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' Jer. xvii. 9.

"And yet notwithstanding all this private and public infamy, this inestimable Friend has led, fed, guided, watched over, and defended him from year's end to year's end, and from day to day. Yes, he has often visited him, caressed him, smiled on him, and on him bestowed love-tokens, signs of honor, marks of respect, assurances of mercy, pledges of divine compassion, and said to him, 'I will guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones, and will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' Isa. lviii. 11; Heb. xiii. 5. What then can your correspondent say to these things? If this friend is for him, who can be against him? And he assuredly is for him, and for him he hath done great things whereof he ought to be glad, and he is glad, because 'the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' Rev. xix. 6.

"I have two new works in the press; they will be bound up together in one volume. The largest of these works mostly treats of the real, proper, and distinct personality of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The title of the other is—*Spiritual Gleaning, or Celestial Fruit from the Tree of Life*. I will try and send (or take it myself) you a copy after a while. I am your's respectfully,

"JAMES OSBOURN.

"Second Street, Baltimore City, North America."

Thirty-nine Questions to Unitarians.

(Continued from p. 84, Vol. III.)

8. Is not all sin committed against God? 'Against thee, *Thee only*, have I sinned.' Can any other person forgive sins, save the person against whom those sins are committed? 'Who can forgive sins but God only?' Did not Christ forgive sins, and therefore is *God*?

9. Did not our never-enough exalted, and glorious Saviour say, 'Many shall say unto me in *that day* (*the last Judgment*.) Lord, Lord? In that solemn, awful day, (I shudder to write it but for sake of argument,) will Socinians look upon him, as a 'Lord' by courtesy, like the lords of the creation? No! No! Therefore, is he not the self-existent Jehovah, GOD THE SON?

10. Did not the dear Son of God say unto the Jews, 'If ye believe *not* that *I AM*.

ye shall die in your sins? Can these two mysteriously glorious words, be truthfully applied to any mere man?

11. Man is a recipient of life, and will be totally passive in the resurrection! how, then, is the Lord Jesus 'the resurrection and the life, and yet, according to the Unitarian creed, only a man?

12. Do not the Scriptures of truth assert the *Godhead* of Christ as often, and as clearly, as fully, and as unmistakably as they do his *manhood*? 'Which was the Son of David, which was the Son of God;' will not arguments against the first clause of this quotation bear equally on the second, and amount to a total denial of Emanuel, God manifest in the flesh?

13. 'Lo! I am with you always, unto the end of the world.' Who, save Jesus Christ, the great God and man in one person; (God the Son, and the Son of Man,) could utter those words with propriety and truth?

14. 'When he bringeth his only begotten into the world, he saith, let all the angels of God worship him;' are *angel-worshippers*, and all true christians, idolators, in obeying the command of God the Father?

15. 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them;' is not omnipresence an attribute of Deity?

16. 'All power in heaven and earth is mine;' is not omnipotence an attribute of Deity?

17. 'The Lord said unto Peter, 'Go cast an hook into the sea, and take the first fish that cometh up, in which thou shalt find a piece of money,' &c.; is not omniscience an attribute of Deity? J. H.

Leicester. (To be continued.)

Gleanings from the Vintage.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I was exceedingly pleased with the extracts forwarded, and thought you might be able to find a place for them in the *Vessel* some time or other. They are on subjects which are seldom mentioned, either in the pulpit or press; especially the second. How little we hear of 'The Divinity of Christ' in these days, and yet our faith is all in vain without it, which the extract fully proves. We hear of men who are very anxious to have the word 'entire' depravity left out; I greatly question whether they know anything of the warfare which is daily carried on in the souls of all God's regenerated family, or they would not wish to make depraved nature any better than it is. May the Lord preserve us from the awful heresies of the day, in which we live is the fervent prayer of,
Your's in gospel bonds,
April, 1847. T. GARNETT.

MAN'S STATE BY NATURE AND GRACE.

OUR liberty is gone; our will, a captive to the flesh; death has entered in at our windows; and sin eats away our sacred resolutions like straw and chaff. Our heart by nature, is like a waggon laden with corruption, unhappiness, and death; the horses that draw it are our sinful propensities and lusts. The driver, who whips, spurs, and goads the horses forward, so that they have no rest, or intermission, is the devil; the way is the broad road that leadeth to destruction; and the place to which the fiery wheels are rolling, is called Gehenna. It is impossible to cause delay or restrain the career, unless Almighty grace interfere, and create a new thing in the land; the heart then becomes a heavenly car; its load then consists of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Three heavenly coursers draw it—faith, love, and hope. The Com-forter from on high attaches them to the car, feeds them and keeps them in good condition. The road is the narrow way which leadeth upwards, and the end of the journey is Jerusalem.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

THE apostle calls the mystery of 'God manifest in the flesh,' 'the pillar and ground of truth.' By which he means, without this article there is no gospel. The whole fabric of our light and truth, rests upon this basis. Deny that the Man Jesus is God, and thou hast trodden under foot the gospel, and hast made of it a shell without a kernel; the stars of all the essential doctrines of our faith are then extinguished. The tree of life, whose leaves serve for the healing of the nations, stands bare and barren. There is no longer any atoning blood, no sacrifice for sin; no merit to counterbalance our guilt; for the blood of a mere creature, even of the most excellent of created intelligencies would not suffice to ransom the sinner. Christ has, then only suffered for himself, wrought out a righteousness for himself; for one who was nothing more than a creature could not stand in the breach for others. It must, then, no longer be said that death is slain, hell overcome, the head of the serpent bruised; and the sweet doctrine of justification is then a delusion; since the obedience of Christ can only be ascribed to me, when it is the obedience of a man who is at the same time God on high; and with respect to his own person was subject to the law. Nay, mention one fundamental article of Scripture which is not overthrown immediately thou removest the supporting beam of the incarnate God from under the edifice of the Scriptures. KRUMMACHER.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE HAPPY ESTATE OF

Poor Lazarus and the Dying Thief

AFTER THEY LEFT THIS WORLD.

“That as soon as the body is dead, the soul immediately enters into a separate state of happiness or misery, is plain from Luke xvi. 22, 23. ‘And it came to pass that the beggar died,’ &c. The scope of this parable is to be attended to; which is to set forth the immediate state of men after death, whether good men or bad men; for though it may have a principal respect to Christ, and to the Pharisees of his times, yet holds true of all good men, the members of Christ; and of all wicked men, whether under a guise of religion, or openly profane. 1. The beggar, the good man, upon his death, is represented as under the care and convoy of angels, and by them seated in Abraham’s bosom, a phrase used by the Jews, expressive of the heavenly happiness; alluding to a feast, at which, according to the custom of the Jews, the guests lay upon beds, or couches, about the table; so that he who lay below another, and next to him, leaned, as it were, on his breast, and lay in his bosom; and this denotes the intimate communion of the saints with each other, in the enjoyment of God. 3. The rich and wicked man, he is said upon his death, to be *in hell*, where he lift up his eyes, and saw the poor good man in great felicity and comfort, whom he had treated with neglect and contempt; which served to aggravate his misery; and where he found himself surrounded with the flames of hell, and filled with inward torments and horrors of mind. 3. The state of both these is summed up in a few words, (verse 25,) ‘But now he is comforted, and thou art tormented;’ even *now*, immediately after the death of both. And, 4. That this respects the intermediate state between the death of the body and the resurrection of it, is clear, from what the wicked man petitioned, on the behalf of his brethren in his father’s house, in the state of the living, and having the means, the law and the prophets; only he thought if one was sent from the dead to them it would strike them with greater conviction; when he was told they would not be persuaded though *one rose from the dead*; which shows the parable respects the state of men before the resurrection, and as taking place immediately upon death.

“From Luke xxiii. 43. ‘And Jesus said unto him,’ the penitent thief, then suffering death; ‘verily I say unto thee,’ which being thus solemnly affirmed might be depended on, ‘to-day thou shalt be with me in paradise,’ in heaven! for,— 1. By paradise is meant the third heaven, into which the apostle Paul was caught, 2 Cor. xii. 2, 4, the seat of the divine Majesty, and the dwelling-place of angels and glorified saints: so called in allusion to the garden of Eden, that earthly paradise, for the delight, pleasure, and happiness of it. 2. Hither Christ himself, as soon as he expired on the cross, went; not into *limbus patrum*, to deliver the Old Testament saints from thence; nor into the prison of hell, to preach to, and convert the spirits there, as say the papists, upon the mistaken sense of 1 Pet. iii. 19, but into heaven itself, having commended his spirit, or soul, into the hands of his divine Father, by whom it was received. And, 3. The happiness promised the thief, upon his request to him, to remember him in his kingdom, is, that he should be with him in paradise; should enjoy all the happiness of that place, and his presence in it, in which the happiness of it lay. And, 4. He assures him, that his happiness he should enjoy immediately, that very day; ‘This day thou shalt be with me,’ &c. To put the stop after ‘to-day,’ and read it as connected with what goes before, ‘I say unto thee to-day,’ is a mere shift, and gives a most trifling and jejune sense of the words.”

* * * * *

“Much of the employment of souls in this separate state, lies in converse with angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. Angels have some way or other of conversing with each other; we read of the ‘tongue of angels;’ not that they speak any particular language, and with an articulate voice; but they have speech among themselves, which they understand; they can communicate their thoughts to one another, and be happy in their mutual converse; see Dan, viii. 13. and xii. 5, 6, 7, and angels can convey their sense to the spirits of men; and the spirits of men can communicate their’s to them; such an intercourse between angels and the souls of men has been carried on in dreams and visions, even in this imperfect state; and much more are they able of conversing together in a more perfect one.”—*Gill*.

Luther at Worms.

"At length the doors of the hall being opened, Luther entered, and many persons not belonging to the Diet, made their way in along with him. Never had man appeared before an assembly so august:—The emperor Charles V., whose dominions embraced the old and the new world; his brother, the archduke Ferdinand; six electors of the empire, whose descendants are now, almost all, wearing the crown of kings; twenty-four dukes, the greater part of them reigning over territories of greater or less extent, and among whom are some bearing a name which will afterwards become formidable to the Reformation, (the duke of Alva and his two sons;) eight margraves; thirty archbishops, bishops, or prelates; seven ambassadors, among them those of the kings of France and England; the deputies of ten free towns; a great number of princes, counts, and sovereign barons; the nuncios of the Pope; in all, two hundred and four personages; such was the court before which Martin Luther appeared.

"Luther having appeared before this august assembly twice, on the second and last occasion, after making a noble confession of his faith, the following question was asked by the Chancellor of Trèves:—'You are asked to give a clear and definite reply, will you, or will you not retract?'

"Luther then replied, without hesitation, 'Since your most serene Majesty, and your high Mightinesses, call upon me for a simple, clear, and definite answer, I will give it: and it is this:—I cannot subject my faith either to the Pope or to councils, because it is clear as day, that they have often fallen into error, and even into great self-contradiction. If, then, I am not disproved by passages of Scripture, or by clear arguments; if I am not convinced by the very passages which I have quoted, and so, bound in conscience to submit to the Word of God, *I neither can, nor will retract any thing*, for it is not safe for a christian to speak against his conscience.' Then looking round on the assembly before which he was standing, and which held his life in its hands—'*Here I am,*' says he, '*I CANNOT DO OTHERWISE. GOD HELP ME. Amen.*'"—*D'Aubigne.*

O, what a sight! O, what a vict'ry faith here
Beholds! A sight at which truth leaps for joy,
While all aghast grim superstition weeps,
And trembles to its inmost centre, hell.
O, ye who cavil at God's book divine!
And dare to sneer at heaven's best gift to man,
Point to the historic page and shew a
Scene like that pourtrayed above:—name but one
Champion, that with life in hand, stood forth
Prepared to seal his doctrines with his blood;
Yield life, than creed which he had taught.

O, happy day, for truth, and righteousness, and
Man enslaved, when Luther heard the voice of
Quick'ning grace, and truth, like a barbed arrow
Reached his soul, and rent the veil of darkness
From his heart:—when, like a giant 'mid Rome's
Pigmy sons, of doctors, cannons, priests, and
Cardinals, he raised his head by truth made
Bold and strong:—when, like a Sanson strengthened
From on high, he burst the fetters ignorance
Had forged; and walked God's earth enfranchised
by the
Truth, a free-born son, and citizen of heaven.

A voice was heard, a voice from Wittenberg,
Feeble at first, awhile it gathers strength.
The apostate vicar starts, and shakes the
Triple crown; monks, priests, and cardinals stare.
Presumptuous mortal! Who thus dares disturb
Our reign, or sacrilegious breath a note
Dissonant those strains we love to hear, of
Fulsome adulation and voluptuous ease.
Up! inquisition, tortures, faggot, flame,
Kings, princes,—all! Remove this heretic!
Ah, Rome, 'tis vain! Again the voice! And lo,
The thick dark clouds, which like a gloomy pall,
Hung o'er the face of christendom, begin to
Move, and light once more revisits this sad earth.

Now, view this monk start from his cell, whose voice,
Like a reviving breath, but erst o'erspread
The earth, bade the long torpid mind to think,
And view the chains in which by priest-craft bound,
Behold him now, amid that august throng
Of earth's great princes, king, and potentates,
To answer for the truth he dared proclaim.
A burning and a shining light he stands,
In that dark age preeminent, alone.

His weapon's truth, his strength and refuge God;
The pomp and glare of human pageantry
And sacerdotal pride, affright him not.
Firm as a rock, by grace divine upheld,
He stands, and in the face of Rome's fierce vassals,
Emperor, prince, and priest, declares that simple,
God-exalting truth, that far above all
Councils, creeds, or pope, God's truth must stand,
A rule infallible, and arbiter supreme.
Happy for Luther, that while thus he spake,
And, single-handed, dared the wrath of Rome,
The arms of mercy round her child were cast:
And love divine a sleepless vigil kept,
To shield her charge amid these raving wolves
Thus weak and helpless cast. What though the proud
And haughty prince, before whose throne he stood,
This humble monk despised; yet from his lips
Had heaven ordained such words should fall, as
Clothed with energy divine should reach the
Hearts of men, and there set up a kingdom
That should stand when earthly thrones lie crumbled
Into dust. 'Tis not by human courage,
Strength, or skill, that truth divine prevails; the
Bold reformer served a King this tinsled
Court knew not; who, when he speaks, e'en mon-
archs

Must obey. He, who when on this earth he
Walked, the great sanhedrim passed, nor chose
His followers from colleges or kings,
Now bade a miner's son go forth to break
Rome's iron yoke, and set the enslaved free.
'(Old Mother Church' arrayed her faithful sons
In silks and velvets, mitre, hood, and cowl),
A motley tribe, like princes some, others
Like beggars dressed; her ancient arsenals
Bade them ransack, for musty weapons. Lords,
Tradition-made monks, councils, schools and popes;
Christ dressed his soldier in his spotless robe,
'I'laed in his hand the two-edged sword of truth,
Which speedily mowed these puppets down in scores.
'Twas not the eloquence of human art,
Scholastic strength, or wit, made Luther's words
Like fire, run thro' the earth; 'twas truth, the pure
And simple truth, which like a battering
Ram, beat in the walls that fenced the harlot's seat,
Tore up its base, and shook the seven hills,
Yet, not to Luther would we give the praise

Of this great work ; 'twas through the man God spake
 To renovate his church. The time was come,
 Yea, ' the set time to favour Zion,' come ;
 In vain does earth and hell oppose ; from out
 That fallen and apostate church—that sink
 Of filth and sin, will Jesus fetch his bride.
 Hence, Luther must arise and blow the gospel
 Trump ;—yea more ;—behold a miracle, ye
 Saints ! This feeble man—this man so hated
 And despised, within the jaws of Rome,
 That cruel beast, drunk with the blood drawn from
 The veins of Jesu's flock ;—still lives ! and in
 Her teeth, while thirsting for his blood, proclaimed
 Those glorious truths, which, shall at last, like
 Pointed javelins, drink her vital blood.
 O ! watchful Shepherd ! King of Israel's host !
 Almighty lover, faithful, gracious, true,
 To thee we owe that Luther lived,
 By thee preserved, to shed abroad thy fame.
 To thee belong the victories of thy cross
 Dear Lord, thy voice is stronger from a poor
 Monk's cell, than sword or spear, than curse or ball,
 Though from the pontiff's chair. Rome's wily legat,
 Skilled in courtly arts, dissimulation,
 Lies, sophistry and craft, must bite the dust,
 Slain by the lip of truth. Hail, peerless truth !
 Thou art omnipotent ! Blest armour ! Wrapt
 In which, unscathed, a monk could stand, amid
 The venom'd shafts of hell : secure, serene,
 When all around, heaved like a troubled sea.
 Thou mighty lever ! grasped by Luther's hand,
 Made strong by heaven, to lift the pond'rous stone,
 By priest-craft rolled upon the well of life.
 Sweet voice ! that bade the hidden sons of love
 Come forth to praise and worship thee alone :
 And from her throne, tear superstition down
 To her right place, beneath the feet of men.
 O, blissful, hallowed, day-spring from on high !
 May thy sweet beams from Britain ne'er withdraw.
 And thou, intrepid monk ! O, may the thought
 Of thee, thy saint-like courage, steadfastness
 And truth, thy faith heroic, great success,
 Inspire each servant of thy faithful Lord
 To trust, as thou didst, on his arm alone,
 To fight his battles with the sword of faith,
 The words of truth, and all-conquering prayer.

JUVENIS NERFLAB.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE ILLNESS AND

Death of Mr. Edward Crowhurst.*Late Minister of the Gospel, Hadlow, Kent.*

" Dear Brother :—I herewith send you some further particulars of the illness and death of our dear brother E. Crowhurst, with a brief outline of two sermons I preached at Hadlow Baptist Chapel, and three letters he wrote to his brother, Mr. S. Crowhurst, New Cross. One you will see was written just before his death. Likewise a letter sent to me by brother Crundwell, of Tunbridge, giving a most precious account of his triumphs over the great enemy. If you can find room for them in the ' Vessel' for July, you will oblige yours to serve in the gospel,

" JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE."

Our brother Edward Crowhurst was laid aside from his work about one year previous to his death ; the last time he preached was in April, 1846. It was apprehended that the Lord was about to remove him to his eternal home, as his complaint had been thirty-six years upon him ; it first broke out in the spring of 1811 ; almost everything that was proposed as a cure had been tried, but nothing would eradicate it ; it be-

ing an inveterate scorbutic humour of leprous scurvy in his face, which spread from ear to ear, and from his forehead to his bosom.

He was remarkably patient under all ; yea, in the end, he was strengthened unto all long-suffering with joyfulness, which text he had noticed to his brother, Mr. S. Crowhurst, about two years before his death ; and said that he could not say that he had been strengthened to all long-suffering with joyfulness ; but this was truly the case for twelve months before he went home, as many of his friends and myself can testify. On February 20, he said to his brother, Mr. S. C., and others who went to see him, ' The Lord has been pleased to afflict me in all my senses,' for his eyes were weak, his hearing bad, and his taste was gone. But he said, ' I have not one pain too many ; I am fully satisfied with the Lord's dealings.' With respect to the state of his mind, he was exceedingly happy ; for the Lord was pleased to give him a sweet assurance of his love to him, and care for him, in comforting him on every side, and not suffering the enemy to distress his mind ; his remarks on various texts of Scripture were so experimental, that it rejoiced my heart, and I seemed, (while with him,) to be on the suburbs of heaven. He rejoiced in the belief that he was a son, and that Jesus was his brother ; he said—' He is my Saviour, my Friend, my husband ;' and he said, ' he was quite ready and waiting, whenever the Lord should be pleased to call for him.' He gave his brother directions for his funeral. He said he wished to be buried on the right hand side of the path in front of the chapel ; and his four brothers to follow him ; and he wished this on account of his wife ; as the family is numerous, that if there were more it would be more than she would be able to bear at such a time. After making other arrangements, he said he did not wish them to mourn over his mortal remains ; ' for,' said he, ' while you are mourning over me, I shall be waving a palm before the throne. On asking him what he should like to have put on a stone over him, he said he should like to have something that would strike the eye of those that passed by, that might be useful to some poor souls. Perhaps this, said he, ' Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ.' He said, ' when I get to heaven I shall not be a stranger, I shall know them, and they will know me. He looked upon death not as death ; only as a shadow, his blessed Lord had swallowed up the substance in victory.

[The following is a brief outline of two sermons preached by Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure ;] he says—

When I heard of the death of our dear brother, my mind was solemnly impressed

with the testimony recorded in Ps. cxvi. 15. Concerning the saints of God, their death, and their entering through the dark valley of the shadow of death, into their father's kingdom, as living monuments of the love, blood, and grace of a Triune Jehovah: to this end they were ordained; and are kept by the power of God. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' From these words the Lord enabled me to preach two solemn sermons to the dear people at Hadlow; the presence of the great Head of the church was realised, and I hope his precious name glorified. From the above words we noticed two things, First, the persons spoken of. Secondly, the Lord's testimony concerning them.

First, The persons spoken of, are called saints; to be a saint is to be the workmanship of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. From all eternity they were set apart; being the objects of divine love; loved with the highest love of God, before the world began; with an everlasting love before they fell in Adam; after they were fallen, even when dead in sin, and at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances; they are God's beloved saints.

Secondly, They are in union with the Lord Jesus Christ; a part of him, and one with him; he received them from the hands of the Father; holy, without spot, and undefiled—'My dove, my undefiled is but one, there is no spot in her;' he married her to himself, and on the ground of this marriage union, the glorious relationship, the eternal oneness between the lover and the loved, the husband and the wife, the head and the body, the Saviour and the saved, the Sanctifier and the saints, He engages in an everlasting covenant, and becomes responsible as the Almighty Surety of his body, the church; and after having suffered, bled, and died, to present the whole of the saints to himself, a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy, and without blame.

Thirdly, They are quickened by the Holy Ghost, and so brought to experience their sinnership, and then to know they are saints. And the experimental knowledge they have of themselves as lost, ruined, and black sinners, is the effect of that love that made them saints before time, and manifests them to be such in time.

The next thing our text speaks of, is, that they are precious; precious in his sight; costly, of great price, and precious to each divine person in the glorious Trinity.

First, they are precious to God the Father, being his dear children, related to himself in love, whom he will never disown, he is not ashamed to call them his sons and daughters; he will never give them up; nor suffer them finally to give him up; he will

never leave nor forsake them; he says he will spare them as a man spareth his only son, who serveth him; he is their everlasting Father, consequently, it is an everlasting relationship, they are his everlasting children, and are precious to him as such.

Secondly, they are his Jewels; more precious than gold. Jewels are precious to men, but God's church is infinitely more precious than the richest jewels in the world, they have his name upon them, they are all glorious within, their clothing is of wrought gold.

Thirdly, they are the apple of his eye; what a precious member the eye is to the head! how we love it! what care we take to preserve it! But who can tell how much more precious the saints are to God our Father, than our eye is to us? Mark what he says, 'He that touches them touches the apple of mine eye;' they are so near and dear to him; 'he suffered no man to do them harm; he reproved kings for their sake.' They are also precious to God the Son. His covenant engagements, his divine substitution and responsibility for them, his life, his sufferings, his death, his resurrection, and all he endured, proves them to be most precious to him; and this great truth is demonstrated in the experience of the heaven-bound child of God. When the Lord Jesus met with us in a way of grace, what was our state and condition before this? Enemies in our minds; the same as the man among the tombs, living among the dead, with an whole legion of devils in us; our conduct was devilish, our objects and pursuits were devilish; our lives and conversation were devilish; and while in this state, the Lord Jesus came to the place where we were, not in anger, but in love; not to punish us for our sin, but to save us; not to send us to hell, but to take us to heaven; his heart was flowing with love, his words were compassion, his eyes were grace, his hands were mercy, his work salvation, and his balm was blood. What did he say? Did he say we ought to be sent to hell? That we were vile wretches, too filthy for him to save? Oh, no; we were too precious; and he was too much in love with us, not with our sins, nor our sinnership, but with our persons as the saints of God; he said, 'My son, give me thine heart; wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not. Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good; and let your soul delight itself in fatness.' 'Incline your ear and come unto me, hear and your soul shall live, and I will make an everlasting covenant with you; even the sure mercies of David.' And what has been the conduct of his grace since then? Reader! do you know? If so I am sure you will join with me and sing a song of praise to him who

has done all things well. 'A debtor to mercy alone, of covenant mercy I'll sing,' &c.

It is equally evident they are precious to the Holy Ghost, for his love is great and wonderful to the saints. First, by the great work he has begun in them. Secondly, by maintaining that work, and by his own grace in the soul, subduing our lust, sin, and unbelief, and keeping us by his power, for amidst all my sinfulness and woe, thy Spirit will not let me go. The love of the Spirit is great toward the saints, he does bear long with our manners in the wilderness; my soul a thousand times has been tempted to give up and go into the world, and would have done so, but for being precious to the Holy Ghost. The dear Spirit would not suffer us, nor the devil, nor sin, nor unbelief to have their way, but has most lovingly, graciously, and victoriously, with conquest, successfully and triumphantly carried on his work; so that 'grace has reigned through righteousness, unto eternal life, by our Lord Jesus and by the grace of God, we are what we are; and that grace which he hath bestowed upon us was not in vain.

In the second place we hasten to notice the Lord's testimony concerning them—'Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.' What are we to understand by their death being precious in his sight?

First, their death is precious in the sight of God the Father, because the great end Jehovah had in view in loving, choosing, and ordaining them to life, and eternal glory is answered.

Secondly, because the perpetuity of his love at the death of his saints is demonstrated; the Lord said he had loved them with an everlasting love, and that love should be continued to them for ever; so the saint enters into glory as the effect of that love.

Thirdly, the all-sufficiency of sovereign grace is glorified at the death of the saints; the Lord promises to give grace sufficient, and then glory; this we have experienced; we have often doubted, and thought it impossible for us to hold on and endure unto the end. Sometimes we have felt ourselves to be like walking devils; sin has been conceived in our hearts; we have felt its mighty workings within, and have feared others would have seen its dreadful workings without, in cursing, swearing, stealing, drunkenness, and so on: such we were once; and such we should be again, but for sovereign grace. The sufficiency of grace has been proved in life, in every trial, and in death, the last great trial; then the grace-made, and kept-saint, enters glory—

"A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood;
The streams of love I trace,
Up to the fountain, God:
And in this sacred bosom sec,
Eternal thoughts of love to me."

Fourthly, the faithfulness, power, wisdom and goodness of God, which love has engaged for the salvation of its objects, has accomplished the great design intended; the saint is brought to his eternal home as a monument of the faithfulness, power, wisdom, and goodness of his indulgent Father.

Fifthly, their death is precious, because the great work of Christ is completed, when the saint is saved to sin no more. As a Surety, as a Saviour, as a Shepherd, as an Advocate, or a Deliverer, and as our King, our Priest, and our all.

Sixthly, because the great work of God the Holy Ghost is completed, the devil is defeated, and the saint enters into the joy of the Lord.

Seventhly, their death is precious, because each saint makes up the number of God's elect, and enters into the mansions prepared in glory for them.

Eighthly, because, then, all the perfections of Deity will be glorified, when the whole elect, redeemed, and quickened church are safely housed in glory. This was the only object Jehovah had in view, in loving, and giving into the hands of Christ to redeem all whom he loved, viz., his own glory, and their eternal and entire salvation; then precious, most precious must their death be in his sight. It is to this, our dear brother has arrived; and these things he richly enjoyed in his own soul while here in the body; and methinks I could hear the Father say, when this dear saint appeared before the throne, 'Behold an object of my love! whom I have loved but not in vain, chosen in Christ to stand before my throne in white! Behold him! Here he is! He has come through much tribulation, and now shall live and reign with me for ever.' So saith the Son—'Behold him, my Father, as one whom thou didst give me; redeemed from all iniquity; washed in my blood; clothed with my righteousness; he has been hated, but I have loved him; he has suffered, but I have sustained him; he has been plucked at, but I have kept him; and taken care of him; here he is without fault, whole, and sound, and complete.' And methinks I hear the Holy Ghost reply—'Behold him! In the name of Christ I quickened him from death to life; I took up my abode in his heart; kept satan out, kept sin down; I went on with my work until all was done; and now, behold, he is ripe for glory; he enters glory; he is glorious; he is now at home in glory.

"Oh, how the thought delights the soul.
Redeem'd from satan's dire control,
And cleans'd with Jesus' blood;
That thus from sin and death made free,
He now in Christ shouts victory,
And triumphs in his God."

I long to be with him; where Christ is to be seen without a veil; approached without hindrances; loved without coolness;

praised without weariness; and enjoyed without interruptions. May we have much grace to enable us to walk in his steps, to keep, to guard, and bring us not only to heaven's gate, but through the gate into the city. But I must stop my pen for the present.

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

[Truly, we must say, the reading of the above skeleton of John Bunyan's discourse has warmed and comforted our souls. Go on, John, in the declaration of these most precious truths. By these things, God, in the Trinity of his Persons, is glorified, and souls must be blessed: for, 'unto him that soweth righteousness, there shall be a sure reward.' We cannot in this number, find room for the letters written by our deceased friend to his brother; but they shall appear. The following was written by Mr. Crundwell to J. B. M'Cure.]

DEAR BROTHER—On several occasions I had the sweet pleasure of seeing the holy peace, and overflowing divine joy vouchsafed to our dear departed brother Crowhurst. The first time I was favoured to see him during his illness, I shall never forget his edifying conversation. To use his own words, when speaking of his dear and precious Jesus, he said, 'Christ is more sweet, infinitely more sweet to me than my eyes, my head, my hands, my feet, my soul, my wife, or any thing I have, or ever did have or enjoy. His person is precious, his blood is precious, his righteousness is precious, and his truth, and his faithfulness, and his love, and his compassion, and his mercy, and his words all are precious. Yea, he said 'In a word *he is indeed* the altogether lovely to my immortal soul. He is just as I wish him to be; nothing is wanting; nothing can be added to make him more sweet, precious, or acceptable to my ransomed spirit; he is indeed just as I wish him to be; and these eyes of mine will for ever feast upon his precious, and glorious, and ever lovely person; and never become weary; but I shall be happy and delighted with him for ever and ever; and so' he added with a sweet smile, that reached my heart, 'will you, brother Crundwell.' Speaking to him of his bodily affliction, at another time on the same day, 'he said, I am as perfectly happy now, as I expect to be out of heaven; I want nothing altered; it is just as it should be; it pleases my dear Lord, and I am perfectly satisfied with things just as they are. I would not change my place with the queen; no, nor with the happiest saint on the earth, who may be in the enjoyment of full health of body, and peace in his soul;' and after a moment's pause, he added, 'No, nor will I change my situation under present circumstances, with the saints already perfected

above.' He said, 'I want to be there; but I am not impatient to be gone, knowing that all is ordered wisely, and as my Lord sees best; and I see it and know it.' I then asked him if the adversary did not try to disturb the peace of his mind, and thrust into it doubts and fears respecting either present or future things. I shall never forget his answer—'He does hover about at times; he did the other day; but I told him he was a conquered foe; my Jesus had bruised his head, chained him to his chariot wheels, and triumphed gloriously over him, and that he had no power but what my Jesus permitted him to have.' Well I said, 'What then,' he said 'I believe satan is the proudest spirit in the universe, and in consequence of my speaking of the victories of Christ over him, and telling him that he was a fallen and damned spirit, he was stung to the quick; his pride received a deadly wound and he slunk away like a thief.' I asked if he did not attempt to renew his attacks? He answered 'Very little; and if he does ever again, I will tell him, and shall continue to tell him of the same things.' Here we see the truth of God's words, 'this is the victory, even our faith.' Other conversations I was privileged to have with this dear man of God, and always saw him in the same firm and happy state of mind, speaking of Christ and his glory, preciousness, &c. I am; dear brother, yours in great haste.

S. CRUNDWELL.

Tunbridge.

The Only Things worth Living For.

[We have been favoured with a small packet of sweet, experimental Letters, written by Mr. Spencer, Minister of the Gospel, Guildford, Surrey, which we hope to insert from time to time. It is a fact, that sometimes fills out hearts with gladness, that the Lord is, in many parts of this highly-favoured land, raising up young men, who have not only been made bitterly to feel the awful consequences of sin, the curse of a broken law, and the plague and deceitfulness of the human heart, but have also been led solemnly and savingly into the mysteries of God's everlasting love—Christ's atoning blood, and the eternal Spirit's work in the soul: and thus qualified, have been sent forth into the Gospel Vineyard, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. That the God of all grace may abundantly bless their labours, keep their consciences clean and tender, enable them to dig deeply into the mines of heavenly truth, make them instruments in bringing many precious souls to a saving knowledge of Christ Jesus; and of comforting, and building up such as have

believed, shall be our most earnest prayer. We trust, also, that the perusal of Isaac Spencer's Letters may be a means, in the Lord's hands, of refreshing many weary travellers to Zion.]

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND — Since I last wrote to you, I have passed through various scenes of soul exercise; but amidst it all I am made to feel it is better to suffer soul exercise, and be saved at last, than to live at ease, and at last be damned. It is said of the wicked, because they have no changes, they fear not God; and that they have no bonds in their death, neither are they troubled like other men; and I am quite sure, my friend, we have no need to go far from home for a fulfilment of this awful truth; for the great bulk of mankind are living at ease, and go off at last, as though all was right, and nothing the matter, when, alas! all is wrong, and so they find when their eyes are opened in another world. Say unto the righteous, well with him; but woe unto the wicked.

When your kind letter came to hand, it found me in a low place in my feelings, I had become as a sparrow alone upon the house top. I was like an owl of the desert, or a pelican of the wilderness, left to mourn in bitterness over my sad, dark, unfeeling condition; the blackness and wretchedness of my bad heart and corrupt nature, is far too bad ever to be described by writing; I feel I can come in with Hart where he says

My own bad heart, creates a smart,
Which none but God can know.

And, my dear friend, I believe God's dear children are made to feel and mourn over things that they can never tell to mortals. Indeed, if even they had a wish, they would be at a loss for language to describe it. The heart is above all things deceitful and desperately wicked: frequently, my dear friend, am I brought to think my reading, writing, speaking, praying, is all over, all come to an end; the upper and the nether springs, according to my feelings, are clean dried up: God forgotten to be gracious; and yet, mercy of mercies, he is gracious all the time, though he be behind the cloud, for his name is 'The Lord God, gracious and merciful.' You say in your letter that you trust your eternal welfare lays near the heart of your Lord and your God: I feel, my dear friend, that I am enabled to go a step further than this. I believe it not only lays near the heart of your Lord and your God, but I believe it is *in* the heart of the Lord your God. But, say you, I feel so unrighteous: I am glad to hear it; for if you were bolstered up in death; vamped up with the religion of the day; you would not feel much, or cry out much before God about your unrighteousness; but, say you, how can you prove that

my eternal welfare is in the heart of the Lord God? Why, he has said that he hath loved us with an everlasting love, that he hath chosen us in Christ from before the foundation of the world, and that our sins are cast behind his back; when sought for, shall never be found; and that we shall never come into condemnation, world without end. Well, say you, there are times when I do feel a little hope spring up in my mind, that the Lord hath loved me; there are moments when I am helped to say, I trust the Lord hath chosen me; there are seasons (though they may be few and far between,) that I am helped to say that my sins, though high as mountains, deep as hell, black as the prince of darkness, and countless as the stars; yet, I do hope, say you, they are all got rid of; carried away by the blood-shedding of the dear Redeemer;

Lost, as in a shoreless flood,
Drown'd as in a Saviour's blood.

I had a sweet sight and sense granted unto me, the other morning, by God the Holy Ghost, of the dear Lord Jesus, while I was led in Spirit to muse over the words of the Prophet Jonah, where he says, 'I went down to the bottoms of the mountains:' in the margin of the Bible, it reads 'I went down to the cuttings of the mountains.' O, my dear friend, how this sets forth the Lord Jesus Christ, as God and Man, in his finishing the work he undertook from everlasting to go to redeem a chosen world from the jaws and dominion of death and hell! Here, the sin, wrath, death, hell, and damnation, due to the church, fell upon his shoulders, and bore him down to the bottoms of the mountains, the cuttings of God's fierce wrath! and the cuttings of the keen sword of justice, battering in blood, sheathing itself in the heart of our dear Immanuel! It may well be said he went down to the bottoms of the mountains, and had he not been God as well as man, the weight of our guilt would have kept him at the bottoms of the mountains for ever, but he being God as well as man he was infinitely capable of going through all he undertook; therefore, in the fulness of time, he accomplished all; and whilst he was bowed down to death in his human nature, in his divine nature he conquered death, and carried down all the guilt, and filth, corruption and sin, of his ransomed bride, to the bottoms of the mountains for ever and ever; and there left it and rose up himself as a mighty conqueror over sin, death, hell, and the grave, and the mountain that has risen up over the guilt of the church, is God's everlasting forgetfulness of the sins of his bride. 'I will not be wrath with thee, nor rebuke thee; thy sins and thy iniquities will I remember no more for ever.' O, my friend, the infinite blessedness of the mercy! And now, our dear Lord has ascended up on high,

has led captivity captive, has received gifts for men, even the rebellious also. I feel my heart warm with these things; may a spark from the same fire kindle in your breast, and be puffed up to a flame; for these are the only things worth living for, worth fighting for, these are the things that will help us through time, stand by us in death, and prove our friend in the judgment scene.

The Lord bless you, and keep you; the Lord watch over you, and water you with the dews of heaven. Many thanks for the little tract you sent me: I send you one which I promised to dear Benjamin after you had read it, and I am quite sure if the same divine unction rests upon its contents, and you feel the same in your hearts, as I did when I read it, you will never regret reading it. I pray in submission to God, this may be the case, for

'Tis heaven to rest in his embrace,
And no where else but there.

Farewell! my christian regards to Benjamin, I shall be glad to hear from you,
Believe me your's in christian bonds,

ISAAC SPENCER.

Woodbridge, near Guildford,

Smiting Kirjath-sepher.

AN EXPLANATION OF 2 TIM. III. 7.

By William Harris, The Ploughman,

SIR:—Observing in your last number of the *Earthen Vessel*, a communication from A. B. wherein he requests the 'Thoughts of some of your correspondents, on four (apparently mysterious passages,) that are recorded in Scripture,' I will, in God's strength, undertake each in succession; and submit them to you for publication, when you have space; and may the Lord enable me so to do, to the honour of his holy name, and the comfort and satisfaction of A. B., and every other humble enquirer.

The first passage that is submitted, is in 2 Timothy, iii. 7. which reads thus—'Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.' It is very clear that the Apostle was a prisoner at Rome, at the time he was writing this, and almost daily expecting his martyrdom to take place; and as he had been instrumental in the conversion of Timothy, he had the greatest love for him; and further, in answer to his petitions at a throne of grace, he knew that his son Timothy was appointed for the ministry, which the Apostle in some degree had before seen fulfilled. He well knew the opposition which himself had met with from Demas, the coppersmith, and many others who professed to know the truth in the power and love thereof; and had had a call to the ministry, but he knew that it was not so; he knew that

where the blessed Spirit had began the work of grace, that he would carry it on; and that pardon must be enjoyed in the conscience, before they could be at a point that they were in Christ the head. The Apostle knew the common saying of many was—'I have got an impressiou;' but he also knew that every sent servant of Christ must have the *word applied*, before he could be at a point that he was sent of Christ. See Acts xxvi. 18; and read the whole chapter; there you will see the Apostle, when in a state of nature, when in alarm, when justified and in the ministry. Every sent servant of Jesus feels the greatest love to each other, as was the case with Paul to Timothy; and as Paul had been deceived by many in conversion and their call to the ministry, he himself looked more closely into these mysteries, and cautioned his son to be on his guard; not to lay hands 'suddenly on any man,' and further, whatever he saw needful to know or to be known, he carefully unfolded to him.

In the beginning of this chapter, the Apostle is setting forth the perilous times in the latter days; but I shall not make any observation on that, here. Then he goes on to take a view of ministers or heads of a church or churches, and of their evil encroachments; (verse 6.) Then follows the subject of our enquiry—'Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth,' as it is in Christ. Now, a man before he knows Christ in a saving way, is dead in trespasses and sins, (see Eph. ii. 12.) A man who is savingly taught by the Spirit, has a conviction sent home to his conscience, and then like the jailer, he will cry out in the very anguish of his soul, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' And there he is held down until he sees no way of escape from the wrath to come. Then the blessed Spirit leads him forth to supplicate for mercy; the Lord hears and answers it, to the joy and rejoicing of his soul. Now, the Lord will favour him with a saving faith, apply a promise to his soul, communicate his love to the conscience, and the person will feelingly and sweetly find a coming forth from all his trouble and distress into a happy liberty; and he will be satisfied that all his sins are put away: such will be the gratitude and thankfulness of his heart, that no person can describe, save him who has enjoyed it.

If such a person as this is to be a mouth for God, he will have a sweet promise applied, so that he will be at a point, as it regards his call to the ministry; for this teaching is from the Spirit of God; and whatever a man may hold, teach, or preach, short of this teaching, will most assuredly give way in a dying hour.

Our Lord spake of some who would get into the ministry after he left this world, and

was gone to the Father, and cautioned them to take heed that no man deceived them; for he says 'There will arise among you false Christs, and false prophets that will shew you signs and wonders to deceive the very elect, if it were possible.' (See Matt. xxiv. 24.) Ah! how often you may see such men, in sheep's clothing. Our Lord says, 'Beware of such!' inwardly they are ravening wolves. (See Matt. vii. 15.) They put on a feigned humility, like the wife of Jeroboam, and run the Scriptures from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations, and at the same time know nothing of the teaching which I have been endeavouring to describe; they possess nothing more than the common gift of the Spirit. (See Balaam, Numbers xxiii.) Read the whole chapter. See King Saul; he prophesied amongst the people; yet never had a change of heart. See also Micaiah, against the four hundred false prophets, 1 Kings, xxii.; See also the account of Moses against Jannes and Jambres, two false teachers. What was their end? and what will be the miserable end of all such, so living and dying? Never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.'

Paul is here alluding principally to false prophets and teachers, who thrust themselves into the ministry; strangers to the teaching of the Holy Ghost, who never knew law or Gospel in a saving way.

Suppose we take a view of the high Church Clergy in our day, and of their doctrine; they know not what they say, nor whereof they affirm. Look again at the numerous tribe of Arminians; they are in just the same state of darkness as the former. Suppose we take a view of the Sardis church, how few there are of the real Calvinistic persuasion; and the Apostle, by the Spirit, viewing these, and the evidences they hold up, both in the former and latter days being short of the real knowledge of the forgiveness of sins, in general; he calls them thieves and robbers, on account of stealing from commentators, and from the mouths of good men; so they are ever *learning*, ever *stealing*, ever *studying*, but never able *feelingly* to set forth the Spirit's work upon the soul; consequently are never able to come to a knowledge of the truth, because they were never taught it by the blessed Spirit of Truth.

These passages of Scripture, satan has often hurled into my mind, when under my first awakenings, and many more beside, even since I have known my eternal interest in Christ Jesus my Lord.—Such as treat of 'falling away,' &c. &c. Such passages do not belong to a true child of God, but to him only who stands in presumption; a child in the covenant cannot apostatize, but him only, who resteth in a form.

Hailsham: WM. HARRIS, the Ploughman.

Ordination of Mr. J. L. Meeres.

THE following is a brief outline of the services of the ordination of Mr. J. L. Meeres, New Church-street, Bermondsey, June 22nd :—

Mr. Carpenter opened the service by an hymn; Mr. Curtis, of Homerton engaged in prayer, and proceeded, very briefly, to state the nature of a gospel church, under the following division :—

1. Its authority—the Scriptures.
2. Its Constitution—spiritual persons.
3. Its Officers—pastor and deacons.
4. The design of a gospel church—to shew there was life and death in the wilderness, to be a manifestation of the power of God's grace.

In this statement, the rich national Church of England had some severe lashes inflicted. The parliament could set up any doctrine it pleased; Arminianism or Arianism. Two instances he referred to of this being done; one in Queen Elizabeth's, the other in Queen Anne's reign; in which the latter shewed her supremacy, in spite of a convocation of bishops to pull down the ruling archbishop's doctrine. He also noticed the present position of the churches; how things were softened down to peace, peace, and piety, and the sharp edge of truth taken away. But thanked God, there stood here and there one among the Baptists, that could give in an honest testimony as a witness for God from his own experience.

The next minister in the order of course was Mr. Moyll; whose office was to ask some very important questions from some member of their small body, respecting the steps that gave rise to their proceedings; which were simply these :—A few belonging to Mr. Fencelon's ministry, occupied the present place in 1844. Mr. Sadler was engaged for the first twelvemonth. In 1845 Mr. Meeres came; in June seven members formed themselves into a church by Messrs. Milner and Jones. The present number of members is eleven, and these in May last agreed that Mr. M. should accept the pastoral office over them.

Mr. Moyll then called for a shew of hands from them, to recognize him as their pastor; which was done. He then said, I recollect a saying of my brother, George Coomb, at an ordination, at seeing a shew of hands for their minister—'God grant that those hands you have

held up, may never hang down.' Mr. Moyll then requested Mr. Meeres to state his call by grace.

Mr. M. began, by observing, at the age of two years his father died; his mother was left with five children. 'At six years I was sent to a Sunday-school; and here the Lord made his first impressions on my soul; giving me to feel my state as an awful sinner before him; after a few years I got into much trouble of soul for sin, and also into the mere form of godliness; and went on in this way for some time, until an open state of sinning was indulged in; visiting theatres, and other places of worldly amusement: at the end of my apprenticeship the Lord removed me to Canterbury; and here my awful state of sinning was again made known to me. I attended the ministry of Mr. Blomfield, near the Dane John there; and was much encouraged by a young man in the congregation, who took an interest in my case. I afterwards removed to London to Zion Chapel; but was eventually prevailed upon to attend another place of worship, where I heard, and had deeper discoveries of sin. I joined that church, it was a mixed communion; but afterwards the Lord opened my eyes to see baptism; I then wandered from place to place to hear the Word; and was at last enabled to cast in my lot at brother Milner's.'

Mr. Moyll said, he could read his own calling in this, being very similarly led; and then wished him to give an account of his CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

He then went on to say that 'himself and some others took a place in Ratcliffe Highway for sailors to meet, and hear the gospel in. On one of the afternoons he spoke to them with trembling steps, on the 'Smiting of the rock in the wilderness. This was my first subject. Having opened my mouth in the name of the Lord, being requested to do so, I intreated the Lord to appear, in his providence, by opening doors without any seeking of mine; and from time to time one after another came for me. Once in speaking, I was very much cast down by a person coming to hear me to criticize my ministry. I spoke from the words—'The golden pot that had manna.' I had great freedom in speaking. The person afterwards came to me who had but an unfavourable opinion of me, and confessed his surprise, and

satisfaction at the word spoken, gathering therefrom the Lord had sent me to preach. And from that time to the present the Lord has upheld me, though tempted to give it up, yet the Lord has enabled me to persevere.'

Mr. Moyll asked him what doctrines he intended to preach? He then read those usually held by the Calvinists. Mr. Moyll then requested some brother minister, after Mr. Meeres had signified his willingness to become the pastor of that church, to give him the right hand of fellowship; which was done by two or three. Mr. Moyll then supplicated a blessing upon the union thus formed between church and pastor.

The Charge was then addressed to him, by his pastor, Mr. Samuel Milner; from those important words—'Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me.' Ezek. iii. 17. After speaking a word or two upon the good conduct of Mr. Meeres, as a member of his church, and making a few preliminary remarks, Mr. M. proceeded to notice—

First, — The Commission. — Secondly, — The Charge. 'Son of man, you are the son of a weak, frail, and sinful man, a transgressor; not an angel; but a man; 'I have made thee,' none but God can make a man a minister.'; He entered largely into the qualifications requisite for a spiritual watchman; he must be a citizen, not an enemy, an honest man; possess good sight, have vigilance, be very courageous. 'I have made thee a watchman,' not only by qualifying thee, but by calling. The general call of God to his ministers seems to be by inspiring a desire in them, from a right motive; when God intends a man to be a minister he will inake a way for him; and will clear up the way to him, himself. Mr. Milner threw out some wholesome cautions against the snares and temptations to which ministers are exposed. Dr. Gill was once threatened by adversity, if he attempted to reply against a certain great man who had stated erroneous things. The Dr. said, 'I am not afraid to be poor.' Luther said, 'Prayer, meditation, and temptation make a man a minister.' Your darkness and affliction will form some of your best keys to open the Scriptures with. He especially charged him against pulpit tricks and idleness; and not to preach the same sermon twenty or thirty times over, nor the same sermon with another text. You must preach God's word. Some men study to be witty. Let us be serious in these affairs. You must preach reproofs. Some persons say you must preach Christ. Never mind what they say; never lay yourself open to a vitiated taste; take the whole compass of God's word, and preach it as delivered you. And do not dwell merely upon one peculiar topic. Be diligent. Beg, borrow, and steal, any how, so long as you get something for the people. Warn the wicked, Warn professors who are out of the way, and feed the flock of Christ.

Mr. Wyard afterwards addressed the church from—'I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say.' But we cannot now notice it.

[We deeply regret not being able to give but so small a portion of what our correspondent has favoured us with.]

SOME IMPORTANT WORDS

TO "THE HEART WHICH KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS."

"We wait for light, but behold obscurity; for brightness, but we walk in darkness; we grope for the wall like the blind; and we grope as if we had no eyes; we stumble at noon day, as in the night; we are in desolate places as dead men. We roar all like bears, and mourn sore like doves: we look for judgment, but there is none; for salvation, but it is far off from us." Isaiah lix. 9, 10, 11.

DEARLY BELOVED, and longed for in the bowels of Jesus Christ:—Methinks I hear you exclaim, inwardly, after having read the portion of the Word of God which stands at the head of this communication, "Ah! this is surely the very frame of my soul; the inward, soul-felt language of my heart: yea, the very circumstances in which I am found, and the state in which I have been, now, for a long time; so that I am ready to halt, and my feet have well nigh slipped; and the sorrowful language of the Poet has been, many a time, poured out from the abundance of my sorrowful heart—

'Encompass'd with clouds of distress,
Just ready, all hope to resign;
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine.

'Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive, I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.'"

Well; 'it is better to be a living dog, than a dead lion; for, to him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for, the living know (by feeling) that they shall die; but, the dead know not (by feeling) any thing.' And, poor dear Hezekiah told the Lord, after having poured out his sorrowful complaint unto him, 'O, Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit.' The mere hypocrite and dead professor, the unregenerate sinner in Zion, and man-made christian, knows nothing, that is, by feeling, of the things contained in the above text; although I do verily believe there are in this day, thousands who have, or possess a natural speculative knowledge, even of christian experience, and these are the characters, who, if possible, in these last days, deceive the very elect; but the dead professor never felt the things set forth in the text before us; they are descriptive of the peculiar afflictions of Joseph, and describe the time of Jacob's trouble, of which the Lord has said, he will be with
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him in it; and he shall be delivered out of it.

In the words there are eight different, or distinct features, which are to be traced in the experience of God's exercised, living family. Here is, first, Waiting; and that for light and for brightness, though 'beholding obscurity and darkness.' Secondly, Walking, though it be in the midst of that self-same darkness. Thirdly, Gropping; that is, earnestly feeling after an object, even the wall, though it be like the blind, and as if they had no eyes. Fourthly, Stumbling; which a dead thing never did: so that their very stumbling is as much an evidence of life as running: for a man must move before he can stumble, though it be even at noon day. Fifthly, Desolation; or a being in desolate circumstances: that is in barren, unfruitful, cold, dreary, solitary places, like dead men, who never bring forth any living fruit, or increase. Sixthly, Roaring, all like bears. Seventhly, Mourning sore, like doves. And eighthly, Yet still looking for, and expecting, with longing expectation, judgment and salvation; though both these, as to the fullest sense of them, be far off from us.

Now, ye dear souls, be it known unto you, that if ye are waiting, ye are certainly alive, and among the living; for, a dead thing cannot be said, at any time, to wait: and in your waiting you experience a felt sense of your need of a blessing, and your waiting for light and for brightness, is attended with an expectation that springs out of an hope, however small that hope may seem to be in your own account; and in the midst of these things there is also a degree of felt patience, though oft'times, like poor Job, you find the same little patience almost drowned in impatience, while you are quite ready to conclude the blessing of light and brightness will never come unto you, and that the vision which you have seen, or thought you saw, and which you have considered was 'yet for

an appointed time' in your behalf, was nothing more nor less than a vain vision, or a mere chimera of the brain, arising from the workings of a vain imagination, excited by a naturally vivid fancy; yet in your waiting, you wait for blessings, which none but God, who has said, 'light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart' can supply, even light, and brightness of light, or radiance of light, so that you wait for God himself; for God is light;—for Christ, for he is the light of life, the brightness of the Father's glory, or, a morning without clouds, as the clear shining, after rain;—and for the Holy Ghost, by whose bright shining rays, a glorious Christ is revealed to the eye of a living faith: you wait for the word of God to be spoken by the power of the Holy Ghost into your soul's feelings, so as to find, and to feel it a light unto your feet, and a lantern to your path; and you can no more be satisfied without the word of the Lord, as a spoken and felt word, even as the word of light unto you, than a poor creature cast into the lowest, darkest dungeon, where it is impossible a ray of material light can enter, could be satisfied with the testimony that the sun was shining in all its noon day brightness, on, and around those who were walking at large; while you sigh out of the abundance of your hearts, longing, 'When, oh when will it be morning time with me?' feeling and finding that it is not possible that one single portion of the word of God, nor all the letter preaching of the day, though the same be adorned or embellished with rhetorical touches, attended with displays of natural talent, accompanied with all the beauties of language, and what is called forcible, and persuasive appeals, can shed a single ray of light or brightness, joy, comfort, or consolation into your soul, while you wait for *that* which you cannot give yourself, which men nor angels cannot confer, and which must come into your soul from God himself; while you cry—'O, send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me and bring me into thine holy hill! O, my God, bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.'

Art thou a babe in Christ; never having yet experienced the being come to the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh peace as it is applied to the soul, through the power of God the Holy Ghost, and brings pardon into the guilty and

wounded conscience? Art thou waiting till the Lord shall come, and give you to know, by feeling, the blessedness of that word of his, wherein he says—'If we walk in the light, even as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin?' Then nothing short of this will, or can satisfy the longing desire, holy panting, and breathings of thy soul: thou waiting babe—thou longing babe—thou new-born babe—thou weak babe, wait still on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart by granting thee thine heart's desire; and though hope deferred, often maketh thine heart sick, yet the desire, when it cometh, shall be found a tree of life to thy soul. Wait, I say, on the Lord; for he standeth behind thy wall, and will soon leap over it, or break it down.

Art thou a young man, having been enabled some time ago, to overcome the wicked one; and hast walked in the light and rejoiced in the truth; feeling thine interest in Christ, and in all he hath done and suffered? And hath the sweet light of his countenance subsided? Hath he wrapped himself up in his impenetrable clouds, so that you are sorrowfully exclaiming—'O, that I were as in months past, when the candle of the Lord shone upon me,' and when in his light, I walked through darkness; for now I go forward and backward and cannot see him; I look on the right hand where he used to stand by me, and on the left, where he was accustomed to work in my heart, but I cannot find him? Or art thou among the fathers, who have known him, that is, from the beginning, even a covenant Jehovah, in his Trinity of Persons, as being related unto you, in covenant relationship, as your God? And hast thou known him, in all the fulness of his grace and mercy? And may it now be said of you—'She that hath born seven languisheth?' Is thy sun gone down while it was yet day? Are all thy former evidences darkened, and beclouded, so that you see not your signs, while you exclaim—

"Where is the blessedness I felt,
When first I knew the Lord?"

And in your darkness which is felt, you cry out—

"O, for a light to shine upon,
The road which leads me to the Lamb."

While the Lord is still pleased to keep back, or hide the face of his throne from thy view, and the heavens are thick with blackness; your God hath wrapped himself up in thick clouds and darkness, in which he is pleased to dwell? You know what it is to wait for light and for brightness, and in your daily experience you find that though you remember the Lord from the land of Jordan, (that is, how the Lord went forth for your deliverance, in bringing thee dry shod through Jordan into the Canaan of inheritance;) and also the sweet Hermonite seasons you have enjoyed in the land, when refreshing dew descended on thy soul; and though you remember the dear hill Mizar, where thou didst once hold and enjoy sweet communion and fellowship with thy God, yet the language of your soul is, 'My God, I want thee to command again thy lovingkindness unto my soul in the day time; so that in the night my song may be again unto thee;' and for that day time my prayer is unto the God of my life, and for which I wait and long more than they that wait and watch for the literal morning. 'But ah!' say you, 'in the midst of my waiting, (if waiting it may be deemed,) and waiting for light and for brightness, for wisdom, for counsel, for direction, for fresh tokens from, and fresh manifestations, of my God, behold obscurity and darkness is mine; gloomy darkness in providential affairs; dark clouds envelope my every prospect; obscure, and mysterious dealings, and that of the Lord's hand too, drive me into bewilderment, which the penetrating eye of sense and reason cannot possibly develop; and yet unable to say, soul-feelingly, though I admit the same as a glorious truth in my judgment,

"And ev'ry dark and bending line,
Meet in the centre of his love."

The devil roars from without, and within a threatening sound; while inward foes, like swarms of locusts arise, and seem to blacken the very air, so that neither light nor brightness breaks through them to your present joy or consolation; and instead of realizing the blessing, you are made to long and to wait for it; instead of light and brightness being enjoyed, darkness and obscurity have been, and still are your's to witness. Well, dear souls, he will bring thee forth to the light, and thou shalt behold his right-

ousness, when he shall again say, 'Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee;' and what a mercy your waiting thus, is not the dead stand still, nor presumptuous slothfulness of a dead faith, but you are still walking, though it be in darkness, and as walking indicates life and motion, even a going from place to place, so you find in your soul what it is to go from hope to fear, and from fear to hope; and so you are led about as the Lord led his people about in the wilderness, and instructed them while he kept them as the apple of his eye.

The Editor says, I must here break off, which I do very reluctantly; but he promises most certainly to enable me to finish this my epistle to you next month. Believe me to be,

Your companion in tribulation, and servant for Christ's sake, in the bonds of the gospel,

WILLIAM SKELTON, S.S.

Baptist Parsonage, Aldringham, Suffolk,

The People of God led forth by a Right Way:

A Spiritual Dissertation upon

THE TYPICAL CHARACTERS OF THE
TWELVE SONS OF JACOB.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR BROTHER—In coming again to the subject which I have before attempted to lay before you, I feel that to be true in my soul what the woman of Samaria said—'the well is deep, and, I have nothing to draw with.' The Holy Ghost says when God 'opened Hagar's eyes, *she saw a well of water*'—and, without any difficulty, 'she went: filled her bottle; and gave the lad to drink.' I know there is a well of water—and that it is called 'Beer-lahai-roi;' (that is, 'the well of him that liveth, and seeth me:.' surely, this well must be typical of that everlasting covenant of grace, which is ordered in all things, and sure! The well of Him that liveth! This was one of the things which John was commanded to write unto the churches—I AM HE THAT LIVETH, and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore.' My friends, my feelings, my comforts, my prospects may die; but Jesus liveth, to watch over, to defend, to provide for his church and people. I say again, I know

there is a well of water—but all I can do, is to cry out, as Israel did—(Num. xxi. 16, 17.) ‘Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it.’ I do really need the direction of the Law-giver; and I want the staff of divine anointing and heavenly authority put into my soul before I can dig into the well, so as to bring forth the precious things therein contained. I have set out to shew that the first six sons of Jacob were typical of the provisions made by the LORD JEHOVAH in the everlasting covenant of grace. I have spoken of Reuben, of Simeon, of Levi, of Judah. *Issachar*, then is the next to be considered.

It is not only in the mere interpretation of *Issachar*'s name that Christ is to be found; but also in the blessed things predicted of him. The learned agree to render the word *Issachar* as meaning ‘a price’—‘a recompense, or reward.’ Thus it truly points to Christ’s covenanting to pay a price, and to make a sacrifice for the redemption of the church. In *Issachar*, I see the Son of God covenanting to pay the full price which law and justice did demand; and in *Issachar* I also see the promise made unto Christ, that his reward should be with him.

Surely, as David bought the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite, and the oxen for a certain price; so also did Christ covenant to redeem the church, and all the oxen, at no less a price than that of his own most precious blood. They are bold and expressive words which the Apostle writes—‘Ye are bought with a price.’ Who are bought? ‘The Church of God.’ What is the price? Ask Peter: his soul appears to be fired with the subject, ‘Not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ.’ When was this price agreed upon? ‘The scheme of making peace with God, (says one,) or of appeasing divine justice and of making reconciliation for sin, was planned in the everlasting council, which (in Zech. vi. 13,) is called ‘the council of peace.’ God was there, and there in Christ reconciling the whole number of his elect unto himself. Christ was verily foreordained before the foundation of the world, to be made sin for us, and to put away sin, and sin’s curse and condemnation from us; and it was then and there determined that all this should be done by ‘His own self bearing (or lifting off and lifting up) our sins in his

own body on the tree. And in heaven, before sin or satan had a being, this divine agreement was clenched with this most glorious and immutable promise on the Father’s side—‘When his soul shall make an offering for sin, he shall see his seed—[Christ did not shed his precious blood for nobody knows who; for any-body, or every-body, or no-body. No, no. He saw the whole number of his elect; they were all known to him; they were all present with him. This was one of the five glorious things which Moses spake of Christ. (Deut. xxxiii. 21.) He says, Christ ‘provided the first part for himself; that is, the covenant of grace, with all that it contained; because there in a portion of the law-giver was he seated; set up in the covenant as Head over all things; and *he came WITH*—not merely *for*, nor on the behalf of—though this would be true—‘but he came *with the heads of the people*’; for them he executed the justice of the Lord, and his judgements with Israel.’ Therefore he shall see his seed,] he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands.’ The price being paid, the reward shall be certain.

Issachar meaneth not only *price*; but recompense and reward. *Issachar* was therefore a type of the price which Christ should pay, and the reward he should receive.

Who is that which saith—(Deut. xxxii. 35.)—‘To me belongeth vengeance and recompense?’ I believe it is the Lord God of Israel. The fury of divine vengeance fell upon him: the fullness of redemption’s recompense shall be given to him. Even so, in a spiritual sense, (as is written in the 39th and 40th verses) ‘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.’

But, you say, how can all this be made to stand with the prophetic declarations made by Jacob and Moses concerning *Issachar*? As for instance, Jacob calleth *Issachar* ‘a *strong ass* couching down between two burdens: and he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and he bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant to tribute.’

Well; a more exact prophecy concerning the humiliation—and the stooping down, of our glorious Immanuel cannot be found. Here, certainly Jacob saw his Lord clothed with humility:

groaning under the burden of our sins, and prostrate in the dust. There Jacob preached three gospel truths. First, the cause of Christ's humiliation—'he saw the rest was good.' Secondly—there is the voluntary surrender of the Lord of life and glory—'he bowed his shoulder to bear.' Thirdly, there is the end he had in view—'he became a servant unto tribute.' You, my dear brother, may feel somewhat hurt, at the first, to think that the holy and righteous, the pure and perfect Lamb of God should be prefigured by that of 'a strong ass.' But let me explain to you a little if I can: And, in the first place, asses, especially white asses, were esteemed by the people of the East, as being the most noble beasts; and they certainly were so. Deborah gives us to understand (Judges v. 10.) that those who sat in judgment rode on white asses; and she commanded them to speak and to declare the counsels of God. Besides, the word which is rendered 'ass'—(as the learned tell me,)—meaneth 'one that is *sure in the tread*,' a sure-footed creature:—and I know you will agree with me, that what Moses swore unto Joshua, is true in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ—'Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden, shall be thine inheritance; and thy children's for ever.' (Joshua xiv. 9.) Our most lovely, faithful, and Almighty Jehovah-Jesus has never yet made a false step; his feet have never slidden backwards. With his feet he walked through the whole counsel of God; through the whole covenant of grace; through the whole of creation; through the whole election of grace; and all that land has been given to him. All things were made by him, and for him: as the apostle wondrously sums it up—'Of him, and through him, and to him are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen.'

Our glorious Issachar was *strong*; he is *strong*: and his tread always has been, it always will be—sure. There was no failure in him. For the elect's sake, he went to the end of the law, and magnified it; to the end of God's wrath, and endured it; to the end of sin, and cancelled it; to the end of the kingdom of darkness, and conquered it; to the end of the Father's purpose, and accomplished it; and he is, by the gospel, accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost, going to the very ends of the earth, to take out of all nations 'a peo-

ple for his name;' (Acts xv. 14.) 'The destroyer of the gentiles (saith Jeremiah,) is on his way. Yes; the devil, as a devourer and a destroyer, has long been on his way: but Christ, as the Redeemer and Restorer of his own elect is strong—yea, stronger than the strong man armed. He will say—[and, oh, what power is there in his voice! His voice broke up the fountains of the deep in my soul; his voice dispelled nature's darkness from my mind; his voice snapped assunder the bands of death, entwined around my heart; his voice raised me from the sleep of death, into the newness of eternal life. 'The voice of the Lord, says David, is upon the waters; it is powerful; it is full of majesty; it breaketh the cedars of Lebanon; [and that is no easy task, the Philippian jailor to wit:] the voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire; shakes the wilderness of Kadesh—(that is the whole church of the living God; for she is a wilderness of herself; but Christ shakes her to the very centre;)—the voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests;' (that is, as my soul is led to find, he maketh the barren woman (the poor desolate heart of the child of God) to keep house; and to be a joyful mother of children;) and in this way he goes on until, as the psalmist concludes the story—'IN HIS TEMPLE DOETH EVERY ONE SPEAK OF HIS GLORY.' for] 'he will say to the north, *give up*: and to the south *keep not back*: bring my sons from afar; and my daughters from the ends of the earth.' Truly, in every sense of the word, *Issachar is a strong ass*.

It has been said—'but the ass, though a noble creature, was deemed by the Levitical law, *unclean*;' true; and yet it was predicted of Christ, and literally fulfilled by Christ, that he should come riding upon an ass: five days before his death, he entered into Jerusalem riding upon an ass; 'and many spread their garments in the way: and others cut down branches off the trees, and strawed them in the way: and they that went before, made this wonderful proclamation—Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; blessed be *the kingdom of our father David*, that cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosannah in the highest.'

Was there any meaning in all this? I do believe there was indeed. Look at these three things: and consider—(1.)

The ass. Was it not in the east a noble creature, and yet unclean? Did not this prefigure man as the noble workmanship of God, but as having fallen under the curse, through the power of the devil? Did Christ ride upon the ass? Did not this shew that it was the sin and uncleanness of the church that brought him down to this low estate, down to persecution, temptation, agony, bloody sweat, and death? Did Christ send and take this ass—*was it not his own?* Did not this declare the great gospel truth—'He that knew no sin, was made sin for us?'

"Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!"

Surely, here was the strength of his eternal Godhead, in that he who thought it not robbery to be EQUAL WITH GOD, made himself of no reputation, but took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: HUMBLED HIMSELF! and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. 'Christ's appearance was very mean, he was sitting upon an ass; a creature made not for state but for service; not for battles, but for burdens; slow in its motions, but sure, and safe, and constant. There was a peculiar significance in all this! Zion's King comes riding, not on a prancing horse, which the timorous petitioner dares not come near; or a running horse, which the slow-footed petitioner cannot keep pace with; but on a quiet ass, that the poorest of his subjects may not be discouraged in their access to him.'

The spreading branches of trees denoted the certain victory which he would attain unto; and the acclamation—'Blessed be the kingdom of our father David that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest,' declared who he was: the whole spiritual kingdom of God's elect was in him and with him. In the coming of Christ, came the whole kingdom of grace and eternal glory. Our spiritual Issachar was strong in condescension—strong in possession—and strong in victory.

I find it impossible to trace this part of the subject out further now: the Lord permitting, you shall hear more of Issachar and Zebulun next month. I am thankful to inform you that my soul is in peace. I find that Scripture very blessed indeed—'In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.' Trust in the Lord, my brother; and believe me a lover of poor Zion, and a willing labourer in her vineyard,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

6, Pagoda Terrace, Bermondsey New Road,

A View of Christ on the Cross.

WHAT means that massy cross of wood,
That stands on yon conspicuous ground?
And what, that stream of vital blood,
Which, from it runs in torrents down?

Alas! I see it downward flows,
From some poor victim's bleeding wounds;
How poignant seem his dying woes!
How full of agony his groans!

I'll nearer stand, that I may view
The myst'ries of this solemn place;
And see if I can fathom who
Is hanging there, in such disgrace.

Of what foul nature, is the deed,
For which he's doom'd to suffer there?
His bursting, torturing heart strings bleed;
His mournful groanings pierce the air.

The earth and rocks are rent in twain,
He cleaves them with his piteous woe;
Look yet again, his flesh is maim'd,
And his pure spirit's wounded too.

I'll turn and ask my conscience, now,
The name of this poor dying man;
What is the cause of all his woe,
And what the crimes his hands have done?

I've learnt. And oh! I blush to tell,
It is my Jesus' piercing cries;
To save my sinful soul from hell,
The great Creator bleeds and dies.

More precious in the sight of God,
Than heaven's bright hosts—is my poor soul;
Since he could freely shed his blood,
To save it from the lowest hell.

High in the heavens, he pleads my cause,
Before his Father's glorious throne;
He sympathizes for my woes,
And makes my grievances his own.

If but one single sin remain'd,
Lest that should my poor soul undo,
He'd pant to come and die again,
And all his former griefs renew.

Not one is left—no, not a stain;
They all upon my Saviour lay;
My Jesus dried his ev'ry vein,
To wash the frightful sum away.

What tongue is adequate to tell,
The merits of that blood, divine,
Which hath redeem'd from death and hell,
The worst of souls, yea, even mine?

Not all the tongues of angels, bright,
Nor seraphs that surround his throne;
How, then, can I praise him aright,
Who am, at best, a sinful worm?

Dear Lord, it will not, cannot be,
While in this wilderness I live;
I scarce can raise a thought to thee,
Much less a song of praise to give.

O, could I flee above the skies,
And soar beyond the orb of day!
I'd cease not, then, to sing thy praise,
Nought should my happy song allay.

HELLEN MARIA CAREY.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON THE Ordination Service of Mr. J. L. Meeres,

New Church-street, Bermondsey.

Letters from different parts of the country have reached us, expressing much dissatisfaction at the insertion of a brief notice of Mr. Meeres's ordination. Now, the fact is, our correspondent who

furnished the report of that service, had made some excellent notes on the very points which have given such offence; but both our hands and our pages were full at the time; and we were under the necessity either of abridging the report sent us, leaving out the author's critical remarks, or of abandoning it altogether. We certainly had much better have adopted the latter course, but under the circumstances, we could not. "Theta" has our thanks for his plain dealing; and the substance of "Old Sincerity's" letter we here subjoin.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

Dear Sir:—Far be it from me to 'Make a man an offender, for a word.' Nevertheless, we are commanded to 'believe not all words that are spoken.' And, although there are some good and sound words spoken in the ordination service of Mr. Meeres, there are others which appear as dead flies in the ointment of the apothecary; causing it to send forth a stinking savour to those whose senses are exercised to discern good and evil.

I have read the *Earthen Vessel* from its commencement, with much pleasure and profit, promoted its sale wherever I could, and hope to see it prosper in the hands of the Lord to his own glory, and the soul-comforting, and soul-establishing of his poor afflicted people. And I highly esteem the chief manager of the periodical, and some others connected with it; and I am aware of the difficulty a manager of such a work has to satisfy all correspondents and readers. But I am not cavilling merely for argument's sake, nor from any prejudice against the preachers at the above ordination; for I know nothing of them as preachers, only from that which is before me in the *Vessel*, and as 'charity hopeth all things,' I would hope they are gracious men; but, if we are gracious men, we may have some failings, and must not spurn at admonition, especially when we are 'admonished in love;' and indeed I mean nothing more; for, I love all good men of God, though I often hate my own life. But, as I desire to see the *Vessel* prosper, I could wish to see it continue a clean *Vessel*, with salt in it. 'Have salt in yourselves, and peace one with another.'

Passing over many things in this Ordination Service, (and indeed I do not think much of ordinations by men,) there appears nothing in the Experience and Call of Mr. Meeres above the common place calls of mere moral lecturers of the day, calling themselves gospel ministers. Yea, many Arminian preachers will give you much the same account; and perhaps, go further. Conviction and conversion are distinct; many are convicted who are not converted to God. But in this account of his call, there is nothing clear, nor satisfactory; he does not mention one passage of Scripture brought to his mind through the power of the Spirit, in his conviction, conversion, or by grace, or call to the ministry. Not one

passage of Scripture mentioned, that killed him under the law; nor any spot pointed out, where he lost his life, his legal life under the law; not one passage of Scripture brought forward to shew how he was raised up by the Holy Spirit of life, unto life, peace, and joy in God, through the power of the Holy Ghost; no light spot shewn where the Spirit of life lifted him out of the dunghill of self, and self-righteousness, into the life and righteousness of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; no account of his marriage day to Christ; nor of Christ being revealed in him the hope of glory; only that he 'had impressions at a Sunday School; forsook the theatres; wandered from place to place, from chapel to chapel; and his eyes were opened to see Baptism, and was enabled at last to cast in his lot at brother Milner's.' It certainly is a very vague account, and does not amount in the detail, to the common-place experience of a private christian, and is most certainly a shallow account of a minister of the gospel.

As for Mr. Moyll bolstering the man up, by saying, 'he could read his own calling in this account, it being very similar to this,' I know not what sort of a calling Mr. Moyll has had; but if this be his judgement I, think he has never read much of his own heart, nor the lessons which the Holy Spirit teaches, when souls are called by grace, or to the ministry.

Mr. Meeres' call to the ministry is more vague still. 'Himself and some others took a place in Ratcliffe Highway, for sailors to meet, and hear the gospel.' 'Himself! who knows but that it was but HIMSELF?' There are many young men who get a notion that they can preach, and hire places to hear themselves talk in rotation; learn to harangue a few people; and then persuade themselves they are sent to preach; because they can talk about the Scriptures.

The country at this day is full of preachers. Teachers are heaped up on all sides now, 'having itching ears.' They themselves begin to preach, and their ears begin to itch, hearkening in every direction to bear their own fame; and if any ignorant person will scratch their ears, by saying, 'I heard you well, you can preach; you are called to the ministry;' the work is done; and the preacher is pleased, and satisfied from the sanction of man, and perhaps, can give no satisfactory account that God has called him, ordained him, or consecrated him to that solemn work, though he may have called himself, and be called by others, and ordained a preacher by men. Let all preachers who cannot give a satisfactory account of their call to preach the gospel, go to Northampton, and hear the awful account, and confession, and recent death of the preacher Briggs.

I know nothing of Mr. Meeres, only by the communication, through the *Earthen Vessel*, which is no satisfactory proof that he is called to the ministry; for there is no account of God's calling him to the ministry either by the voice of the Lord the Spirit in his soul, or by any particular word of God spoken to him; and I believe that ministers called to that solemn work are moved both by the Spirit and the Word conjointly, and can give some account of their call to the work. But, Mr. Meeres says 'he took a place, took a text, and took to preaching; and once he trembled because a critic was before him.' Many lecturers have trembled when rising to lecture on politics, or any other worldly topics; fearing they should not acquit themselves cleverly, and 'afterwards have had great freedom in speaking.' But as soon as this critic, before Mr. Meeres, expressed his surprise and satisfaction at the word spoken, Mr. Meeres gathered therefrom, the Lord had sent him to preach!!! Mr. Meeres, is this your proof and satisfaction, that you are called to preach the gospel? It appears like man's work altogether; you were afraid of the man lest he should not approve of your preaching; and then you were satisfied of your call to preach as soon as the man applauded you. I know nothing of you, Mr. Meeres, nor of the people of your charge; but if you are called to preach, I would advise you to seek for a more satisfactory proof of it: for, depend upon it, if there are any spiritual people among you, they are not all satisfied with your testimony, if you are yourself.

And to conclude, I am not a little surprised at Mr. Milner, (having heard a good account of him,) that he should ordain a man from such a testimony. But really the note taken from Mr. Milner's charge to Mr. Meeres, lowers my opinion of him exceedingly, if he really means what he says in some of his expressions; such as the following:—'Some persons say you must preach Christ; never mind what they say.' What! never mind what they say about preaching Christ? What is a minister of Jesus Christ to preach about but Christ? A sermon without Christ, is like a system without a sun; a confused dark chaos, without light; a shadow, without a substance; the white of an egg without salt; a dead body without a soul; yea, put all good works, and bad works; good words and bad words of men together; all your wisdom and knowledge; and all your sermons and sayings together; yea, gather every fragment of the material, intellectual, moral, and visible creation together, and it would make but one dismal hell of misery and confusion to a heaven-born soul; if Christ is not there, the only light, life, and glory of my soul is left out. Paul was 'determined to know no-

thing among men but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' 'Christ is all and in all.'

'Give me Christ, or else I die.'

O, my soul now saith, 'Give me Christ, and you may have all else beside.' Surely, friend Milner, it was an unadvised slip of your tongue; was it not so? But you go on to say, 'Be diligent; beg, borrow, and steal; any how, so long as you get something for the people.' What! Are the feelings and pleasures of a people, (what sort of a people are they?) to be valued and sought after above the glory of God, and the honour of his Christ? What! is a preacher to borrow and steal, any how, from other men's brains, sermons, books, and commentaries, to get something for the people, rather than the immediate word which the Spirit gives him for the people? 'Behold, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that steal my words every one from his neighbour.' Jer. xxiii 30. When God sends his word in the power of the Spirit, in a minister, it is hammer and fire, that melts the soul down into the love of Christ, consumes the wickedness from the souls of his people, and makes us joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

OLD SINCERITY.

July 6, 1847.

[We cannot, upon the whole, regret the insertion of the ordination service; for in the first place, it clearly shows, how quickly a man is put into the ministry in these days. And, secondly, it has given "Old Sincerity" an opportunity of writing an honest, straightforward letter upon the subject. We certainly do most deeply regret the insertion of Mr. Milner's advice to his young Timothy—to beg, borrow, and steal, any how.' This one sentence has seemed to thrill with horror through the souls of all honest men who have read it. But is not that one sentence a key which unlocks and lays open much that is mysterious about many ministers? 'How do ye account for it' (says a friend) 'that many men, are manifestly destitute of spiritual unction, life, and power; and yet they stand for years, dealing out gospel truth; and get a people to support them?' How do ye account for it? Why, read Ezekiel xvii. 3—6. That eagle represents an unclean presumptuous man who crops off the tops of other men's branches, carries them into a land of traffick (the professing church, who are selling Christ and the gospel by wholesale now,) and plants them in a fruitful field, that is natural talent, where they grow, and become spreading vines. We are inclined to hope, however, Mr. Milner did not really mean what he said; but more of this next month.]

THE DYING MOMENTS OF
William Janeway and his Son.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century, there sprang up in the county of Hertfordshire, the family of the Janeways; a father and five sons, the whole of whom are spoken of as men of much fervent zeal, talent, and usefulness, in the ministration of the gospel in those dangerous times. An interesting account of them is given in the seventh volume of *Nelson's Puritan Divines*. There is in the following extracts, something so illustrative of the dark conflicts, as well as the glorious manifestations of heavenly light and love, which often attend the dying moments of the Lord's people, that we feel persuaded they will not only be read with the deepest interest, but are calculated to be useful to fearful souls. Our first extract is concerning the death of the father, Mr. William Janeway. Stand, reader, for a moment, beside the bed of this dying servant of Jesus Christ! See what death sometimes is even to the christian. The writer says—

Being under dark apprehensions of mind in his last illness, he expressed himself in the following manner to his son:—'Oh, John! this passing into eternity, is a great thing; this dying is a solemn business, and enough to make any one's heart ache, that hath not his pardon sealed and his evidences for heaven clear. And truly, son, I am under no small fears as to my estate for another world. Oh that God would clear his love! Oh that I could say cheerfully, I can die; and upon good grounds be able to look death in the face, and venture upon eternity with well-grounded peace and comfort!' His son, after making a suitable reply, which, however, did not restore his peace, retired to solitary prayer, earnestly imploring that his beloved father might be filled with joy in believing, as a token for good in leaving the world. These intercessions were manifestly heard and answered by a very bright beam of the divine countenance. Upon returning to his father, the son inquired how he felt himself. No answer was given; but the departing saint, though little subject to such emotions, wept for a long time, in an extraordinary manner, till at last he broke forth in the language of impassioned exultation—'Oh, son! now it is come, it is come, it is come. I bless God I can die: the Spirit of God hath witnessed with my spirit that I am his child. Now I can look upon God as my dear Father, and Christ as my Redeemer: I can now say, This is my Friend, and this is my beloved! My heart is full; it is brim full; I can hold no more. I know now what that sentence means, 'The peace of God which passeth understanding.'

I know now what that white stone is, whereon a new name is written, which none know but they who have it. And that fit of weeping which you saw me in: was a fit of overpowering love and joy, so great, that I could not for my heart contain myself; neither can I express what glorious discoveries God hath made of himself unto me. And had that joy been greater, I question whether I could have born it, and whether it would not have separated soul and body. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name, that hath pardoned all my sins, and sealed the pardon. He hath healed my wounds, and caused the bones which he had broken to rejoice. O help me to bless the Lord! He hath put a new song into my mouth. O bless the Lord for his infinite goodness and mercy! Oh, now I can die! It is nothing; I bless God, I can die. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.'

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

It is recorded of William Janeway, (the son of the elder, before spoken of,) that he was most remarkable for retirement, meditation, and prayer. Observing his constant practice of retiring either into the church, or some solitary room, (says one of his bosom friends,) 'I once hid myself that I might take the more exact notice of the intercourse that I judged was kept up between him and God. But, oh! what a spectacle did I see! Surely a man walking with God, conversing intimately with his Maker, and maintaining a holy familiarity with the great Jehovah. Methought I saw one talking with God:—methought I saw a spiritual merchant in a heavenly exchange, driving a rich trade for the treasures of another world. Oh, what a glorious sight it was! Methinks I see him still. How sweetly did his face shine! Oh, with what a lovely countenance did he walk up and down; his lips going, his body oft reaching up, as if he would have taken his flight into heaven! His looks, smiles, and every motion spake him to be upon the very confines of eternal glory. Oh, had but one known what he was then feeding on! Sure he had meat to eat which the world knew not of! Did we but know how welcome God made him when he brought him into his banquetting house. That which one might easily perceive his heart to be most fixed upon, was the infinite love of God in Christ to the poor lost sons and daughters of Adam. To use his own words:—'God,' said he, 'holds mine eyes most upon his goodness and promises, which are most sure and firm in Christ. His love to us is greater, surer, fuller, than ours to ourselves. For, when we loved ourselves so as to destroy ourselves, he loved us so as to save us.'

Oh that there was more of this real doing

business with the eternal God! More waiting upon him! More retired communion with him! Then, indeed, would there be less of empty profession, and more soul-satisfying acquaintance with God than is now commonly enjoyed: But William Janeway was not designed for many years in this world. Being called forth into the ministry of the Word, he only lived to preach two sermons. Consumption brought him to the grave at the early age of twenty-three.

His death-bed was a field of triumph; and as his ardent soul approached eternity, it seemed to catch the splendours of the invisible world, and reflect their glories around the dark valley, and upon every spectator of the rapturous scene.

About eight-and-forty hours before his death, his eyes were dim, and his sight much failed; his jaws shook and trembled, and his feet were cold, and all the symptoms of death were upon him, and his extreme parts were already almost dead and senseless; and yet, even then, his joys were, if possible, greater still. He had so many fits of joy unspeakable, that he seemed to be in one continued act of seraphic love and praise. He spake like one that was just entering into the gates of the new Jerusalem; the greatest part of him was now in heaven; not a word dropped from his mouth but it breathed Christ and heaven.

When ministers or Christians came to see him, he would beg of them to spend all the time they had with him in praise. 'O help me to praise God; I have nothing else to do, from this time to eternity, but to praise and love God. I have what my soul desires upon earth. I want but one thing, and that is, a speedy lift to heaven. I expect no more here, I cannot desire more, I cannot bear more. Oh, praise, praise, praise that infinite, boundless love, that hath, to a wonder, looked upon my soul, and done more for me than thousands of his dear children. Oh, bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Oh, help me, help me, O my friends, to praise and admire him that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul; he hath pardoned all my sins, he hath filled me with his goodness, he hath given me grace and glory, and no good thing hath he withheld from me.'

'Come, help me with praises, all that's sittle; come, help me, O ye glorious and mighty angels, who are so well skilled in this heavenly work of praise! Praise him, all ye creatures upon the earth; let everything that hath being help me to praise him! Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment for ever.'

A little before he died, in the prayer, or rather praises, he was so wrapt up with admi-

ration and joy, that he could scarce forbear shouting for joy. In conclusion, with abundance of faith and fervency, he said aloud, 'Amen, amen!'

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JAMES JANEWAY.

James Janeway was an indefatigable preacher of Christ's pure and precious gospel during the time of the great plague in London.

As soon as the persecuting spirit of the age allowed, a chapel, or meeting-house, as it was then termed, was erected for him in Jamaica Row, Rotherhithe. It was, however, pulled down by the soldiers; but the people built another on the same spot upon a larger scale.

The high party, being exceedingly exasperated at his popularity and success, made several attempts on his life. On one occasion, as he was walking along the wall at Rotherhithe, he had a narrow escape from a shot. The bullet went through his hat, but inflicted no personal injury.

He had a great conflict with satan some-while before his leaving the world; and truly I do not wonder that the devil should buffet him who had with such vigour and success endeavoured to overthrow his kingdom: To prepare him for the encounter, the Lord at first did shine upon his soul, and gave him some assurance that heaven was his inheritance. But afterwards there intervened a cloud, and satan's chain was lengthened. That lion roared upon him and endeavoured to disturb his peace. The accuser of the brethren was very fierce in his accusations, and so far prevailed, that Mr. Janeway cried out, *I am at infinite uncertainties as to my future state. I thought I had been sincere, but satan tells me I have been a hypocrite; and then added, Whatever you do, do not dally in religion; it is only godliness in the power of it, that can strengthen against the fear of death.* Satan would not yet give over, but having begun to batter his faith, gives a fresh assault; then with a mournful voice he cried out, *Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! Infinite! everlasting! everlasting! everlasting!* A relation that stood by, added, *An eternity of glory!* To which he replied, *Of horror! of horror! unspeakable horror!*

This was his conflict, and truly it was a sore one. But after this blackest darkness, followed the break of day. Satan prevailed so far, that he might be the more remarkably foiled, for the God of peace did 'tread the evil one under his feet.' The Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, did visit him and bare witness with his spirit that he was a child of God.

Not long before he died, he blessed God for the assurance of his love, and said, *He could now as easily die as shut his eyes; and*

added, *here am I longing to be silent in the dust, and enjoying Christ in Glory. I long to be in the arms of Jesus. It is not worth while to weep for me.* Then, remembering how busy the devil had been about him, he was exceedingly thankful to God for his goodness in rebuking him.

Afterwards, he brake forth, saying, though so weak, with a loud voice, *Amen! Hallelujah!* and desired others to join with him; which they not presently doing, he added—'James Janeway is the only singer.' He was quickly seized upon with another rapture of joy, and thus expressed it:—'Millions of praises to the most high Jehovah! Heaven and earth praise him! Ye mountains and hills praise him! All his hosts praise him! All ye saints bless him, who hath visited us in our low estate, and redeemed us unto himself! All must be ascribed to free grace from the beginning to the end.'

Then he begged of God that 'he would bless his people, and take away animosities and names of division from among them.' These were the last words which he was heard to speak distinctly. Thus, triumphantly, he went to glory.

Life of the late Henry Fowler.

(Continued from p. 138.)

"About the year 1812, I left preaching at Ivybridge; the cause of which was this: there was a preacher who used to preach in turn with me in the above place: he was high in doctrine, and on the doctrines he chiefly dwelt. The arminians also had a place in the same village, and they used to have the largest number of hearers, and no wonder, as their doctrines are so congenial with every natural man's ideas. My fellow-preacher seeing the arminians so prosperous, proposed to my honest friend, Mr. Ford, to meet the arminians half-way, that we might increase our congregation and be more prosperous also. Mr. Ford was indignant at such a proposal, and told my fellow-preacher that he would sooner close our meeting-house than say a confederacy with the arminians; and gave the preacher to understand that his services could be dispensed with. The next Lord's day, or shortly after, the said high Calvinistic preacher went over to the arminians, and preached for them; for he was determined to be more *prosperous*, though at the expense of truth. When I came to the village at my usual time, lo! my congregation was gone after the said preacher to the arminians, and I had the mortification to preach to less than a dozen hearers; I took for my text these words, 'Who hath believed our report, and to whom

is the arm of the Lord revealed?' Our place was then closed, and I believe remained so for some years. This affair exercised my mind not a little, and many questions arose in my mind whether I had any business there at first? I thought if the people had truly believed my report, (and I knew it was a good report,) they would not have joined the arminians. 'Many are called, but few chosen.'"

* * * * *

"For some months the providence of God appeared all against me; for by deaths failures, and removals, my sources seemed nearly dried up, so that I was sinking money every week for several months; and I had now four young children, over whom I have shed many tears, and for whom I have put up many a prayer to my covenant God and Father: for they lay near my heart.

"I was now shut up every way, and hemmed in on every side. This is the time, reader, for prayer, and for a man to prove God's faithfulness to his promise. But flesh and blood do not like this rugged road. My health was delicate at this time, and my nerves greatly shook with outward and inward trials. Having very little business, I thought I would go over to Bristol a week or two, to visit two of my very dear friends in the Lord, to whom I felt a close union; in order to relieve both body and mind. After committing myself and family into the hands of my God by prayer and supplication, though in much weakness, and with many fears, I made up my mind to go to Bristol. My object was not to preach unless a door was fairly thrown open to me. I made arrangements accordingly; and as I was passing through the market place at Plymouth, I fell in with a man with whom I had had some slight acquaintance, and talked with him some time on the subject of religion chiefly. I said, 'I shall not see you again for sometime, as I am going to Bristol in a few days.' 'Indeed,' he said, 'will you take a letter for me to Bristol?' I said, 'Yes, certainly.' He said, 'Will you not preach there?' I said, 'I cannot say anything about preaching.' 'Will you go to Manchester?' said this man. 'How far is it?' I said, 'He said, 'three hundred miles!' I said, 'No; that is out of the question.' 'Well then,' he said, 'I will write a line to Mr. Robins, of Bristol, and I am sure he will let you preach for him there.' I said 'I am not anxious about preaching, but I will take a line to Mr. Robins.'

This man also asked me if I would visit Birmingham, provided I should be requested and I consented. He therefore wrote to the people at Birmingham to send to me at Bristol. When I arrived at Bristol, I delivered the letter for Mr. Robins; and received for answer, that Mr. Robins was then

in London. Mr. Robins' friend opened the letter and read it; and observed to me he could say nothing about my preaching in their chapel, as they had two or three preachers since Mr. Robins went to London, but did not approve of one of them, and therefore they had dismissed them. I said 'my object here is not to preach but to see two friends: certainly I would preach if a door were fairly opened; but by no means would I obtrude.' We entered into spiritual conversation; and when I was going, he said, 'Suppose you come and preach on Lord's day morning: I should like to hear you once.' I agreed to his proposal, and went and breakfasted with him on the Lord's day morning. I read, and engaged in prayer in the family; and the blessed Lord poured upon me the spirit of grace and supplication in a most remarkable manner. I was humbled in the dust, and could say with my whole soul, 'Thy will be done.' I could now leave the Lord to make darkness light, and crooked things straight. I have often tried to do these things in my own strength, but could not. I was now contented with my lot, and made willing to follow the Lord wherever he might go, and not attempt to go before him, nor dictate to him. I now found the truth of this promise in my heart, 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.' The great stumbling block was now removed: I had tried to remove it, but in vain; and I had often prayed the Lord to bring into entire submission to his will my will; for I often in my trials in providence discovered a selfish spirit working in me that was nothing less than rebellion against God. Nothing humbles, nothing teaches like grace.

When I had finished prayer, as above, I looked at the old people present, and I thought that they partook of my enjoyments; they seemed too full to speak for several minutes; and I saw tears of joy flow from their eyes. When they had recovered themselves, they began to speak to me with the utmost pleasure; all their scruples were removed, and they seemed as much at home with me as if they had known me some years. In this frame we went to chapel, and the dew rested on my branch. As we went to chapel, the old man said to me, 'You will give yourself out to preach again at night.' I said, 'I cannot say anything about preaching again; perhaps once will be quite enough for you, and myself also.' I rejoiced, but it was with trembling; for having been so often buffeted by satan, and deceived by my own heart, after the Lord showered down his blessings upon me, it put me on my guard. I was favoured with much light, peace, and liberty in preaching that morning, and the people appeared fixed and attentive. Service ended I gave out, that from the feelings I had, I would preach again at night, provided there

was no objection. This gave very general satisfaction, I soon perceived. I returned and dined with the old man before mentioned, and we had some good conversation on the things of God. He remarked to me, 'When I heard you break off so abruptly, and saw you sit down so suddenly, I was afraid you would not preach again, and I felt sorry that I should have been so scrupulous at the first.' I said, 'You did right: we are not to lay hands suddenly upon any man; but prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.'

I should have observed, that after the Lord that morning had favoured me in prayer, I had a firm persuasion that he was now about to work, and that he would employ me wholly in the ministry; but where I knew not. I stopped with the people at Bristol two or three Lord's days at their request; and before I left them, they had several meetings among themselves to see if means could not be devised to get me among them as a joint-labourer with Mr. Robins, as he could only preach there once on a Lord's day.

Before I left them, they asked me many questions on the subject, as also how I was situated, and whether I could remove from Plymouth? I told them plainly that I certainly should leave Plymouth whenever the Lord opened a door for me that I could see his hand in. But at present I could not tell what to do: I had been expecting a letter from Birmingham, as I had promised my friend in Plymouth, that I would preach there, if they requested me, before I returned; but the delay of the managers at Birmingham kept me in suspense some time; and I had concluded on returning home, judging that my services were not wanted in Birmingham. I was about to take my place by the coach for Yeovil; but before I booked myself, I thought I would once more enquire if there was a letter for me from Birmingham. There was a letter which had been received two days before, requesting me to come over and help them immediately, and apologizing for their delay which arose through one of the managers being in London.

I left Bristol for Birmingham the next morning, after having taken a most affectionate leave of the old disciples, under whose roof I found a Bethel. Many others of the Lord's family I also met with at Bristol at this time; and it now appeared a very different place to me to what it did about thirteen years before this period, which I have given an account of in a former part of this work. I believe the friends at Bristol would have strained every nerve to get me there, for they heard me to their soul's satisfaction. I also think that they had some fears that some circumstance would take place to remove Mr. Robins wholly from them, which indeed was the case not long after.

(To be continued.)

P A U L

Wishing Himself Accused from Christ.

“For I could wish that myself were accused from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh.’ This passage has been greatly controverted. Some have proposed to translate it, ‘I *did* wish,’ as referring to a former state, when he renounced Christ, and sought to advance the interests of the nation by opposing and defying him. But to this interpretation there are insuperable objections. The object of the apostle is not to state his *former* feelings, but his *present* attachment to his countrymen, and willingness to suffer for them. The proper grammatical construction of the word used here is not I *did* wish, but I *could* desire; that is, if the thing were possible. It is not I *do* wish, or *did* wish, but I *could* desire, implying that he was willing now to endure it; that his present love for them was so strong, that he would, if practicable, save them from the threatened ruin and apostasy. It is not *true* that Paul ever *did* wish, before his conversion, to be accused by the Messiah. He opposed Jesus of Nazareth; but he did not believe that he was the Messiah. At no time would he have wished to be devoted to destruction *by the Messiah, or by Christ*. Nothing would have been more terrible to a Jew. The word, therefore, expresses a feeling which the apostle had, when writing this epistle, in regard to the condition and prospects of the nation. The words—‘Accused from Christ,’ have been much controverted. The word rendered *accursed* (anathema) properly means, (1,) anything that was *set up, or set apart, or consecrated to the gods in the temples, as spoils of war, images, statues, etc.* This is its classical Greek meaning. It has a similar meaning among the Hebrews. It denoted that which was set apart, or consecrated to the service of God, as sacrifices or offerings of any kind. In this respect it is used to express *anything devoted to Jehovah, without the possibility of redemption,*’ Leviticus xxvii. 21, 28, 29; Numb. xviii. 14; Deut. vii. 26; Josh. vi. 17, 18; vii. 1; 1 Sam. xv. 21; Ezek. xiv. 29. (2.) As that which was thus dedicated to Jehovah was alienated from the use of him who devoted it, and was either burnt or slain, and devoted to destruction as an offering, the word came to signify a devotion of anything to destruction, or to complete ruin. And as whatever is devoted to destruction may be said to be subject to a *curse, or to be accursed,* the word comes to have this signification, 1 Kings xx. 42; Isa. xxxiv. 5. But in none of these cases does it denote eternal death. The idea, therefore, in these places is simply, ‘I could be willing to be destroyed, or devoted to death, for the

sake of my countrymen.’ And the apostle evidently means to say that he would be willing to suffer the bitterest evils, to forego all pleasure, to endure any privation and toil, nay, to offer his life, so that he might be wholly devoted to sufferings, as an offering, if he might be the means of benefitting and saving the nation. For a similar case, see Exod. xxxii. 32. This does *not* mean that Paul would be willing to be damned for ever. The words do not imply that, and will not bear it. Such a destruction could in no conceivable way benefit the Jews. Such a willingness is not, and cannot be required. It would be impious and absurd. No man can be willing to be the *eternal enemy* of God; and no man ever yet was, or could be, willing to endure everlasting torments. It evidently means that he was willing to be devoted by Christ; i. e. to be regarded *by* him, and appointed *by* him, to suffering and death, if by that means he could save his countrymen. It was thus the highest expression of true benevolence. It was an example for all Christians and Christian ministers.”

Mercy found in the Swellings of Jordan.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—Grace, mercy, and truth be multiplied in you. I write to you as one of the most unworthy, and least of all God’s dear family, but as one in whom the covenant promises of his precious word have been laid open and applied in all their rich and sweet fragrance very much of late. I have had to pass through deep waters; so that the waves and the billows have gone over me; the dispensations of divine sovereignty, have frequently appeared as a thick cloud of blackness; and in the midst of these, the Lord has seen fit, (in the unfathomed mines of love,) to correct me, by removing my partner in life from this time state of uninterrupted joy, where

“Not a wave of trouble rolls,
Across the peaceful breast.”

I believe she was a chosen vessel of mercy, ordained to eternal life before time, although not manifested to her experimentally, till a few days before her dissolution; and then it was very evident that the dear Lord did display the glory of his rich, free, and sovereign grace to her poor soul upon her dying bed, in all its killing, quickening, soul-awakening, and soul-comforting power. I frequently read portions of the sacred volume to her, and one night after she had been agonizing and praying all day, when I came home, she requested me to read the Scriptures to her, and I opened the Bible at the fourteenth chapter of John, I read it very

loud to her, as she was now getting very deaf; and the Lord blessed almost every sentence to her soul; she seemed quite happy afterwards at the prospect of going to dwell with her covenant Redeemer in his heavenly mansion. She frequently said, 'he is precious! he is precious!' And when I was reading, she said, 'Blessed chapter! Glory be to Jesus!' The nature of her complaint would not allow her to converse much; I got one of the Lord's dear servants to come and visit her a few days prior to her decease, (Mr. B—,) and he praised the Lord for he found the work of grace was begun in her soul, although she was much annoyed by the enemy's wily darts that sometimes would shake her confidence, and cause her to cry aloud almost in despair: this was a warfare that she had to contend with till the last half hour of her departure. Mr. G. C. S— also visited her; after giving her a consoling word or two, and praying, the Lord appeared as her helper again, and she struggled to cry out, 'I've found my confidence! I can trust in my Redeemer! *I shall soon be with him!*' These were her last expressions; and I do believe, as a trophy of God's eternal love, and as a brand plucked out of the burning, she is now in glory. This affords me strong consolation; and I feel that I can trust in the Lord: for he has said they that trust in him shall be as Mount Zion that cannot be moved; and I do feel him very precious in all his covenant relationships at the present moment.

S. CROFT.

3, King Edward-street, Wapping.

Spiritual Epistles

WRITTEN BY THE LATE MR. E. CROWHURST.

Minister of the Gospel, Hadlow, Kent.

No. I.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Your last welcome letter came safe to hand, we were happy to hear from you, and that you and your's are as well as usual. As my health is something better, and my sight a little improved, after a very long silence, I now write you a few lines, touching the King, the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible; the King of Glory; our King; and our God; who reigns for us, in us, and on us; blessing and honour, and glory, be to him for ever. But what shall I say of him? There is so much of him and in him, I scarcely know what to say. But I will say, or endeavour to say, that there are in him ten thousand seas of grace; ten thousand oceans of happiness; a whole world of wealth; a hemisphere of joy; an universe of pleasures. In him, my precious Jesus, there is an immensity of mercy, a boundless portion and heritage, an infinity of love; and ten thousand times ten

thousand heavens of glory and felicity. How wonderful is Jesus! 'His name shall be called wonderful!' He only doth wonderful things; and he is the wonder of heaven and earth! The wonder of wonders! The mystery of all mysteries! The God of gods; the Lord of lords; the King of kings; in whom all fulness dwells; and he is mine, and I am his. He is all my own; his most glorious person; his boundless attributes; his everlasting righteousness; his great salvation, mine; all mine: the free grace gift of my heavenly Father. O, how am I blessed, a poor, vile, ill, and hell-deserving sinner! What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits towards me?

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be."

The Lord deals well with me; he is fulfilling his promises to me; I have always cause to be praising him. And praise is the charming employment of heaven, whither I hope soon to arrive; for my Head is there already; my heart is there, my treasure being there; my hope is there also, so I expect to be there in the Lord's own time. Tell them I am aiming to depend more and more on him for all things; and so to enjoy more communion with him; and be more like him.

By his indulgence, divine teaching, and great kindness to me, some how, or other, he has so won my heart, esteem, and affections, that now, in my account, there is none like him; in my view, there is not his equal; he has not his comparison; he excels all; he outshines all besides; he is above all, greater than all, more blessed than all, and more than all to me. All things compared with him, are less than nothing, and vanity. He is my rich treasury, satisfying portion, Head pre-eminent, and my everlasting all; Glory be unto his holy name for ever! Oh, I long to be praising in perfect strains; I want to praise him increasingly while I am in the present imperfect state. This is the sweetest employ, and the best time spent. I love to put the crown of all my salvation, and his free grace, upon his most worthy head. When I consider his great love to me a rebellious traitor, a lost sinner; that he gave himself for me, died in my room, was made a curse for me, to redeem me from the curse of the law, that the blessing of God might be enjoyed by me to all eternity; so that now I can say, 'I have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.' Oh! what precious words! Oh, more precious redemption! Oh, much more precious, Redeemer! What transcendent glories shine in him! His person delights my soul; his love warms my heart; and his goodness satisfies my mind. What reason, then, have

I to adore him! I would exalt him to the highest degree. He is the best of all, sweetest of all; 'His name is as ointment poured forth;' he is the most affectionate, friendly, compassionate, pitiful, and kind of all! I am sure I have found him so, and he is so still, and will continue to be the same for ever; to him I look, in him I trust; I can say with the Psalmist—'Thou art my hope, O, Lord God; thou art my trust from my youth.' And I do find a life of faith on the Son of God, to be a happy life. Until I was brought to rest wholly and entirely on him, I knew not what true peace and happiness were; now, I find as I am depending on him, and take him to myself as my all, I realize solid peace of mind; and have a greater degree of assurance of my own salvation; and likewise of my union with him. To be one with Christ, is the most blessed, happy, and favoured state I can be in. Adored, be the riches of his grace, that I am in him, and he in me. Oh, precious connexion! Oh, blessed relationship!

Hadlow, Nov. 5, 1846. E. CROWHURST.

Both sides of the Question.

ROMANS vii. 24, 25.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER:—I do really feel in my heart, that I can join issue with you in your poverty-stricken condition, and at the same time feel something of this blessed truth—'The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here.' It is not said we are to come when we arrive at this pitch of goodness, or that pitch of badness; but the poorer the wretch, the deeper poverty-stricken the wretch, the welcomer to mercy's stores; no coming too black, no coming too vile, no coming too poor, no coming too guilty, no coming too filthy, no coming too naked, no coming too bad; whilst there may be a coming too good. 'Oh, but,' say some, 'I think we cannot be too good;' oh, yes, there is being too good in our own eyes, and in our own thoughts; which is really the very essence of badness, the very essence of guilt, the very spawn of hell; for a sinner to be right in his own eyes, pure in his own eyes, good in his own estimation, this is the very essence of the devil. If you, my brother, were to write to me about your good feelings, and your goodness, I should believe you were insane, or bewitched by the devil; but as you are led to talk about your badness, I can readily believe you, for I feel so bad myself, and what is still worse

than bad, I do not expect to be any better in myself, but go on till I lie down in the dust of death being BAD, BAD! If this sort of sentiment was to fall into the hands of some, they would call me an antinomian, but, in the matters of truth, I care not what good men, bad men, or devils may say of me, for I do know that neither of them can do me any real, lasting good; but it is quite possible each of them may do me very much harm; but when God shines in upon me, I care not a straw for their good or their harm. Every sensible sinner, my brother, in his right mind, is made to feel and confess before God, his leanness in self, his weakness in self; and it is right it should be so; for otherwise there would be no room, no occasion, no need for such an one to be made strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. But since the dear Lord has taken in hand to make you feel your leanness, by his so doing, he has wrought out himself a work, and that work is to make you fat and flourishing: where in? yourself? No; but in himself. 'This is his grand prerogative; and none shall in the honor share.' So that you see, my brother, notwithstanding all our peevishness and rebellion, God is doing all things right; and the mercy is, he cannot do wrong, was never known to do wrong, for 'he is too wise too err, too good to be unkind.' It is his own grand prerogative to kill us, then to make us alive; to strip us, in order that he might clothe us; to make us feel our blindness, in order that he might give us eye sight, make us feel our poverty, in order that he may enrich us with himself, by himself, in himself, through himself. I feel I must repeat it; 'it is his grand prerogative; and none shall in the honor share;' 'My glory will I not give to another, or my praise to graven images;' and what better are you and I than graven images? Nay, far worse than graven images, in, and of ourselves; but as we stand, accepted in the Beloved, we beat all graven images, outshine angels, out-do devils, overcome death, and are made more than a match for hell. It is here all the stones that are slung out of hell lose their aim; it is here all the fiery darts of the devil are quenched and crowned in the doing, and dying, in the love and blood of our best beloved.

But, want of time tells me I must stop: but, blessed be our God, the things

themselves, never stop, as to their existence, subsistence, and eternal blessedness in themselves. Until there can be an ending date put to the existence of our God, there never can be an ending date put to these blessed and eternal realities. Nothing like leanness, my brother, in the 163rd Psalm, I have read it over and over again; and I do feel that it is full of marrow and fatness from beginning to end; full of 'wine on the lees well refined.' Oh, that you and I may be led to drink it, and eat the precious fruits thereof. This is the wish of,

Your's in love,

ISAAC SPENCER.

Woodbridge, near Guildford.

Taking Down the Tabernacle.

You must know, my brother, that I dwell in the midst of a poor and afflicted people, but I am rich in faith, and have all, and abound, (James ii. 5; Phi. iv. 18); and though poor in *spirit*, I possess a kingdom that will never decay; never give way; cannot be moved; cannot be taken from me; (Matt. vi. 3. Dan. vii. 18; Heb. xii. 28;) and as for my present habitation, or old house, I know it must come down, and soon crumble into its nothing, dust; the keepers thereof, tremble, and grow feebler every day; the strong men bow themselves low, and totter in their movements, as if the burden upon them was too heavy for them; my grinders cease, because they are worn out; my windows are so dusty and dark, that I cannot look out thereat without a borrowed light; my poor upper lodging room is nearly empty, and what even remains, is of little or nothing worth; the silver cord begins to loosen, and the grasshopper crawls rapidly on my poor back; the golden bowl, as it is called, is nearly broken; and my poor old pitcher is so cracked, that it cannot last long; nor shall I be long, ere I arrive safe at my last place of abode; a small black box will soon contain all that is mortal belonging to me; and when my dear survivors shall have seen me safely put to bed with a shroud, the place that knows me now, shall know me no more for ever; then shall he who is our life appear without a veil, and I shall be like him, I shall see him as he is, I shall be with him, and shall go no more out.—

"O, glorious hour! O, blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And sin and hell no more control,
The secret pleasures of my soul."

Your's, dear brother, in the sweet Lord
Jesus, SAMUEL LANE.

A few Lines

SUGGESTED TO THE MIND AFTER THE
MEETING
FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR MINISTERS:

At Crosby Row, June 24, 1847.

When storms arise, and billows roll,
And grief lies heavy on the soul:
In vain, the tempter moves to fear,
If faith in Jesus be but near.

Tho' inward darkness may prevail,
And outward means appear to fail;
Faith leads us to the Saviour's side,
And says, Jehovah will provide.

Sweet is the promise of the Lord,
Recorded in his sacred word;
Tho' unbelief our fears excite,
Faith whispers, 'Peace, be still, all's right.'

Faith leads us to the mercy seat,
And lays us low at Jesus' feet;
But gives us boldness there to tell,
The sorrows that our bosoms swell;

It checks their progress as they rise,
And points to mansions in the skies;
Gives wings to hope, new strength imparts,
And shields us from the tempter's darts;

Brings past experience to our view,
Proves God is faithful, kind, and true:
Nor leaves us, till to him we come,
And say, 'thy will, not mine, be done.'

Tho' unbelief our souls ensnare,
And oft' prevents the rising prayer,
Faith bears it silent to the throne,
Uncloth'd in words, a secret groan.

Thus, works the Spirit by our faith,
To credit what Jehovah saith,
Seals home the promise, proves it true,
And gives us the fulfilment too.

Then, with a grateful, thankful mind,
A sacrifice of praise we find;
We glorify our cov'nant God,
Repeat his praise, and 'kiss the rod.'

Come, then, my soul, nor doubt his love,
In providence and grace to prove;
Thro' time he'll help, and thou shalt see,
His glory thro' eternity.—W. H. W.

Heaven.

Oh, for a shout in yonder world,
With the angelic throng;
Where joys will ever be unfurld
And Jesus be the song.

Weak are our praises here below,
Our souls by sin oppress'd;
But saints above, no sorrows know,
They are for ever blest.

For, there, perplexity there's none,
Sorrow and sin doth cease;
Christ and his church in glory one,
And one in perfect peace.

Refresh us with thy matchless grace,
O, thou Almighty King!
'Till we in heaven behold thy face,
And there thy praises sing.

EDWARD REYNOLDS.

We must all appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ.

THOUGHTS ON 2 COR. V. 10. IN ANSWER TO THE REQUEST OF A TRIED CHILD OF GOD.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND AND BROTHER:—I have been a long time answering your last letter; but the subject referred to, by you, in 2 Cor. v. 10, and upon which you wished my thoughts, appeared to me in a view, I had never before observed; not wishing to give my thoughts hastily, I have waited several weeks; and in course of prayerful meditation, I found an increasing difficulty of establishing in my own mind, the generally received opinion upon the subject. After frequently asking counsel of him who indited the truth, I was brought to the following views.

That the language was addressed under particular circumstances, and was of special import, directed to a particular people, united into a body of christian professors at Corinth; and that in that body of people, were some of doubtful character; 1 Cor. iv. 19; v. 1; vi. 7, 8; and that they—as professed believers in the Lord Jesus Christ—would have to appear before the judgment seat of Christ, to receive the things done in their body, according to that they had done, &c. I was, therefore, led to draw the three following distinctions:—First, the difference between the righteous and the unrighteous. Secondly, their state and condition. Thirdly, the final judgment and decision. My object for thus dividing the subject, was that I might be enabled to draw (for my own soul's comfort, as well as others,) a distinct line between those who fear God, and those who fear him not. My first general division led me to think—First, that a manifestation of being a righteous one was evidenced by being born again, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God, John i. 13. Thus evidencing that real and vital religion in the heart, is not communicated to us by virtue of a relation to religious parents; nor does it in any shape, form, or degree, spring from the flesh; nor is the will of man, in the least degree, inclined to God, or godliness, till Jehovah puts forth his almighty power to create the soul anew, by implanting a principle as holy as himself, in the heart, thereby making it willing in the day of his power; thus it is proved to be sovereign and effectual; sovereign, because it is disposed according to God's will; for 'he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy;' so then 'it is not of him that willeth, but of him that sheweth mercy;' Rom. ix. 15, 16. It is effectual; for what can prevent the Lord doing his will? It was his will to make a world? And having made it, who can stop its course; or frustrate the predicted will of God? He doeth

his will in heaven, earth, and hell. He therefore, according to the good pleasure of his will, takes the stoutest hearted sinner, and brings the poor rebel low at his feet, with a cry, 'Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?' And 'be merciful to me a miserable sinner.' According to his will he slays the enmity of the heart; overcomes the strongest prejudices, and produces by this blessed change of heart, an inquiry after things which before, it was entirely averse to. In the next place, when a person is born again of God, there is a divine life implanted; not merely a form of godliness; but where this divine life is, there are new feelings, new views, and new designs; so that the person is brought to a feeling religion, not satisfied with a mere notional one. In this new state they are brought to see and feel where they have been, and what they have been from their youth up—sinners against God; and thus brought to see and feel, as guilty sinners, that unless God has mercy on them, they are lost for ever. They feel, likewise, that real, vital, and personal religion, is of all subjects, the most important to them. Desires are now felt to be preserved from things, that before, produced their greatest pleasure; they desire now, to love more and more what they once hated; viz., the ways of God; the things of God; and the people of God: would give anything to be like them. What a change! A blessed, gracious, and effectual change! without which we can never enter the kingdom of God. The next idea is that the will and affections of the persons so born of God, are taken possession of; so that they are neither dragged nor driven into this religion against their will and inclination; on the contrary, when the divine principle is in lively exercise, they feel a holy pleasure in the ways of righteousness, and holiness, and delight in the will of God; and at times are enabled to kiss his hand, even while he strikes their natural comforts dead; and at times are favoured to feel an overflowing heart of gratitude, under a sense of his wonderful mercy and goodness; so as to enable them to say, in various trials—'It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good.' 1 Sam. iii. 18. In the next place, when a person is born of God, there is not only life, but there is divine faith, the spiritual vision of the soul, by which it is enabled, when in exercise, to see a beauty, blessed and precious adaptedness in Christ, and the gospel of his salvation to their personal necessities, by which faith it is persuaded of the truth as it is exhibited in, and made known by and through Jesus

Christ and him crucified; so much so, that the poor soul is brought to feel that it could part with all that it might win Christ and be found in him; and he enabled to say, *He is mine, and I am his*. It is by this precious grace of faith, they are, in Jehovah's set time, enabled to see the grace, wherein they stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God; they now see that their standing is not in the wisdom of men, nor in fleshly resolutions, nor fastings, nor prayers, nor external observances, however strictly attended to, but in the everlasting love of the Father, the precious blood-shedding of Christ, and the effectual operation of the Holy Comforter, by whom they are quickened into life; and that if love, and faith in love divine, is wanting in the heart, all external observances are lifeless, and the mere *duty* and *dirty* work of a slave; and not the willing, affectionate, goings forth of the heart of a new-born child of God; a child of God is generally dissatisfied with self, and can get on solid comfort only as he is enabled by faith, like the dove mentioned in Sol. Song ii. 14., to hide in the clefts of the smitten Rock Christ, and get into the secret settlement of God's oath and promise in Christ; opened up to view in the wounds, flowing blood, and perfect righteousness of a precious Saviour, as their substitute, as their only place of safety from every devouring enemy, and from all the consequences of the damning power of their vile and numerous transgressions. It is by this precious faith, such are enabled in the Lord's good time to build upon this Rock, on his glorious Person, finished work, and indescribable worth, as their solid comfort, in every storm, within or without; and at times are favoured, feelingly, as they journey on in the rough path-way of cares, (though like Jacob, resting or halting upon the thigh,) to sing—

“ Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

In the next place it must be remembered that although the above is the case of those born again of God, and blessed with divine love and faith; yet, notwithstanding, they have the principle of sin in all its *parts* and *powers*, still remaining and living in them; and will find it is a law in their members, warring against the law of their minds, so that they cannot do the things that they would; but there is likewise the divine principle in the soul that is born again, that produces in the soul, (that's labouring in this warfare,) an hatred to all that is contrary to God and godliness; so that they hate the very feelings of iniquity that work in their members; and will cause them to cry to God for grace to enable them, to lay aside

every weight, and the sin that does so easily beset them. It is this divine principle in the heart that produces the warfare, so that the living Christian more or less, day by day, feels the flesh lust against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and that these are contrary, the one to the other; the flesh is not made more holy, but it is this divine nature residing within at all times, and which cannot slip, that produces a feeling of hatred to, and a longing desire to be preserved from every thing that is displeasing to God, from every sin they feel working in their members, and which war against the law of their mind; like the apostle, they find, 'to will is present, but how to perform (in themselves,) that which is good they find not.' Rom. vii. 18.

We follow on to notice that every soul that knows, experimentally, something included in the former remarks, is born again of God, and is interested in the everlasting love, good will, and pleasure of Jehovah, because they are born again, according to the good pleasure of his will, and are evidenced thereby as the heirs of glory; for, there never was yet a soul under the heavens of God found, mourning the workings of sin in their members, and, uncrewith longing in their hearts to be preserved from all evil, but those who have been quickened into life divine by the power of the Holy Ghost, and thereby made manifest to be the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty; and if children, then heirs of God; heirs to all his bequeathed property; and joint heirs with Christ Jesus; are loved with the same love Christ is loved with, and blessed with the same blessings, and shall share in his glory, by virtue of union to him, and by his life, death and resurrection; all of which was for their benefit, in connection with Jehovah's glory. Being born again, therefore, is a witness to the soul, that its sins are all blotted out, that it is righteous before God, without spot or blemish, complete in Christ as much as ever they can be; Christ died to redeem them; and as he is never to die again, they must of necessity be perfectly redeemed, and if fully redeemed from the curse, then there can be no penal punishment for them to undergo; in the righteousness of their Lord and Saviour they shine before Jehovah as though they had never sinned. Their being born again of God is not the cause of their interest in the blessings of grace, nor does it *procure* nor *secure* them; but is an evidence to the soul of an interest in, and a putting the soul into a position to enjoy them: the Spirit therefore, takes possession of their hearts, because they are loved of the Father, redeemed by Jesus' precious blood, and to bring them by his divine influences into the blessedness of them, by his enlivening, enlarging, restor-

ing, and preserving power, for where he begins his good work of regeneration, he will carry it on to final perseverance and glory; for he never quickens any but those who are loved and chosen of the Father, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, justified by his righteousness, and are eternally to reign with him in glory, as his beloved bride, where—

“Millions of years their wond'ring eyes,
Shall o'er his beauties rove;
And endless ages they'll adore,
The glories of his love.”

JAMES.

(To be continued.)

Mr. J. C. Philpot's Letter

TO ONE OF THE LATE DEACONS AT ZOAR.

[Mr. W. H. Shakespear, late a deacon at Zoar Chapel, London, has published what he calls “A Refutation of the Falsehoods contained in Mr Tryon's letter to Mr. Philpot.” Since the publication of so many tracts by Mr. Tryon against Mr. Philpot and others, we have been repeatedly asked for an opinion, but we shall not at present, enter upon any such unpleasant business, further than to give the following letter written by Mr. J. C. Philpot, and which appears to us well calculated to give rest to many souls who have been much exercised from what they have heard. Mr. Philpot writes in an honest, becoming, and Christian spirit: and since so much has been written against him, we think the following letter cannot be too extensively circulated.]

“My dear Friend:—I am much obliged to you for your faithful and affectionate letter—more especially, too, as it allows me an opportunity of expressing my feelings on a subject which has been brought so prominently before you.

“I feel that Mr. Tryon has acted in a most unkind manner to me, after six years' uninterrupted friendship; but that I could have borne more easily, if he had acted Scripturally. But I can assure you, on the word of a Christian man, that never but once, and that in an obscure manner, did he ever hint at my transgression. And when, do you think, was that? Why, on a Thursday evening, in my little vestry, just before I was going to preach, about four or more years ago. Was that the time and place for an explanation? The subject was never renewed between us; but, even then, I expressed my sorrow for my breach of God's precept. But, to come backwards and forwards to my house, dine at my table, often preach for me, and I occasionally for him, converse on Christian subjects, and

walk as brethren for six years, without ever bringing the subject before my mind, and then, without the slightest intimation, do what he could to crush me as a minister, in the very pulpit where I had been for so many years—if that is brotherly, Christian, loving conduct, and such as becomes the gospel, I am greatly mistaken.

“I could have told him what I had felt, soon after my marriage, and how pierced my conscience had been with guilt, and my heart filled with sorrow. I could have told him what confessions I had made to the Lord, and what intimations I had received from him, that he had not cast me off in wrathful displeasure. But I did not even know him till eight or nine months after the circumstance, and then not intimately; and as it was a sore place with me, and he did not allude to it, neither did I. But he had no right to assume that I did not feel grief, because I did not open my mind to him. Indeed, he seemed to me to stand so much upon a little hill of holiness, that I, who knew what a poor filthy sinner I was, never had much inclination to open my heart before him.

“But, had I been a hardened hypocrite, he could hardly have dealt with me more severely, first, by denouncing me one of ‘the ancients,’ who were to be slaughtered, and then writing to me a most cutting letter, comparing me to Balaam and Saul, and separating himself from me. If he had the least hope that I was a brother, this was not gospel treatment; but, considering I was a brother minister, well known, and generally received among the churches of truth, it seems to me wholly unjustifiable.

“I find in the Scriptures that the prophets of the Lord denounced false prophets, but not true ones. If these latter have transgressed, they reprov'd them to their face, (1 Kings, xiii.,) but did not publicly denounce them. So Nathan reprov'd David to his face, and Paul does the same to Peter. (Gal. ii.) But Mr. Tryon never did this to me, though he had the opportunity of a six years' intercourse.

“According to his text and subject on the morning of February 16th I was one of the ‘ancients’ that were to be slaughtered without pity. If I were not one of them, the text and subject could not allude to me; and therefore, why was I brought in at all? I understand that Mr. Tryon said he came to clear the pulpit of some of these ancients, and then brought me in. Now, if the church and congregation at Zoar believe Mr. Tryon to be right, and fully justified in all he has said and done respecting myself, I cannot see how they can ever wish to see me in their pulpit again, nor do I feel I can comfortably occupy it.

“If Mr. Tryon had tried every means in

his power to bring me to repentance and confession, and utterly failed, and believed me to be a hardened hypocrite, then he might have been justified in denouncing me publicly. But, to cover up his feelings for six years, under an appearance of friendship, and never seek to get into my mind and conscience upon the matter, but publicly stab me in a chapel where I had many friends as well as enemies, is heart-breaking treatment. I have felt it most severely, and was at first quite stunned by the blow. It made me weep before the Lord, and cry and groan to him. But I desired to put my mouth into the dust, accept the punishment of my iniquity, and beseech him to make the trial profitable to my soul. I felt that deceive him I could not, and mock him I would not; that he knew the ground of my heart; that all my ways and words were open before him; that he alone could bring me out of this trial and make it a blessing to my soul. And I begged of him to give me godly sorrow where I had transgressed his holy will and word, and power to confess and acknowledge it. These have been more or less my prayers and desires ever since; and more than once, but once especially, I have found much power and prevalence in pleading with the Lord, and on that particular occasion, my heart seemed so enlarged, that I felt as if the Lord were just coming down into my soul to bless me.

"Mr. Tryon did not confine himself to truth in the charges which he made against me. For instance, I understand that he said, 'Why was not this matter brought to light before?' 'Why, they compromised it, and one said—'If you will not expose me, I will not expose you.' Now this is completely false. I made no such base compromise. Indeed I had no secret sin to cover up; what I did was open; and I know no party who made such a proposal to me. Mr. Tryon said, also, in his letter to me, that 'I had stabbed those who wished to come to the light.' I may answer, 'When?—whom?—where?—how?' I know not; my conscience here is free.

"As to a change in my ministry, I am not aware of it. I preach as I feel led. I may not be so cutting as I once was, but ministers do not always cut and hew; there is building and planting, as well as pulling down and rooting up. Has the Lord ceased to bear a testimony to the word from my lips? It is not for me to speak on this subject, but I have had repeated testimonies that the Lord still blesses the word. Just after I returned home, in the autumn, the Lord blessed the word in a peculiar way to a poor woman who had been in soul trouble for five years. I never heard or read of a more marked deliverance.

"As to the *Gospel Standard*, I have little

or nothing to do with the insertion of the pieces. That is not my department, though I have a general control, sufficient to reject what is unscriptural, according to my judgment.

"I have always met with the greatest kindness and attention from my friends at Zoar. I have occupied their pulpit every year but one (from illness) since 1837; and if I may judge from the congregations assembled there, with some acceptance among the people.

"How far this unpleasant circumstance may affect my coming there, I will not now say; but if I cannot come feeling some confidence in the deacons, church, and congregation, that, they do not justify this attack upon me, and feeling that they have some confidence in me, I would rather not come at all. I cannot go into a pulpit fettered and shackled, and would therefore rather keep out of it.

"If a church meeting be called, I hope the matter will be weighed on Scriptural grounds, and not as a party question.

"Remember me very kindly to your brother deacons and the church.

"Your's affectionately for truth's sake,

"J. C. PHILPOT.

"Stamford, March 21, 1845."

Burdens and Blessings

CONNECTED WITH THE GOSPEL MINISTRY:

[We are about to make an extract from a work entitled—"The Wonders of Free Grace, as manifested in the Life of James Weller, Minister of the Gospel, Bethel Chapel, Robertsbridge, Sussex." James Weller has for a considerable time been laid down on a bed of deep affliction; and is surrounded by a large family. Should any of our readers, after perusing the following extract, feel desirous of purchasing the work, we beg to inform them that several copies have been forwarded to us for sale; and as we have reason to believe the money would be very acceptable, we shall feel much pleasure in sending the work to any friend who may forward an order for it to our office. The following extract doth well declare the character and standing of this humble servant of Jesus Christ. On page 157 he says:—]

"Before I proceed farther, I would note that a few months previous to this time, I became acquainted with Mr. Cowper, a dear brother in the ministry of the gospel, at the Upper Dicker, Hellingly, Sussex, and (at that time) occasionally at Providence Chapel, Cranbrook, who came and preached at Burwash one Easter Tuesday.

"The chapel at Tenterden being in debt, it was thought advisable to hold the usual anniversary, on the consideration of which I wrote to brother C—, requesting him to come on the occasion; and it was appointed for him to preach in the morning and evening, and myself in the afternoon. I had a good hearing in the morning and evening, but was very ill in body, wherefore, when at the friend's house where we dined, I entreated brother C— to preach in my stead in the afternoon; however, through his supposing that the fear of preaching before him had put me in chains, he made light of my desire, and in a jesting manner said, 'Ah, you had better go to bed old man, this afternoon, and rest yourself a little,' &c. I replied that I had not the least fear of speaking before him, as I was fully convinced he knew the plague of the heart, and would rather bear with me in my infirmities than make me an offender for a word. Notwithstanding all I said, he could not be prevailed upon, and as such, I told him I would try and speak, and if he would be present I should feel obliged, because then, if I did not feel relieved in my body, I could make it known to the people, and request him to fill my place. But it pleased the dear Lord to open my mouth when approaching him in prayer, and he sent me relief in body and soul, and blessedly helped me through the service; and in a particular manner made me manifest in the conscience of brother C—, so that after the service he gave me his hand cordially, and said, 'Well my dear brother, I can say to you what I dare not say to many of the parsons in this day—my pulpit, house, and heart are open to receive you at any time when you can come down our way!' I thanked him for his kindness, and told him I thought that my preaching would soon be over, as I felt I should be forced to give it up. He then inquired respecting what I thought of doing should such be the case, and I told him I thought of working at gardening: 'Well,' he said, 'come down to my house, and I will find you a job; and will engage to keep you and your family too, if you can give up preaching. I tell you, man, that you will never give up preaching until you give up living! And I can assure you that we have a people our way would very much like to hear you when you can come; and for my part, I can say in truth I would sooner hear a babe lisp out the precious things the Lord hath done for its soul, than all the *worldly* orators in being!'

"Sometime after this he sent a letter requesting me to supply for him, and I went in accordance therewith; but O, the sinkings of soul I witnessed when I got into the vestry! I was so shut up in my feelings that I nearly fainted. The chapel, which I suppose holds about 600, was full of people,

before whom I entered the pulpit like a dying man, without a text to preach from. The first hymn that was sung was in substance the cries of a living soul for mercy, and I sighed and sobbed with my heart as hard as steel; my darkness was beyond description, and the devil suggested that in this state I should drop dead in the pulpit, which seemed doubly to distress me, as I feared that death would bring greater torments. First I thought I would read the 8th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, with a 'who can tell but I may find a little lift as I have many a time before!' and then the thought of using or speaking the positive language contained in it seemed such awful presumption, that at last I rose from my seat and opened on the 72nd Psalm, and read with much fear and trembling till I came to the 12th and 13th verses, 'He shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy,' when a sweet unction from above flowed into my soul, so that in hope and faith I began to open my mouth to the congregation, and said, 'O, my dear friends and fellow sinners, what should or could we poor helpless sinners do if it were not for God's *wills* and *shalls*?' and I felt an instant release in my soul; my chains fell off, and I was like a hind let loose; and through the whole of the discourse I felt much blessed in preaching, and was enabled to speak to the refreshment of many of my hearers. How marvellous are the Lord's ways, and that my soul knoweth right well!

"Since the above, I have been there several times, and am now in sweet union with dear brother C— and many of his friends, and my desire is that the dear Lord will keep us at his blessed feet, and make us useful to each other and to his dear people; and that the unity of the Spirit may abide with us in the bonds of peace, for his Name's sake. Amen and Amen!"

The Happy Church-meeting.

What singing! What shouting! What heavenly greeting!

Shall there be at that general, triumphant Church-meeting!

Nor illness, nor business, nor length of the way, Shall keep, from that meeting, one brother away.

Temptations and trials no more shall be known: Nor satan, nor sin, shall e'er cause us to groan.

Each shall tell his sweet story, nor need he be short, It will never be night. There'll be time enough for't.

Each strange dispensation, will be then understood, And we shall see clearly, all wrought for our good,

May the foresight of glory constrain you and me, To consider what persons we ought now to be!

To pray for your brother, my dear friend, fail not; For, alas! you can't think what a heart I have got;

So stubborn! So stupid! So carnal! So cold; (One half of its wickedness cannot be told,

But, Lord! thou dost know it, thou only canst bend it!

Oh, search it, and try it, and wash it, and mend it.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES AT

Bethesda Chapel, Hull.

THE minister of the church and congregation meeting for the public worship of our most adorable God in his Trinity of Persons in the above neat and commodious place, is th t well-known, (by many much despised and persecuted, but) highly esteemed champion for the truth, Mr. Samuel Lane, who has now for thirty years in Hull ceased not to proclaim unequivocally, and without reserve, the unsearchable riches of Christ; and though now far advanced in life, being upwards of seventy-three years of age, he is still able, (thanks be to God,) and as willing as ever to proclaim the glorious and fundamental truths of the everlasting gospel as he did the first Sunday he preached in Hull. Nor have his labours been in vain; for, notwithstanding the great opposition he has met with at various times, yet the church of God, Christ's *little flock*, first at Ebenezer, then at the Tabernacle, afterwards at Trinity, and now at Bethesda Chapel, have been greatly comforted and blessed under his ministry; and many, yea, very many, have been brought, by God the Holy Ghost, to the knowledge of the truth through his instrumentality; and many are now singing the new song of 'free grace' in glory, who in their last moments on earth, expressed their deep gratitude to God, that he inclined them to hear the sound of a free grace gospel, as proclaimed by this great champion, and old veteran for truth. By the help of God, this good old saint, and preacher of righteousness, continues to this day, testifying the gospel of the grace of God to the no small mortification of his enemies; some of whom (even would-be parsons) on his first coming to Hull, had the audacity to prognosticate that he would not stay as many days as he has now been years; but, as Solomon hath truly said, 'Many are the devices in a man's heart, nevertheless, the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand, yea, for ever, and the thoughts of his heart to all generations.'

On Sunday, July 4, commenced the fifth anniversary services of the opening of Bethesda Chapel, and the thirtieth of Mr. Lane's pastoral care over the church of Christ, in Hull, when that eminent servant of the most high God, Mr. H. Godden, from Stonehouse, preached two very blessed sermons; his text being, in the morning, Ezra vi. 16, 17; and in the evening Ephes. i. 3, 4; Mr. T. J. Messer, of Hull, preached a most eloquent sermon in the afternoon from John x. 11; Mr. Godden preached again on Monday evening, from Luke xviii. 25, 26, 27; Mr. Messer on Tuesday evening, from Rom. v. 14; Mr. Godden also preached at Hessele on Wednesday evening, from Prov.

xxvii. 25, 26. On Thursday evening, at our Bethesda, we were favoured with a sermon from Deut. xxxii. 10, 11, by Mrs. Hardwick, from Malton, who gave great satisfaction, for her manner was pleasing, her language eloquent, her ideas sublime, and her remarks respecting God's dealings towards his people, in providence, grace, and glory, very blessed; all tending to debase the creature, and exalt our most lovely Jesus. Few of the male preachers of the gospel can vie with this *honourable woman, who labours with them in the gospel.* Acts xiii. 50; xvii. 12; Philip. iv. 3. On the Sunday following, Mr. G. H. Godden preached in the morning from Malachi i. 1, 2, 3; Mr. G. Paterson, from Edinburgh, in the afternoon, from Luke xviii. 10-14; and Mr. S. Lane, in the evening from Acts xvii. 28. On Tuesday evening the 12th, the Annual Social Tea Meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, Paragon Street; and after about one hundred had partaken of a most sumptuous tea, provided by Mr. Stonehouse, the meeting was opened with singing and prayer, and Mr. S. Lane was unanimously called to the chair, who, in his usual lively style on such occasions, delivered a very interesting, and edifying speech, to a very respectable and attentive audience; and according to custom it was partly poetic, relating how God called him to a knowledge of the truth about sixty years ago, and that he had now been a preacher of the gospel forty-five years, and the pastor of the church of Christ, in Hull, thirty years. He was followed by very interesting addresses from Mr. G. H. Godden, Mrs. Hardwick, Messrs. Messer and Paterson, and the meeting was afterwards concluded with singing and prayer; being one of the most pleasant and delightful meetings which had ever been held by the minister and people worshipping at Bethesda Chapel. The last of the Anniversary services was held on Thursday evening, the 14th, when Mr. G. H. Godden preached from 2 Cor. v. 18; and spoke very blessedly about our reconciliation to God, by Christ, and proved beyond a doubt, that the church was viewed by God, in Christ, pure and holy from everlasting, and therefore that *God was never irreconciled to his people.* This is the fourth time that Mr. Godden has visited our little, but highly favoured Bethesda, and he is 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth:' (2 Tim. ii. 15.) Yea, 'he is a faithful man, and fears God above many.' Neh. i. 2. If the Lord will, may we live to see each other again, at our next Anniversary. NUMERIST.

Lines

Composed and read by the chairman (S. L.) at the FIFTH Anniversary Tea Meeting held

at the Temperance Hall, Paragon Street, Hull, July 13, 1847, in commemoration of the opening of Bethesda Chapel, Osborne Street, as also in commemoration of the commencement of Mr. Lane's ministerial labours in Ebenezer Chapel, Dagger Lane, Hull, in the year (July 6,) 1817, now THIRTY YEARS this present Anniversary; during which time, I, (the writer of the following lines,) scruple not to say, I have *willingly, cheerfully,* and *faithfully* served you, in the gospel of my dear Christ day and night, from the first day until now; witnessing both to small and great, none other things than those touching Christ Jesus, the Lord, and him crucified; and this I have done through evil report, and good report. 'Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue to this day;' knowing and feeling, that in him I live, move, and have my being. Thus, through God, I can truly say:—

I've brav'd the bront of time, these THIRTY years,
I've stem'd the flood of toils, of cares, and fears;
Yea, persecutions, storms, turmoil, and strife,
Has been the lot of my frail, chequered life.
I've fought with men of beastly passions, fierce,
Who, raging, strove with malice deep, to pierce
My feeble soul, and stab my usefulness;
But, still I love, and live my God to bless;
'Tis through the help of God, I, to this day,
Continue pressing on my heavenly way.
I've brav'd the scorching heat of rage and flame,
I've triumph'd o'er my foes, in Jesus' name,
The faithfulness of God's eternal love,
Supports my soul, and bears me far above
The fear of man, of darkness, death, and strife;
Secure in Christ, I view my hidden life: Col. iii. 3.
Thank God, thro' grace, I'm made this truth to know—

' My life is hid with Christ, while here below;'
Soon shall I see my Saviour's glorious face,
In heav'n, to praise the riches of his grace.
Full SEVENTY YEARS and THREE on earth I've trod,
And now I'm moving onward up to God,
Where I shall see my dear Redeemer's face,
And sing with saints, salvation's all of grace.
Full THIRTY YEARS in Hull, I've stood my ground,

And ever faithful, I, my God have found.
Full SIXTY YEARS I've known the ways of God,
This blessed truth I cheerfully record,
Full FORTY YEARS and FIVE I've preach'd the Word,

Nor flinch'd, nor fear'd the foes of Christ, my Lord.
For none I know, can find the way to heav'n,
Until that knowledge of the way be giv'n
By God alone, who must the way make plain,
Or human teaching will prove all in vain;
None ever did, or could find out the way,
That leads the weary to eternal day,
None ever did, or can in Christ rejoice,
Until they hear and know the Saviour's voice,
Nor can such hear, until they're taught of God,
To know the way the holy prophets trod.
I thank my God, in whom I have believ'd,
Nor can I in my Jesus be deceiv'd.
I've preach'd his name--The Lord our righteous-
ness.

His spotless life, I call my wedding dress,
I've preach'd his blood, the pardon of all sin,
Past, present, and to come, along thro' him,
Who died on Calvary's cross, yea died for all
The chosen seed in him before the fall.
And now my days are drawing to a close,
Soon I shall bid adieu to all my foes;
My house decays, 'tis crumbling into dust,

'Tis dropping piece by piece, yea, drop it must.
My under-bearers totter as they move.
My keepers trembling, each conspire to prove,
My days are dwindling to the shortest span,
I've pass'd the period call'd 'The life of man;'
Thus, hast'ning on, as through the earth I roam,
Fast as the wings of time can bear me home,
My grinders cease because they are so few,
Which proves I soon must bid you all adieu.
My windows darken more and more each day,
Which also proves I have not long to stay
In these low lands of darkness and of death;
I feel I soon must yield my fainting breath,
And sink beneath the sod no more to rise,
Until the Judge of all shall rend the skies.
I sprung from dust, and must to dust return,
The gloomy grave alone will be my urn.
My doors will soon be shut, and then good bye.
The Word informs me I was born to die, Heb. ix. 27.
The almond trees which flourish on my head,
Prove I must soon be numbered with the dead.
My silver chord when loos'd, my bow must break,
'Tis then I must my dearest friends forsake.
My pitcher too, when broken at the well,
Will prove on earth I can no longer dwell.
And when in heaven—I ther- my Saviour meet—
Should friends below, then mourn about the street?
Could they but hear me sing with joyful glee—
My dearest friends, forbear to weep for me!--
They'd cease their sorrow, and aloud proclaim--
All glory's due to Jesus' lovely name.
Farewell, dear friends! I leave you to his care,
While I in heav'n, my Saviour's bounty share;
And, although dead to living friends below,
I'm only gone to where you all must go.

Watchman—What of the Night!

CHRISTIAN READER—Under this head, I purpose to give you (from time to time) some little information respecting some of the circumstances connected with Zion, the church of the living God. I have no desire to declare grievous things; but what I am led to see in and about poor Zion, that may be useful and interesting to you and at all declarative of the power and presence of our Lord in his church, that I shall simply declare.

I will begin by stating I went on Thursday, 20th of July to the TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL. In the morning, Mr. Joseph Irons preached a good gospel sermon from these words—“God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved.” He rejoiced greatly in the high and happy position to which the Lord had raised them as a church; and, certainly, as far as appearances go, there seems much ground for gladness and thanksgiving. Mr. Irons said, they not only had large congregations; but God had been in their midst in the conversion of sinners; in the confirming of such as had wavered; and in the comforting of the saints. These are great mercies for a faithful minister to be blessed with. Mr. Abrahams and Mr. Luckin also delivered two excellent discourses; and it was considered a good day; for which the Lord be praised.

Mr. Edmund Greenfield has been up to town; he preached for Mr. Isaacs, at his Anniversary; a judicious friend of ours says, he went (with some prejudice) to hear him:

he delivered some, sound, solid, gospel and experimental discourses : the Lord's people were blessed under him ; and in this also we desire to rejoice : for although Mr. Greenfield's writings have made him some enemies ; yet, if the Lord has made him a watchman on the walls, and a workman in the fields of Zion ; we would be the last to speak against him. Mr. Irons told us on Tuesday morning, that he never attempted to make a Christian of old Adam yet ; but he did expect grace to reign over him. So we suppose every minister has his old Adam, and no doubt sometimes old Adam writes books, and preaches sermons, which, when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, will be found to be wanting.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, KINGSTON, was held on Thursday, July 15. Mr. James Wells, Mr. John Foreman, and Mr. Thomas Stringer preached the sermons ; things appear to be looking very well there ; some of the folks are not satisfied with the ministers who supply there on the Lord's-days : it would be well if they could get a sound, faithful, experimental pastor and preacher of Christ's gospel ; but good men are not everywhere to be found.

THE PARTICULAR BAPTIST CHURCH, at HARLESTON, in NORFOLK, have given Henry Langham a call for six months. Most fervently do we pray that his labours there may be rendered exceedingly useful. A good old established believer, passing his opinion upon Henry Langham as a preacher, says — "*his matter is good* ; but he is in too great a hurry in the delivery." We think it very likely, that the afflictions through which poor Henry has been, and still is, passing, will have a tendency to sober down a little of his ministerial zeal. The good Lord is preparing him for much usefulness, and we hope the friends to real, gospel, experimental truth around Harleston, will be found holding up his hands, and encouraging him in his labours ; for this he greatly needs.

THE CHURCH AT UNICORN YARD, TOOLEY STREET, have, by a large majority, invited Mr. BONNER to become their pastor. The people say he is a man of great talent ; and bids fair to be of much service to Zion. Well ; we hope that, (like Ezekiel,) he is made to *eat the roll*, before he declares it unto the house of Israel. If Mr. Bonner's ministry is an honest *speaking out* of that, and only that, which God the Holy Ghost *sovereignly, graciously, and experimentally revealeth and worketh in his own soul*, then we are sure that his labours will be owned and honoured of God ; and be a *lasting blessing to the people* ; his word will be like a hammer, that will break in sunder the rocky heart ; it will be

like a fire, that shall burn up the wood, hay and stubble of a proud, self-conceited, and empty profession ; and such a ministry in Southwark is not a little needed.

There is reason to hope that the cause of truth at BANBURY is reviving under the ministry of D. LODGE. The cause there was so low, that it was thought the door must be closed ; but, now, the congregations are good ; the labours of our Brother Lodge are blessed to the people ; and—*Who can tell*, but that many precious souls may yet be gathered in ? O, Lord, send out thy light and thy truth ! let thine own word have free course, run, and be glorified.

In every part of the word of God, as well as in the subsequent histories of the church of Christ, we have striking instances in proof that the more God's Israel have been afflicted, the more they have multiplied and grown. What is said of the havoc Saul made of the church when he entered into every house, committing men and women to prison ? Why just this, "*Therefore*, they that were scattered abroad, *went everywhere preaching the word*." What a calm, but blessed declaration ! We are pinched for room, therefore cannot enlarge ; but briefly add this *scattering and increasing* of the children of grace, and of gospel truth, is, we trust, being very successfully enacted in Manchester at the present time. First—a division takes place in the late Mr. Gadsby's church ; this gives rise to the formation of the church, and the proclamation of divine truth at Oldham Street, by Mr. Bidder. Now something has occurred to cause Mr. Bidder to *leave Oldham Street*, and 'I believe, (says a correspondent,) Mr. Bidder now meets with a part of the church in some room in the town ; but which is supposed only to be temporary.' We can only add—we trust the good hand of God will be ultimately seen in all this, in causing the glorious doctrines of sovereign grace to be proclaimed in many parts of Manchester. As regards the church at Oldham Street, the presence of the Lord has been much realised ; a blessing has attended the word ; and great numbers flock to hear. Mr. Tant, of Brighton, has been with them four Lord's Days ; and he is to be succeeded by Mr. Corbitt, of Biggleswade, Bedfordshire. We may have more to say respecting this part of the vineyard in our next.—EDITOR.

[Our Review of Ebenezer Vinal's Call to the Ministry is deferred for the present.] . . .

How may I know that I have an Eternal standing in the Covenant of Grace ?

Heavy laden and weary Pilgrim—Come and sit down for a moment, and I will tell thee how this solemn question was answered in my own soul; it may be that the Lord may hereby encourage you to hope in his mercy. THE COVENANT OF GRACE was brought before the eye of my mind. I was led to see most certainly that every fallen son and daughter of Adam is either *in* the covenant of grace, or under a covenant of works. God *doth* deal with sinners according to the covenant they stand in. It then became an important question as to what are safe evidences of a sinner's being *in the covenant of grace*? While my mind was hovering over this matter, the vision which Peter had, was brought before me. In the eleventh of the Acts, the Holy Ghost makes this record, as the language of Peter—"I was in the city of Joppa praying: and in a trance I saw a vision, A certain vessel descend, as it had been a great sheet, let down from heaven by four corners; and it came even to me. Upon the which, when I had fastened mine eyes, I considered and saw four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air."

Here is first, a representation of the covenant of grace; secondly, the diversity of character of which the church is composed. And, thirdly, the eternal standing and safety of the whole election of grace in the covenant.

I believe that this vessel or sheet represented that everlasting covenant of grace in which stands the safety of the church of God. I am confirmed in this, from the fact, that the three principal things meant by the term *covenant*, were spoken to Peter, when the vessel came down before his eyes: these were the words—"Arise—slay—and eat."

I shall then only labour to shew you two things. First—what is to be understood by the term *covenant*; and that as Peter most emphatically says, 'IT CAME EVEN TO ME'—so I must insist upon it, that if thou art a new covenant man, this covenant will come even unto thee. For the coming down of this sheet out of heaven, laying open the mind of God to Peter, was but the exact fulfilment of that word—"the *secret of the Lord* is

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with them that fear him; and he will *shew* them his covenant." By this sheet, God shewed unto Peter his covenant; and if thou art a child of his by adoption and grace, he will shew it unto thee. Secondly, I will, (please the Lord,) say a word or two about the diversity of character in this sheet, and so close up this feeble attempt to confirm you in the truth. First—what is to be understood by the term *covenant*?—And how may I know I am within its compass? These are great questions. But read carefully and prayerfully (if you can) what follows.

The term *Covenant* is derived from that which signifies to *purge out*, to separate—to make clean and clear. Such was the desire which God had in view in making the Covenant, as Paul declares in heavenly things (or places) in the Covenant of grace, the Father blessed us with all spiritual blessings, according as he had chosen us in Christ—that *we should be holy and without blame*, before him in love. God's elect are chosen out—redeemed out—called out—and delivered out from all other men. They shall not be reckoned among the nations. Read Exod xix. 5, 6. Read also the end of the 15th of Genesis; and there see when God made a covenant with Abraham he commanded him to take an heifer, and a she-goat, and a ram, and to *divide them*, and to lay each piece one against another: "and, behold a smoking furnace and a burning lamp passing between those pieces;" foreshewing that in the sacrifice which Christ would make, the wrath of God and divine justice would fall upon him, and by his coming down, and enduring these, in the Church's stead, he should for ever purge out—separate, and make clean, the church from the world, from all her sins; and free her from all condemnation. This was the great *design* of the covenant; and, if thou art a new covenant man, when this covenant comes even to thee, it will speak to thee as it did to Peter, "ARISE." It will not only call thee out from the world, and from the service of the devil; but it will purge thee out: so that thy delight, thy pleasure, thy rest, thy hope, thy companions, shall no more be found in the beggarly elements of the world. What sayest thou to this? Has grace *purged thee out*?

Then thou art in the covenant. Nothing short of the Holy Ghost letting down this covenant into thy heart can effect a radical change. Is it done? Ponder well this weighty point. I say again, if thou art really purged out from thy old service, from thy old sins, from thy old ignorance, from thy old pursuits—then thou art in the covenant—CHRIST and HEAVEN are thine.

Again—others derive covenant from *Berith*: i.e. to smite or to cut. This points to the *transactions* of the covenant. Christ was smitten, and cut off; so, his people are smitten by the law, through the power of the Holy Ghost. But, read Isaiah liii. 4, 5. "He was stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. He was wounded for our transgressions, &c. and with his stripes we are healed." The fact is, if thou art a new covenant man, it was thy sin that drove the spear into the Saviour's heart; *you*—was the very man that did smite him. And when this covenant comes even to thee, then shall that scripture be fulfilled in you—"They shall look upon me, whom they have pierced; and they shall mourn for him, as one that mourneth for his only son." I ask you, then, have you been led to Calvary's cross? Have you, by faith, looked upon Jesus as your God, and your Saviour? Have you felt, as Watts declares he did, when he says,

My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on th'accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there?

Have you—with a broken heart, and a contrite spirit, *mourned* for this, with bitterness of soul? And have you, sincerely cried out, as from the bottom of your soul—"Oh, give me Christ, or else I die?" Then, I am bold to say—"Thou art in the covenant. For Christ says so—"This is the will of him that sent me, that every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on him, shall have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day."

Again, some derive *covenant* from *Barah*, *comedit*—signifying—to eat:—because in Eastern Countries, covenants were established and confirmed by eating *bread* and *salt*, denoting life and communion; and preservation and sanctity. When Isaac and Abimelech made a covenant, they had a feast; they did eat and drink. And when Isaac's servants

digged a well, he called it Sheba, *an oath*, therefore the name of the city is *Beer-sheba*, *the well of an oath*." That well may typify the secret indwelling of the Holy Ghost, as the covenant typified Christ. Isaac's servants digged after the well, as Christ's ministers dig into the mysteries of the Gospel Kingdom—and the substance of their preaching should be—"We have found water." See Genesis xxvi. 27—33; Genesis xxxi. 54; 2 Sam. iii. 20. While then, to *purge out*, signifies the *design* of the covenant; this, to *eat*, denoteth the *benefits* coming out of the covenant to all for whom it is made. Before eating, there must be slaying. These two shew what the covenant will do for covenant men; it will separate them; it will support them.

Coming into the New Testament—the word Covenant or Testament there is derived from *Diatheke*—which at least, signifies three things—1. to set things in order. 2. to pacify, and give satisfaction. 3. to dispose of things according to the will. All these things are accomplished by the Gospel. It sets out the truth as it is in Christ—thereby sinners are reconciled and satisfied; and by the Gospel, there is a disposing, or giving out of new covenant mercies; such as the pardon of sin, peace with God, and a comfortable communion with the saints.

If, then, thou art a new-covenant man, thou dost sometimes feed upon and rejoice in the gospel of the grace of God; and it will be thy meat and drink to do thy Father's will, which is, to honor the Son, by taking up thy cross daily, and following him. Now, secondly, just look inside of the covenant. Surely you will say, it is a strange sight indeed! "All manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air." Why, what can it mean?

1. That the church is made up of sinners of all kinds—"Four-footed beasts, wild beasts, creeping things, and fowls of the air." I believe this shews variety of character. But the four-fold condition of the church is also pointed out.

First—Clean beasts, or living creatures, denoting God's elect as they ever stood in Christ, viewed and accepted, and made honorable in him. "Thou art all fair."

2.—Wild beasts. The church in her fallen state—every vessel of mercy in un-

regeneracy is like unto a wild beast, untamed—caring not for God or man. What wild beasts were that Manasseh, that Saul, that Bunyan, you and me! going hither and thither, and feeding upon the things of the earth.

3.—Creeping things; denoting, a low and weak state; the sinner under the law, broken down, and laid in the dust. There was a grand distinction made between creeping things under the law. See Leviticus xi. 21, 23. There were creeping things of *two kinds*. Such as went upon all fours, and such as had legs *above their feet*; so that they leaped upon the earth. The first denoteth man in his fallen state, going with all his powers in sin—laying himself out in wickedness, wallowing and delighting, living and dying in it. Such are to be an abomination, and they are so. But the second kind of creeping things, which have legs above the feet, *leaping* upon the earth, denoteth a living soul, who, though it is yet on the earth, and creeping, it may be, in weakness, in contempt, and condemnation; yet it has legs above its feet. The legs bear and carry up the body; so the living soul has powers which carry it up above sin, and above the world, and above delusions and hypocrisies; so that it *cannot* lie down in sin, in the world, nor in dead empty forms: it leapeth after God in his love and power—after Christ in his blood and righteousness—after the Holy Ghost in his sweet anointings and sanctifyings—after the gospel, in all its precious doctrines, promises and precepts—after the church of Christ, in all her privileges and ordinances—after victory over death, and an abundant entrance into heaven.

These living souls—flying, though creeping—of them thou mayest eat: that is, with these thou mayest commune, these you may receive, for these are in the covenant.

4.—Fowls of the air; denoting, souls lifted up on the wings of faith and love, flying by faith into the fulness and glory of the kingdom of grace.

And now, poor weary pilgrim, I must, for the present, say farewell. If thou art really following after the Lord of life and glory, be of good cheer; our way may be rough, our trials may be great, but the door into the kingdom will soon be opened; we shall enter in, and find ourselves in the presence of Him who fills all heaven with endless praise.—C.W.B.

The Plan of Salvation—the darling Scheme of Deity.

WHAT a striking sentence is this!—‘*The plan of salvation, the darling scheme of Deity!*’ ‘Where, (say you) ‘did you find it?’ I will tell you. Among some other parcels which came to hand, there was one which contained a book entitled — ‘THE BOOK OF LIFE; being the substance of a Sermon preached at Zion Chapel, Chatteris, by William Palmer,’ published by Hall and Co., Paternoster Row, (price Six-pence).’ And in the very opening of the discourse I found the sentence which I have placed at the head of this article.

This beautiful, comprehensive, and soul-stirring sentence struck in with such force and sweetness upon my heart, that I seemed in an instant fastened to the discourse, and knit in a most comfortable manner to the author; and I must confess that among all the works which I have either glanced at or perused (of a modern date,) I have met with none so full of golden speeches—so fraught with deep gospel matter—or, so demonstrative of sterling talent, as is this sermon by Mr. William Palmer. Here, the grand foundation truths of our faith and hope are thrown out with such boldness and consistency; interwoven with so many little fine features of the christian’s experience of those truths, that I verily believe no child of God can read it without being in some measure blessed.

But, I am the father of a family—and I never can enjoy any dainty, without my children partake with me in partaking of it. I am the pastor of a church, and I never get a sacred immersion in the precious love and blood of my dear Lord and Master, but my soul desires to communicate the same to the people; and in like manner, when (as Editor) I am favoured to pick up anything likely to be of real benefit to the church of Christ, I cannot rest until I carefully pack it up and enclose it in the *Vessel*.

For the present, I can only take a leaf or two out of this ‘Book of Life.’ May be, I shall send another packet next month.

It is but just to premise that the following extracts are hastily drawn; and present but a faint idea of the value of the work. The author describes the various books spoken of in the word; and says—

“God keeps his *books*. Among them there is ‘the book of *life*’; and on the pages of this book, are exactly represented the distinguished sons of God, ‘whose names are written in heaven.’ Earthly parents have their family registers, and God has his. Here the spiritual family are registered,—all the family, and none but the family. Omissions, additions, and erasures, in this volume are alike unknown. Their names are written,

not on loose sheets, much less on slips of paper, which are frequently lost, burnt, or otherwise destroyed. Their names are written in *Heaven*—in a *book*—in the *Lamb's book*—in the *Lamb's book of life*; which book, we may be perfectly certain, is well taken care of."

"Is, then, my name written in heaven? For this, after all, is a prime consideration. It matters but little where it may be seen, if it is not seen there, in what book it may be written, if it is not written in the book of life; in what earthly register it may be found, if it is not found in the heavenly one. I might figure on the list of heroes, of statesmen, or of monarchs, but if I am not 'written among the living in Jerusalem,' in the highest sense of that phraseology, what would it all amount to in that day when the book of life shall be laid open?"

"From the custom of registering civil citizens, and having Jewish genealogies, the christian church became a city, a household, a new Jerusalem; consequently christians had *their book*, their canon, their church register, their book of life. When baptized and admitted to the church, a person was canonized, fraternized, citizenized, and enfranchized. He was booked as a christian, canonized as a saint, fraternized as a brother, enfranchized as a citizen, and enrolled as a soldier. So long as his conduct exemplified his principles he was entitled to all the privileges and honours of his christian estate; but in case of defective morality, perverted attachments, or heretical views, he was admonished; and in case of final departure from the faith, his name was erased; he was *blotted out of the book of life*, and excluded from all participation in church fellowship.

"Besides the books just enumerated, there is another, differing, in some respects, from all the rest. This is the saints' heavenly register; or rather, the 'Lamb's book of life,' in which are registered all the heirs of salvation. All that ever have lived, are living, or will live; young and old, infants and adults, male and female, Jews and Gentiles, are written to life in *this book*.

"And this too is a *church book*."

"It thus appears, that there are two church books; one for heaven and one for earth; both belonging to Christ, and both books of life. They differ, however, in several respects:—one is in *heaven*, the other is on earth:—one is in the custody of *Christ*, the other is in the hands of the *church*: one contains all the family, and *none* but the family, the other contains only some of the family, with some which are not of the family. In one, the names were written by *Christ*, in the other the members write their own names,—those of them at least who can. The heavenly register was made up instantaneously; the earthly regis-

ter is not yet completed. One registered them as *chosen*, the other registers them as *called*, yet not all of them. In the book above not a single name is blotted out, but in the book below erasures frequently occur."

"We thus see how names *can* be blotted out of the book of life, and how they *cannot*. There are *two books* of life; one in heaven and one on earth. The upper record was prepared by Christ, and is founded upon an election concerning which no mistake could occur: the lower record is prepared by the church, and is founded upon a vocation, concerning which many mistakes have occurred, and will occur."

"This is that book the apostle referred to in our text, as implying *distinguished honour and privilege*. Without it all is *death*; within it all is *life*; spiritual life, heavenly life, immortal life. Life in the fountain, life in the streams, and life in its effects, are here represented or implied. Life in the head, and life in the members,—before time, in time, through time, and after time, is denoted by this book. Life desired, life bestowed, and life secured, this document records. Nothing but *life* reigns here: sovereign life, secret life, settled life. All the persons in God, reveal, declare, and confirm this life: life in the person of the Father, life in the person of the Son, and life in the person of the Holy Spirit; life in the will of the first, life in the blood of the second, and life in the operations of the third. We thus see life above blood, life through blood, and life with blood:—life in the promise of blood, life in the shedding of blood, and life in the sprinkling of blood. 'There are three that bear record in heaven—the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and there are three that bear witness on earth—the Spirit, the water, and the blood. And *this* is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.'

We must close with another short extract. We pray that the blessed truths herein proclaimed, and the spirit herein manifested, may be spread far and wide.

"The life that is from Christ, is a life that will tend to Christ, call for Christ and thirst after Christ. He is the sweetness and the substance, the beauty and the blessedness, of inward life in its spiritual cravings, fervent longings, varied pursuits, and gradual development. The life which he requested, was the life that he purchased; the life which he purchased was the life which he imparts; the life which he imparts is the life which he sustains; and the life which he sustains finds nourishment in him. Hence, he is the bread of life, the tree of life, and the water of life. Paul lived upon him; Peter said he was precious; and John affirmed that he who had the Son had life, and that he who had not the Son had not life."

The Threshing Instrument.

TO THE READERS OF THE "VESSEL."

BRETHREN:—How kind is the Lord to his blood-bought family in giving them the lamp of his holy Word to illumine their path in this cloudy and dark day! and how encouraging is the promise in which he says—'Fear not thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy one of Israel. Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth, and thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make them as chaff.' It is blessed to find it thus written in the page of truth, as the Word of God to his own people, but more blessed still to have it written on the heart, so as to know it to be the voice of God to us, encouraging us to go forward with the assurance that (though mountains of difficulty stand in our way, and we, like David, have no weapon,) the Lord will meet us at the point of contest, and furnish us with a sword, or jaw-bone, wherewith, through his power, to break our foes in pieces as a potter's vessel is broken.—'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.'

In the promise above named we have the nature of the person spoken to, and it is the nature of a worm, a creeping thing, so contemptible and feeble, that it seems worthy of no note, and yet the most high God deigns to regard it, and make thereto a promise of great things! It is true, man was made upright, and so in his origin was no worm, but a man; having dominion over beasts, birds, and fishes; and standing erect in dignity, purity, and innocence before his Maker. But, presently he fell, became prone, and crept into the earth; yea, more; for, like an infernal worm he crept into hell, and there abode in the horrible pit! Then, O, 'what is man, that the Lord should be mindful of him? or the son of man that God should visit him?' Blessed be his name he had a glorious purpose to accomplish, and a wondrous end to be gained, and for this reason man sunk like lead into the gulf of death. Like the axe-head, man sunk into the waters of Jordan, that so the Prophet of Israel might make the iron to swim!

And this prophet came. Making himself of no reputation, he laid his glory

by, and became 'a worm and no man;' and thus he descended into the depths of the sea, that he might find the worm Jacob, and bring him up from those depths, place his feet upon a rock, and establish his goings. Yes; because man was shut up, as in an iron furnace, he went down into the belly of hell, where the iron entered into his soul, and there he cried to the strong for strength, and was heard, in that he feared; and being heard, 'he destroyed death, and him that had the power of death, that is the devil;' and tare away the gates, posts, bars, and all from the dreadful prison house, and carried them to the top of the hill before Hebron, and made a shew of them openly, triumphing over them in it; and there those trophies stand to this day to be looked at by all those who dwell in Hebron, i. e., the *society* and *friendship* of the people of the Lord; and looking they may sing—

"He hath triumph'd gloriously,
The horse and his rider,
He hath thrown into the sea!"

And having thus descended into 'the lowest hell,' and then ascended into 'the third heaven,' he came and preached peace to us who were afar off, that so we might be brought nigh, and sit with him on his throne, even as Esther was brought nigh, and sat on the throne of the kingdom of Persia.

But this seems impossible! Why? Because we are such feeble, filthy, crawling worms! Surely, except the Lord should make windows in heaven, this cannot be! Well, that he has done, and 'rained down righteousness!' Yea, more; he has opened a door in heaven, on purpose for these poor worms to pass through, that all may find themselves happy in the banquetting house. And lo! they pass through on eagles wings, on horses, in chariots, in litters, or coaches! But, are they worms now? Look and see. Behold they are cherubs, all bearing the image of the heavenly Adam! They are as the angels of God, being the children of the resurrection. But how do they appear thus? A miracle has been wrought, by which man's impossibility has been laughed to scorn. It is regeneration! Then, poor worm, if thou hast, indeed passed from death to life, if thou art born again, thou hast a name and a place among the spirits of just men, and made perfect; so that while

through infirmity of the flesh, and the sinnership of thy natural standing thou art *worm Jacob*, yet through the operation of the Spirit upon thy inner man, thou art one of the *men of Israel*, having obtained mercy and power to wrestle with the Lord, and to prevail and to become one of the princes of his kingdom; and therefore to thee it belongs, and to thee be it spoken—'Fear not, thou worm Jacob—for I will make thee a new, sharp threshing instrument, and thou shalt thresh the mountains,' &c.

Now, consider, beloved, and ye, my fellow-soldiers of the cross; consider, I say, how great this promise is, and how vast the effects that shall follow. Look and see if the Lord has not, in a measure, performed his word, when, at the first he made you to know and feel the force and power of new covenant truth—when some unconditional promise was thrown into thy soul, and thou tookest it up, and the contents were written upon thy heart! Was not this a sharp threshing instrument, having teeth, or *mouhths*, (as in the margin) by which thou didst bite and destroy thy foes, so that they fled out of thy house naked and wounded, and were as the chaff of the summer threshing floor? And was not the sensation thereof like an electric shock—thy fetters dropped off, thy fear of death fled—and the love of God was shed abroad in thy heart by the Holy Ghost? And did the Lord once give you this to take it from you again? Was it conditionally on thy part? No. Thou mightest indeed have laid it by, or fallen asleep and forgotten it, but thou hast it on thy premises still; and it is the same strong and mighty instrument it ever was; and none of its teeth are broken, nor any of its mouths closed. It is still mighty to conquer; so that with this in his hand every Caleb may cry—'Let us go up and possess the land; for we are well able to overcome it'—and every Paul may say—'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' Yes; thou man of God, in this thy might, thou mayest go forth conquering and to conquer, for nothing shall stand before thee, and every tongue that shall rise in judgment, thou shalt condemn; for this is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me saith the Lord.'

But then, brethren, it must be our

own; not borrowed, but given to us; for those who (like the seven sons of Sceva) thresh with a borrowed instrument, shall themselves flee both naked and wounded! And truly we have many of these vagabond Jews in our day, who turn exorcists, and seek to do the work of the Lord without a gift and commission from him; and they say—'We adjure you, by Jesus Christ, whom Paul, or Huntington, or Gill preacheth.' But the man of God will put these with the mountains to be threshed, and count them for his enemies; for such do their part to augment, and raise up that mountain, which, at this moment seeks and threatens to spread out its broad basis right over all the privileges and ordinances of the saints! There are many mountains to be threshed, and to fly away; but there is one in particular, whose long and broad shadow, even now, darkens the valley where Zion walks. 'Tis CONFUSION! 'Tis Babylon the great! And, reader, does not this often darken the windows of your mind, so that you cannot make a right judgment of your own case? Does not the gloom of confusion now, darken ministers and churches; so that like persons walking in a thick fog, we can see but few beside ourselves, and little, or nothing in the distance? Is it not so? What then are we to do? Take heed that we be not deceived by false appearances; and in the midst of the darkness mistake our friends for our foes, and our foes for our friends. Let us come more near, and examine them if the *Lord* has *given* them this instrument, and then if he has, say in despite of all their creature weakness—'These are my best friends — my kindred — my brethren! These are the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and there shall be my strength, in the Lord of Hosts, their God;' (Zech. xii. 5.) And we will unite in one band, and go against the enemies of the Lord, and as a phalanx, wrestle with principalities and powers, and spiritual wickednesses in high places; and we will wait in patience for the day, when Babylon shall be a threshing floor, and the time to thresh her is come; even that day when Zerubbabel (dispersion of confusion) shall go before us, and we do to Babylon as she hath done to us. Yes; 'in patience may we possess our souls,' and in holy confidence ask the question—'Who art thou, O, great mountain?' And then, in the triumph of faith, say—'Before

Zerubbabel thou shalt beome a plain, and he shall bring forth the head stone thereof with shoutings, crying, grace unto it.' For then shall the everlasting gospel thresh and break thee in pieces, and thou shalt not be found.

Then, 'the city of confusion' shall be broken down, and the feet of the poor, and the steps of the needy shall tread it under foot; and the Lord alone, the true Christ of God shall be exalted in that day. And of this thing hoped for, our faith is the substance; and therefore, in the mean time may we still go forward threshing in hope, looking for, and hastening to, the coming of the day of God, when the heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.

I am, brethren, your's W. C. P.
Brenchley, July 28, 1847.

A FEW

Thoughts to an Outcast Israelite,

LOOKING WITH HIS FACE TOWARDS ZION.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—It is now sometime since we met face to face. Since I saw you last I have passed through some afflicting changes touching body and mind. Although I have not been laid by entirely from bodily exercise at home, in my small way of business, nor from going to several places to supply, yet my bodily health and strength has been much impaired; added to which, my mind, at times, has been deeply exercised and tried. I find this time-state to be a thorny maze indeed. The conflicts of the appointed way, together with the various mischiefs of a sorely corrupted heart, are a burden indeed, of no small weight. Sins and sorrows stick too close together, and too close to me, (I find) to be parted assunder, or shaken off. I seem like one travelling through a body of lively sparks of fire, with pockets filled with gunpowder; liable to take fire, and explode every step I walk; really it appears as if sin was the definition of a mortal man; for the most and best that can be said of the very best of men, as men, is that that they lived—sinned—and died. Then oh, what a wonder of grace it is, that millions of such should freely be forgiven, perfectly sanctified in Jesus, and for ever saved beyond the reach of sin, death, and hell; for love divine will

crown every one of the fallen family, which are already crucified with Christ. If, to be reconciled to God in his own way of reconciling sinners, and an inward, willing subscribing to whatever his hand and his council hath determined to be done for the accomplishment of salvation, according to his own will and good pleasure, be any part of sound evidence of an endless interest in the favour of God, I can venture to put in my humble claim amongst the chosen family. Though that be but one evidence, yet if it be really a good one, many more will appear upon the premises of a gracious experience, although frequently so beclouded as scarcely to be visible; but our God seeth through the dark cloud, when our keenest sight is well nigh totally obscured; who judgeth not as we see and feel, think and do, but as he willeth; passing the sweet sentence of entire absolution, upon the eternally fixed principle and foundation of his own unwearied love to us in Christ. In the life, sufferings, and sacrificial death of Jesus, the guilty sinner's surety and friend, we see, in the most striking light, the abominable nature of sin, the admirable love of God in Christ, the true estimate of redeemed souls, and the victory of our great Captain, all united to utter the voice of sovereign mercy to miserable sinners, from the throne of matchless grace.

May that mercy melt us down; raise, and hold us up, and be a well-spring of consolation to us till the sorrows of the wilderness become exchanged for songs of triumph in the heights of Zion above, where nothing shall stifle our comforts, cramp our spirits, nor disturb our communion and repose for ever, with Jesus, and all the just in him. May this be our happy lot; now in good hope, and then in full fruition. Amen.

Things at ——— are in a sad state indeed. The appalling signs of the foretold falling away, seem to say we we are now in the dregs of the latter time. The night is darkening more and more over the prophets and churches of the New Testament; but it is to be feared the worst is not yet come. But our God is in the heavens; he doeth whatsoever pleaseth him; and will overrule the worst as well as the best for the good of them that love him. Grace, mercy, and truth be your shield. I am, your's truly,

WILLIAM.

Some Important Words

To the Heart which knoweth its own Bitterness.

(Concluded from our last.)

AND what an amazing wonder that in the midst of long waiting for a blessing, through the means of grace, and not finding the blessing to come, you have still been kept walking in his ordinances, going and waiting at the posts of his doors, watching daily at his gates; though ye have gone, and returned again and again, and have been like the door on its hinges; and in your feelings have been like the barren heath, as to real, spiritual enjoyment in the worship or service of God; and so, also, concerning a going to a throne of grace, you have been holpen still to look again towards God's holy temple, though, like poor Jonah, the weeds have been wrapped about your head, and you have felt as being in the very belly of hell: and your walking thus, though it be in the midst of felt darkness, is vastly different to the walking of the duty-faith, church, or chapel-going pharisee, and dead doctrinal-professor, who is satisfied with a mere filling up his place, in the midst of a round of duties, and what is called 'attending the means of grace;' for there is no groping, or feeling after that which they never found with them in their walks and rounds. But you grope; that is, you feel after the wall; even Christ for your succour, and his promise for your guide, even as the blind man, who has no eyes, would earnestly grope, and feel, with outstretched arms for the wall, on his being informed the house in which he was found, was on fire at both ends, in hopes, thereby, to find the door for an escape. And in your groping, you grope as if you had no eyes; finding, that neither the eye of sense can direct you, nor the eye of faith lead you, by reason of the darkness by which your soul is surrounded; and to talk to you now about looking to Christ, and beholding Christ, and rejoicing in Christ, in your present state, would be like whistling jigs to mill stones, or, rather, in Scripture language, like 'vinegar to nitre, and singing songs to him who is of an heavy heart' But, what a blessing,

"He sees us when we see not him,
And always hears our cry."

Still wait, still walk, and still grope, poor groping soul, and soon, in mercy, the Lord will come down, and come in your way, and will come into your heart. 'But,' say you, 'I stumble in my groping, and stumble again, even in the midst of noon day; for, I hear the glorious truths of the gospel declared from time to time, and am favoured to move in the midst of the very sunshine of the glorious truths of the gospel of Christ, and how can it be, if I am a child of God,

enlightened with the light of the living, that I can stumble in the midst of these things?' Well, your case is not peculiar to yourself, or a solitary one, as the text plainly shows; and your very stumbling is a proof that you live; for, a dead thing, a dead image, however it may have the outward appearance of life, may be stumbled at, but it never can stumble; and you stumble, not at Jesus Christ, nor at his truth; but you stumble at, or through unbelief; and this stumbling sometimes brings you down on your knees with a right earnest cry in your soul—'Lord, help thou my unbelief!' that is, take this stumbling block out of my way. And the things which you stumble over are the works of the flesh; by which stumbling, you are often brought down on your belly, with your mouth and eyes in the dust, before God, with the cry of poor Jeremiah, (from blows you have received by your fall,) 'My bowels, my bowels;' and with the groan of poor Paul—'Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' And you know, in your experience, what it is to be in desolate places; not merely talking about them as being desolate places where God's people have been, and sometimes get, but you are actually *in* desolate places; and now, like the pelican in the wilderness, who once had a large stock of water with her, but the same is now expanded in the dreary waste; or like the owl in the desert, in the midst of felt darkness, in the night of your soul trouble, you groan out your sorrowful cry; or, like the beast out of the wood, where they have lived (as we are told) for a long period without food, so you roar out unto God, and after God, even as the bear roareth for food at such a season, and at such a time; and as the bear bereaved of her whelps, (or fruit) roars in the pursuit of the same, (Prov. xvii. 12,) so you find you must have food, and you must find fruit, and you cannot be satisfied with pretty sounds, nor duty rounds; nor pleasing stories, nor anecdotes, nor antidotes of men's prescribing, can satisfy the longing desire of your soul. Realities! Realities! Such as food for the soul, and fruit acceptable to God, and pleasant to the soul's desire, are the things which you must find. And, now, if these children are not in your sight, around you, and in your feelings within you, like Rachel, you refuse to be comforted, while you mourn sore, like doves, having lost the company of your mate, to whom you have been wedded in spiritual, conjugal ties, even a precious Christ, your spiritual husband, who in your feelings seems to have taken a long journey of absence from you, and you sorrowfully sigh—

"I miss the presence of my friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone."

And like weeping Mary, the cause of your

soul's grief is because the presence of the Lord is taken away, and you know not where to find him, or where he will again find you; while, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth your soul after God, yea, the living God, saying when shall I come and appear before God, and again behold the light of his countenance, and rejoice again in his smiles, and realise again the blessedness of communion with him, as the effects of a living, vital, and eternal union with him; and feeling yourself to be sick of love, that is love sick towards your heavenly lover, husband, Lord, and God; you want him again to stay you with flagons, and comfort you with apples; and if you meet with those who are blessedly favoured to see him, you could tell them, you charge them when he pays them a love visit, to tell him you are sick of love, and you want him, and must have him, or else you must die; and that you want again to feel his dear left hand to be under your drooping head, and his almighty right hand to embrace your fainting person, or soul; and say unto them, tell him that I want him to give me another of the sweet kisses of his dear mouth, knowing that his love communicated to my soul is better than wine, having found in times past, the roof of his mouth like the best wine unto me, and for me, his beloved; and the dear words which the roof of his mouth, being struck with his heavenly tongue, has sent forth into me, I have found that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of her who was asleep to speak.

Well, dear souls, he never can have kindled such a fire as this in your souls, and caused such a burning desire as this to be felt within thee, without intending to feed it, and purposing to fulfil it; 'for the desire of the righteous (that is the righteous desire of the new man, after himself, and in this sense, it is, that the desire of the righteous) is only good.' Prov. xi. 23. This desire shall be granted, though now for a season, you are in heaviness, saying, 'We look for judgment and for salvation, but it is far off from us,' though you acknowledge it was never far off from God, for judgment and salvation have everlastingly been with him; but you want that which is with God for you, and in your behalf, to be with you, and to be felt in you; as poor David, who said—'Let thy mercies come also unto me, O Lord, (that I may call them experimentally, my mercies,) even thy salvation, (that I may soul-feelingly call thy salvation, my salvation,) according to thy word, (for thou hast promised it,) so shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me, (in saying, now, where is thy God?) for I trust in thy word.' But thou sayest in the midst of still having to look for these things, and because it is not so with thee as thou wouldst have it to be, 'he hath visited

me in his anger.' But what saith the answers of God?—(Job xxxv. 14, 15.) May he speak into thy soul—'Although thou sayest, I shall not see him, yet judgment is before him; therefore trust thou in him.' But now, because it is not so with thee, in thy present soul's experience, you say in your feelings, he hath visited me in his anger; yet, know thou, he knoweth not anger for thee in great extremities; and though in a little wrath he hath hid his face from thee for a moment, yet, with everlasting kindness, love, grace, and mercy will he gather thee; and that judgment which he hath pronounced concerning you, (Jer. xxxi. 28, 'And it shall come to pass, that like as I have watched over them to pluck up, and to break down, and to throw down, and to destroy, and to afflict, so will I watch over them to build and to plant saith the Lord'), be awarded unto you in the Lord's appointed time; and that salvation which a Triune Jehovah has placed in Zion for Israel. His glory shall again burst forth as a lamp that burneth, in the felt experience of your souls, and then being again adorned with your tabrets, you shall again go forth in the dances of them that make merry, and ye shall have another song in the night, even as when an holy assembly of joy is kept, and as one who goeth with a pipe into the house of the Lord, to praise his God as the God of his salvation, who shall yet make thee, poor soul, notwithstanding all thy present bitterness, to dwell in tabernacles with himself; and give you to say, again, 'his tabernacle is with men, for he dwelleth still with me, and maketh me to dwell with him;' for, 'when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him; and the Redeemer shall come himself unto poor Zion, and unto them who turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord.' And concerning these things, there is a three-fold amen; for there is the amen of Jehovah in his Word, who hath said, 'all his promises are yea, and in Christ they are amen;' *it shall be so*. There is the amen of the poor writer, who can say, to the glory of Jehovah's faithfulness *it has been so* in his own personal experience. And there is the amen of the Holy Ghost in 'the heart which knoweth its own bitterness,' and whose case the present communication may meet, and be suitable, '*let it be so* in the personal and individual experience of my soul.' And for which blessing and blessedness in the behalf of such heart, prays and longs its well-wisher, companion in tribulation, and servant for Christ's sake, in the bonds of the gospel.

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Baptist Parsonage, Aldringham, Suffolk.

An Address

To such poor souls as fear their convictions have not been deep enough.

“Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.” 1 Pet. i. 2.

THESE thoughts are intended for the poor soul who is discontented with his convictions because they are slight.

The epistle in which these words occur, is called general, because it was not written to any particular church, but to the tried christians, both of converted jews and gentiles, who were scattered in the various countries named in the preceding verse, by a violent persecution. But it is also addressed to all God's elect; therefore it is for us to prove our election, by some of its evidences, before we can properly decide that the epistle is written to us. There are a few things in the words read, which have particularly arrested my attention, which, I think, will, under the divine blessing, prove this election. The first thing is the obedience here named. I here reverse the order of the words as they stand in the sentence; but you must pardon this.

That this is not the obedience of the moral law is evident, for that law was given to show to us God's holy requirements of us, and how extremely low we were sunk in sin—‘By the law is the knowledge of sin. The law entered, that the offence might abound. Whatsoever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law, (mark!) that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.’ That this is not the obedience of either the moral or ceremonial law, is further evident, if we consider that Christ has fulfilled the former, and abolished the latter. Yes; he has obeyed the moral law in every point for his people. Then what obedience is it? It is the heart's obedience of the command of God to seek his face. David exemplifies this where he says, ‘When the Lord said unto me, seek ye my face, my heart said, thy face, O, Lord, will I seek.’ Various ways has the Lord in his bringing his people to a knowledge of themselves as sinners, and of himself as their Saviour. But there appears to me to be two ways in which God generally performs this:

The first I shall call an audible command or call. The second is a silent one.

With respect to what I have called an audible command, I mean where the soul has been arrested by the power of God, with some such a sentence as this, *Prepare to meet thy God*, which is as thunder in the soul, and as the flashing of mount Sinai, which strikes the soul with the greatest horror and alarm; placing the man under the painful

apprehension of being cast into hell for ever and ever.

But, I wish to speak a word or two to my weak brother or sister, whose conviction has been comparatively slight, and who is often cast down on this account. There are many of the dear children of God, who, because the Lord has not spoken to them by some word from his blessed book, as in the case above mentioned, doubt as to whether it be the voice of God by which they have been called. But, if they contemplate what language really is, they will find that they may be spoken to in mute, or silent language. Now, language may be defined to be:—The means by which thought is expressed. So that any thing that is used to express our thoughts or intention to others, is language. Look, for instance at what may be expressed by the eyes, by a frown, or by a smile.

By the *silent command*, or call, I mean where there has been an impression made on the soul, without any word being spoken or applied to it, which impression has gradually informed the soul as to its sinful state before God, and which produces certain effects by which this call is to be judged. It awakens the soul to its awful state by nature. The sinner sees he is a sinner before God, whom he now fears as an angry judge; he is personally convinced of his sin; he sees that he has been fighting against him with an high and outstretched arm; that he has been doing nothing but evil in his sight; that he has broken his holy law, insulted his justice; is under the condemnation of eternal punishment; and that unless he can find some way of escape, he shall be lost for ever. Under this painful conviction, he cries out—‘*What must I do to be saved?*’ Oh, what must I do to be saved?’ And he cries also to God in the bitterness of his soul—‘*What wouldst thou have me to do?*’ He is willing to do anything could he but pacify his wounded conscience, and appease that angry God whom he knows he has offended so awfully. He commences the attempt. He shuns his old companions; he forsakes his sinful practices. He reads the Bible; goes to a place of worship; perhaps gets among the Arminians; sets about the work with all the earnestness of his soul; he makes up his mind in the morning to live without sin through the day; but, alas! before he has advanced many hours into the day, he finds himself overtaken by sin, he is cast down in his soul, and begins to form stronger resolutions for the next day, but all in vain. He sees spots here, and spots there. Then view him in secret! his hands clasped; binding himself under the most solemn vows he can think of, before God, that he will abstain from sin. But, ah! poor thing; he finds he breaks them all as fast as he makes them. Here he sinks down in despair of ever getting

saved at all. He has striven to the uttermost of his power to be righteous, but he finds he can no more keep himself from sinning than he can wash the Ethiopian white. He feels himself utterly lost, and cries out from agony of soul—'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' This is not the mere confession of the lips, it is the heart that is speaking. Watch him on his knees, in his closet! in the cellar! in the workshop! See the tears falling from his eyes! Follow him to the house of God; see his fixed attention to the words as they fall from the mouth of the minister, to whom, God, in his providence, has directed him! Behold his grave countenance! which is the true index of his heart. How personal is this obedience of seeking the Lord's face! This poor soul is as much concerned about the salvation of his own soul as though there was not another soul to be saved. How sincerely does he exclaim—'O, that the root of the matter may be found in me! O, that I knew that Christ died for me! O, that I could call God, my Father! O, that I could say, *He loved me, and gave himself for me!*' His song is:—

"The Lord will happiness divine,
On contrite hearts bestow,
Then tell me, gracious Lord, is mine
A contrite heart or no?"

The Lord, perhaps, directs his servant to some very consoling sentence, to be spoken to this poor soul, whereby he is encouraged to seek; such, perhaps as the following:—'Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.' The minister describes his exercises better than he could describe them himself; indeed, just as if some one had told the man of God all about it; and the Lord attends the word with a little power, so that the poor soul cannot help taking comfort from it. He leaves his pew with a hope that God will appear and deliver him. But, perhaps before that day is gone, the devil tells him that he has taken that comfort that did not belong to him. 'It was spoken to some of the children of God,' says he. 'Ah!' says unbelief, 'so it was; I have deceived myself.' From which, this obedient one sinks down into despondency; still he cannot help seeking, waiting, desiring, and crying for mercy; being fully satisfied that there is but one way in which a sinner can be just before God; which is by the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Lord meets with him again, perhaps by the ministry of the word, and says—'Fear not, thou worm Jacob.' Well, what does this poor doubter say to this? '*Ah! this is not for me.* I will not take it to myself this time: no; that I will not.' But his character is so clearly depicted by God's sent servant; the longings of his soul, the

feelings of his heart, are so expressly told to him; and its coming not in word only, as he had been hearing it for many Sabbaths, but with power, he could not resist it. It is evident the Lord has begotten him again to a lively hope, yet he has not had the evidence of the pardon of his sin; never had his captive soul fully set at liberty; never had relationship spoken to his heart; never been able to call God his Father. No; he is helped with a little help. My brother, though you have got no further than this, you have been made obedient to this command of your God. This is the obedience of heart I have spoken of; and I will pledge my soul for your's, that if you have experienced only this first part of the work of the Spirit on your soul, you shall shine forth with the saints in glory, for ever and ever. I want you to bear this in mind, till I come to the means of this obedience. And I do also beseech you to bear in mind, that, so sure as you have felt this first part, so sure you shall have the blood of sprinkling applied to your conscience.

But these obedient ones do not always stay in one stage of experience; they are sometimes upon the ascent to the top of the mount; sometimes in the valley; sometimes in a state to need restoration; sometimes in a state to require quickening; sometimes in a state to need cleansing: indeed, their souls go through many changes. But let us follow this hoping one a little further. The world, perhaps, charms; zeal waxes cold; carnal propensities become strong; and the thing gets into that state of mind which nothing but the power of God can reach. Now comes the set time to favour him:—He is brought to the very place, to hear the very sermon which God has, from all eternity, appointed to be the means by which his soul was to be set at liberty. Probably such a sentence as this—'Son be of good cheer, thy sins which are many, are all forgiven thee.' All guilt is removed from the conscience; fear is cast out by perfect love. What humble views has he of himself, now! 'Why hast thou loved and redeemed me, (says he,) who am so base, so vile, yea, the most vile? Can it be possible? Yes; this power that I now feel working in my soul, constrains me to say that *He loved me, and gave himself for me.* I now feel that his blood cleanseth from all sin. O, my God! thou art my God, and Father! O, my precious Jesus, thou knowest that I love thee!' Here he exclaims—'O, how precious art thou now to my soul!' Now his soul is in the enjoyment of that heavenly peace, which springs from the blood of sprinkling applied to his conscience, 'That peace which passeth all understanding.' He has joy which is unspeakable, and full of glory. How doth he sing, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, my spirit doth re-

joyce in God my Saviour.'—' Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O, my soul and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies, who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles.'

' Ah !' saith the poor christian, who has got no further than a hope, ' could I attain to this blessed assurance, I should be satisfied.' Well, so you would for the time it lasted. But, I tell you, as I told you before, if you have only experienced the first part of this obedience, as the Lord liveth, you shall have this blood of sprinkling applied to your soul sooner or later. You have been made willing, or obedient to seek God; this you cannot deny. And you are exclaiming—' O, that I knew where I might find him !' Well, then I want you to pay particular attention to the antecedent of this word obedience, as it stands in the sentence: namely, ' through sanctification of the Spirit.' Here, then is the *means* of this obedience. You know that you were not concerned about the state of your soul prior to this impression being made on your heart. And you also know that you could not beget that hope in your soul, which you received under that sermon, or from that passage of Scripture. Then, who did it? I declare that it is the sanctification of the Spirit of God. Have you not desires for spiritual things? Can you not say that you desire communion with God more than all the world calls good and great? Would you not live as holy as God is holy? Let conscience speak. And does not sin in your nature cause you more grief and sorrow than all things else beside? Was this the case when you was dead in sin? Then it is evident, that that which is born of the flesh is flesh, that is, it is sinful, carnal, and devilish. But these desires of your's are not sinful; they are not the works of the flesh, but the fruits of the Spirit. This proves that what you have experienced is the Spirit's work of sanctification in your soul; which is the effectual means of this obedience of which I have been speaking. Yea, my brother, God has begun this good work in you, and he will carry it on and finish it. Christ said, ' If I go not away, the comforter will not come.' He has come into your heart; then it was through the meritorious work of the Son of God. My dear brother, it was through the vicarious sufferings, the expiatory death, and atoning blood of the now exalted Saviour, that the Holy Ghost deposited this divine principle of light and life in your soul, which shall never die, while Christ lives, for it is his own life.

But again: see what all this further proves. It shows your relationship to God; ' for as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God;' it is the spirit of adoption. It is the Spirit whom the world cannot receive, you have received it, therefore you are not of the world, But more; he shall abide with you for ever. Do not think this is too great for you. May the Holy Ghost, himself apply these feeble remarks to your poor heart, and then you will be able to rejoice with him who said ' it is enough.'

Then look into the preceding clause of our verse; see that your election is also as sure in evidence. ' Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience, and the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.' So that if you had not been elected you would not have been made willing in the day of God's power. ' Elect unto the obedience,' &c. O, glorious election! Chosen of God the Father, in Christ; given to him for your preservation, with all the blessings you have, and will be the recipient of, through life; preserved in him, that he may ' present you, without blame, before the Father, in love;' eternally united to him. The Father promises all these blessings upon oath, to the Son, for you. Yes; he has sworn to him, and said, ' My covenant will I not break; nor alter the thing which is gone out of my mouth.' His word endureth for ever; and he must cease to be God before he can falsify it. O, the divine certainty of the blessings of salvation! Say no more, then that you are not elected; for your calling is the effect of your election. But, there is one particular evidence of your interest in these things which just strikes my mind; which is, you cannot believe my mere word for this. No; nothing will do for you, but for your sentence to come forth from God himself; it must come to you with power. Is this the case, my brother? If so, I positively affirm that you are an elect vessel of mercy. For, your faith doth not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. Then see what you are elected to, ' an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away,' but reserved in heaven for you. Yes; in that blessed paradise, there is a vacant seat for you which another can never fill; a golden harp; a glittering crown; and a palm of victory.

" There you shall bathe your weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across your peaceful breast.

But, mark the original cause of all this. Why did God elect his people? Because of any goodness he foresaw in them? No; for he saw that there would be none that would

do any good; no, not one. It was the everlasting love of a triune God, which is here set forth in this sentence by the words, 'According to the foreknowledge of God the Father;' that is, his foreknowledge of them as the objects of his eternal love from everlasting. His choice was founded upon his own mere love—'We love him because he first loved us.' Mark, also, that this love of your God is not a mere passion which needs a lovely object to excite it; no; it is one of his perfections; it is part of his divine nature; therefore, he must change in his nature, before he can cease to love you. It is eternal love; it is immutable love.

May you live in much enjoyment of it shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost.

Thus, have I endeavoured to show you a little about cause and effect; though, perhaps, I do not take the same view of these words as many of the children of God do. I have tried to show that this obedience of your's is the effect of the operation of God the Holy Ghost, and that this operation is the effect of the work of Christ, and that the work of Christ for you is the effect of your eternal election, and that your election is the effect of God's eternal love to you.

And I further add, that the two principle ends he had in view in all this, was your happiness with the rest of his people, and his own glory.

Your fellow traveller in this path,

Stepney.

GEORGE ELVEN.

What the Christian wants: - What the Believer has.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS IN THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST:—You will begin to think that I have forgotten my promise, in not writing before this; but I have been much engaged; I wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Bream first, because I had a few lines from her before I left. I do hope that the dear Lord will go on to bless you with the dew of heaven, and much of his blessed favour, power, and love in your poor souls, which I doubt not, is at times, as dry as the parched ground in Suffolk, in the summer season. One thing I know, he has promised to bless the *poor in spirit*. Then the question is—'am I the character?' For upon this hangs the important matter. To be poor in spirit, is to be in great spiritual want. I want riches, bread, water, righteousness, house, light, comfort, healing, life, light, strength, grace, mercy, peace, truth, love, power, and Christ to be my Prophet, Priest and King. To be poor in spirit is to be made to see and feel that we are dead, dark, blind, 'polluted, vile, destitute, and in DEBT, without any

human means of recovery, either in self, or in others. We look at the past with sorrow, the present with despair, and the future seems hopeless. Yet this is the very person God has promised to bless; and the blessing he has promised is, the kingdom, with all the blessedness connected therewith. This promise includes three special blessings which I will just mention, they are *life peace*, and *plenty*. *Life*. This the Son of God came from heaven to give, that we might have it more abundantly; and this is eternal life, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent; this knowledge is by the unctuous teaching of the Holy Spirit, who alone can lead us into all truth, shew us our own vileness, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and then lead us to the Lamb of God, who washes the soul from all pollution, removes guilt, and purges the conscience; making it whiter than snow. The Spirit of Life enters in regeneration, and the soul begins to be alive from the dead: there is a felt consciousness of guilt, and a cry gushes from the heart—'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' Rest is impossible, while the arrow of conviction is in the man's heart; but when Christ is revealed in all the beauty of his Person, work, and worthiness as my Saviour; and says to me 'live,' as he passes by, then live I must for ever; and reign in glory without sin or sorrow; having received life eternal as his own free gift; to whom be all the glory. Peace is another blessing; this comes to us through his own blood. What a price! He hath made peace by the blood of his cross; now the question is, has he made peace in our hearts, by the sprinkling of that precious blood? The man that is taught of God will find plenty of soul trouble, but, in Christ he shall have peace; and that peace God hath said, shall never be removed. Isa. liv. 10. It is the free gift of heaven which we poor beggars receive from the Prince of Peace. The other blessing is plenty, which completes the heaven we are to enjoy to all eternity. Life and peace are not enough; for a man might have these, and yet be ready to die with hunger, but Christ is so great a storehouse, full with the richest and most suitable provision, which is laid up for his beloved; 'and it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell!' Oh, that the Lord the Spirit may draw us to this heavenly storehouse. May we come empty, and often, to receive of these spiritual blessings; so that 'out of his fulness we may receive, and grace for grace.'

Your's in the Gospel of Christ,

C. H. COLES.

4, Soho-street, Reading, June 28, 1817.

The Harvest truly is Great; but the Labourers are Few.

DEAR BROTHER in the bonds of an everlasting covenant, well ordered in all things, and sure to all the seed:—About fourteen years ago, the Lord, in infinite mercy, rescued me from the pleasures of sin, in which I delighted, and in which awful depth I was sunk far beyond many of my companions; the most narrow escapes has there been between me and death oftentimes; yet, as soon as the danger was over, as soon did I return to my folly, more like a child of the devil than before.

Judgments or mercies ne'er could sway,
My roving feet to wisdom's way,
Glory to God I could not rove
Beyond the limits of his love.
Fenc'd with Jehovah's shalls and wills,
Firm as the everlasting hills.

But amidst all, that truth has been fulfilled in me, 'the bodies of the saints are immortal, till the soul is born of God.'

I was led to witness the ordinance of Believer's Baptism; so sunk in my spirit was I, that the most obscure seat was my choice, where, as I thought, I could neither see or be seen; but oh, the word I heard echoed from the pool!—A power which laid me low, brought all my past follies in a moment before my eyes, and I could only cry—'I have crucified the Son of God afresh by my ungodly deeds, and put him to an open shame—no hope for me—no mercy for me'—a fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation, was, for many months my lot; hell staring me in the face. I could only feel it was my just desert; but oh, the mercy that released my burdened conscience! About twelve years since, when one of the dear Lord's sent servants, (now in glory) was speaking out precious truth, (the portion he spoke from was a portion for me,) unbelief strove hard against it; satan told me it was not for me; my own heart said—'*not for me*;' it followed me through the dark watches of the night; it followed me in the morning; yet did I strive most mightily: '*not for me*;' 'it can't be for me;' still, the power of God the Holy Ghost came with the word: then, like Thomas, I was obliged to cry—'My Lord, and my God!' 'What me, Lord? A vile, sinful wretch, like me?' 'Yes; even thee; fear not; I have redeemed thee; thou art mine.' 'What! me,

Lord?' 'Yes, even thee; (was his reply) be not faithless, but believing.' Yes, dear brother, I can point to the very spot, the day, the hour, where my God richly manifested himself to my soul; I believe I shall never forget it. Well, for a time, I went on smoothly; but after a while, was developed such hidden evils that I verily thought would never again appear; a host of temptations without; a host of corruptions within. I soon afterwards found the way to the kingdom to be a sword-in-hand conflict all through: the weapon of all-prayer may for a while be laid aside; but necessity will soon bring it out—a daily cross—a thorn in the flesh—an evil heart—an ungodly world—a tempting devil—vile affections—wandering thoughts—cares and perplexities need something more than past experience, past deliverance, or past manifestations. The provision of yesterday will not suffice for to-day; but daily and hourly, yea, every moment, I need what my covenant God has promised—'I, Jehovah will keep it and watch over it every moment;' and my cry must, from necessity be—'Give me this day, my daily bread: I am weak, poor, and needy. I cannot live, walk, or move in the ways of Zion, only by him in whom my life is hid.'

Very shortly after the dear Lord thus liberated my soul, I felt an anxious desire to become of some use in his church. I was easily induced to become a tract distributor; and to work I went. No sooner had I begun than the sight of gospel truth revealed to me that nine tenths of the Society's tracts were full of the deadly poison of Arminianism. I was compelled to give up all my tracts for conscience sake.

My mind about this time was deeply impressed that I should be called to labour in the gospel vineyard, having felt those words so powerfully impressed upon my heart—'Son of man, I have made thee a watchman; son of man thou art not sent to a people of a strange speech, or of an hard language, whose language thou canst not understand, but to the house of Israel: thou shalt give them the word from my mouth, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear.'

Frequently has the dear Lord so

powerfully broke in upon my soul with a portion of his word that I have worked preaching, walked miles preaching, and most blessedly has my mind been lost in the glorious realities of his eternal truth. Oh, how have I longed for a door of utterance when my soul has been filled with love, fired with zeal, and overwhelmed with divine goodness! Never have I opened my mind to any man upon the subject before I sent you my last scribble; and now, with much fear, weakness, and trembling, I will again. The ice is broken; a door from me to you of communication is open; though at the present not from you to me, but by the *Vessel*. Use no means to find me. Let the Lord speak, and Samuel will be sure to hear; let Samuel lie in his place, and Eli judge if the Lord calls, lest it be of man; if of God it cannot be overthrown.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.

Of'times I fear it is only the emotions of pride and presumption; and that I shall one day run unsest of God. But

If he has bid me go,
Why do I tarry here?
If he appoints a work to do,
Why should I yield to fear?

Satan has been often let loose upon me, and tried me sharply, when with the dear saints of God I have had sweet liberty of soul at their prayer-meetings, and been melted down under the sweet and blessed unction of the Holy One; so that heart and soul, and all my powers have been lost in the fulness of Jehovah's love, blood and grace; but as soon as the sweet moments have passed, in satan comes as an angel of light: 'Well done; (he says) what a parson you would make; you are almost on the pulpit stairs.' Then looking round, I see and abhor my own vile heart; and am constrained to cry out, 'Search me, oh, my God, search me thoroughly; prove me: and know my thoughts; see my heart, oh God, thou, and thou only knowest; hear my cry; and lead me in the way everlasting.' Then again, the old foe rallies on me, and says I am the proudest hypocrite in Zion, and my prayers are a fair show in the flesh; and sends forth such a cloud of darkness, that he is permitted almost to blind my eyes; the face of Jehovah's throne is held back; I walk in darkness, and have no light, yet am alive; where can I go? I fly to his word, but see him not—means of grace, I cannot per-

ceive him—prayer meetings, I am most shut up, almost resolved to go no more; vile insinuations, strong temptations, and solemn accusations, like fiery darts, thick and thin are hurled: 'a fine figure you would cut in the pulpit,' says the old foe. 'I can hold you so fast now, what would you do then?' Let but the Lord speak! Let my God rebuke him! Let but the Sun of Righteousness dart one ray of his glorious beams! Let but the Spirit's power be felt!—My darkness is in a moment turned into mourning—sorrow into rejoicing—sighing into singing—satan fleeth—his armies disappear—his fiery darts are quenched—my soul, in a moment triumphant, mounts on the wings of faith and love at the voice of my Beloved—'Behold he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills;' I hear him; I know his well-known voice. Yes; he is precious to my soul. Yes—

He is precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to him are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

Blessings for ever on his eternally glorious name, he has always been as good as his word. Strength has always been given equal to the day—most given when most needed: and though needs have been sorely felt at times for many years, yet, never one good thing has failed of all that he has promised concerning me. Should he open a door for me, then may I rest upon his—'So I am with you *always, even unto the end of the world.*' Oh, that his dear will may be made manifest, the mind of the Spirit ascertained, and you be enabled to give a faithful word in season, to

YOUNG TIMOTHY.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S SONG OF PRAISE.

To Him, who sits upon the throne,
Who makes his truth and mercy known,
Be endless honours giv'n.
Tell of his love, ye blood-wash'd host,
You that have cause to praise him most,
And have had most forgiv'n.

With you, dear saints, I'd take my seat,
And at those dear once pierced feet,
My tears should ever flow.
'The chief of sinners sav'd,' I'll cry,
'Through Jesus' blood and agony,
And brought his love to know.'

'The faithful saying, gospel sound,
Fain would I tell to all around,
What God has done for me.—
He sav'd, he call'd, he pardon seal'd,
In me he hath his Son reveal'd,
And shall I silent be?

Shall stones burst, and against me cry?
Oh, no; I'll lift my Lord on high.
Whenever he shall call.
With him eternally allied,
In him completely justified,
I'll crown him Lord of all.

Shall Pope and Pusey fill the land?
The free-will soldier, ruffian band,
Tear from my Lord the crown?
' Shall I go up, my Lord?' I cry,
' Against the host that thee defy?
Oh, make thy pleasure known!

These twelve years, Lord, I've sought, and still
Will seek to know thy sacred will;
O, Lord, reveal to me!
Shall I still tarry in the plain,
Or speak the honours of thy name
With love and liberty?

' Thou said'st to me, my dearest Lord,
' Not to strange speech, or language hard,
Thou'rt sent to Israel.
Thy face as adamant I've made,
Harder than flint, be not afraid,
The rage of men or hell.'

Thus saith the Lord—' Thou shalt proclaim,
The words I bid, shall be thy theme;
Let him that heareth, hear.
Yet shall they know I have sent thee,
Be thou faithful, and warn from me
E'en those that will forbear.'

Tho' many years have pass'd since then,
Yet neither with the lip, or pen,
Have I done ought for thee.
I, in Jerusalem abide,
Tarrying, waiting, till power's applied
To know thou hast sent me.

Oh, never let it rend my heart—
' This man did run; I sent him not,
Nor bid him speak my word?
Make known, reveal, thy mind and will;
Father, I cry; I can't be still,
Since I thy voice have heard.

My peace I know not how to hold,
Thy rich, vast love it makes me bold;
I long its strains to tell,—
Eternal, matchless, sovereign, free;
He sought it, found it, it saved me
From depths of lowest hell.

Hail, heralds! telling gospel grace,
Say ye, is mine a single case,
You have not heard before?
If in the ' Vessel ' there is room,
A word from God (who knows) may come;
And that, a word with pow'r!

YOUNG TIMOTHY.

[We have read "Young Timothy's" communications with a more than ordinary degree of interest; feeling a deep and sincere desire that the Lord would be pleased to bring him forth, if, indeed, such be his heavenly will. Having had sometimes, calls from as many as six destitute churches to supply them with ministers for the Lord's Day, we have often sighed, and prayed that the Lord would raise up some really spiritual, and heavenly anointed Timothy's and Tituses, who might be sent forth with confidence to the edification and comforting of the Lord's dear afflicted saints. And if we are not deceived, a

very precious and suitable word came with a little power, into our souls, while pondering over "Young Timothy's" case. "STIR UP THE GIFT OF GOD WHICH IS IN THEE." May the dear Lord send this word with power into "Timothy's" soul, that it may work out for him a real deliverance. There are four things in "Young Timothy's" case which give us strongly to hope that the Lord has designed him for usefulness in the church. First, he has been made experimentally acquainted with, and led into the 116th Psalm. Both the 7th and the 8th of the Epistle to the Romans has his living soul passed through; and this, to a true servant of Jesus Christ is worth more than millions of volumes of divinity. Oh, yes, we are fully persuaded that the man who has been chastened by Moses—made to tremble before a holy God—been led to the Person and cross of Christ—washed in his precious blood—had pardon sealed upon his heart, and enjoyed the sweet anointings of the Holy Ghost in his own soul, such a man (being truly brought forth into the ministry,) shall never, for any length of time be barren or unfruitful. Secondly, "Young Timothy" is not a novice—not one newly planted, (as the original meaneth); he has had many years of conflict, and many seasons of holy comfort in the things of God; he knows something of satan's devices; he knows much of our heavenly Father's love, mercy, truth, and power. Thirdly, "Young Timothy's" heart has been long desiring this good work; and surely, 'the desire of the righteous shall be granted.' Lastly—(we flatter not, but frankly speak our mind) we perceive that "Young Timothy" has a working, industrious, and comprehensive mind; which, being sanctified, will be a great blessing to himself, and to the people among whom he labours. An indolent, slothful, careless-minded parson is a pest to any people. May the Lord stir up, and make manifest 'Young Timothy's' gift. Amen.—EDITOR.]

Who shall separate us from the Love of Christ?

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST:—I have sent you a feeble testimony of the Lord's goodness to my soul; if you think it will be any use to the Lord's tempted children, and have room in your *Vessel*, put it in.

I was about eight years of age, as near as I can recollect, when the Lord first began to give me a concern about my never-dying soul; being taught to read the Scriptures from my childhood, and reading that por-

tion of the Word, which speaks of two classes of people that are in the world, *sheep* and *goats*, and the one would be on the right hand, and the other on the left, and that those on the right hand, belong to Christ; and those on the left, to satan, to whom he would either say, '*come, ye blessed,*' or '*depart, ye cursed!*' I was afraid I should be one of those on the left. God, who is a sovereign in all his matters, did not keep me long in suspense about this matter, but was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon my body, and bring me very low; so that my life was despaired of; and then, in this state, to give me a revelation of himself, as my Saviour, and blessed be the King of kings for ever, he cured my body also. He appeared to me, in a manner, something like that description you have of him, in the nineteenth chapter of Revelations — 'I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called faithful and true, and in righteousness doth he judge, and make war; his eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns, and he had a name written, which no man knew but he himself; and he was clothed with a vesture, dipped in blood, and his name is called THE WORD OF GOD.' There was a power came over me, which I have felt the like since, when the Lord has applied his word to me. At first I saw him only as my Judge; and was afraid; but as he drew closer to me, I saw him as my Saviour, and was delighted with him. The words he said to me, and I said to him, I had quite forgotten, until reminded by my mother, who is now living, who says I sat upright in the bed, and the words she tells me were these— I said, 'I should like to come;' and he said, '*You shall come; but not yet.*' My father, who was a God-fearing man, said to her, 'he will get better,' which I did; and had sweet peace in my soul like a river flowing into my heart; the Lord since that, has opened up to me the awful depravity of my corrupt nature; which I am ashamed even to speak particularly about; were it not to shew the exceeding riches of his grace, and his forgiving love, I would keep it in; but God's children are a tempted and tried people, and therefore, I will out with it.

I used to attend Providence Chapel with my father-in-law, where the late Mr. Huntington used to preach; Mr. Locke was then the minister, under whose ministry my heart was softened down, and drawn out. After that I soon got into a backsliding state, and drunk into the spirit of the world; grew careless of attending the house of God; attended theatres, and other amusements, which drew my heart away from the Lord; if it had been possible for his heart to have been drawn away from me, I do not know what would have become of me; but I could not rest here; I was uneasy; he had put

his fear into my heart that I should not depart finally from him; 'for they that dwell under his shadow, shall return.' I wandered about from chapel to chapel in an unsettled state; at length I joined one church, where I was baptised, got a little encouragement under the word, but fell again into sin, which brought a load of guilt on my conscience, and having the Lord's chastening hand upon me, I used to hang down my head, and could not hold it up, until God lifted it up with the light of his countenance. Hearing a Jew was going to preach in the Borough Road Chapel, I thought I should like to go and hear him; his subject was Spiritual Fornication, and departing in heart from the Lord; which I was very much impressed by, and felt a desire to go and hear him again, which I did; where I got reproof from the Lord, and likewise a little help and encouragement to follow him; I was encouraged by these portions—'Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart;' I am a living witness he is as good as his word.—'My soul followeth hard after thee, thy right hand upholdeth me; blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at the posts of my doors, for whose findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord.'

I went once also to hear Mr. Gadsby, and he preached from these words—'For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise;' I felt persuaded from this discourse the Lord was about to look upon me, and so he was; for in a very short time after the Lord set me at a sweet and happy liberty. It was on a Tuesday-evening, at Regent-street Chapel, where Mr. Abrahams preaches, and under whose ministry, my captivity was turned; 'I was brought up out of an horrible pit, had my feet set upon a rock,' experimentally, and a new song put into my mouth, the pardon of my sins. He took his text and these were the words—'Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world to try them.' The Lord spoke these words to me, my head was lifted up; I saw Jesus as my perfect Saviour still; and although I had fallen into sins of a deep dye, he never did; with all the temptations that he had; therefore he represented me perfect and complete in him, holy, and without blame before him in love; he took away all rebuke from my conscience, as if I had not committed a single sin in my life; oh, how my soul mounted up as with the wings of an eagle! How I did love God's people, and do now when this powerful anointing rests upon me. After the sermon was over, they sung that hymn of Mr. Hart's—

"Jehovah is my righteousness," &c.

Since that, the Lord has often blessed me with manifestations of himself, and assures me he is my portion; that I am all fair, there is no spot in me, and he is all fair to me, there is no spot in him; therefore, he is my husband, brother, friend, that loveth at all times, and says he will never leave me, nor forsake me, and enables me to trust in his name. I have had buffetings of the enemy, but he sustains me; often he arises and shines upon me according to his own promise—'Unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings.' Most times when that hymn of Mr. Hart's is sung—

Blessed are they whose guilt is gone,
Whose sins are wash'd away with blood,
Whose hope is fixed on Christ alone,
Whom Christ hath reconcil'd to God;

Though travelling through this vale of tears,
He many sore temptations meet,
The Holy Ghost this witness bears,
He stands in Jesus still complete.—

he gives me to feel the power of it; yea, I can say, he delights to make my crooked ways straight, by causing the mountains to depart, and the hills to be removed. How sweet were these words to my heart after this, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?'—'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.'

God bless you, prays—E. S.

Watchman—What of the Night?

No II.

WHAT of the night, indeed! I am now writing from Sherborne, in Dorsetshire; and in my recent travels and labours among the people of God, I find the clouds hang so thick and heavy, that I can scarcely form any judgment of the state of things; but this I know, that 'for the divisions of Reuben there are great searchings of heart.' Jeremiah's words—(Chap. xx. 10. 11.)—appear exceedingly applicable to the present state of my own soul, and the present condition of those churches, who profess to hold and love the truth. There are six or seven things in the words I have referred to, which just for a moment, I glance at; because, by them the Lord has been pleased, this morning, (in some measure) to shew me that I am in the footsteps of the flock; and has given me hope that I shall endure unto the end, and then receive a crown of life that fadeth not away. First—Jeremiah says, 'I have heard the defaming of many; fear is on every side.' Oh, how true is

this! The best employment that many ministers can now find, is the defaming, despising, and condemning of others. Preaching in bitterness and in anger, and aiming rather to drive out, than to bring in; and actually *cursing* instead of *blessing* the people. Preaching *perdition* and not *salvation*; proclaiming the works of the flesh and of the devil, instead of proclaiming the works of Christ and the Holy Ghost in the hearts of the elect. Surely, you will say, you can find nothing so bad as this in Zion! But, indeed, I can. Here is, in Sherborne, a few deeply taught, experimental, humble, conscientious believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the truth as it is in Jesus. Somewhere about thirty years ago, many sinners were really and truly awakened by the Spirit of God; they were brought out of the world, and, we trust, made savingly acquainted with the deep things of God. From that time, there has been found here, a people who worship God in Spirit, and in truth. They have, in former times, worshipped in rooms, in barns, and in other places—but about nine years ago, the Lord stirred up their hearts to build a house for his name; and this they have done. Near to the very large and ancient church, (for which Sherborne is celebrated,) stands *Providence Chapel*; a very neat and comfortable place; situated in a quiet and retired spot. It was opened by Mr. John Warburton, upwards of eight years since; and one Mr. Thomas Small was for a few years their minister. But, as Jeremiah says, they said in his day—'Report, and we will report it:' so, satan, and his unholy agents are saying of the church of Christ, in our days—*Divide, and we will divide it.* This unhappy spirit has come into Providence Chapel, Sherborne. So that instead of the minister and the people being bound up together in the bonds of truth and love, and gospel peace, the minister and a few of the people meet in a room, and the forsaken flock still assemble in the chapel, without any minister, to break up, instrumentally, to them, the bread of life. I will say—the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls has not forsaken them. They appear a united, God-fearing, truth-loving, little band; and, were it the will of God to send to them an honest, spiritual, and industrious minister of the true circumcision, I do believe the little one would greatly increase. 'How do

you know (say you) that the Lord has not withdrawn from them his presence and his power? I will tell you. I came down to Sherborne with a mind as dark, and a heart as hard as it can well be. But just before we entered this place as I was riding on the coach, I looked up at the extremely dark and heavy clouds which were hanging over our heads, and over the town of Sherborne, and in an instant, the sun forced its bright beams through the black clouds, and thousands of bright rays from the sun appeared to dart down towards Sherborne; and a voice, (as from heaven) secretly in my soul, seemed to say, '*I will be with you there.*' Well, having come to my journey's end, and being seated in the house of two truly experimental, and tender hearted friends, after taking some refreshment, I turned to the Bible to see if the Lord would be pleased to speak unto me. I opened at once upon the 31st of Jeremiah, and the 23rd, 24th, and 25th verses of the chapter were sealed upon my spirit—'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel; as yet they shall use this speech in the land of Judah, and in the cities thereof, when I shall bring again their captivity. The Lord bless thee, oh habitation of justice, and mountain of holiness. And there shall dwell in Judah itself, and in all the cities thereof, husbandmen, and they that go forth with the flocks; for I have satiated the weary soul, and I have replenished the sorrowful soul.' I felt persuaded I should have to preach from this text. I also had a strong persuasion that the Lord would not only bless the souls of some of his people under me, but that he would appear for his desolate Zion in this place. Lord's-day morning came; I felt no heavenly dew coming down; I realised no powerful opening up of the word; but my text from Jeremiah was with me; and up to the house I went. From it I was led to speak to souls in trouble; also to show how the church of Christ was both the habitation of justice, and the mountain of holiness; how the Lord had blessed, and would bless such living, seeking sinners; the instrumentality he would employ; and the full satisfaction which his church and people should receive. And although I preached in the morning in a low, humble state of soul, yet I had a holy confidence, that the Lord God of Israel was with me; and I am

inwardly convinced of two things:—First, that my labours here have not been in vain: Secondly, that the Lord will yet send prosperity to the dear, humble, persecuted, and afflicted saints, at Providence Chapel, Sherborne. I cannot refrain from noticing the text I was led to speak from in the afternoon, in this place. If this should fall under the eye of any hard-hearted, bitter-spirited ministers, I pray the Lord to send it home with power to their consciences. The words are in Job xxxi. 21, 22. 'If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine hand fall from my shoulder blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone.' Solemnly true it is, that, in a variety of ways, ministers and professors of Christ's gospel are lifting up their hands against the fatherless. In the West of England, as well as in other parts, this work has been carried on to a very fearful extent; but the Lord have mercy upon them: for the Lord is with his people: he is with his ministers. I have evidences in proof that he is with my soul, and with me in the ministry of the word; therefore, let Pashur (the priest, and the chief governor in the Lord's house—and many such Pashurs and priests there be;) smite: as ministers and professors are smiting one another: let Pashur put us in the stocks, and thereby aim to stop our work: let our familiars watch for our halting, (Jer. xx. 10.) saying, peradventure he will be enticed, and we shall prevail against him. Yet, let all such bitter, cruel, suspicious souls know that in such work they shall stumble, and fall: they shall be greatly ashamed; they shall not prosper. In taking my leave of Sherborne, I can affirm it to be the most lively hope of my soul, that the Lord may raise up an honest, laborious, spiritual, and divinely instructed pastor for them; for truly, the harvest here seems to be great: but the labourers are lacking.

I turn now to another corner of the land. I was invited to preach in a large barn at a village called Steventon, in Berkshire. Here I found, up in an obscure corner of the parish, a blind man, by the name of William Bolter; a man about sixty-eight years of age, who, for above twenty years, has been preaching the gospel in his own house. I heard him relate some part of his experience: he was evidently brought into the truth, under a deep and heavy law work in his soul. He lived, and still lives, beside a water

mill; while under the terrors of God's righteous law, he has gone many times to the very edge of the river beside his house, and even set his feet in the water, with a determination to destroy himself. He has been tempted most powerfully to throw himself into the midst of the machinery in the mill. But, he says, in the last extremity, God always stopped him with some powerful word in his soul; and ultimately the blessed Lord delivered his soul; put away his sin; and brought him sweetly to rejoice in the Lord Jesus Christ. And here he stands as a witness for God. But, poor dear soul, I know he has been much discouraged in that it is but a few poor people that stand around him. He has only a very small pittance from the parish to live upon; and I think the Society for the Relief of Poor Faithful Ministers should do something for him.

May I say one word about Oxford? Here in the midst of the most splendid churches, colleges, and schools, there are a few who do love and contend for the faith that was once delivered unto the saints; but truth is divided in Oxford as well as in other places. The friends who meet for worship in Mr. Bulteel's chapel gave me a collection for the Poor Ministers' Society; and a very happy liberty, and solemn opening up of truth did I find in preaching to them. All that appears to be wanting in Oxford, is a sterling, faithful, affectionate, and able minister of Jesus Christ. Here is a most commodious and substantial chapel; here is a people in love with the rich doctrines of grace; but, a living, labouring mouth for God is wanting.

SOME CHOICE SAYINGS FROM JOHN STEVENS.—This venerable old servant of Jesus Christ has been laid down in sickness of body: but, for a little while he is raised again; and it is as though he, having been favoured with some precious views of heaven, and heavenly things has just come back for a moment to encourage the church by a faint detail of them. The twenty-fourth Anniversary of Homerton Row, Baptist Chapel; the scene of Mr. Curtis's ministry, was held August 10. Messrs. Stevens, Foreman, and Sedgwick were the ministers. Mr. Stevens's was a rich, solid, and experimental discourse, from these words—'For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.' We give a sentence or two:—'The salvation here spoken of, I regard as meaning the heavenly state, the sorrowless home of many a weary traveller, where every one who has an admission into, and once sets his foot there, is for ever free from all his sins, sorrows, and cares. I have seen so many of my friends sleep in Jesus, that I seem to be like an old tree left by the way side, alone. Who will sorrow for that he went through the storm, when he reaches

heaven? But children want to look into their mother's cupboard, and into this and that canister to see what is in them. I have been struck with the wisdom of God in hiding from us many things we wish to know. It is *our salvation*, a freedom from all evil, death is buried in oblivion, painful apprehensions all gone, and not one admitted here. All the glory men are waiting to crown the head of the Glory Man with their undying gratitude: This salvation is *ours*; *ours* in purpose; can anything be firmer than the purpose of God? He has purposed me to travel on earth for so many years. We deal in *fixtures* not in probabilities nor in *may bes*. The kingdom of heaven goes by purpose. Our entering there is a matter of purpose. This is a possession with right. What sort of a possession is that without right? and this too is the reward of the Workman. The church is so one with Christ that his is her's. Christ might have had his personal blessedness without us, but we cannot without him. Your salvation is wrapped up in his life and death. It, therefore, is *ours* because it is Christ's salvation. The wife says, 'It is our house—our land—all is *ours*.' This is going on the ground of relationship with her husband, though she bought nothing. Christ has been in possession for us from time *immemorial*. He is our *legal* representative, and what Christ holds, the Holy Spirit bears his *witness* unto. The Holy Spirit never enters a door way, without seeing election written over it. Thus *our* salvation is not left at sixes and sevens. It shall be as God hath spoken it. 'Tis not human logic that can make the change of a bad man into a good one. It is the breath of heaven entering the man. We are also said to be 'saved by hope.' Here I am at anchor; cast my anchor upward within the veil. Some ministers are like tradesmen, who ticket their goods, that 'this and that man is going to hell.' *I have abominated these things for many years.* The older I grow, and the nearer I come to the margin of the grave, the more I am convinced of the want of seriousness in the ministry. *Nearer than when ye believed.* Believers are a peculiar people. This idea seems to be taken from a race; we get nearer the point from the place we started. We have got over so many years; we are getting nearer: there is neither far off, or near, in eternity; here we are measured by time and distances. Take this *collectively and personally.* We have got in the nineteen-hundredth year of the Christian era. Take it personally; ask one 'how long have you been on the King's highway?' 'Well! it is about twenty-five years ago I bowed the knee as an humble supplicant for mercy.' We meet him in twenty years time; he is nearer home. Another sense—our apprehension of it is nearer; faith brings

the distant near, as just at hand. I never wish to look at eternal affairs as a great way off. A man should not be so anxious about the last stage of the journey; he is just at home. Alas, for us, we look at eternal things with eyes of flesh. I am at the threshold. It is a favor to see what God has preserved us from, and how he has prevented us from playing the fool, as he did David in one instance by sending Abigail, when he would have cut off Nabal's house; by his meeting her, he was preserved from many a cutting hour. Our passage to heaven is all paid for, and our wedding clothes are all found us."

Before I close up this brief review, I shall notice another spot in this kingdom which I have recently visited. It is Harwich, on the coast of Essex. Harwich is a small, neat town, and lays close to the water-side. Here is 'a steeple-house,' an Independent, a Wesleyan, and a Particular Baptist chapel, where I preached, which is a neat, comfortable place of worship. Mr. Soper was formerly the stated minister: Mr. Mote, the well known itinerant in gospel truth, has laboured much in this place; and for the last two years, Mr. Geo. Norris, has been the settled pastor. But, oh, dear me, it made my very heart to ache to hear of the state of things. You may hear of anything, and everything but spirituality and prosperity in the things of God. I went into the pulpit with a heavy heart; I was led to speak of such things as distinguish between the election of grace and the world; but I had not spoken long, before one of the members of the church jumped up, and run out of the chapel, I suppose highly offended at something I advanced; I felt a little damped; but right under my nose stood a man, who fixed his eyes on me, lifted up his head towards me; and opened his living countenance to receive all I had to say. I felt I was feeding his poor soul; so I laboured on, finished my discourse; had a word or two with the deacons, and left the chapel with the feelings of the poet where he says

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

Really, I tremble for the cause at Harwich. Poor brother Norris's work there appears to be done; whether the Lord of the vineyard has another messenger to send; or whether he will leave them destitute, is not for me to say: but I fear there are not many who would stand in the ranks of a free-grace, experimental gospel. Clouds and darkness are round about.

C. W. B.

Are Women to be allowed to preach?

MESSRS EDITORS.—On reading the 19th page of this month's *Earthen Vessel*, I came to the following announcement by your correspondent 'Numerist': "On Thursday evening, at our Bethesda, we were favoured with

a sermon from Deut. xxxii. 10, 11, by Mrs. Hardwick, from Malton, who gave great satisfaction," &c. Can Mrs. Hardwick, or your correspondent 'Numerist,' present the readers of the *Earthen Vessel* with some account of the authority or divine call and mission of Mrs. Hardwick to engage in the public ministry of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ? I presume this enquiry will not appear unnecessary, because you are aware that female preaching is not usually acknowledged by the churches of the faithful who maintain the truth according to the order of the gospel. It certainly does appear to me to be objectionable upon plain scripture ground. However, as your correspondent 'Numerist' says Mrs. Hardwick's preaching gave great satisfaction to those who heard her speak on the occasion referred to, I would not hastily come to a conclusion. At the same time, I feel convinced of this, that if the Lord has called her to this important work, she doubtless has had many scruples and severe exercises of mind concerning this thing. It would, I conceive, be in perfect agreement with the desire of many readers of the *Earthen Vessel*, to find in some future number, a testimony from Mrs. Hardwick, as to how she was induced to engage in the business of publicly speaking in the name of the Lord.

ELIHU.

Brabourne.

Balm in Gilead.

From head to foot, corrupt, diseases'd,
No wounds bound up, no pains are eas'd,
'Till God the Holy Ghost is pleased

To 'ply the Balm of Gilead.

Isaiah's cry befits me well,
With lips unclean indeed I dwell,
A tongue oft set on fire of hell.

But there's a Balm in Gilead,

Eyes full of vanity and lust,
Oft drawn by objects of disgust,
Yet for a cure, I sometimes trust,
There is a Balm in Gilead.

These oft in bondage bring my soul,
And oft my fleshly powers controul,
Like Baruch may I eat the roll,
Which holds the Balm of Gilead.

What other power can healing bring?
Healing must come from 'neath his wing.
'T'endure the cure, remove the sting,
Was sent, the Balm of Gilead.

Seek, then, my soul, by prayer and faith,
To find a healing in his death,
Who, in the scripture record, saith,
There yet is Balm in Gilead.

His mercy throne, that welcome place,
Where Jesus gives recovering grace,
And cur es the utmost desperate case,
Himself the Balm of Gilead.

I've oft been there; go there again!
Thou shalt not seek this balm in vain,
A soothing cordial for thy pain,
Is he, the Balm of Gilead!

Seek then his skill in all thy ways,
Thou'lt need his aid thro' all thy days,
And in the sickle land thou'lt praise,
That healing Balm of Gilead.

Wandsworth, J. P. BLACKMORE.

The Ordination from heaven described—Men-made Ministers cautioned.

It is with considerable reluctance that we give place to any further communication relative to the late Ordination, at New Church Street, Bermondsey, because we have no wish to wound or offend any good man; but we dare not withhold the following weighty, (and well calculated to be useful) epistle. The work of the ministry is of too much importance to us; and the solemn distinction between the servants of God, and the servants of men, is so great, that we feel compelled to point out the difference between the clean and the unclean, between the living and the dead, leaving the consequences with God. We are not to be frightened with the contempt, abuse, and opposition which a certain class of ministers are levelling against the "Earthen Vessel." We began without either their support or their countenance, and by the good hand of our God upon us, we have been helped with a little help, and continue in peace and prosperity to the present time. But sooner than the "Earthen Vessel" should be obliged to cringe and bow to ministers and men whose standing is more in pride and presumption, than in the power of God, we pray it may be buried in everlasting oblivion. If we can be an humble instrument in pointing out the Christian's, (sometimes,) dark and thorny path—if we can, in some measure, publish glad tidings of good things—and if we can lend a helping hand to some of our poor brethren in the ministry, and to the destitute churches of our land, then we are in our glory; in such work as this, we can, and do labour by night and by day; and, bless the dear Lord, he is giving us plenty of it to do. But, if you proud Eliab's think you are going to drive back poor little David, because he comes against Goliath—you are sadly mistaken. We are for peace; but we shall never be at peace with error, nor with them who broach it. We say again, rather than the "Earthen Vessel" shall be shackled by the fear of man, it shall fall to the ground; but there is no prospect of that at present. Be careful how you oppress us; remember the more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew."

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR:—My object in writing to you is to beg for information respecting the ordination held at the chapel in New Church Street, Bermondsey.

Are the readers of the *Vessel* to conclude your correspondent gave you a fair sample, as noticed in your July number? We would favourably hope he has acted quite the opposite to the instruction given to the living in Zion, which is, 'Cast the bad away, and put the good into vessels.'

According to the account you gave us, we must say, we see no clear call to the ministry; for, dear sir, the teaching of the Spirit, the revelation of Jesus, the application of his precious blood, (the alone bulwark against sin, law, and wrath,) is not so much as once adverted to.

The principal features of a living, vital experience, and a call to the work of the ministry, as set forth in the book of Ezekiel, is entirely left out. Remember, the watchman saw the hand and the roll therein; also, that within and without was written lamentation, mourning and woe; and this roll

the watchman had to eat; and however painful it may be, the watchman must first be arrested by the strong arm of justice, and its mighty grasp shall hold him so tight, and his sins shall so witness against him that he shall have no hope of deliverance; yea, despair shall enter into him, from the repeated application of the words, 'Pay me what thou owest.' In this state, he will say, *what is my hope? Oh, that I had never been born! Oh, that I had not sinned!* For sin is charged home as his own wilful act and deed; and as to the door of mercy, *Jesus Christ*, (while in this state) there is not a particle of him to be seen: no; God's immutability, law, and wrath, sin and death, are all a poor man has to look at. But here comes the blessedness:—Jesus steps up to stern justice, and says, *'What is it you require of this man?'* The answer is, 'a perfect obedience and payment of this debt.' Jesus says, 'Will you accept a bond from me?' 'Yes,' says the law, 'I will take it.' 'Then, says Jesus, 'let this poor fellow go.' So off he goes, and Jesus is caught in the thicket. Thus, a man learns his emancipation from this dark prison house of lamentation, mourning, and woe; and he knows right well that it was effected by the interposition of the dear Lamb of God; and that it is through Christ alone, he receives beauty for ashes, joy for mourning, sweet for bitter, and salvation instead of destruction. When a man has been made to eat the truth this way, and to know that he has thus got his deliverance from the Son, why, then he knows it is all of grace from first to last; by this process truth gets into the inward parts and in the hidden parts there is wisdom known. Thus a man is indeed made a witness for God and his Christ. This is the man that shall talk about the dew of Hermon, the garden of Gethsemane, the priest's hall, and Calvary; a well ordered covenant, election, predestination, redemption, final perseverance, and eternal glory; and these are a few of the things which we expect to hear of as being wrought in the soul that is truly called by grace: these are the things God worketh in every living soul more or less; and he only that hath eaten these with his belly, and filled his bowels with this roll, is a living witness for God. (Read Ezekiel iii. 3.) Such a man knows feelingly what it is to travail in child-birth, and what is meant by this word, 'it is the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be saved out of it.' Oh, blessed portion! when it came to my soul, it was indeed, like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' But, to pass on to notice the instructions given to this watchman at Bermondsey. We like a

watchman to be a citizen, an honest man, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, ruling his own house well in the fear of God, and to have a good report from those that are without; also that he should receive the word at the mouth of his employer the Lord of hosts. But with this sentence, we know not what to do; viz. '*Beg, borrow, and steal*, any how, so that you get something for the people.' No man must be made an offender for a word; but here is a whole sentence, one that shall not, that cannot, live in a clean, tender, conscience; nor stand before a holy God; and we say of the man that follows such advice, and works with materials so collected, God shall take thee by the neck, and shake thee until every whit of thee is manifest—'Woe to him that increaseth that which is not his; and to him that ladeth himself with thick clay, to set his nest on high, (even in a pulpit) shameful spewing shall be on all such glory; and then a stone shall cry out, *mene; mene; thy days are run out, and now thou art found wanting.*' Oh, man! then shall thy belly tremble, thy lips quiver at the voice of him out of whose mouth goeth a sharp sword; rottenness shall enter into thy heart and bones indeed, and thou shalt feel the awful weight of this sentence, 'woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity.' (Read the 2nd of Habakkuk.) Stolen waters may be sweet to some persons, and bread eaten in secret may be pleasant to others; but to us they become stumbling blocks, for we know that the dead are there; and that the guests are in the depths of hell. (Prov. ix. 17.)

Now as regards the *signs of ministerial qualifications*.—We are told that God's call of his ministers, lays in inspiring in them a desire, from a right motive. *Good desires, and right motives* are very good things; but what saith the Lord about the possession of these good qualities? Doth he say, *such a man is called to preach?* We have two accounts in the Word which treat of two good men full of desires; and I think upon examination it shall be found that to be a good man, is no sign; good desires are no sign; good motives no sign; no, nor is the encouragement which a man of God may receive from a real prophet of the Lord, any sign. Some may be ready to say, '*What is a sign?*' Let a man be fully persuaded in his own mind, that he is appointed to that office by the mouth and word of God, and then he shall experimentally know what is written of Jeremiah, 'Say not I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee; and, behold, I have made thee a brazen wall, and an iron pillar, and a defenced city; thou, therefore, gird up thy loins, and arise and speak unto them all that I command thee; be not afraid at their faces, lest I confound

thee before them. Now therefore, go, and I will be with thy *mouth* and teach thee what thou shalt say.' Exod. iv. 12. Jer. i. 17.

But to the history of these two men. The first we shall notice is Zadok, son of Ahimaaz, he said to Joab, after witnessing the death and burial of the king's son, who was pierced to death while hanging on a tree, 'Let me now run.' Here is a desire to bear tidings; and who can say it was not from right motives? but who will dare to say he was called of God to the work? David said, '*he is a good man, and hath tidings,*' but David was mistaken; for as soon as he attempted to speak, God shut his mouth. He could be a deacon, or a messenger under Kushi; but as soon as he assumed a position whereunto he was not called, he said to all around him that he was a fool, (Eccles. x. 3.) The other account is king David. God approved of his materials, of his motives, and of his desires; but not of his person; and even Nathan was deceived; for he encouraged David, and said, 'Do all that is in thine heart, for God is with thee;' but the Lord gave him to understand he was in error in that respect; and therefore even Nathan had to go and tell David he must desist, 'Thus saith the Lord, for as much as it was in thine heart to build an house unto my name, thou didst well; that it was in thine heart, nevertheless thou shalt not build the house.' 1 Kings. viii. 18. 2 Sam. vii. 3.

Thus it is shewn that the man of good materials, of good desires, most forward, and most willing, may not be the man. The work is special, and the persons are nominated by God—'Separate me Paul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have appointed them.' However mortifying this may be to flesh and blood, the counsel of the Lord must stand. So we see there is a difference between Cushi being called, and Ahimaaz saying, 'send me, howsoever send me; let me run:' which he did: but he had to stand aside, and give place to the man, the roof of whose mouth was like the best wine, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of the ancient people to speak; 'his belly is like a heap of wheat, his navel is like a springing well that wanteth not liquor.'

Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water—water that confirms the land which the Lord careth for, even when she is weary. The land of Egypt may be watered by the foot of him that begs, borrows, and steals; but the vineyard of red wine shall be watered by honest men; for they that know God, hate robbery for burnt offerings; and know that he is against the man who steals his words every one from his neighbour, and that trembles at this sentence—'Thus saith the Lord, the prophet that shall presume to speak a word in my name that I have not commanded, that prophet shall die.'

May we drink water out of our own well, and so speak of things we have tasted, felt, and handled of the word of eternal life; let our waters be dispersed as rivers in the streets, but let them ever be our own, and not strangers with us, for the ways of man are before the Lord, and his eye is upon the faithful of the land that he may dwell with him. We trust these remarks will stir up no angry feeling, but a diligent enquiry. Let us see, ere long, a piece in the *Vessel* from Mr. Meeres' own pen, containing his call by grace, and to the work of the ministry. May grace, mercy, and truth preserve us from all evil, and supply us with all good, until we get to that place where sin, the world, self, nor the enemy, can wrong us any more. So prays,

THEOPHILIS CELETUS.

Little Faith and Great Faith.

DEAR SISTER IN THE EVERLASTING ALMIGHTY SAVIOUR:—I this moment rise from my knees, having been favoured with a degree of sweet and close communion with the ever gracious Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and to his dear praise, I do inform you, an unusual spirit of prayer was imparted to me, on your account; and also on behalf of others in Cambridge. I do desire to feel thankful for a spirit of prayer, when I can feel the unction of the Holy Ghost on my soul, and a drawing out, and a going up of my heart, my whole heart to my Lord. I wondered on my knees how he could so favour me, seeing and feeling as I do so much sin and vileness still in me; but he seemed to take no notice of that; held me to himself, and poured in the influence of his love, faster, (for one thing after another) than I could pour out. 'Who is like unto thee, O, Lord?' It is, my sister, the way he always takes, to make me sick of self and fond of him. 'Lord increase our faith!' (Luke xvii. 5.) is much on my mind.

"Faith is a precious grace!"

A little is a great gift, but great faith is better. I will tell you why I think so. Christ is the author, object, and finisher of it. Faith proves me in him. No faith in Christ, no union to him: and when I see him by faith it is all right. I have read of a man, who was so delighted with looking at the sun, that he thought he was born on purpose to behold its beauty and glory. Now I do believe that we are regenerated, and blessed with the eye of faith, for the very purpose of seeing, feeling, and enjoying the very great grace and glory of the wonderful 'Sun of Righteousness,' of all sights, feelings, and enjoyments, the most delightful: then it is, that 'we see light in his light.' Little faith

has to do with the same object as large faith; only little faith don't look so long, cry so strong, plead so masterly, ask so nobly, seek so resolutely, expect so fully; a frown frightens it, a delay frets it, a cloud grieves it, a cross tries it, sin seriously hurts it, but blood feeds it; God himself keeps it alive, the devil can't kill it, the child that has it can never lose it, though oft he thinks he never had it. Great faith sees a large, a great Saviour, great love, great promises, great fulness in the Mediator, great virtue in his name, fame, blood, righteousness, strength and salvation. Beholds the greatness of the Trinity in the Unity; adores Jehovah in the plurality of personality, and gathers daily renewals of life, love, and hope from the names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Being chosen of the Father, redeemed by the Son, quickened, released, renewed and restored by the Holy Spirit. Here great faith, you see, does great things, and comes with becoming boldness, making great use of the Lamb of God, his will, work, and power before God and the Father; satan cannot stand it, he is overmatched. The law cannot condemn: great faith says—'In my dear Head, the law views me and Jesus as one.' The world is beneath its feet; sin raging cannot be damning; self is out of sight; and love, the love of God, being shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, causes the soul to cry out, 'How great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty!' Zech. ix. 17.

Deborah still dwells under the palm tree (Christ) between Ramah and Bethel; and Ramah signifies *greatness, thunder*, or some sort of evil or bruising or company: and Bethel, means the House of God. (Judges iv. 5.) I send you this to meditate upon, and to pray over. Your remarks on prayer are excellent; 'neglecting prayer, we cease to fight.'

"'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name."

May the Eternal be with you, to bless and prosper you always. I am, a sinner saved through great grace.

THOMAS POOCK.

SOCIETY FOR RELIEF OF POOR MINISTERS.—The claims and calls upon this Institution are daily increasing. We have now five cases of faithful and useful ministers of Jesus Christ, who are in deep waters: four of these on beds of affliction, and the other is suffering from a most severe domestic trial. Neither of these men have churches or friends rich enough to administer to their necessities. The Committee earnestly solicit an increase of support from such as are friends to the Society.

How the Gospel becometh the power of God unto Salvation.

WILLIAM CHARMAN—(A SINNER SAVED BY SOVEREIGN GRACE)—TO JOHN FREEMAN—(A DESPISED, BUT FAITHFUL SERVANT OF CHRIST.) TO WHICH IS ADDED JOHN FREEMAN'S ACCOUNT OF HOW IT WAS THE LORD CALLED HIM TO KNOW, LOVE, AND PREACH THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL OF THE EVER BLESSED GOD.

[The following correspondence has been sent to us by old master Raynsford, of Horscham, with a very urgent request that we would insert it. At first, we threw it aside, without reading it, believing it impossible to make room for it: but, after many days, we were compelled to take up this packet, and as we began to read, the fire began to kindle. We felt a sweet union of soul both to William Charman, and to John Freeman; and believing their letters to speak forth the praises of a triune God in the most decided terms, we send them forth, beseeching the Lord to appear for his servant John Freeman, in the opening for him an effectual door.]

DEAR SIR:—I feel constrained to address a few lines to you; but, being a stranger to you, I suppose it will be but for me to tell you, in the first place, a little as to who and what I am. Well, then, I am a poor sinner, lost, ruined, and undone, helpless and hopeless, in, and of myself; born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me. This, sir, is a true account of my original. But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love, wherewith he hath loved me, even when I was dead in trespasses and sins, an enemy to him by wicked works; and saying, in my heart, depart from me, I desire not the knowledge of thy ways; even when in this state, I say, God, in mercy looked upon me, and that with a look of love; quickened me into life, giving me to see and feel my wretched, lost, and ruined condition, and, like a poor brother publican of old, to smite upon my breast, and from my inmost soul to cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' Well, I cannot now give you a detailed account of my experience in these matters; suffice it to say, after a long time of begging, sighing, crying, longing, desiring, hoping, and fearing, the Lord did, in mercy, visit my soul with some sweet tokens for good, he did give me to see that

None but Jesus'
Can do helpless sinners good.

And not only so, but he gave me feel-
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ingly to know that I am interested personally in that blessed, perfect work of redemption, which he hath accomplished for his own elect family, his church, his beloved bride. Ah, my dear sir, he hath brought me out of a state of ignorance and enmity, into a saving knowledge and reception of his blessed truth in the love thereof; so that I can, now, I trust, in some humble measure, say, that those things which I counted gain, aforetime, I do now count but loss, and dross, and dung, that I may win Christ and be found in him, is now the very ultimatum of my soul's desire. Oh, that my languid heart might glow in ardour all divine! in aspiration after Jesus, who is the chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely. And I do desire to bless the Lord that I can say with dear Mr Hart,

I love the Lord with mind and heart,
His people and his ways.

Well, dear sir, seeing that this is the case, I do love those who are made manifest to me as those who love the Lord. But, I have been taught this by painful experience, that not all those who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ, do so in reality; but, oftentimes, I do solemnly believe the greatest enmity to the real truth of God is covered up under a mask of religion. Again, I do love those dear, called, taught, sent servants of God, who are sent forth to declare the whole truth, whether men will hear or forbear; and who are enabled to study not to please men, but God, whose servants they are. But, dear sir, such men I do affirm are *few, few, few*, in comparison to the great bulk of preachers, and false prophets. There are an abundance who say the Lord hath sent them: whereas he hath not sent them. Yea and nay, yea and nay, yea and nay, sounds forth, go where you will, in abundance. Oh, how my poor soul has been grieved, pained, and hurt, to hear such men get up in the name of the Lord, and speak such God dishonouring things; things indeed, congenial to proud

fallen man, who would have half, and rather more, of the glory that belongs to God alone; but such preachers and preachings as these my soul abhorreth and loatheth. 'Oh my soul enter thou not into their secret, unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united.'

Well, dear sir, if you can muster up patience to hear me out, I will proceed to say — I have been in this part now a year and a half; and since I have been here I have been wandering up and down, here and there, to one chapel and another, if so be I might find the blessed joyful sound of the gospel trumpet, proclaiming, '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.' But alas! alas! how miserably I have been disappointed from time to time; such a miserable jargon of law and gospel, grace and works, yea and nay, mixed up, or rather attempted to be mixed up together; I have found that it had well nigh sickened me of all preachers, and chapels too. Well, a few weeks ago, I had intimation that a man from Alvechurch, named John Freeman, was going to preach at Studley Baptist Chapel, on Wednesday evening. I went to hear him, and I trust I can say not without profit; for contrary to my expectation, I did find a man who, as far as I am enabled to judge, did manifest himself as being taught of God; 'rightly dividing the word of truth,' and 'separating between the precious and the vile.' I heard again the same good old fashioned truths my soul loves, and this gave me a longing desire to hear the man again. Well, the Sunday before last I went to Alvechurch for that purpose, and there again, I trust I can say, the Lord did bless the word to me, even to the comforting, encouraging, and establishing of my soul in the truths of the blessed gospel. Well, I was not satisfied with what I had received, or rather, I had not had enough of it (and never shall till I get home); so, again, to Alvechurch did I go on last Sabbath morning, with a longing appetite for some more real gospel food; but alas! alas! how miserably disappointed I was, instead of John Freeman, I found a somebody, I don't know who, in the pulpit; and instead of gospel bread, fit food for living souls, such wretched husks and chaff were dealt out that I could not eat a morsel, hungry

as I was, but was obliged to return without a crumb; my soul robbed and spoiled of all sweet feelings, of desire and love; but filled instead with disappointment and vexation: oh, thought I, here is a pretty state of things, one Sabbath a man gets up and speaks of the precious truths relating to the security and blessedness of the one church of Christ; of the free, unmerited, sovereign love and favour of God in Christ to that church, which neither men nor devils shall ever be able, in the slightest degree, to hinder, alter, or impugn. The next Sunday, up gets a man in the same place, endeavouring all he possibly can, covertly to overthrow the free grace of God to poor sinners, and the yea and amen gospel of God; and instead thereof to bring in a wretched yea and nay system, which cannot possibly be of any benefit to poor lost sinners; but may serve to please hypocrites, who never yet have felt their need of a Saviour, and therefore are going in their own conceit to save themselves, at least to do a good part towards it.

Thus, dear sir, I have finished my story; I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken, and if you think it worth while to reply to this, and tell me when John Freeman will be at home, I shall be much obliged. Wishing the Lord may bless you, and according to his own gracious promise, be with you and enable you at all times and in all places to speak as you ought to speak, is the sincere desire and prayer of

Your's, for the truth sake,

WILLIAM H. CHARMAN.

To Mr. John Freeman, Baptist Minister,
Alvechurch, Worcestershire.

JOHN FREEMAN'S ANSWER.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE FAMILY OF THEM WHOSE NAMES ARE WRITTEN IN HEAVEN:—Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied. I received your kind letter this morning, which contains a portraiture of myself, as it regards experience; but I scarcely know how to reply to it, but in order to give you some idea of my present state, I must briefly state to you how the Lord hath brought me by a way which I know not, to become a witness for him, of the truth in this day of trouble, rebuke, and blasphemy, wherein the faithful witnesses

of the whole gospel of salvation have to prophecy, clothed in sackcloth, for truth is trampled down, and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey. I was once a preacher of Christ and Co., or Christ a *cypher*, and man the *figure*. This period of my life took up ten years, from the age of twenty to thirty, but mark, my brother, although I really believed, and preached universal redemption, suspended, as to its saving benefits, on the conditions, repentance, faith, and obedience, and all these conditions to be performed by fallen man, which system I plainly see, now, shuts out the whole human race from even a possibility of being saved at all; but was I at ease? *no*: verily not! because there was as much opposition between my creed, and my experience, as there is between darkness and light. I was perpetually being short in the performance of my pharisaical conditions, and therefore, whenever I attempted to balance accounts with my Maker, of course I found myself deeply in debt; therefore I had to take refuge in Christ as a *make-weight*, or *help-out*, to make my scanty garment broad enough to cover me, and my bed long enough to rest upon: but I am convinced that as at that time, I was miserable indeed, because leaning upon myself, instead of an unchangeable Christ; I am perfectly convinced, that wherever there is a real work of grace in the heart, such an individual cannot rest satisfied with that miserable trash, which you have so properly pictured out in your letter. Well, what did I do in this state of mind? I endeavoured to be a man of no creed, and deal only in generals; but being an enemy in my heart to the truths of the gospel, frequently would the enmity of my heart manifest itself, whilst preaching, in speaking evil of that way which I then knew not. 'But sing oh heavens, and be joyful oh earth,' the Lord had his love upon me, I was forced contrary to my inclination, to resign my place as a preacher, and being then living at Alvechurch, I attended the chapel, but alas! alas! there I heard such a contradictory system, one man contradicting another; yea, speaking the truth in the morning, and contradicting it in the afternoon; yea, more, contradicting themselves even in one discourse, that my poor soul was as sick as possi-

ble. I had no friend within the circle of my acquaintance to open my mind to, but the Lord who had made my heart soft, and the Almighty who had humbled me, knows the sleepless nights, and the severe struggle which was going on in me, the *poor Shulamite*, between the company of two armies; and in the order of his providence, I had a little book put into my hand, called the 'Christian Crucible,' written by Mr. William Giles, of Liverpool. This book just met my experience, but still I could not embrace it, because of the unpalatable truths which it contained; but to cut the matter short, this man, Mr. Giles, was sent of God to Alvechurch, in July, 1844, and proved to be the honored instrument of bringing my soul out of prison. He came and preached honestly the precious truths of God, which I never before heard, and the Lord who knows that my soul had been wearied, by a perpetual conflict between truth and error, and humbled, and melted down, softened and made willing; yea! the Lord did the work, under that discourse; he *sealed me*, and gave me the earnest and foretaste of heavenly bliss in my heart; and from that moment till the present, Christ is my all and in all, in faith, in practice, and ministry. I never conceal the truth from any; but wherever I go, it is my aim to declare as far as is given me to do, the whole counsel of God. But think not, my dear brother, that I am at ease, far from it; I am placed, and have been, for nearly two years, to preach the gospel to a people who neither know, nor love it; yea, worse, they trample it under their feet, and turn again and rend me; and try in every possible way to injure me in my character, and to lead people away; yea, drive them from under the word, and prevent others from coming to hear the word of God. Such hath been my situation; I have obtained grace, sufficient to preach the gospel to a people who turn up their noses at it like swine, and are ready to spit in my face, amid poverty, privation, and want of bread; and such is the ingratitude of the people, that no effort appears likely to be made to render it possible to abide among the people, and I have resolved, after trying every possible way, to procure a honest livelihood, by manual labour at my trade; but find my means insuffi-

cient, I have not a single friend as I know of, who cares as they ought to do for my state; but enough, I have more than I deserve.

Dear Brother, I was at Bilston last Lord's-day, as they are without a pastor, I consented, at their urgent request, to supply there for one Sabbath, but I fully expect to be at home, on next Lord's-day, for this one thing keeps me living at Alvechurch, knowing that I am set for the defence of the gospel, so that if I should be out, I will write and let you know, but if I do not, you may depend on my being at home. I am, dear Brother in Christ, your companion in tribulation,

JOHN FREEMAN.

To Mr. H. Charman.

The Protestant Charitable Society.

AT Union Chapel, Cumberland Street, Curtain Road, Shoreditch, Sept. 19th, was held the 170th anniversary of the Protestant Charitable Institution.

This Society was established in Miles' Lane, 1677, to give assistance unto the family of God in times of persecution. Mr. James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, (says a correspondent) preached a most blessed sermon, in which he shewed himself a scribe well instructed in the mysteries of truth. Our prayer is that the Lord would pour his blessings upon the solemn and weighty statements made from Rev. xii. 11—'And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.' I cannot forbear sending the following circumstance mentioned by Mr. W. He said 'I was not aware of such a Society being in existence. I am sorry I knew not of it before. A few weeks ago I was preaching in a place about 17 miles from London. There was no gospel there until a farmer opened his house for public worship. This gave offence to the farmer's landlord, and to the parson of the parish. The landlord threatened the farmer that unless he closed his house against it, he should pay rent for it, (which up to this time he had not paid) 'Very well,' (said the good man) the Lord, no doubt, will help to pay for it.' He did so. The landlord still continued to be offended, and discharged two or three of his poor labourers, who went to the house. The farmer was again threatened by his

landlord; and he told the farmer he was going to London, and when he returned, this gospel preaching in his house should be altered. He went to London; but, mark the hand of God; that day fortnight he came home, *but it was in his coffin!*

The event frightened the parson and the enemies of the gospel, and caused persecution to cease. There are numbers of cases of a similar kind to this in our own country going on still!

Death of the late James Weller,

Of Robertsbridge, Sussex.

FROM the following extracts from letters which we have received, it will be seen that this dear servant of Christ has, after a long affliction, entered into rest. A friend writes as follows:—

"DEAR SIR:—This comes in acknowledgment of the receipt of —, from you, to Mr. Weller, on the 9th. It was very thankfully received. But, I am sorry to inform you, at this same time, that Mr. Weller is now no more in this life. He departed about seven o'clock on Lord's-day evening, September 12; very happy in his soul; and, in this, we his friends, around him, are happy also; and, we doubt not, the whole church at large will be to hear the same things."

"Robertsbridge, Sept. 13, 1847. R. W."

From another friend, who says—

"DEAR FRIEND:—I received yours of this morning. Our dear brother Weller departed this life at a quarter past seven o'clock on Sunday evening, quite sensible to the last. He has felt quite willing, and at times, longing to depart, for this last fortnight; and has been very comfortable in his mind generally during that time. He had a most blessed visit from his dear Lord last Sunday fortnight, exceeding all that he ever had before; since which time I have not heard him express a doubt. His hope was fixed on the Rock—Christ. He said to a friend who was with him a short time before his spirit fled—'DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY.' His poor wife and family were with him; to whom he gave suitable advice, and died in peace, without a struggle. The day appointed for the funeral is next Friday, at two o'clock in the chapel. Mr. Cowper will officiate on the occasion. T. T."

"Robertsbridge, Sept. 15, 1847."

The People of God led forth by a Right Way.

A SPIRITUAL DISSERTATION UPON THE TYPICAL CHARACTERS OF THE
TWELVE SONS OF JACOB.

LETTER IV.

MY FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE TRUTH—A necessity seems to be laid upon me to attempt a further elucidation of the plan which I have purposed to lay before you. It was this: that the first six sons of Jacob were typical of the rich provision of that everlasting covenant which David says, was 'ordered in all things and sure.' By reference to my former letters you will find I have spoken of Reuben, of Simeon, of Levi, of Judah, and of Issachar. *Zebulun*, then, is the next to be considered; and he was the last of the first division; and as Issachar represented Christ in his mediatorial character, so, in and by *Zebulun* it is declared that Christ should be a *dwelling place* for his people, both in time and in eternity.

The interpreters agree that *Zebulun* meaneth *an habitation*, or *dwelling-place*; and that this pointed to Christ in his glorious complex character, (and as that '*secret place of the Most High*;' in whom the whole election of grace were hidden from all eternity,) appears to be confirmed by the beautiful revelations which the Holy Ghost made of Christ, in the patriarchal, and prophetic ages.

How heavily laden with rich gospel and experimental matter is that prophecy of Jacob's! (Gen. xlix. 13.) "*Zebulun shall dwell at the haven of the sea; and he shall be for an haven of ships; and his border shall be unto Zidon.*" There was a literal fulfilment of this prophecy (in measure,) as is briefly declared in Joshua xix. 10—16; but if you connect the prophetic blessing of Moses (Deut. xxxiii. 18, 19,) with the one I have quoted from Jacob's mouth, you will find a sweet setting forth of Christ, as the refuge, the hiding place, and the eternal habitation of his people.

Surely, that great and wide sea is referred to, in Scripture, as a figure of the world, which may be said to hang between the wrath of heaven, and the yawning gulf of the bottomless pit! Upon this dark and dismal ocean of sin and death Christ walked. He was in the ship with the church when the heavens gathered blackness; when the hurricane threatened to make a total wreck of the whole; and by his almighty power

and Godhead he silenced the storm, and conducted the vessel safe into harbour.

Christ not only walked upon the sea, in proof of his eternal power and Godhead; but, like Jonah, he went down into the sea, and he did the greatest business there, that ever was accomplished. It was there he laid hold of sin, and death, and hell, by their very roots; ah! and he pulled them up too root and rine, and cast them into the depths, the utmost depths—what Joel (ii. 20) calls 'the hinder part toward the utmost sea;' and though they be sought for, they shall never be found. It is true, as Joel says, that in this world, the poor church is sadly pestered with an '*ill stink* and an '*ill savour* that does come up from the fountain of iniquity: and this often makes the poor spouse of Christ to be sick and bad. But, then, Christ is a 'Good Physician;' he will send her health and cure; and more than all, he has prepared for her a most delightful land, where neither violence, sickness, nor sorrow shall ever be known.

There, everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers,
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But, there are yet thousands of little churches of Christ—like so many ships, tossing about upon the boisterous ocean of this world; and not a few of them are at this very time most severely afflicted by that tempestuous wind called Euroclydon. This word Euroclydon (says a learned writer) is compounded of two words: one signifies *the east wind*: the other, *a billow*; it was called by various names, always indicating that it was a black, violent, gusty, ship-wrecking wind, bringing destruction with it; a striking figure of that east wind which comes up from the dreadful mouth of satan, and which, when it blows hard upon the sea of man's corruption, is sure to raise a most dreadful storm, by which millions of sinners have been driven headlong into hell; and many

even of the election of grace, have, in these storms, lost every thing but their vital union to their God and Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

I say; look, ye servants of Jesus Christ; ye chosen ship-masters, serving under our glorious Admiral, our blessed Zebulun; look, I say, how correctly the Holy Ghost hath described the manner of our being brought into this service, in that 'twenty-seventh of the Acts—' And, entering into a ship of Adramyttium, we launched,' &c. Adramyttium meaneth '*the court of death—the mansion of death.*' How strikingly significant was the name of this ship to the circumstances into which it was to be plunged! And how certain it is, that when the Lord of life and glory is pleased to put a man into the ministry, he enters upon that service which introduces him into the courts of death. Such a man is sure to have the sentence of death within: and death will be written upon every thing by which he is surrounded; and even the ministry of the word will oftentimes work death in him, while it will be a dispensation of life to others. One of our old sailors, who has long since left the service, and has entered the mansion of glory—was once writing to some of his friends—(1 Cor. iv. 9.)—and he very nicely describes this court of death—'I think, (says he) that God hath set forth us, the apostles, last, as it were appointed to death; for, we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men.' Why, a minister's life is just what Paul declares it—a dying daily—a fighting daily—a being consumed daily. I am not certain that it is not more especially of real ministers that Paul speaketh, than it is of any other class of persons, when arguing about the resurrection of Christ—(1 Cor. xv. 29, 30.) he says—'Else what shall they do which are baptised for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why, are they, then, baptised for the dead? What baptism is that? Who are they which are said to be baptised for the dead? Well, I believe in my very soul that they are the real ministers of Jesus Christ: the men that go down to the sea in ships; that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.' These men are not only baptised with the essential baptism of the Holy Ghost; but they are baptised in mental sufferings; in floods of sorrow;

in flames of temptation; in clouds of darkness; in pits and snares; and in thousands of satan's devices. And to what end are they thus baptised? To bring up, (through the power of the Holy Ghost working in, and by them,) elect, and redeemed sinners, from a death in trespasses and sins to a life of righteousness and peace: for, 'whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual IN THE ENDURING—(mark that!) in the enduring of the same sufferings which *we also suffer.*' (2 Cor. i. 6.) Now, as the apostle argues, seeing our whole ministerial life is a life of labour, conflict, tempest-tossing, and experimental death—a dying to every thing that is gratifying, and satisfying to flesh and blood—seeing that it is not so much in this life that we have hope in Christ—'*What shall they do that are baptised for the dead, if the dead rise not at all?*' Why are they, then, baptised for the dead? Why, indeed! But, we know that a full reward shall be given; for God is not unrighteous to forget your work, and labour of love.

But, in returning to the 27th of Acts, let me notice, this baptism of suffering, this Euroclydon tempest, comes not at the beginning of the voyage. For, although there may be many contrary winds, and our sailing may be but very slow, yet, many of our bargemen, and ship masters have, at first, been indulged with some pleasant cruising in the place '*which is called the fair havens.*' Oh, how softly did the south wind blow upon my soul, the few first years that I was sent out to sea! In fact, it was not *sea*; it was only a little pleasuring up and down the streams of that '*river which maketh glad the city of our God.*' But, after this, there arose (see Acts xxvii. 8—20.) a tempestuous wind; it carried the ship into the bowels of the storm; many helps were used; but the tempest lay on so heavy, that all hope of being saved was taken away. Zebulun, however, doth dwell at the haven of the sea; he is a safe harbour to run into, when the billows of wrath from above, and floods of corruption from beneath, threaten destruction to the whole. Like Paul, I have suffered the loss of all things; the beautiful ship that was built for me to sail in, crew and all; but the storm has been overruled for good; it has driven me to take shelter in Christ, in such a way as I never did before. I

can, therefore, speak well of this haven ; and, when I see other vessels, and ship-masters, who belong to the port of Zebulun, in distress, I feel all the powers of my heart and soul drawn out towards them—and I am often strongly disposed to encourage them to hope in the Lord, by a brief recital of the awful storm from whence the Lord delivered me. I can say—

Out of the depths I've often cried,
When deeper sunk than Jonah ;
And God will hear the poor man's cry,
Though but a secret mourner.

Alas ! how deep my soul was sunk,
When Jesus found me out ;
All overwhelm'd with sin and filth,
With unbelief and doubt.

Just at the very gates of hell,
Quite ready to crowd in ;
My Jesus stretched his mighty arm,
And pull'd me from my sin.

Oh ! precious grace ! Almighty grace !
What is it grace won't do ?
'Tis grace has sav'd my guilty soul,
From wretchedness and woe.

Oh, had I now a thousand tongues,
I'd sing and talk of him
Who snatch'd me from the brink of hell,
When in the depths of sin.

But to speak more particularly—Notice Moses joins Zebulun and Issachar together. (Deut. xxxiii. 18, 19.) "And of Zebulun he said—Rejoice Zebulun in thy going out, and Issachar in thy tents. They shall call the people unto the mountain," &c. &c. What can be the meaning of this prophecy? Zebulun typifies the glorious Person of our Lord as the dwelling place of his people, and Issachar typifies the atoning sacrifice which he made for his people ; and wherever these two fundamental principles of the gospel are fully preached under the sacred anointings of the Holy Ghost, there God's elect are called into Mount Zion, where *life-union to Christ*—and *pardon and peace by Christ* are certainly found. It was to this (primarily) that the psalmist referred—'He that goeth forth weeping bearing precious seed'—(as our spiritual Zebulun did—for he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief—yet in him dwelt the whole election of grace ; he was and is 'the everlasting Father' of all the holy seed,) 'He shall doubtless come again, bringing his sheaves with him.' Certain it is that Moses spake with

reference to the gospel dispensation when he broke forth in such holy language—'Rejoice, Zebulun, in thy going out, and Issachar in thy tents. They shall call the people unto the mountain: there they shall offer the sacrifices of righteousness, for they shall suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand.' Here is a prophecy descriptive of the manifestation and work of Christ in the gospel kingdom—and of that spiritual worship which the elect of God render to him in the gospel church. But the compositor says there is no more room in this month's *Vessel* ; so I must defer my thoughts upon Zebulun for the present.

I am in the midst of heavy labours. I trust the Lord is working *in*, and *by* me for the good of many souls: the enemy roars: sometimes darkness covers me ; and trials press me down ; but the God of Jacob is my refuge ; and many times he has proved himself to be my present help in trouble.

Therefore I subscribe myself
Your willing and loving brother in Jesus,
C. W. BANKS.

6, Pagoda Terrace, Bermondsey New Road.

Seeing the King in His Beauty.

Ye angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face ;
In rapt'rous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your sweet harps to his praise.

He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good ;
While others, sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his promise, ye stood.

Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace, and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat.

He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,
He ransom'd from hell and despair ;
For, you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

Oh ! when will the period arrive,
That I shall unite in your song ?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong.

I'm fetter'd and bound up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free,
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;
I want to receive my new lyre,
And tune my sweet harp to his name.

I want—oh, I want to be there—
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu :
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

MADAME MARIE DE FLEURY.

Spiritual Epistles,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE MR. E. CROWHURST,
Minister of the Gospel, Hadlow, Kent.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Knowing you will be pleased to hear from us, and to be informed how we are now situated, and in what manner the Lord is dealing with us, I now send you a reply to your last very acceptable epistle; and to tell you of our present circumstances. While I was from home, I experienced a better appetite and digestion, and upon the whole felt rather stronger. The Lord was with me, and my mind was always peaceful and happy. I was enabled by my most gracious Lord and master, to speak of his matchless glories, great love, and finished salvation to my relations and friends, and that with freedom and delight. But after all, I said but little; how very imperfectly spoken; how very short of the reality of the sublime subjects. He pardons all. He casts a mantle of love over it all. He is wonderfully good in that way, to cover all our imperfections. What a Jesus is he! How kindly and lovingly he deals with us. Truly, he is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. All his ways towards us are love, nothing but love, grace, and truth. Adored be his dear name. By grace he tasted death for us; by grace he redeemed us; by grace he pardons us; justified us; and saved us by grace with an everlasting salvation. Grace reigns to eternal life through righteousness, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

Thus far I wrote last week; but my sight being so very weak, I have not been in the humour for writing since, so I have delayed to finish my letter. My sight is still very weak, troubled to see, so you will excuse bad writing. Since we have been home from our visit, I have not felt any improvement, but I find my health declines rather than not. But notwithstanding, I have ten thousand blessings to praise my own blessed God, Triune God, Father, Son, and Spirit for from day to day. That I a most vile, sinful, unworthy being, should be so loved of my Father who is in heaven; that he should adopt me his son and heir, and provide me an inheritance, a kingdom of glory; yea, a crown and throne of glory. These are some of our good things in reserve for us. Oh what riches, what wealth is here. He has given his faithful promise of these things. He has called us by grace in order to inherit the same, has made us meet for the enjoyment of them, and has given us, and still gives some few tastes, as the earnest of the coming blessedness. We now, by faith, at times see the blissful mansions, our happy home, the king in his beauty, and the land that is afar off. These sights charm us: what our appetites for full

possession, make this world appear little and mean, sin hateful, perfect holiness desirable, and glorification longed for. To be one with Christ Jesus the Lord; to be complete in him; to be perfect, quite perfect for ever in him. To have him for our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. What privileges are these! and all our own. To be interested in that most glorious God-man, and to possess him with all his vast fulness, unsearchable riches, and immense glories, is happiness of the highest order. He is a fountain of happiness that always flows; of life too that ever runs, and is never dry.

We are now come to the closing part of another year of our short lives, and so nearer glory and the full enjoyment of eternal life. When in considering the dealings of my covenant God with me during this year, I do say he has dealt well with me according to his word. He has daily loaded me with benefits throughout the year. I think I may say this has been the best year of my sinful life. That although the Lord has laid me from preaching the word of life to my brethren, yet grants me the realization of divine truth day by day to my own soul. How good and merciful is my Lord to me a poor sinner. The many, very many happy seasons of communion I have been favoured with, with the sacred Trinity in the person of Christ, the many applications of the promises to my mind, and the enjoyment I have derived from, through the lively actings of faith, by the power of the Holy Spirit, and the variety and clear evidences of my interest in the covenant promises, the love of the Father, Son, and Spirit; and of union with Christ. I have great cause to bless and praise the Lord's goodness and wonderful works towards me. Yours most affectionately,
E. CROWHURST.

Hadlow, Dec. 31st, 1846.

THE PARDONED SINNER.

Since Jesus with his obedient life, and atoning death, and justifying resurrection, is the only channel of pardon and peace, and the only way of access that the Scriptures reveal; he that thinks he is pardoned, and may draw nigh to God, and yet his pardon was not gained by looking unto Jesus, is deceiving his own self.

“Worship God then in his Son,
There he's love, and there alone;
Think not that he will, or may
Pardon any other way.”

When God's time of blessing the stranger has arrived, he is enabled, by whatever means the Lord pleases, to go a poor, guilty, black, and hell-deserving sinner, to a law-fulfilling and sin-atoning Saviour; and, notwithstanding all his guilt, and wretchedness, to believe that he is welcome to Jesus, and that he 'will in no wise cast him out,' and so drop with all his load of sins and woes upon the atonement of Jesus, and so believe him to have stood in his law-place, to have paid all his debts, and to have endured all his hell, that his conscience becomes unburdened and clean, his soul is in sweet rest and peace, and his heart is enlarged with the 'love of God, shed abroad therein by the Holy Ghost.'—SEPTIMUS SEARS.

What is the sin against the Holy Ghost?

WHO CAN COMMIT IT?

THE Holy Spirit is a person of infinite dignity; one with the Father, and his beloved Son Jesus, in wisdom, power, and glory. (See Acts v. 3, 4; with Heb. ix. 14.) 'Sin is the transgression of the law.' All sin is, therefore, either directly, or indirectly, committed against God. (Ps. li. 4.) But there is one sin which is said by our Lord to be committed against the Holy Ghost. (Matt. xii. 31, 32.) The subject of inquiry is—*What this sin is; and what it is not.*

First, we will endeavour to notice it negatively. It is not the sin of swearing; if it was, what would have become of Peter? Not the sin of drunkenness; if it was, what would have become of Noah? Not the sin of adultery; if it was, what would have become of David? Not to endeavour to stifle convictions of the Spirit; if it was, what would become of many, when first brought under convictions? Nor is it to sin against light and knowledge; if it was, God's ancient Israel would all have been lost. No, beloved, nor yet the sin of persecuting the saints of God; for, if this was the sin against the Holy Ghost, Saul of Tarsus would never have been made praying and preaching Paul.

Having noticed it negatively, we now notice it, secondly, positively. We find that all sin is remissable, except the sin against the Holy Ghost. All the sins of God's elect were laid upon Christ, through whose blood they are washed away, and through grace freely forgiven. (Ephes. i. 7.) He groaned beneath the weight of our sins in the garden, and bore them on Calvary's rugged brow, where all hell raged against him; Jehovah frowned upon him; vindictive justice smote him; out poured the purple stream; angels were lost in holy wonder; saints were bathed in tears; creation was astonished; Jehovah was well-pleased; sin was expiated; salvation obtained; pardon bought with atoning blood; and the guilty captive freed from everlasting condemnation. 'Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.' There are two characters who cannot commit the sin against the Holy Ghost. The true believer cannot commit the unpardonable sin; for, his dwelling in the clefts of the smitten rock is to him an everlasting security. Nor can the grossly ignorant commit it. There must be two ingredients in the same character, in order to render him capable of this:—light in the head, and malice in the heart. The pharisees of Judea had both, when they blasphemously (knowing better than they said) attributed our Lord's miracle of casting out devils to the foul agency of the prince of devils; this, no doubt, was the very identical sin, called the sin against the Holy Ghost;

which is evident by our Lord's answer to them—'Wherefore, I say unto you, all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the sin against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men.' (Matt. xii. 31, 32.) In the above case light and malice were combined. Saul sinned in persecuting the saints; he had malice in his heart, but not light in his head.—Peter sinned when he denied his Lord and master; he had light in his head, but not malice in his heart; it was cowardice that caused him to do it. We may from hence infer that neither Paul nor Peter committed the unpardonable sin.

Many of the Lord's people labour under many doubts and fears lest they should have committed this unpardonable sin; but, dear children, thy fears and doubts are groundless; for, thou never hast, thou never shalt commit it; yea, thou never canst come into this dreadful dilemma. Some have thought, and said, that this sin has never been committed since our Lord's days; and that the different circumstances under which we are placed, render it impossible. Leaving, however, the abettors of this to their favourite hypothesis, I ask, is not the sin of apostasy almost, if not the very same, as the sin against the Holy Ghost? Does it not generally issue in a hardened course of rebellion against God? And is it not a flat denial of the sovereignty of the work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration? The apostle plainly shews the impossibility of renewing such again to repentance; seeing they 'crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame.' Peter says, 'it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, (professedly) than, after they have known it to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them;' 'but,' he continues 'it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, the dog (mark, he is only a dog) is returned to his own vomit again, and the sow (only a sow) that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.' Our Lord says, 'When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest and finding none; then saith he, I will return into my house (my old state) from whence I (by profession) came out; and when he is come he findeth it empty, (destitute of vital godliness) swept, and garnished; (swept by a few duties, and garnished with a few moral decorations;) then goeth he and taketh to himself seven other spirits—(an impenitent spirit; a proud, haughty, and disdainful spirit; a self-righteous spirit; a rebellious spirit; a spirit of hatred to the Son of God; a spirit of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost; a murderous spirit;)—'and these, (saith our Lord,) are more wicked than himself, they enter in, and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than the first.'

The apostle John says, 'there is a sin; (mark, there is a sin,) unto death;' and forbids us to pray for it. Paul says, 'If we sin wilfully, after we have received a knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more (no other) sacrifice for sin, but a certain, fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries:' then he refers to those who have trodden under foot the Son of God, and have done despite unto the spirit of grace.' See these Scriptures Heb. vi. 6; 2 Pet. ii. 21, 22; Matt. xii. 43—45; 1 John v. 16; Heb. x. 26—29.

BIDDLE.

REMINISCENCES OF THE DEALINGS OF THE LORD, AS SHEWN IN

The Ministry of Mr. W. Cromwell,
Baptist Minister, Providence Chapel, Bath.

ANNIVERSARY TEA-MEETING, AUG. 9, 1847.

AFTER a few preliminary remarks as to the lateness of the hour, Mr. C. began:—'It is not my intention to take up much of your time on the present occasion, there are however a few remarks which I desire to make, whilst I congratulate you as a church on this our sixth Anniversary. I find, on examining some memoranda, that this day is also the eleventh Anniversary of my coming among you to preach; and surely, when I consider what the Lord has done for you, as a church, and for me, as an individual, I feel that it is most fit and proper that I should this evening raise an Ebenezer of gratitude, and say, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped us!' And here I shall adopt the language of the apostle, and say, 'Having obtained help of God, I continue unto the present day;' which, as a fact, was totally contrary to my expectations, for when applied to by the deacons of this church to preach for you, I positively refused; having, previously determined never to preach at Bath if I should be invited, on account of the many divisions, and unsettled state of the Baptist churches in that city. The friends were very urgent, but I still said 'no;' till my father, then an aged christian, and another christian friend, a deacon of long standing in the church of which I was a member, both advised me to go *once*, remarking that if *then* I found anything uncongenial to my views or wishes, I need not repeat the visit. After some hesitation, I concluded to accept the invitation, and went, accompanied by my father, and the deacon before mentioned. My poor service was approved; and in consequence, I received a very pressing invitation to become a 'regular supply' for this church; but to this last proposition I made a con-

siderable demur; for I felt that such an engagement would place me in a very different position to that in which I then stood. I was then an itinerant, preaching as the occasion presented itself, among villages ten or fifteen miles distant from each other; and among these what sometime served one, also supplied the other, so that I did not feel particularly distressed about getting fresh subject matter every Sabbath-day; but I felt that as a 'regular supply,' much greater variety would be needed; and unbelief suggested that I should have nothing in the way of food to supply the wants of the people. My aged friend, the deacon, strove to encourage me, telling me that from the time of my being called to speak in the name of the Lord, it was his impression that I should have to 'prophecy among the thick boughs.' This however, I altogether doubted; for, being little versed in human learning, I thought that so fashionable a city as Bath could surely never be the scene of my labours. I was, however, mistaken; and after some conflict with my feelings, I agreed to supply the church for one year, the Lord helping me. I did so; but the Lord knoweth, in much weakness and trembling. The fact however of a poor unlearned man, a lime-burner by occupation, being come to preach at Bath, was too singular not to be talked about; and many came out of curiosity to hear what I should say; and so, the Lord, in his allwise purposes ordered it, that some of these continued to come, because the Lord touched their hearts through my humble instrumentality. In the mean time I personally bitterly regretted that I had ever come to Bath at all, or engaged with the people for such a purpose. I often felt, even whilst in the pulpit, that if the Lord would let me get out of it once more, I never would enter it again; let the people say, or do what they would. For, I felt quite sure, in my own mind, that I never should be able to feed them as they or I desired. These feelings usually came upon me when the Lord did not appear to give me a text or insight into it. At such times I was as fretful as I could be, and often determined mentally that I never would again speak in his name. Again, when the Lord has graciously appeared, and taken off my shackles, and helped me to declare his truth, I have felt so much sweetness in the work, that I have thought again, 'Well, bless the Lord! I won't give up preaching just yet.' This one lesson I have learned, that when I could not get a text by begging for it in prayer, I never could succeed by attempting to frighten the Lord out of one, by declaring that I would not go to preach unless he would supply me. No; I have found after all I could do, the dear Lord would have his own way. Thus, year after year, I have been enabled amidst all my

fears, weaknesses, and unworthiness, to still 'declare the name of the Lord in Zion;' till, from the increase of the congregation, it was deemed advisable to erect the present edifice for the worship and service of our God; which, through the aboundings of his love and mercy has been completed in spite of all our sinkings and downcastings and sometimes beclouded prospects. But, even *thence*, to me, as your minister, a new difficulty arose. The church was desirous that I should take the sole spiritual charge; in other words, that I should consent to be recognised in form, as their pastor; but to this, for a long time, I seriously objected; as I still doubted that I should be able to continue to preach; notwithstanding a gracious promise which the Lord made to me, sometime after I came among you; which word of promise was this—'Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city.' Of this, however, I desired many and repeated proofs; and to the praise of his mercy, I would say that he has been gracious to me in this respect. For, during the period of my labours among you, ninety souls have been added to the church by baptism, and forty-eight others by letters of dismission from other churches, or coming before the church; making a total addition of one-hundred and thirty-eight souls; yet for all this gracious proof of the Lord's acceptance of my poor labours, I shrank from the union proposed; for, I knew, as your 'supply,' should the Lord shut my month, a week's notice would free me from my engagement to you; whereas, if I should consent to become your pastor, I could not so readily leave you. At length, after severe conflict of mind, and reiterated prayer to the Lord, for direction in this matter, I was answered, by having the satisfaction of baptizing on one occasion, seventeen candidates in the adjoining river; whom the Lord graciously gave as seals to my ministry. I further considered, that as a church, you were now acquainted with my preaching, temper, and manners; and I also knew somewhat of yours. Also, from time to time, the Lord was pleased to bless his word through me, as an instrument, however humble or despised; and in consequence, I was led, I trust, to give myself unto the church in the Lord; though, for years I had refused; not choosing so close a bond to any people. My health has been severely tried from time to time; and not unfrequently when grasping the hands of many who visited me, we have concluded it was a last farewell. Nevertheless, 'having obtained help of God, I continue unto the present day.' Let us, then, take encouragement from the past loving-kindness of the Lord. As a church and people he hath

blessed us with much peace and union among ourselves; so that the 'wild boar of the wood hath not wasted us.' He hath, also, added temporal prosperity beyond our expectations. Some of our members have been called to take possession of the mansions prepared for them above; but the Lord can, and I trust, will repair all the breaches of this kind, abundantly; and 'increase us with men, as a flock.' In the past year, we have been especially called to 'bear one-anothers' burdens.'

"May more of this spirit be found and felt among us, and may we grow up into Christ, our living Head in all things. Amen.
"I shall call on you to unite with me, in singing—'Praise God,' &c. &c."

A Letter to Mr. D. Lodge,

A Minister of the Gospel, Banbury.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—Herewith I send you a little treasure for the *Earthen Vessel*. And truly, 'the excellency of the power of it is of God, and not of man.'

"Now this has been tried in poverty's vale,
In floods and in fires, by sin, death, and hell,"

But it is 'incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us, who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.' Thus, it is all perfect, all glorious, and complete; therefore, 'let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord.'

Thanks to 'Old Sincerity' for his discernment and faithfulness. Keep a watch, dear brother, for the July pirates; all hands aloft; listen to their whispers—'Some persons say you must preach Christ; never mind what they say; never lay yourself open to a vitiated taste: (by preaching Christ) let us be serious in those affairs; be diligent, beg, borrow, and steal—any how.' Ah, but he that sitteth in the heavens, shall laugh; the Lord of hosts, the Captain of our salvation shall have them in derision. Yet have I set my King (Christ) upon my holy hill of Zion. Let us, then my brethren, with one accord, sing—

"Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Thro' all my passage, lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye.
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
I shall, each boist'rous storm outride."

Your's affectionately in the truth,

A PILOT, (*not a pirate,*) D. LODGE.

DEAR BROTHER, BELOVED FOR TRUTH SAKE:—O, may great grace and glory rest in and upon thy soul, so that thou mayest in all things be made, by the sweet and blessed influence of the dear eternal Spirit, to walk

worthy of the vocation wherewith thou art called; and preach peace by Jesus Christ. Herein I rejoice, for your sake, as well as mine, that we do both know, from heart-felt, painful, and happy experience, that there is none other name, under heaven, given among men, whereby we can be saved, not only from eternal miseries, but also from present troubles, trials, and painful dispensations; and that all solid peace and lasting comfort, must, and does come all of him, in him, and through him, to us; and that 'without him we can do nothing.' Therefore, with thankful hearts, we drop into his dear, everlasting arms, and give him all honour, praise, and glory, and crown him Lord of all for ever; for so he is, and that my soul knoweth right well. All glory and blessings, yea, everlasting blessings be unto his dear, holy, precious name, for that knowledge, even to know him that is true, 'the way, the truth, and the life,' the everlasting source and fountain of unsullied glory, rest, joy, and love. Yes, my dear fellow member, in, and of the same precious body, Christ, it is this that constitutes all my peace to know him, even Jesus, the eternal word, and to live in a feeling sense that I am one in him, and one with him to all eternity; and that where he is, I shall be also. My witness is with me, and my record is on high. Hallelujah!

O, may the Lord, the dear Spirit, help you to make known the mighty acts of our dear, eternal, Sovereign, to raise all thy banners day by day, in the all-glorious name of our Emmanuel, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working, to tell of the mysteries of his kingdom, the beauties of his charming person, and the goodness and tenderness of his loving heart, and talk all the day long of his mighty power, of what he hath done, is doing, and will do for the dear objects of his free, undeserved love. Let others talk of what they may, only do thou make mention of his righteousness, and his only; not thine own unrighteousness; no, indeed; the Lord help us to forget, that, in a lively sense of his love having wrought out, and brought in an everlasting robe for us, in which we stand complete, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; justified through the redemption that is in our God-man, the living Word, we stand before our most good and gracious Sovereign, King of kings, and Lord of lords, blameless and in love; because he, the great Jehovah, looks upon the precious face of his dear anointed, and there, in him, beholds us, and all the election of grace, perfect, even as God is perfect, and holy, as God is holy. O, the sweet and unspeakable mercy of having the very present help in trouble, raising the mighty standard against all the accusations of legal self, sin, and the devil, for thus the dear helping Spirit puts to flight all the aliens of the spiritual

Israel, and brings us off more than conquerors, by the power of our glorious standard-bearer, the Holy Ghost, which is in us, bringing us into a holy and happy sense, to know that God does, indeed, look upon our shield, and there beholds us clothed in his own holiness, majesty, beauty, and love, and there pronounces us very good, all fair, and without spot. Hallelujah!

These are some of the happy and blessed effects of enjoying our eternal union and glorious oneness with the person of 'the Word of God,' the man that is God's fellow; hereby we experience the blessedness of that wisdom which is the stability of Zion's times. And, thus it is that grace reigns and sin shall not have dominion over us. We know what it is to have other lords to rule over us. But, sovereign, dear, electing, separating, sin-pardoning love, and grace hath set us free. 'Ye are not under the law, but under grace,' the glorious gospel of the blessed God; thus we rest under our own vine and fig tree, none daring to make us afraid, either of death eternal, or death temporal, though we are in deaths often; yet, 'no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper,' and all thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, for no evil shall befall thee. Living in, and on an experimental knowledge of these ever-blessed promises made by our everlasting Father and Husband, now verified in our own experience by the power of the dear sweet Spirit, what can shake our sure repose? 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

A HIDDEN ONE.

True Conversion.

"THE Lord brings many poor souls to the last steps of the ladder, to a hopeless condition, and then he puts their pardon into their bosoms; then he says, 'Be of good cheer, I have received you in favor, have set my love upon you, I am reconciled to you, and will never be separated from you.' You know how God dealt with Paul, after he had awakened and convinced him, after he had unhorsed him, and overthrown him, after he had amazed and astonished him, then he shews himself graciously and favourable to him, then he takes him up into the third heaven, and makes such manifestations of his love and favor, of his beauty and glory, of his mercy and majesty, as he is not able to utter. So upon the prodigal's return, the fatted calf is killed, and the best robe is put upon his back, and the ring is put upon his hand, and shoes on his feet."—*Brooks.*

We must all appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ.

THOUGHTS ON 2 COR. V. 10. IN ANSWER TO A TRIED CHILD OF GOD.

(Continued from p. 191.)

HAVING stated a few things in reference to the manifestations of a righteous person; I shall now endeavour to shew the difference there is between such, and the unrighteous. (You will bear in mind that I mean those who make a profession of religion.) In the first place there are many that are religious from custom; brought up to it from their very childhood. Among dissenters, as well as Church people, Roman Catholics, or Pagans. This was so of old, and is so now. Such go to chapel or church; attend to various external services; and by these observances quiet their consciences; wipe their hands; and conclude they have done God honour.

I knew a friend that had a dog as religious as this; and if righteousness is to be obtained by these external observances, then he was a righteous dog; for, as sure as the bell tolled for service, whether the master went or not, this dog was off; would quietly lay down in the pew till service was over; and then leave, and go his way. How many thousands are there in our land of gospel light, that have just such a customary religion! Again: some are religious from education; they are taught to be *pious* from their very youth; to say a few prayers; keep the Sabbath; forsake bad company; deliver tracts; to give themselves up to the Lord in various ways; and thus make their peace with God. So they are launched off with the idea, that if they do these things, and look to the merits of Christ, *then God the Father will love them*, and will bless them, with eternal life for so doing; so they 'wrap it up.' There are others that have been taken by their parents, relations, or friends, under a sound gospel ministry, and have learned, judgmentally, the doctrines of grace and the plan of salvation, as to the letter of it, so as to outshine in talk, even those who are made partakers of divine grace, and who know Jehovah in spirit and truth; such may obtain admission into the church militant; but with all this they know nothing *experimentally*, of the *life*, *power*, and *blessedness* of the religion they profess. Those who have only a natural, customary, or educational religion, are unrighteous; or in other words, they are wrong; and will never find a God in Christ; nor heaven, nor happiness in the state they are in: for they have no spiritual principle implanted in their hearts, therefore they have no spiritual feelings of necessity for the Spirit's influence in power. Such believe it is their *duty* to attend various religious ceremonies; and, perhaps, may feel that it would be sinful in them to omit them, they, therefore, make up their minds to be

religious; and to work they go: they can influence themselves; regulate themselves; preserve themselves; turn themselves to God when they please; keep their own hearts from evil; forsake sin; resist temptations; pray well; rejoice always; have nothing to cast them down as to soul matters; know nothing about darkness; they are always ready to read, write, pray, or preach, (if they are preachers); they have no obstacles but what they can remove; and, of course, feel no want of the Spirit's power to help them; but let us give such their due; you may hear them talk, sometimes, of doing all in dependence upon the Spirit; but their general language proves quite the reverse. Having no spiritual life, they have no longings of soul for spiritual things; by which, I mean, things which are divine, and only to be found in a covenant God in Christ—his sovereign, unmerited, eternal love—the precious blood of Christ that cleanseth from all sin; his perfect robe of righteousness that justifies; and a personal feeling, longing of soul, to know if we are interested in the same. These things, the above described characters know nothing about; they have only a carnal view of the matter; are satisfied with the external form; for the unrighteous are not in trouble as the people of God are; they feel not the plague of their own hearts. What can be a greater proof of mere profession? It is true, they may acknowledge that they are sinners, but they do not mourn on account of sin as sin. Tell them that there is the seed of *every* iniquity in their hearts that was ever committed in the world and would break out if God did not restrain it; that there is nothing in their nature to incline in the least degree towards God and godliness; and that none of their tears, prayers, holy resolutions, nor good feelings form any part of their justification before God; and that they are only kept from sinning, as they are kept by God; they will look at you as a regular Antinomian, and will not want much of your company. To make short of this point, they know nothing of bitter groanings in secret, before the throne of God, on account of what they see and feel of their own vileness, filthiness, and unprofitableness before God. How different is the state of the righteous! they are quickened into life by the everliving God, according to his good will and sovereign pleasure; and there is a divine reality in this divine birth; it is not in mere hearsay, nor perhaps, nor may be: oh, no; it is a life deposited in the heart, by God himself, the gift of grace; what all nature nor holy angels, could never communicate, nor yet supply its wants when bestowed.

Reader! here is where the distinction lays! Spiritual life requires spiritual food; just as much as natural life needs natural food; and they are as different as heaven and hell, as light and darkness. Spiritual life requires for its support and comfort what this world, with all its treasures and pleasures cannot give—what can only be found in a just God and Saviour, that is a salvation as *just* as it is *merciful*. Where this life is, that soul wants Christ in his fulness, sweetness, blessedness, and preciousness; it wants to know more of him, to feel more love towards him; to walk more frequently with him; and to hold blessed converse with him; to live more and more daily upon him; and to rejoice in him as its portion, its beloved; how often is such a soul saying with the church of old, 'Tell me, O thou, whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, were thou makest thy flock to rest at noon;' &c. (Cant. i. 7.) Consciousness of guilt in such a soul is an inward fever that produces such a burning heat in the heart, that nothing short of the precious blood of Christ can assuage its grief. A consciousness, or experimental sense of their frequent short comings before God; their many defects in their serving God; their continued deformity, crookedness, or perverseness to the righteous commands of their gracious Lord and King, under the gracious influences of the Eternal Spirit, brings their souls to pant so ardently for the righteousness of Christ, (Phil. iii. 9,) that they are never truly happy till they are enabled to get fully into Christ, and lose themselves and all their ugliness in his ever-blessed completeness, 'for we are complete in him;' Col. ii. 10. Such a soul wants, by faith, to lay hold of God's faithful arm, daily to come out of the wilderness, trusting in the faithfulness of him who cannot lie, that amidst all their trials and afflictions, disobedience, emptiness, darkness, nothingness, worthlessness, and wretchedness, they might be enabled to live upon his fulness of covenant mercy and unchanging love in all the secured blessings of grace divine in Christ, (Eph. i. 3:) as the everliving source of true blessedness. The true Christian is only happy (really so) as he is enabled, by gracious influences, to live here; and to yield obedience to his holy will; not as a *slave to gain freedom*; but as a *child from real affection* to him, as their Father. Not only so, but they, when healthy and in their right mind, long and pant for more fellowship with him, and to love, praise, and adore him more. At times they are not half satisfied; they feel that they are so unmindful of his many, and wonderful mercies, so very ungrateful for his long-suffering, and forbearing kindness, that they long for the powers of their souls to be so sweetly and blessedly swallowed up in God, that they might be able to serve him sincerely, without hypo-

crisy; fervently, and less half-heartedly; continually, and less interruptedly. But, alas! they are soon brought to know, that in them, that is in their flesh, dwelleth no good thing; that divine life in the soul does not make flesh better in itself; and that as long as they are in the body, they will have to 'groan, being burdened;' they not only find that they cannot get flesh heavenward when they please; but after being born again, that there is not only a *disposition*, but an *inclination*, at times, to run after any, and every evil; and sometimes more so after they are born of God than it was before—'the flesh lusting against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh.' So that they are brought to mourn, as Paul did, that what they would do they do not, and what they would not, (and have prayed earnestly and mightily that they might not,) even that they do.' Well, they may cry in their souls, 'Oh, wretched creature that I am!' 'They find a will to good, but how to perform, they find not;' nor ever will in themselves; all our help must come from our blessed Lord. Under these exercises they are often brought to the footstool of mercy with grieved and broken hearts; to cry mightily unto the Lord for help, preservation, and deliverance; for when God is pleased to withhold his gracious influences, they are brought into captivity by the law of sin in their members; carnality is then experienced; carelessness in heavenly things is felt; and unless the Lord is pleased to put forth his divine power to save, sinful wanderings and indifference in spiritual matters will be the consequence. It is true there may be the outward form kept up, in the observance of religious matters, but very little of its power enjoyed: half-heartedness is felt in all they do; their words in prayer are like icicles hanging on their lips, with a death-like coldness; and if the Lord the Spirit does not, in the riches of his grace, put forth his reviving power, they sink into a hardened state of mind like Ephraim; (Hosea iv. 17:) and like Samson, so that when they see what their nature's like, they will say with him in reference to Timnath—'get it me, it pleaseth me well.' Oh, the desperate wickedness of the heart! for if the Lord does not prevent by his grace, like Samson, they will pursue after it until they obtain it, and lay asleep for a time, in the very lap of that which will deprive them of their strength; so that instead of their being as strong as a lion, trembling will take possession of their souls. The enemy has occasion to triumph; and terror pursues the transgressor. When the Holy Spirit arrests the guilty wanderer, sorrow fills the soul, darkness covers the mind. This, through rich mercy, is to bring them to judgment. In the Lord's time they are brought as prisoners before the Lord as their judge, in their miserable feelings; their trial will take

place in this world, in the body, and they will receive according to the things they have done in the body; in their soul's exercises. David suffered more in his soul's feelings than Abraham; yet it was grace that preserved Abraham from doing as David did. It is well when we are brought feelingly to say—'I will bear the indignation of the Lord.' The judgment of the righteous, in my opinion, is brought to a final close (as to affliction, punishment, or correction,) in this world. They are brought into the court of conscience under various and bitter feelings of soul, with (like David) 'My wounds are corrupt, and stink through my foolishness;' or like Samson, they have the eyes of their evidences put out, so that they cannot see the mind of God concerning themselves. Like Joseph to his brethren, the Lord speaks roughly to them in various dispensations both in providence and grace.

JAMES.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Altogether Right, & Altogether Wrong.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER:—As God shall help me I will endeavour to write a few lines to you. The devil told me last week that all my correspondents were either dead, or they did not think me worthy of writing to; but, however, as in numberless instances, so in this also, I live in hopes, in due time, to prove him (that is the devil) a liar. I hardly know how I am to look upon my brother as a correspondent, having never received an epistle from him, unless I look upon you in this way; as sending your epistles or letters up to head quarters on my behalf; writing in secret before God; when no eye sees, when no God hears. In a certain sense, this, my brother is the best sort of writing. I feel thankful to the God of heaven, that I have no correspondents that plague my brains with the passing compliments and cant of the day, if I had, I should ever wish myself rid of them, as in other matters. Also in writing, I have proved that when God shuts no man can open, and when he opens no man can shut; oh, for the opening of the mouth therefore at this time, that my lips may shew forth his praise; that the heavens may drop down dew; that the voice of the blessed turtle may be heard; that the winter may be over and past; that you and I, my brother, may be made to sing the high praises of him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light; who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; who hath blotted out our sins as a cloud, our transgressions as a thick cloud; who hath declared that he will not be wrath with us nor rebuke us, and that our sins and our iniquities he will remember no more for

ever; who hath declared, 'If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; who hath, and will ransack worlds, overturn kingdoms, dethrone devils, upset all the territories of hell, in order that his children shall be righted and made bappy in himself. O, yes;

He'll sin, and death, and hell o'erthrow
And we stand still and see.

God's tried children are frequently wronged; at any rate I find it so. Wronged by the world, the flesh, the devil, sin, and self; in a word, I frequently find and feel myself wrong altogether; and sometimes I am foolish enough to try some experiment to set myself right: but, alas! I get more wrong; try to make things better, but sad to say, I make them worse. It is something like the black man trying to wash himself white; the leopard to change its spots: at length, I am brought in with David—'So foolish and ignorant am I, I am as a beast before thee.'

I have experienced many changes since I last saw you; as I make no doubt you have also; for this is the lot of God's elect; changes and difficulties, more or less, all the journey; and as Hart words it—

The Christian man is seldom long at ease
When one fright's gone, another doth him seize.

But, blessed be God, there can be nothing start up to frighten us out of God's bosom, out of God's love, God's care, God's faithfulness, God's covenant, God's oath; nothing start up either from the world, the flesh, or the devil to frighten us out of God's favour; in his favour there is life, 'at his right hand, there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for ever more.' I feel to hope, in submission to God, that my brother is making good progress in the divine life; not getting more holy or more perfect in the flesh; this is not my meaning by progression; my meaning is this:—You are daily being made to feel your own emptiness, and Christ's fulness; your own poverty, and Christ's riches; your own nakedness, and Christ's righteousness to cover you; even that robe that is wove from the top throughout, and is without seam; this, my brother, is the only robe that will screen you from death, hell, and the devil, from yourself, the world, sin, sorrow, darkness, and dismay; you are daily feeling yourself in yourself lost; and yet saved in a triune Jehovah with an everlasting salvation. This is what I mean by going on in the divine life. I must confess that I do not travel along so fast as I could wish; therefore from necessity my cry is 'Draw me, then I will run after thee.' I find no going in God's ways comfortably, only as he is pleased to enlarge my heart, to bless me with light and life, power and liberty, unction and efficacy. No getting on without these.

Your's to serve, I. SPENCER.
Woodbridge, near Guildford.

Thirty-nine Questions to Unitarians.

(Continued from p. 161, Vol. III.)

18. If, (according to the Unitarian creed) Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are but three names, answerable to three office-characters and assumed by one divine person only; does it not undeniably follow that, in the solemn ceremony of Christ's baptism, the great God of all, publicly sustained *three distinct parts at one and the same time*, before the creatures of his hand? Is not *this* a rather mysterious feature in the creed of your adoption, as great as any the Trinitarian one contains; which latter you entirely reject, chiefly for its mysteriousness? Admirable consistency!

19. If the Holy Ghost, (I write it with reluctance) be only the *influence* of God (as some of you say) and not a divine person, is it not absurd to apply personal pronouns to a mere quality; for instance, I might by the same rule apply them to the grace of God, and say—'He is present. Who? Grace. 'He has departed.' It is *His* to turn man to God. To *Him* we owe our conversion and salvation. Praise *Him*. But is this Scriptural? Is it sensible? If, then, every personal pronoun is repeatedly applied to the Holy Spirit in the Scriptures, what warrant have you for your blasphemies?

20. God the Son, in the days of his manifested humanity, frequently declared himself as sent of God the Father, and that God the Holy Spirit should testify of him. We believe, and assert a *trinity of persons* in the Godhead, on the warrant of Scripture. It is for you to say, how the *sender*, the *sent*, and the *testifier*, are *one person*. Are the *Three*—three names borne by one person? *Never will ye prove it.*

21. God the Father bore witness of God the Son with a voice from heaven; God the Son strongly asserted and proved his divinity when he said, 'If ye believe not that I AM, ye shall die in your sins;' and God the Holy Ghost testified of the Godhead of God the Son when he inspired the apostle to write of him these words—'Thy throne (to the Son, he saith) O, God, is for ever and for ever!' Does not therefore, the denial, on your part, of Christ's proper divinity, amount to a *total denial altogether* of the God of the Bible, and prove you to be in close affinity with the fool in the Psalms, who saith in his heart, 'There is no God?'

J. H.

Leicester.

(To be continued.)

"Frequently the Lord writes upon his people's hearts, a knowledge of Jesus as the way, before he writes upon their souls a sweet testimony that he is *their way*."—Sep. Sears.

Jehovah Tsidkenu.

Hail, Son of God! bright morning star, all hail!
I welcome thine approach, and with the angel choir
Thy praises sing. From heaven's empyrean seats
Thou didst come down, to gather rebels home.
Deep in eternal solitude, ere time began,
Thy Father contemplated rescuing men
By thy shed blood, from misery and death.
When the first Adam fell, the scheme of love
Was partially discover'd; and thro' successive years
New light was thrown upon redemption's plan.
At length the fire of prophecy went out,
And a portentous silence interven'd.
Years rolled away, and men grew more corrupt;
All wander'd—all were hostile—all profane,
Until thy hallowed precursor was heard
Breaking the silence with his powerful voice,
Crying—'Behold God's sacrificial Lamb!
He comes to conquer sin, and set his people free.
Thousands, compelled by grace invincible,
His voice regarded, and in the Jordan's waves
Were by him plunged, whilst mercy's hands
Unloosed their chains and set the captives free.
Beyond the gates of doomed Jerusalem, thou didst go

forth,
Bearing the ponderous cross, and on the rugged steep
Of Calvary, thy sheep were bought, and, by thy
power,

An everlasting righteousness wrought out for all thy
banished ones.
There, Mercy 'Truth embraced! there, all God's at-
tributes,
Like kindred drops together blended, and that debt
was paid,

Which fills with terror, each awakened soul.
The middle wall fell down, and hell was vanquish'd!
Heaven opened wide its gates, whilst angels sung—
'Glory to God, on high, good will and peace to men.'
Since that momentous hour, millions of fallen men,
Though sunk amidst the mire and clay
Of dark corruption's pit, have issued forth,
Led on by sovereign grace to that blest spot,
Where fears give place to hope, and woe to joy,
Joy, rich, 'unutterable, and full of glory.'
Through thy eternal love, myriads have reached the
goal.

And now are basking 'midst that glorious light,
Encircling the high throne of heaven's eternal King.
And the same grace which rescued them from sin,
Will rescue millions more, and lead them to the
skies.

Hail, glorious Saviour, fairest among ten thousand,
hail!
Come thou, and reign within my heart, control my
foes,

Call me thy child, and wrap me in that glorious robe,
In which arrayed, nor death, nor hell, I'll fear.
Clothed in that spotless garment, I shall walk
Undaunted through death's darkness vale,
And gain that high abode, where angels dwell.
Wrapped in that hallowed robe, I'll smile to hear
The Archangel's trumpet:—and when ruin's plough-
share

Is driven o'er creation, I'll rejoice;
Soar 'bove the wreck of matter, and the crash of
worlds,

To that sweet home on high, where through unend-
ing years,

I shall extol thy love, and bending low
Before thy throne, ascribe my exaltation
To thee electing love, and sovereign grace.
Whilst I'm a pilgrim here, my heart establish
In the truth. And when life's fitful fever ends,
Place me amidst the sunlit bowers of heaven,
Calmly to wait the breaking of that morn,
When from the sepulchre my body shall emerge.
'Arrayed in glorious grace,' and with my soul,
Free'd from corruption, spend a long eternity
In sounding forth that all-controlling grace,
Which won my soul, and found for me a home,

Hull.

T. J. MESSER.

A Letter addressed to Frederick C. Dissaway.

By James Osbourn.

MY VERY DEAR SIR:—Your letter came safe to hand; and although you have said enough to convince me of there being some good thing in you towards the Lord God of Israel, yet I am led to wonder you should have been so very brief in the relation of the work of grace on your soul; for, to me, it is pretty evident from the little you have said about this matter, that there must be many valuable traces, and striking marks of the Spirit of grace having worked upon your soul in a saving way; and to say no more about them when so fair an opportunity was opened before you, looks to me like holding back more than is meet in a case of this nature.

The good work of grace wrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit, is worth publishing at large upon the house tops. The royal Psalmist says—'All thy works shall praise thee, O, Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee; they shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power; to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of thy kingdom.' Ps. cxlv. 10, 11, 12. So ought the children of the Lord now to act, and not to keep his money hid in a napkin, or buried in the earth; for, it is well worth exhibiting, (if not to the world at large,) to the church in special. Think! and think soberly on this matter; and then, perhaps in your next letter you will judge it worth while to be a little more minute on this subject; especially, as you will know that a detailed account of divine grace in your soul, would be very acceptable to me. Bear this in mind, if you please; and should you again write to me, write without reserve, and also write at length. I am glad to find that my writings have been made so very beneficial to your soul, and to your poor neighbour's. Give God all the glory; for, to him all the glory belongs. I am also, exceedingly glad that your views of the gospel, and of the great scheme of salvation, are so clear, so sound, and so good. The Spirit, I hope, hath given you right apprehensions of these things; and I wish you may yet grow in grace, and in the saving knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

It likewise is apparent to my mind, that you stand in no need of information from me on the subject of human depravity; for, you know, and feel the truth of it, that man is depraved; not merely in part, but in whole; it is total depravity that we are under, and suffering from. 'The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint; from the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores.' (Isa. i. 5, 6.)

And besides all this it is said—'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' (Jer. xvii. 9.) And as this is the true state of the case and condition of man, he surely can have nothing to pride himself in, or to boast of; and yet there is a propensity in him to glory in his own doing powers; and this very propensity of his grows out of, or is, indeed, a part of depraved nature; and is one strong proof of his being depraved.

This sad degenerate state of man, by nature, is very strikingly exemplified in the conduct and course which is pursued by the whole human family, while in nature's darkness; and in myself, as well as in other persons, it was exemplified to such great clearness, that the fact was indisputable. And, even to this day, if in me there are to be found any pure thoughts, good desires, holy longings, devout breathings, gracious affections, and heavenly emotions, they are from the Lord; 'for in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.' I am vile; my heart is corrupt; all is out of order within; and with Paul I can say—'O wretched man that I am!' Under a sense of my sins within, and the foulness of my nature, and a proneness to wander from God, and to forget him, and to lose sight of his indulgent hand, I mourn and sigh, and none can bring me relief, but him who gave me natural and spiritual life.

And here, sir, permit me to say, that some years back, the Lord, of his infinite mercy, was pleased to shew me that I was a sinner in his sight, and a foul transgressor of his law, and deserved to be punished. After this, he, in the compassion of his heart, pointed out to me where I might obtain relief without money and without price; for, that he had laid help upon one that was mighty. This was cheering news to me; for, before this gospel information reached my ears, my soul lay scorching and suffering under the just rebukes of God; and sensible was I at the same time, that nothing short of divine clemency could relieve me from the smart I was under, and the sore burden which oppressed me. The view I had of him who is the end of the law for righteousness, filled my soul with joy unspeakable, and full of glory; and in my high raptures I concluded, as did some of old, to follow him through good and evil report. It is good to be taught out of God's law, for thereby we learn something of ourselves—of our weakness—ignorance—and far-gone condition. Yes; the thunderbolts of Sinai wound deep; and he that feels them, and from them suffers much, is sure to set a high estimate on the balm in Gilead, and the good physician there.

Your correspondent has been made more or less acquainted with the malady of sin,

and with the remedy provided in the gospel. Under the load of sin and guilt he has suffered much, and in view of the mercy of God he has greatly rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage. The endearments of Calvary have always come to me with increased delight; as the danger which sin has exposed my soul to has been opened to my view; and hence, after my escape from impending ruin, Calvary's mount, was to me, a sacred spot; and to the cross my soul would cling, and about it twine, as though virtue, peculiarly adapted to its case was contained in the same. And here, too, your Baltimore friend has fancied he has seen the Saviour of sinners in the midst of the Roman band with the sponge—the nails—the spear the crown of thorns—and the mocking soldiers; and at the sight of which, his soul has melted like wax; and having experienced an abundance of sorrow and joy, and of various dealings of God with me from time to time, and from all which have been helped to draw a favourable conclusion as to the standing of my soul before God; I have felt, and do yet feel, desirous of serving the Lord in the sanctuary through the residue of my days. To live to myself would be a waste of time, and to try merely to please men would be to insult him who hath said—*I am God, and there is none else.* And hence to live to myself I have no wish, and merely to please men I have no desire for; but, to serve my Maker, who hath done so much for my soul, is the anxiety of my mind; and rather than this anxiety should die within me, let me cease to be. Adieu to this world when in it I have nothing more to do for God. David says—'In God will I praise his word; in God have I put my trust.' (Ps. lvi. 4.) O my God, may this be my case, all through this mortal life! for it is *good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.*

It is my intention, dear sir, and the request of many friends, to lay before the church of Christ an account of the gracious dealings of God with my soul, and the way which he hath led me these many years in the wilderness; for methinks I should not hide them from our children, but shew to the generations to come, the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done.' (Ps. lxxviii. 4.) The God of Israel hath wrought marvelously for me, and I hope a publication of it will be for his glory and honour. When I shall commence writing and preparing it for the press I cannot say at present, for I am very busy in writing of other works, and in travelling and preaching.

I should judge by your letter that you think I am almost or quite without trials and difficulties in the divine life, and am

sailing on a smooth sea; but it is not so; for I meet with troubles great and many, and very painful; and they seem to say to me—*We are but the effects of sin.* Corrupt nature in my heart yet puts forth itself at times under strong coloring; and struggle hard it does for mastery; and in the contest I suffer more or less: but still grace reigns, and reign it must and will; and that too, through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ, our Lord. That grace reigns is a source of encouragement to me in my saddest hours. Indeed, but for grace, my soul, in the midst of my trouble, would necessarily sink down to rise no more for ever. By grace, then, I am sustained, and of grace I make my boast. Join with me in this, sir, for I am pretty much alone, both in private life and in the ministry; and so, indeed, I would rather be, unless I had real good companions. Religion, merely in profession, is one thing, and the grace of God in the heart is another; and this point, people, in a general way, pass over unnoticed; thinking that if they put on, and can keep up an outside show of godliness, all will be well with them. Such religionists as these I wish to have nothing to do with; for, to me, they are but as froth upon the water; or, as Paul says—*sounding brass, and tinkling cymbals.*

As there is an abundance of religion now in the world, that is of no sort of worth or benefit to any body, I would advise you to have nothing to do with it; and also that you be very cautious of what you receive for gospel. Christ's cause has always been under reproach; and you see it is so now; and he, who is enabled to embrace it by faith, will be sure to have reproach heaped upon him in some shape or form. Also, if you would be as a green olive tree, in your profession, you will have to be very circumspect in all your movements, and to endeavour to live near, and to walk humbly with God, and closely to consult his word, and often to petition him at a throne of grace, and minutely to watch his hand towards you in providence. 'Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them? for the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them: but the transgressors shall fall therein.' (Hosea xiv. 9.)

As far as it can comport with propriety, stand aloof from all carnal religionists, since their conversation on religious subjects will only tend to worry your mind, and confuse your judgment; they, not understanding the spirit of the gospel. Experimental christians, who know the Scriptures, and the power of God, and are alive in the ways of the Lord, will be the best companions for you to have; and a few of them will be sufficient for you, and especially if you make

good use of them. Also, as the God of providence has seen fit that the circle in which you move should be of a much higher class than what is common for christians to move in, you, no doubt, will find some snares peculiar to that situation; and, which will be very alluring, and entangling to your mind. I hope grace and strength will be given you according to the day of trial. My soul feels for you, sir; but, I know that nothing is too hard for the Lord. My wish is that your heart may be right with God, and daily under the tuition of the Holy Ghost; and, that you may be filled with such a degree of holy fervor, as may be honourable to so noble a cause, as is the one, in which, through grace, you have embarked; and, also, that you may live to the praise of the glory of his grace, who remembered us in our low estate, and whose mercy endureth for ever. I trust, likewise, that the Lord, our God, will fill your soul with divine faith, and your mouth with such arguments as that you shall plead with him so as to prevail. And, sir, there certainly is such a thing as living near to God, and having fellowship with him, and with his Son, Jesus Christ. Do, pray, try this manner of living; and you will find it to be gainful to your soul.

I, also, must here intreat you to bear in mind, that real christianity consists in something more than the mere letter of truth, in the head; and an outside show. Yes; it consists in an experimental acquaintance with ourselves as sinners, lost and undone; and a *knowledge of salvation by the remission of our sins*. (Luke i.) Think these few things over in your mind, and preserve this letter from a premature grave, so that you may glance at it again, when on your own soil, whither it seems the whole family of you are going ere it be long. Many things wrought, and done, for, and in you, by Jehovah, the Spirit, within these two or three years past, will strongly tend to remind you of this Western Continent, when in Germany; and this epistle, also, will jog your memory, sometimes of where you have been, and with whom you have had to do.

How vastly mysterious are the footsteps of providence! I must needs leave England and come to America to preach the gospel, and write and publish books; and most who hear the word from my mouth, and read my books, must be so left of God as to hate and condemn the preaching and the books—some few must be singled out to read them, and love them, and to feed on what is contained therein.—You, a blind Lutheran must leave Germany, and come, and live in this happy land long enough to peruse my works, volume after volume, till your mind is awakened to a deep sense of your ruined condition by nature; and still to read on till light, peace, and divine con-

solation must flow into your troubled breast, and afflicted conscience—then there must be struggles for a long time between duty and latent pride, concerning writing to a person so low and inconsiderable as myself—the trammels of ambition must give way, and pride retire to make room for duty to do its office—a few lines must, forthwith be posted off to Baltimore in Maryland—all these things attended to, the German gentleman must return to his native land, a sound believer in the eternal Son of God!

How mysterious, I say, are the footsteps of providence! In my own instance I have found them to be so; and they are yet so. Well may it be said, in reference to our eternal God—*Clouds and darkness are round about him*. (Ps. xcvi. 2.)

I now, sir, beg to take my leave of you, with a sincere desire for the promotion of your spiritual welfare all through this mortal life. I am, your's, very affectionately,

JAMES OSBOURN.

Baltimore, May, 1826.

Smiting Kirjath-sepher.

AN EXPLANATION OF MATT. VI. 23.

By William Harris, the Ploughman.

* If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."

THIS is the second text proposed by your correspondent, A. B., and which I will endeavour to unfold, as the Lord may give me light and understanding. I am hard pressed for time, my daily labour occupying much of it, at this period of the year: consequently, my observations must be confined to spare limits.

In the preceding chapter we have an account of the Lord's followers, or disciples; and, of his instructing them in many things, particularly against the errors of that day. Some, perhaps, may be curious to ask, 'how we are to know a disciple?' To which, I answer, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit. Christ says—'Every man that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me.' (See John vi. 45, latter clause.) Now, it is very clear that the Lord's followers are in search for mercy; and, according to the Word, must be in great fear of being lost. This we may see by Peter's sermon, when the multitude cried out—'Men and brethren what shall we do?' &c. While a man remains in a state of nature, he feels no concern about the state of his immortal soul: no! Examine the testimony of Paul, in his seventh chapter to the Romans, and particularly the ninth verse, which reads thus—'For, I was alive without the law, once; but, when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.' Paul was a great pro-

fessor at that time, but he had not been convinced of sin; but, when convinced, his sins and his presumption was brought to light: and, he says, he despaired of all hope. 'For, sin, taking occasion by the commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me.' (Rom. vii. 11.)

The next account he gives us, is of his happy deliverance from his trouble, in the eighth chapter of Romans, and the second verse—'For the law of the spirit of life, in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of sin and death.' Now, every person *must* know this teaching, in a degree, which Paul came up to, before they can be accounted a disciple, or a follower of our Lord; and, if a man take the office of a minister upon him, without this knowledge, he runs unsent, let him be whom he may, and that he will find out to his sorrow, in a dying hour.

The Lord knew *his people* would have an abundance of enemies, through preaching the truth, and speaking of it before them who were destitute of this knowledge, therefore he taught them this, among many things, by way of establishment; and, so he does, by his Spirit to this day. See his sermon in the mount. (Matt. v.) There our Lord tells them they are the light of the world; but in the twentieth verse he particularly enforces—'That except *your righteousness* shall exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall, in no case, enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

In the following chapter (the sixth,) he spake many encouraging words to them, that they might be on their guard, and keep in view the true teaching of the Spirit; and to try all other doctrines by it. Then he instructs them in the knowledge of prayer; and, in the 16th verse, he opens up the profane humility of the Pharisees, and shews that the whole of their doctrine was from satan.—'Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father will ye do.' (John viii. 44.)

In the chapter at the head of my paper, our Lord is encouraging his ministers, and their followers, not to covet after earthly things, as the Scribes and Pharisees did; and then comes, immediately, to the words, 'If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.' Here the Lord is unfolding to his people the rise of the doctrine of the Pharisees, and its not being of God; but the whole was from satan, for there are but two spirits: and so all doctrines now, that differ from the true discipline of the Spirit of God, originate from the spirit of darkness, *satan*. The children of God are said to be 'light in the Lord,' because they receive it from the Spirit; and, again, he is said, 'to take of the things of Christ, and reveal it to his people.' The meaning of the passage, I believe, is no

more than this—that the Lord has left it on record, to shew what his law is, and its effects, when, and where it is applied; the state men are brought to, by it; their happy deliverance therefrom; with the knowledge of their being in Christ Jesus through faith; and that from all their corruptions and temptations of satan, coupled with the insults of wicked professors, the Lord will deliver them, and laud them safe in eternal glory.

This light is from the Lord; and all other doctrines, in opposition to it, *is darkness*; whether we take those of former days, in the days of Christ's incarnation, such as that of the Pharisee, Saducee, Nicolaitan, who all judged themselves to have the greatest light; but the light which was in them was 'darkness.' And coming down to the present day, taking a glance at the high Church, the Arminian, the Unitarian, the Sabellian, and the greater part of professed Calvinists, they also judge themselves possessed of the greatest light; but, like the former, their great light is but 'darkness;' but, our Lord was shewing the dark state of the Pharisee, and acquainting his own people with it, that they might be on their guard, and shun the doctrine of devils.

WILLIAM HARRIS, *the Ploughman.*
Hailsham.

WHAT THINGS ARE NECESSARY
FOR A

Spiritual Ministration of the Gospel.

A few words for "Young Timothy."

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD:—I, reading the communication of 'Young Timothy' in the September *Vessel*, and your faithful and affectionate remarks upon it, I was led into a train of thought which I trust was not unprofitable to my own soul at the time, and it was impressed on my mind that these reflections would not be altogether unseasonable to our friend and brother young Timothy, in this stage of his experience; and as he has laid an embargo upon the Editor, by saying, 'Use no means to find me,' we have no means of reaching his eye, or ear, or heart, but by dropping our communication to him into the *Earthen Vessel*.

To Timothy, dearly beloved in the Lord, 'Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and Christ Jesus our Lord.' 'This is a true saying, if a man desire the office of a bishop he desireth a good thing.' 'Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.' We live in these

latter times, perilous times, the professing church loves darkness rather than light, they are saying, prophecy unto us smooth things; men are lovers of their own selves, the pastors have become brutish, and the people have no spiritual understanding in divine things, 'having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away.' The word of the Lord by Paul to Timothy is a solemn word - (2 Tim. iv. 1, 5). Three things are necessary to a spiritual gospel ministry, an uncompromising determination to 'contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints;' an absolute dependance on the power and ministry of the Holy Ghost; and a deep solemnity of mind under a consciousness of the divine presence.

First, an uncompromising determination to 'contend for the truth once delivered to the saints.' Faithfully, fearlessly and affectionately declaring the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear; a separating the precious from the vile that we may be as God's mouth. In doctrine showing incorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned, that he which is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you. The eternal, unchanging and unalterable love of God the Father to the church in his eternal purpose, which he purposed in himself from before the foundation of the world; his sovereign election of the church in Christ Jesus before time, his blessing them with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, and his gift of the Holy Spirit to convince, regenerate and sanctify them, to make them meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. The surety-ship office and responsible engagements of our glorious Lord in an everlasting and well-ordered covenant of grace, his incarnation, sufferings, death, resurrection, ascension and intercession at the right hand of God, the relationship he bears, and the characters he sustains to the church by virtue of his covenant engagements with the Father, together with those endearing manifestations of grace, by which he calls forth the love of the church to himself, and proves the oneness of the church with himself, and gives her nearness of access to God by the full interest and all-prevailing plea of his name, person, blood and righteousness; and the almighty operations and invincible grace of God the Holy Ghost in the soul of a believer; revealing the love of the Father and the redemption of the Son, thus bringing the church to the 'knowledge of the mystery of God, and the Father, and of Christ,' is the grand basis of our most holy faith, that faith once delivered to the saints, and, for which we are called earnestly to contend,

before a scoffing and infidel world, the apostate gentile professing church, and the spirit taught followers of the once crucified, but now risen and exalted Jesus. To enable us to do this, we need—Secondly,—an absolute and humble dependance on the power and ministry of the Holy Ghost: this will lead us to feel with Paul, when he said, 'And who is sufficient for these things?' And again, 'Not that we are sufficient of ourselves, to think anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God.' 'Then shall we know and rejoice that we have this treasure of the gospel in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us,' and then the more we see and feel our own weakness, insufficiency and infirmity, the more gladly shall we rather glory in our infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon us; rejoice in our weakness, for when we are weak, then are we strong; and bless God for a sense of insufficiency, knowing that our sufficiency is of the Lord. In this state of dependance, the Holy Spirit, our divine teacher and guide, who sat upon the disciples as cloven tongues of fire, will make our tongues in the ministry of the word as the pen of a ready writer, and the hearers who receive the word with power, the manifestly declared epistles of Christ, ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God, not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart; and the man who is made alive by the power of the Holy Ghost to the responsibility of the ministerial work, will earnestly seek of the divine spirit. Thirdly,—Solemnity of mind under a consciousness of the divine presence. The church is God's Zion, God's city; and the name of it is Jehovah-shammah, 'The Lord is there;' as the place of his feet, the church is glorious. We go as God's servants, to deliver God's message in God's house to God's people. We profess to be ministers of Christ; commissioned by the Spirit to testify of the grace of God to the church of Christ, in his more immediate presence: 'For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there (says Jesus) am I in the midst of them.' 'Holiness becometh the house of the Lord for ever, (whose house are we) For holy and reverend is his name.' Shall we then solemnly trifle and lightly sport after the fleshly inclinations of our carnal mind with the solemn truths of God's holy word? And that too in the presence of the divine majesty, professing to be solemnly engaged in the glorious ministration of the Spirit? God forbid. 'God is greatly to be feared in the assemblies of his saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.' On all the truths of God, the ministrations of the Spirit, and the worship of

the saints, a holy solemnity is stamped by Jehovah himself. 'And the Lord shall create upon every dwelling place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night: for upon all the glory shall be a defence.' Isa. iv. 5.

There are three things necessary to the exercise of the spiritually gospel ministry in the present awful state of the professing church.

First,—Warning against the present corruption in, and the coming judgments on the nominal and professing members of the visible church, 'For they come as the people of God cometh, and they sit before the Lord's prophet as the Lord's people sit, and they hear his words, but they will not do them: for with their mouth they shew much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness.' (Ezek. xxxiii. 30—33.) Such are to be warned. 'God is the searcher of hearts, and the trier of the reins of the children of men.' 'Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather his wheat into his garner, but burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.' Secondly,—A leading up the true believer to a remembrance of his high and exalted position as a witness for Christ in the midst of this crooked and perverse generation: 'For we are his witnesses of these things; and so also is the Holy Ghost which God hath given to them that obey him.' (Acts v. 32.) For as Christ is the image of the invisible God, so we are the image of an unseen Christ; for as we see no more of God than we discover in the person of Jesus, ('For no man hath seen God at any time, yet he that hath seen me, hath seen the Father also,') so the world sees no more of Christ than they see in his members, who dwell among them. We then are witnesses for Christ. And thirdly, a making ready a people prepared for the Lord by the powerful ministry of the Spirit. 'The Lord is at hand.' 'He will surely visit his people.' The sitting time is near. The decree is passed. The sinners in Zion shall be afraid, tearfulness shall surprise the hypocrites, for our God is a consuming fire. Who shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who shall dwell with everlasting burnings? They shall go into the holes of the rocks, and unto the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty; when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth, and not the earth only but the heavens also, both the world and church. The time is at hand, the work of a true minister of the Spirit, is to separate the precious from the vile, the possessor from the mere professor, the wheat from the chaff; and in the name of Jesus by the power of the Spirit, to preach fully, freely, and without reserve the whole

counsel of God, in season and out of season, through evil and good report, seeking the honour which comes from God only. Solemnly insisting on an inward and experimental acquaintance with divine truths, a sweet enjoyment of them in the soul, and a correspondent life and conduct; labouring to have a conscience void of offence before God and man; this by the blessing of the Holy Ghost will make ready a people prepared for the Lord. And now, my brother, thus far suffer the word of exhortation, from one who has been for near thirty years testifying of the grace of God among the scattered flock of the Lord Jesus, and if it be the will of God may he bring you forth in his own time richly laden with the blessings of peace, that you may be a true witness of the Gospel of the grace of God. 'Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.' 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' The Lord's time, will and way are the best, and remember he makes no mistakes in his matters. 'He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.' Grace be with you, Amen. W. H. WELLS.

Peckham, Sept. 1847.

Godly Conversation.

If you talk about *physiology*, it should be of the great 'mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh;' if of *astronomy*, it should be of the 'Sun of Righteousness,' 'the bright morning star,' 'the life of the world, and the light of life;' if of *geology*, it should be of 'the Ancient of Days, before all worlds,' 'the Rock of Eternal Ages;' if of *mineralogy*, it should be of the 'gold tried in the fire,' the 'pearl of great price,' 'the unsearchable riches of Christ;' if of *agriculture*, it should be of him who has invested us with a title to, and a meanness for, 'the glory of all lands,' 'an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away;' if of *botany*, it should be of 'the Rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley;' if of *zoology*, it should be of 'the Lion of the tribe of Judah,' 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;' if of *architecture*, it should be of 'the foundations of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ, himself, being the chief corner stone, in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord;' if of *jurisprudence*, it should be of 'the Lord, our righteousness,' in whom all the seed of Israel is justified, with whom we are joint heirs, and who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes; if of *military tactics*, certainly it should be of the 'Captain of our salvation,' who is the christian's panoply, beneath whose cross we 'fight the good fight of faith,' and through whom we are more than conquerors.—W. A.

AFFLICTION AND DEATH

Among the Servants of Christ.

[We are decidedly opposed to trumpeting about our doings and our deeds; and therefore should by no means give insertion to the following letter, was it not that we desire that the proceedings of the Society for the relief of poor ministers may be fairly stated and fully understood, Both our friends and our foes can then see what is being done.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—Will you allow the Gospel Ministers' Relief Society to express their thanks, and acknowledge the sum of nearly twenty pounds collected in connection with a sermon preached by you at Beulah Chapel, Shoreditch, on Lord's day afternoon, Sep. 12th., in order to raise funds for administering relief to some of our poor brethren in the ministry. For the few following reasons I do especially desire you to give insertion to this letter. First, that publicity may be given to the kind feeling manifested by many of the people of God towards the poor, sick, tried and dying ministers of Christ; and do thank them for that liberality which was so freely and abundantly administered on the occasion referred to. The second reason is, that such persons as object to the disposal of these monies in the way hereafter mentioned, may have an opportunity—if their objections are rightly founded,—of dropping us a line, stating particulars. For, the committee desire that the relief be confined to men of truth—ministers of righteousness—of upright conversation—whose ministry and life will bear a little scrutiny before men. A third reason is, that some other ministers who instead of speaking evil of it, may be prevailed to assist. Some men call the Society a *dirty* affair; let them prove it; let them stand as clean as you have done in assisting your poor brethren; (but let not their pharasaical rags deceive them.) The Lord keep you, and help you to live down all accusers. And fourthly, by shewing how the money has been distributed, others have an opportunity of knowing who have been benefitted, and what are their circumstances.

Seven names were announced on the bill on whose behalf the collection at the chapel at Shoreditch was made. The name who stood first was represented as being in the greatest distress; but he afterwards declined receiving any assistance, and objected to his name standing in the list. (I say to all, 'Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord:' unholly hands must not touch the sanctuary.) The second case was the sound and experimental, long tried, and afflicted *James Weller, of Robertsbridge*, whose earthly labours terminated a few hours after Mr.

Banks had pleaded his affliction as one requiring help. £5 was sent to him a few weeks back by the Society; another pound the Society sent him two or three days before he died; and £2 afterwards for funeral expences. Several shillings were given in a private way *expressly for him*. Since his death, £5 16s. 4d. has been collected for his widow, after the sermon you preached for him at Mile-end.

Henry Langham, of Harleston, Norfolk, stated in a letter (read by Mr. Banks,) 'his wife then lay dead, himself in straitened circumstances with family.' Also in his letter he mentioned more especially the case of another poor minister living in the same place with himself, *James Mason*, who said, 'he had been out the whole day endeavouring to sell a little tea, to help provide for his afflicted family, but he could only sell two ounces.' 'These (says Brother Langham) are trying places, but few know what it is to pass through them.' The Society determined on sending £3 to Henry Langham, and £2 to James Mason.

The case of *George Norris, of Harwich, Essex*, called for serious attention, and the examination of the parties accused, must not be neglected. Mr. Norris states his case as the most trying; having a wife and nine children in a distressed condition. From the painful circumstances narrated by him, the Society sent them £3.

James Raynsford, of Horsham had been deeply afflicted with rheumatism, and laid by for some time. The Society sent him £4. We are happy to inform our friends, this old veteran, so well known throughout the county of Sussex, is able to resume his long accustomed diocese; travelling from east to west, and from west to east; preaching 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' without the fear of, or applause of dying worms.

Mr. Gladwish's, of Lamberhurst, was a very peculiar case. A friend on his behalf writes to the Society, and states that Mr. G. was about thirty years the pastor of both Mattfield Green, and Lamberhurst churches. In 1846 he became paralysed, deprived of the use of his limbs, memory, and speech. His congregation raise him twelve shillings per week; but, from continual nursing, medical attendance, and many other expences, that it is inadequate to meet all his necessities. The Society sent him £3.

Richard Jefferey, of Holywell mount, London—who, after a long and painful illness, died, September 3, leaving his wife and child quite destitute. This good man moved on in a very silent, unobtrusive way; his ministrations seem to have been chiefly confined to itinerant labours, and perhaps few men laboured harder. The Society had sent him £4; and £2 10s., for his funeral expences.

Thus, a brief outline is given of what has

been done with the money in a few cases; without which, as the widow of Richard Jefferey told me, they must have wanted, had it not been for the timely relief sent by it, to her husband; who was a poor shoe maker, working hard under the pains of a wasting consumption, until within about six weeks of his death.

I have a scarce volume of hymns written in a quaint style, by an old scotchman, once minister of the gospel at Loggie, Pert, Scotland. You will, probably, allow the insertion of this one upon 'The fish supplying its master's wants,' (Matt. xvii. 27,) for those who have so kindly contributed to the Society's funds, after a similar way.

Your's truly, H. WATMUFF.

O, strange demand! when nature's KING,
To man, a tax must pay;
Tho', at the footstool of his throne,
Heav'n's hosts, their tribute lay.

More wond'rous still, to see him want!
That is, the HEIR of ALL;
Who, treasures of ten thousand worlds,
Could muster at his call.

For, man grown bankrupt to his God,
Heav'n's wealth he did forego;
And whence to yield, the custom claim'd,
He hardly seems to know.

The earth has lock'd its coffers up,
None haste to lend the Lord;
The sea is his, and all its tribes
Are list'n'ing to his word.

The perch, unbidden, thro' the deep,
Surveys the treasure lost;
Which blind, deluded men, no more,
Will make their empty boast.

As if it heard great *Cæsar's* call,
Or *KNEW* dear *Jesus's* need,
It gobbles down the silver coin,
And plies its fins with speed.

See, how it hastes to meet the hook!
Quick thro'; the waves make way;
That in the blest CREATOR'S hand,
The tribute it might lay,

Which shall be first to do his will,
These scaly tribes contend;
When on his errands through the brine,
He bids these carriers bend.

All else, *but man*, are proud to serve
The GOD that gave them life;
Which, in his praise, shall most excel,
'Mong others, seems the strife.

Take shame, my soul, and mark his nod;
Still ready to obey;
With zeal and joy, where he directs,
To bring thee on thy way.

"It is better to be a child of Abraham, though called a DOG, as the Syrophenician woman was, than to be a dog, and yet to be called a CHILD, as Dives was."

Sitting down under the Apple-Tree.

A New Edition of 'Spiritual Gleanings,' and 'A Cluster of Evangelical Truths,' (by James Osbourn, of the city of Baltimore) has been published by Mr. James Tyler, of Brighton: and may be had (through the Groombridges') of all Booksellers. James Osbourn has a peculiar gift for writing most sweetly upon the person and work of his loving Master. Speaking of Christ as the Tree of Life, and the believer's sitting down under the shadow of that Tree, he says—

"This very delightful shade, is quite as near heaven as men can get while here below; and owing to the vicinity between this place and eternal noon, is how we are to account for this lovely retreat smelling and tasting so remarkably strong of the upper world; for indeed, people here feel at times as if they were standing on the very threshold of heaven, and then do they talk pleasantly of their long home. No place on earth is equal to this for relieving heart-sickness, and settling hard and knotty cases, and doubtful points, and removing mental diseases, and giving relief to afflicted consciences, and confirming feeble knees, and lifting up hands that hang down. Much of this sort of business is carried on under the shadow of this mystical Apple-Tree; and hence it is that we invite all of you here, at this time: and we hope you will not suffer the wrongs which you see in yourselves, or the maladies which you may be labouring under, or your own unworthiness of divine favours, to deter you from coming to this lovely retreat, for it was prepared for you, and for such as you. We therefore say, come returning prodigals, and heavy laden sinners, and afflicted saints, and sin-sick souls, come and partake of the choice benefits of this healthful and delightful shade; and sing, yes, sing aloud to the praise of the mystical Apple Tree: Build all your hopes of heaven here, and only here, and rest your all here both for time and eternity."

THE ZOAR PULPIT—Containing sermons by Mr. J. C. Philpot. We are glad to find this work, in future, is to be published in monthly parts, neatly done up in wrappers, at six-pence each part. The proprietors say it is their 'intention to devote its pages to men of sterling truth.' There is only one complaint that we have heard against the 'Zoar Pulpit'; it is this—the people in the country among whom we have laboured, say, 'it is too much confined to the sermons of one man.' We are well assured that Mr. Philpot's sermons are read and received in many places where other gospel ministers' sermons would be cast out as unworthy of notice. We also know that the 'Zoar Pulpit,' through its publication of Mr. Philpot's sermons, has been rendered a blessing to very many precious souls. We would not therefore, dictate to the proprietors any new line of things; but we do believe that by their giving occasionally sermons by some other acknowledged ministers of truth, the circulation and usefulness of the 'Zoar Pulpit' might be greatly increased. It is published at 48, Mark Lane, City, and can be had through any bookseller.

The Departure of Mr. John Stevens.

THAT venerable and useful servant of Jesus Christ, John Stevens, (for many years the pastor of the Baptist Church meeting in Salem Chapel, Meards' Court, Soho,) finished his earthly course, and was called to his heavenly rest, on Wednesday morning, October 6th, 1847.

There has been for sometime before his death, something very remarkable in the texts from which he preached, as well as in the tenor of his ministry. His soul was evidently brought into much happy familiarity with heaven and heavenly things. There was, as it were, a double index in his ministry: one pointing with much solemnity downwards to the grave, saying,

My soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And dwell in other lands.

And you, mine eyes, look down and see
The hollow, gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you
When e'er the summons come,

But the other index in his ministry, pointed with much calmness, decision, and inward joy, to the mansions prepared above. And as he stood on the very edge of time, and looking with the dim eye of faith into eternity, he seemed to say,

Father, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode,
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God.

Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.

In the evening of the 29th of August, he preached in Bethel Chapel, City Road, on behalf of our aged and much esteemed brother in the Lord, John Lucombe.

The following brief outline of the discourse has been furnished by a christian brother, who heard it with much soul profit. He says,

“Mr. Stevens took his text from Gen. xv. 15. ‘And thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age.’

“He said he felt himself very weak as it regarded his earthly tabernacle, and that nothing but a desire to serve his aged brother, whose interest they were met to promote, could have induced him to be found speaking to them that even-

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ing; but depending on the Lord he would notice three or four things: first, the promise to Abraham, that he should live to a *good old age*: secondly, that he should be buried: and, thirdly, that he should go to his fathers, and that in peace. He said, there were not many according to nature that lived to an old age, compared to those that died earlier; and he thought there were only three instances in the Word of God of individuals who died or were buried in a *good old age*. Abraham, as recorded in the text, was the first; the next was Gideon, (Judges viii.); the other David, (1 Chron. xxix.). There was nothing good about old age abstractedly; on the contrary, it was grievous to behold an old age *in some*: to constitute old age, a *good old age*, it must be found in connection with him who is goodness itself, even Christ, this only made it good, living a life of faith on the Son of God; he said there were but few found in the church of Christ in this gospel day who lived in a *good old age*: but there were some; the Lord would have a few as witnesses to his faithfulness, and as far as they were right, they would be found encouraging those who were young, and travelling after them; and such venerable saints would be found witnessing to the younger ones in sharp temptations, and saying, ‘I was also sorely tempted, but the Lord was faithful to his promise; and delivered me out of the temptation.’ If greatly tried in temporals, they would be found witnesses for God, declaring that no good thing had failed of all that he hath promised; and so on—in the ninety second Psalm it is said by the Psalmist, ‘they shall bring forth fruit in *old age*, they shall be fat and flourishing, to shew that the Lord is upright;’ he dwelt at large here shewing what fruit should be found upon them. The first, I believe was faith, but I cannot quite recollect the course he took here, it was very searching and faithful. He said, the attitude of these would be, as far as they were right, with their feet on the world, looking homeward; looking for a city which God has promised.

“I shall pass over the second particular, he said but little upon it; and now come to the third particular, ‘and thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace;’ first,

what was the meaning of the Holy Ghost; he said, he did not believe there was an allusion here to the depositing of his body in the grave with his fathers, indeed, this was not true of Abraham that he should go to the same grave as his father, for as far as we know, Sarah was the only person laid in the cave of Machpelah up to his death. No, the allusion was to his peaceful entrance into the presence of the spirits of the just made perfect, and to the presence of Christ, who is our peace, and in whose presence is a fulness of joy for ever; it would have been no comfort to Abraham to know his body should be laid with those who had gone before him, compared to this to know that when absent from the body he should be present with the Lord, with that Lord who had led him hitherto, and now promised that he should be buried in a *good old age*, and go to his fathers in peace."

It is worthy of remark, that a friend who heard this *almost* his last discourse, says—"I really felt as though our brother Stevens was preaching his own funeral sermon," the tone and spirit of the discourse really proved how fast he was ripening for glory, and how rapidly the brittle cord of an earthly life was being loosed.

Septemler 12th, was the last Lord's-day, but one, on which he preached. A friend says, 'when he took his text in the morning, I thought he would never live to get through his sermon: the words were these—'And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, to day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' Mr. Stevens then took a three-fold view of the cross: he noticed the three great points—in the centre, there was SALVATION: on the right hand, there was ELECTION: and on the left, there was REJECTION. It was a very solemn, weighty and important discourse which he delivered. The following Lord's-day was the anniversary of Salem Chapel, when he preached again in the morning—and we understand this was the last time. On the Thursday evening after his departure, Mr. George Murrell, of St. Neots, preached from—"He led them by a right way that they should go to a city of habitation.' Before he read his text, he said, 'My friends, I have some solemn news for you as a church—our brother John Stevens is gone—he is dead;' again, said he—"I have some good

news for you as a church, our brother John Stevens is in heaven.'

Although this event has been anticipated and feared, yet the deepest grief and sorrow is felt by the church and congregation at Meard's Court; they have lost a most faithful and affectionate pastor, an able minister, and a valuable friend.

Having been favoured with some most valuable communications connected with his ministry, illness, and death; what follows may be relied on as strictly accurate.

[The following interesting particulars were extract from a kind communication forwarded by Mr. George Murrell, of St. Neots. He says:—

"I can say but little of the last days of my beloved brother Stevens. The last time I saw him was on Saturday evening, the 25th of September; when I had about half an hour's conversation with him, during which he made the following remarks. 'I have no clothes of my own to appear before God in, no covering but the righteousness of Jesus, no fountain to cleanse in, but the blood of his heart. I could wish the Lord would either give me strength for my work, or take me home to see his face in glory.' He then said 'I feel very ill.' Soon after this I left, and he went to his bed; I believe he never again left his room till his ransomed spirit took its flight to the bosom of his covenant God. His complaint being disease of the heart, the medical attendants gave strict orders that none but the family should be admitted to speak to him, as the least excitement would be likely to prove instant death: therefore, although I frequently called at the house I never saw him after the time mentioned above, but some members of the family, who know the Lord, told me the state of his mind was peaceful, that he was much in prayer, and that with many other sweet sentences he gave utterance to the following words—

'I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.'

"I need not say he was a man of close thinking, of deep devotion, firm and fixed in the doctrines of sovereign grace, with much more than common ability to state and defend them; he was blessed with much *vera*, christian experience, and there was often a very blessed savour attending his

ministry. His moral character through life was mercifully preserved from any particular stain. His sympathy with the afflicted was great, and his acts of benevolence to many a christian brother will never be known till the day of revealing secrets arrives. Yet he had his faults, and the following scripture took hold on him as well as us, and he knew and felt it—"There is not a just man that liveth and sinneth not." But he is gone to realize in his own person for ever the perfection he had from everlasting in his exalted head, and which he often apprehended in the appropriations of a living faith."

[From a letter written by our brother Alderson, we make the following extracts :—

"It pleased the great head of the church to remove from this vale of tears, that eminent man of God, Mr. John Stevens, of Meard's Court, Soho, who departed this life on Wednesday morning, October 6th, 1847, at about half-past 8 o'clock. Our departed brother, it appears was brought up under parents who moved among what was generally called the Countess of Huntingdon's connection; his father was for some time clerk at Zion Chapel, Whitechapel; but when his son John came to be settled in London, he left that situation, and became a constant attendant on his son's ministry.

"At a very early period of his life he was familiarly known to the celebrated Dr. Hawes, chaplain to Lady Huntingdon, who said concerning John Stevens, when a child, that he was impressed he would prove a great man. In his further immersing into life, he attended to the trade of hoot and shoe making, though it hath been remarked he never could make a proper fit.

"When a young man he attended on the ministry of Mr. Richard Burnham, late of Grafton-street, Soho. At that time in person he was a tall, slender young man, exceedingly plain in his habits, steady, quiet and reserved; and it was during his attendance on Mr. B.'s ministry that his mind became impressed and stirred up with desires to preach, but thought he never could. At length it was made known to his pastor, Mr B., who wished him to try; accordingly it was appointed he should exercise his gifts before the church; the first time of which he failed, and was obliged

to retire into the vestry without saying anything. Mr. Burnham followed him, saying unto him "never mind, John, try again;" which he afterwards did, and experienced a greater freedom and boldness; he then continued preaching of a Wednesday evening at Grafton-street, till he was further called out. I presume about this time it was, that his friend Dr. Hawes, perceiving the probability of his being a renowned preacher, aimed to draw him off from the baptist connection, by observing to him that he was aware her Ladyship would not allow particular Baptists to preach in her pulpits, but if he would but lay that one particular thing aside, he would make him a great man; using the usual arguments, (viz.,) it was of no essential importance; and many learned and great men was on the other side of the question, &c. When Mr. Stevens, young as he was, offered to enter the field with him on the point to which the Dr. objected, and the matter terminated by Mr. Stevens observing, that since he the Dr., a master in Israel, declined entering the field of controversy with a stripling like him, his cause of pædobaptism must be bad. Thus was Mr. Stevens enabled to commence his profession of divine truth and ministerial career with the same decision of mind he afterwards so strikingly evinced. He, for some time, laboured at St. Neots', Huntingdonshire, after which he was settled at Boston, Lincolnshire; from whence he came to London at about the year 1811.* The members of the church under the care of Mr. Burnham, after his decease, would at their prayer meetings entreat the Lord to send them a pastor after his own heart, to go before them and feed them with knowledge and understanding; but when such a man was truly sent in the person and ministry of John Stevens, they rejected it, but God stood by him; for very soon Grafton-street meeting was too small for the congregation: the writer

* It hath been said as authentic, that when Mr. Stevens left the church at Grafton-street, to be settled as a minister in the country, that Mr. Burnham then observed, referring to Mr. Stevens, almost in the spirit of prophecy, "he will prove a peculiar preacher to a peculiar people, but into my pulpit he shall never enter while I live;" feeling, it is presumed, a spirit of jealousy.

hath witnessed near upon two hundred waiting in the streets, before the doors of the meeting were opened. From hence he removed to York-street Chapel, St. James's-square, an immense large chapel, but which was also speedily filled. There he continued a considerable time, preaching with great ability and success the glorious doctrines of divine grace."

REVIEW OF MR. STEVENS'S MINISTRY
SOME OF HIS LAST WORDS.

[We have been favored with the following interesting reflections on Mr. Steven's Ministry, by our esteemed christian brother, Henry Watnuff. It will well serve to recall some of the happy seasons which hundreds have realised while hearing sentences like unto those here recorded, falling warm from his lips.]

"The unsparing hand that destroys all flesh, hath, during the past month, been seen visiting our churches. John Stevens is gone from his earthly to his heavenly house! Yes! John Stevens is gone! He was a spiritual warrior of no mean skill for full half-a-century, (about thirty-six years of which he laboured in London). He was called by the grace of God at an early age, and mercifully preserved from many of those evils which often break out, and throw a cloud of darkness over the ministry of some of the dear servants of God. I heard him say at the Lord's table, on the 4th of July last—"It is six and thirty years this day since I delivered my first address in this city, from these words—"For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." The church must judge (he said) how far I have endeavoured to fulfil my office. I have great reason for gratitude that the Lord has preserved me so many years in one of the greatest cities in the world."

"The sum and substance of Mr. Stevens's ministry from first to last, was the uplifting, telling out, and making known the personal and mediatorial glories of the Son of God; the Christ of God in his complex natures; distinguishing, and giving the highest glory to each. The Son of the Father as complex, was the basis of his ministrations. His soaring mind revolved in powerfully expatiating upon this glorious theme. The personal

glories of the God-man, as set forth in the word of God; Christ as the everlasting God; and the exalted man; in union, "he delighted to honour." The excellencies of Christ were the excellencies of his ministry. The enthronement of Jesus was the foundation of his hope here, and his happiness hereafter.

"On one particular point, Mr. Stevens was opposed by many eminent servants of God; but it shook him not. Mr. S. was not "given to change." I must confess he has fought well, and quitted himself manfully; whether successfully, is not my object of investigation.

"The ruin and wretchedness of the sinner had not the chief prominence in his ministry. He deeply lamented the depths of the fall in himself; he painfully felt the deceitfulness of the heart, as the vile workings of inbred corruptions. But these were not spread before the people to catch fire at; or, as "the feast of fat things." This was not gospel wine to him to hand out, although so much dwelt upon by others.

"The last sermon I heard him preach was at Snowfields, for a collection for Mr. George Francis, (August 23rd) from the words—"It is finished." A few of his observations may serve as an illustration of his general style:—he said,

"The obscuration of Christ's person was finished. He was before in a dull body in which no glory was seen. But, embodiment is now no obscurity to his glorified person, his body serves as a crystal glass to see him through. "It is finished," faith finds the work all done. There is no disgrace in wearing ready made clothes. Nothing can be added to the Saviour's work. Some say,—"add repentance, works, faith, prayer. Oh! don't put these to finish his work. It is well done. It remains the same still! It will be triumphant in spite of all. It will stand upright when his enemies are flat on their faces! There is no doubtful salvation; no offered grace with God. He died for his sheep. I have always held that sentiment as erroneous and dangerous, that has a tendency to lead away the thoughts from Christ to self. It is a well done work; the Father is not ashamed of it; the Holy Ghost is not ashamed of it; he is always holding it up; and making an open exhibition of it. What man, who has bad goods, places them on his shelves? He knows they will not bear inspection. But it is

not so with Christ's work. "It is finished" to reflect the wisdom and honour of him that has done it. It is worthy of God; it is safe to man. It is replete with wonder. Whom he loves, he never leaves; whom he pardons, he never condemns; whom he designs for heaven, shall never go to hell! Aim to remember these short truths. All the intercession of Christ in heaven will not contradict his prayers on earth. If the attributes of God are not maintained, we are out at sea; but justice is on the throne; and those for whom Christ died can never be damned! I would as soon believe the sun and moon to be self created, as that those for whom Christ suffered, shall die. The members are quitted in their head. The Saviour had an object in view; this he never lost sight of, "Thine they were and thou gavest them me." Thus there is a connection of principle from the basis to the top stone of the plan."

But John Steven's ministry is now ended! In a little outline of his own history:—he says, "It is now about fifty years since I first attempted to speak to the villagers among whom I was born and brought up, of the things I had heard and believed. My father's father was a truly good man, and was in the habit of at times praying and expounding the scriptures to his neighbours. In his house, and at his desire, and the request of other friends, I ventured to make an attempt to declare what I knew of Christ and his great salvation. It pleased the God of all grace to bless my feeble labours to the conversion of several young persons, some of whom continue to this day; one of them was hearing me on the 31st of May."

But when I usually heard Mr. Stevens with the sweetest power, was in ministering the Lord's Supper. For the last twelvemonth he seemed to speak (and generally there was one old member after another dropping off during the month,) as if conscious the time of his departure was at hand. But always with a very lively faith; he never seemed to me to be fully delivered from the fear of death. The stealing tear would be seen at times starting forth, when reflecting upon his own unworthiness, and his inability—until the glory of the Redeemer's rights and honours were touched—then his soul seemed at home,

"going forth in the dances of them that make merry."

September 5th was the last time of his breaking bread unto his church, just a month previous to his departure: he then observed, 'what an healthy state Zion would be in if every mouth was opened in prayer, and every heart rendering a tribute of praise to the Lord! The Lord has been very sparing of outward ordinances to his people; he has not spread out a number of punctileoes, as when under the law, which every one must attend unto or be damned. Be more concerned for the favor of God upon you, than for the removal of your trying thorn. Ask his grace to be sufficient for you. Jesus Christ is like a good springing well; there is always a supply, which the coming bucket can never empty; we need not be afraid of exhausting the subject. Christ sets a high value on those on whom we set no value; whilst those on whom the world sets great value he esteems no more than the dust of the floor.'

He concluded by observing 'he must only preach once on the Lord's-day in future, feeling his weakness returning upon him. Four months ago he expressed, at the table, his not being able to speak more than once on the Sabbath, and his uncomfortableness on that account. He was advised to try a change of air for a few weeks; he did so; he returned improved in health; and again for about two months attended to his labours as usual.

September the 19th, the anniversary of his chapel, witnessed the termination of his public ministrations in the morning service; this was his last effort in public; I was not present, but heard that it was delivered in pain of body, and he was on the same subject with which he commenced in London his ministry—'Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many,' or a crucified Christ. Thus, as I heard him observe, a month before, at the table, (August 1st) he said, 'It was said by one, of Eyles Pierce's preaching, that it was always *one subject*: ah, said another, it was a good one—the election of the Father—redemption by Christ—and the work of the Spirit: we don't want any other, or a better.'

From this time Mr. Stevens' health began to decay fast, he was unable to supply his pulpit the following Lord's-day. Mr. Murrell, of St. Noet's, called

on him on the 25th. Mr. Murrell said from the pulpit, he had been on the past evening with Mr. Stevens, he had said to him, with the tears dropping from his eyes, 'I have no clothes of my own to stand in before God, but the garment of Christ's righteousness, and have nothing to plead but his blood and righteousness before the throne.' Mr. Murrell remarked to him that on the near approach of death, brought to the brink of the grave, it simplifies things, and brings matters to a small compass—Christ all in all.

From the nature of Mr Stevens's complaint his medical advisers requested no one to speak to him during the last few days of his earthly existence, unless himself spake and wished it; and which seems to have been strictly attended to, save the last day, when his brother had some sweet talk with him. But what he so long delighted in—PRIVATE PRAYER, was now very sweetly realized, and which in early days was so much enjoyed, as himself testifies on his birthday observations, when at the age of seventy—'Private prayer was my chief medium of enjoyment and satisfaction; to this I usually attended, repeatedly in the day, by the hedges in the fields; or in any place where I had opportunity. I was much encouraged by musing on certain hymns that I used to repeat while at my work. The exercises now alluded to took place about five and fifty years ago, the remembrance of those early days is still at times made sweet and profitable.' Very pertinent too is the following from the fore cited reflections upon and by himself.

'Having arrived at the age of man, my journey is growing short, and my departure hastening on. Still, I can have no discharge from office, until my work is done. No man can do what is appointed to be done by me, nor will my Lord suffer my strength to utterly fail, till all things concerning my service are accomplished. He well knows that if he has allotted certain work to be done by his aged servant, he must enable him to accomplish it. 'Without him I can do nothing,' and in him is all my trust and hope. These are not views that I have lately formed; they are what I have acknowledged, more or less, for half-a-century. * * * Looking back on the past, I perceive the Lord's mercy, his merit, and his power, in my preservation

from my infant hours, to my seventieth year; though sin has all along dwelt in my heart, and too frequently discovered itself in my words and ways. I have grown old, but I have not attained to perfection. My heart is as it ever has been naturally, the seat of every evil thing; nor do I expect this leprosy to be fully cured, until the house of it is taken down. It is destined to a final dissolution; God's honour, and my greatest happiness require it should come down to the dust, out of which it was first raised. Several warnings have been given of the owner's design concerning it; but it must doubtless stand its time, according to his will. His right in it is greater than mine; and I am glad to know that all needful repairs are in his hand, and that no power can eject me contrary to his will. He brought me into my bodily dwelling place, about seventy years since, and has upheld me therein, until this day; I have worshipped him therein, with no small pleasure, and daily acknowledge his supreme right in it, giving it up to his service, by faith and humble prayer. My great desire is that the God of peace may sanctify me wholly, and that my whole spirit and soul, and body, may be preserved blameless, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ: he has kindly given me the earnest of his spirit, until the final redemption takes place, and the purchased possession shall be realised, when I trust that I shall be favored to see him as he is, and be for ever like him. To the Eternal Triune God be glory in the church of Christ Jesus throughout all ages, and world without end. Amen.

JOHN STEVENS.'

This leprous house came down, after standing seventy-two years, on Wednesday, October 6th, 1847, having a peaceable dismission therefrom. I have no death-bed sayings to record: others may have. Mr. Stevens died in the faith he had so many years known the worth of, without denying his name. To the Lord the Spirit be all the glory. H.W.

THE FUNERAL.

On Friday, October 15th, the mortal remains of Mr John Stevens, were taken to, and placed in the catacombs of Highgate Cemetery.

The funeral *cortège*, consisting of between twenty and thirty mourning coaches, and upwards of thirty other carriages

left the house of the deceased minister shortly after one o'clock; and by its extraordinary length, attracted the attention of vast numbers of persons, on its way to the cemetery. Beside those in the carriages, many followed on foot; the whole evincing the high esteem in which Mr. Stevens was held. The long procession reached the cemetery about half-past two o'clock, where a multitude of people had already assembled.

The massive coffin being removed from the hearse, (borne by eight men,) was carried to one end of the cemetery; and placed on rails near to its last resting place, where a small temporary covering was provided for such ministers as were to officiate on the occasion.

The solemn service commenced, by Mr. Felton, (of Deptford,) who offered up a most suitable prayer. Mr. George Murrell, (of St. Neot's,) then delivered a short address, in which, he spoke of the deceased as a minister of no ordinary character, and of the heavy loss which the church had sustained in his death; but, in consequence of the service being conducted quite in a corner of the cemetery, it was but very few out of the immense numbers assembled, that could even catch the most distant sound of what was said. The mourners and friends of the deceased were to be seen sitting about on the graves and tomb stones, weeping in all parts of the cemetery, not being able to join in the funeral service. After Mr. Murrell had concluded the address, Mr. Wyard gave out the 109th hymn, in Mr. Stevens's Selection; the singing of which had a very solemn effect, in producing the most profound silence, and in drawing forth the deepest sympathies of the people. The hymn being sung, and the benediction pronounced, the corpse was then taken into that place assigned for it.

Never did we behold such a gathering of pastors, preachers, and itinerant labourers in the truth before. Ministers (both great and small,) were to be seen congregated together in all directions. Among them we noticed the venerable John Lucombe, Mr. John Foreman, Messrs. Denham, Castleden, Bowes, Box, Gittens, Barfield, Moyll, Milner, Curtis, Bonner, Irish, (of Warhoys) Thomas Stringer, Alderson, Woodward, B. Lewis, and many others.

On Sunday, October 24, funeral sermons were preached at Salem Chapel. In the Morning, by Mr. G. Murrell: in

the evening by Mr. J. Foreman. At no former time has Salem Chapel been so thronged, as on this occasion, especially in the evening, when every corner of the chapel was literally crammed, and numbers went away long before the services commenced. With some few exceptions, the members of the church were dressed in black. The greatest respect appeared to be shewn to their departed pastor. In the morning, Mr. Murrell on rising to preach said—"It is with some reluctance that I occupy this pulpit on this solemn occasion. I would that the choice of the church had fallen upon some man of God more competent than myself. I can preach, in the country, a plain gospel sermon; (and many such, God has been pleased to bless;) but upon an extraordinary and solemn occasion like this, I have not the mind—I have not the nerve. But I cannot refuse the voice of the whole church, to appear before you this morning. The words that have occurred to me, as peculiarly suitable to our departed brother, you will find in 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. 'I have fought,' &c.

In the evening, Mr. J. Foreman, previous to reading his text, made a few remarks nearly as follow:—

"I feel I would rather that you had chosen any one else than myself for this solemn occasion; but you have made your choice; and I am come to answer it. It is not because I did not like our brother Stevens; for, in point of affection, I could not have given place to a second in the kingdom. We so understood each other, that I could always call him, 'My very dear senior brother;' and he, in return, used to call me his 'dear brother John.' And, while the world have had so many opinions concerning him. I have ever entertained but *one*; and that is, 'He was a man of God, through sovereign grace.' I don't know that ever any thing cut me so deep, as an anonymous letter sent to him twelve years ago. It was what I called a piece of midnight assassination. I don't know that ever I felt occasion to pray for any one as I did for him, on that occasion. Our brother Stevens was the same all his life time. The coat that he wore fifty years ago, he wore up to the last. He was like one that didn't live in the world; for none of the changes in others, or new doctrines had any effect upon him." The words selected as a text, will be found in the fiftieth chapter of Genesis, and sixth verse. "And he believed in the Lord, and he counted it to him for righteousness."

We cannot, in this edition give the substance of these excellent discourses; but it will be found in a future impression.

The Happy death of Geo. White.

[The subject of this brief memoir was the son of the late George White; an eminent believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, so many years known in the neighbourhood of Waltham. The following letter was given to us by the mother and sister of the deceased; and although it appeared in print some years ago, yet we feel a persuasion that its publication in the *Earthen Vessel* would be useful. Mrs Sarah Virtue addressed her aged father on the subject of her brother's death, in the following terms.]

HONOURED FATHER,—I here send you an account of the extreme sufferings, but, through mercy, the happy death of my dear brother George, to which I was an eye-witness. He was fourteen days ill, and was a wonder to every one about him; his medical attendant said he never saw one before suffer so much, and be alive. His pain was great indeed, but his joys much greater at last. He was almost the whole of the time insensible; at times he would be talking of coming to your house to see his parents, but being in a vessel could not get on shore. All this time we were earnestly entreating God that his senses might be restored, that we might be enabled to speak to him concerning the state of his soul, and the Lord, who is wonderful in working, in goodness and mercy, heard and answered our poor feeble petitions; for blessed be his holy name, I went to my brother about six o'clock in the morning on the day of his death, and found him perfectly sensible. I had with me Dr. Hawker's portions, and began conversing with him about the state of his soul, and told him, as well as I was able, the miserable state he was in by sin, and read to him such portions of Dr. Hawker as I thought were calculated to be of benefit to his condition, and the dear Lord filled my mouth with arguments against the wicked, and for the righteous, that I could not give utterance so fast as they flowed in. He began to be deeply affected with his lost and undone state, indeed he fell into such soul anguish, as I cannot express; indeed, I may safely say with the Psalmist, that 'the pains of hell gat hold of him,' and appeared to feel as much as if he was in hell itself; at one time he caught hold of my hand, and

said, look, look, don't you see the fire and the chains; he was, indeed, awful to look at, I shall never forget his countenance as long as I live. He continued in this state for some time. I begged him to pray to God, mentioning a great number of sweet and encouraging promises of God to all that call upon his name; he answered, My dear sister, I cannot pray, but, he added, 'the Lord have mercy, have mercy, have mercy upon me, a poor miserable wretched sinner; Lord, Lord, save my soul from sinking into hell.' He cried mightily unto him that was able to save, and after long wrestling with Jehovah, he filled his poor soul with comfort; he then cried out in great joy, "Oh! blessed day, glorious time, how merciful is God this day, I have found the Saviour I have so long neglected and despised. Oh! Jesus, lovely Jesus, I never saw you before this day, but now I see thee pleading with the Father for wretched me. Oh! how I love the Lord with my whole heart, soul, mind, and strength, and Jesus loves me. Oh! tell my father and my mother; it will be a comfort to them.'

His countenance was greatly changed indeed, for he looked all happiness and joy, he still continued praying and praising God for his wonderful goodness towards his poor soul. I read a great number of portions to him, which he enjoyed very much; about half past two, I said to him, you seem somewhat tired, I had better lay down the book for a little time; do, he said 'it is beautiful; but I do not feel myself able to attend to it just now;' he laid quite still for some time, I asked him if he felt much pain, he replied, never mind pain, for all this world is nothing to me now; he turned himself upon his back, and cast his eyes upwards; his speech was so much altered, that I only now and then could understand what he said; I spoke to him several times, he gave me no answer, but seemed to be holding communion with his Saviour; a few minutes before three o'clock, I perceived a change in him, from this time he did not move in the least, but shortly fell asleep in Jesus. My dear parents, I have given you the most correct account I am able; and hope you will call my dear brothers and sisters together, and tell them their need of a Saviour. Your dutiful daughter,

SARAH VIRTUE.

Is there any hope of my being a Pardoned Sinner?

[The following epistle was sent in much confidence to us. The writer has not the least idea of its appearing in the *Vessel*; but, a powerful impression that the Lord would make use of it, has constrained us to insert it. We have not answered it. Perhaps some father or mother in Israel will give their faithful opinion upon the writer's case.]

DEAR SIR:—I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken in writing to you, but I could not forbear, as my mind still keeps in great distress and sorrow about the state which I have been in, and still remain in. It has been so laid on my mind to write a few lines to you, as far as God shall be pleased to enable me; hoping he will enable you to be plain with me, in telling me whether there is a hope of me being a pardoned sinner.

I begin where I did once hope the Lord began with me; from the age of nine years, up to the age of thirteen, I lived in the constant practice of sin, which was only known to God and myself; though, at that time, I did not believe there was a God. I was obliged to go to chapel along with my father and mother; I always thought the people were telling lies, and the minister too, when I heard them speak about Christ, and heaven, and hell. I kept my thoughts to myself; though, I often wished the same chapel had been burnt to the ground; but I dared not say a word. I am sure no child, so young, ever had such bitter thoughts about the children of God as I had. At the age of thirteen, I went to hear Mr. C——; and I was very much taken with his preaching, though I felt no power with what I heard; still I was made to believe there was a heaven and a hell; a God and a devil. I went on like this for about three months, till one Sunday night, after my mother was gone to chapel, instead of my going to hear Mr. C——, I went along with three of my companions to another place; but, when I got there, I thought the place would have fallen in upon me. I left them, and went to the chapel; Mr. C—— was in prayer. O, I shall never forget my feelings! I thought, into hell I must go. He took his text: it was the last verse of the 126th Psalm—'He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious

seed,' &c. While he was preaching, he made an appeal to the hearers, as to what sort of seed they were bearing; whether it was good or bad? If he had known where I had been, and what I had been doing, he could not have spoken more about it; he said the bad seed would be burnt up. The distress of mind I was in, after that night, for six months, no one knows but God and myself. I was afraid to open my mouth; to go where I once did, I dare not. Then Mr. C—— took for his text, one night, the last verse of the sixth chapter of Solomon's Song; he spoke of the company of two armies. I found I had got the two within me; one warring against the other: my burden seemed somewhat gone after that; and I was baptised. On that night (oh, the happy time I had!) pardon and peace were sealed home upon my heart; I was in darkness of mind till then, for fear I should be doing wrong; but now my sins were cast away; the happy state I was in, I cannot tell you; I only wish I had got it now; but dark and black has been my path since that. Before Monday night came, I wished I never had made an open profession of his name. I saw such darkness coming upon me, and I had such dreadful thoughts. I sunk into deep distress. I was in this state till it laid me on a bed of affliction; there I seemed left to myself. No Christ could I find; the devil was let loose upon me; my friends were afraid to leave me night or day; self destruction seemed as if it must come upon me. I cannot say anything more about that time, for, what was the cause of all I do not know. Prayer got to be a burden, where it had been once a pleasure to go to my room, and shut the door, and pour out my soul to God. But, was it all delusion? Have I been deceived? Was it nothing but an outward show? O! I do not know; only I wish I had got that hope which I once had. The Lord saw fit to restore me again to some measure of health to the surprise of all; still I kept on in darkness; could not see the way clear, very little enjoyment with the word, till I got at last not to care whether I heard it or not; disbelieving the truth of it, I went from one step to another, till I went out to work, and

that did for it all. O, I was then like Peter, and worse than him; prayer was forsaken, and I dared God to do anything to me. If any one asked me what I knew of Christ, I said I did not know anything about him. If asked whether the Bible was true, I said 'No.' None of God's people knew of this, for I was obliged to keep up going to chapel. But at last it got to that which I dare not mention; I seemed as if I must have my fill of sin, as I should be lost for ever. I thought I must go on, and so I did for a long time; till all my idols were taken away from me; I got sick of everything; I came home; I reflected on what I had done; black were the sins I had committed. I dared not read the word for it condemned me; I was laid down upon a bed of affliction again, which all thought was unto death; my guilt was heavy; hell seemed as if it was opening its mouth wide to receive me, but God saw fit to raise me up. I could not get on with Mr. C. I felt as if I wanted to hear some one that went deeper into the things of God; to tell me what my state was; and God saw fit I should; for the night I came to hear you, I shall never forget it. Mr. C. in preaching seemed to be building up, where it wanted pulling down. I was glad when the time came that I was able to sit under your ministry. To sit under such again I never can, though it is the truth he preaches. God has seen fit to make you the means of bringing me down very low. I know not how it is, but when you are speaking about the children of God being brought into low places, and being raised up again, it condemns me, for I appear to be lost in despair. Sure I never can be a child of God! O that Christ would reveal himself to me, a guilty sinner, in whom all is blackness. The word of God condemns me; into the world I cannot go; no pleasure can I find there; I never felt my sins to be so heavy on my mind before as they have done since I have heard you; you have rooted up every thing; God has brought me down, I dare not look up; his vengeance is upon me; I have got the frown of a just God. When I heard you last Friday week at Mile-end, I made up my mind never to hear you any more, nor yet go to the house of God any more, for I saw nothing but hell and damnation before my eyes, and I thought it was no good

to go; but when the time came I could not keep away, and some little encouragement I got to keep praying on, hoping that God will appear for me. O that I could but get pardon and peace sealed home upon my heart; but that I fear will never be. O no; the devil is trying to keep me away from reading the word of God; but it 'tis no use. I hope you will not be angry with me for writing to you. I should be glad to know whether you can trace the life of God in me. The Lord be with you. F. E.

July 20th, 1847.

Wholesome Advice.

FOR MINISTERS AND PEOPLE.

[We do sincerely pray that the good words here given by 'J. H.' may be received and practised, where circumstances require it. There are men who get into the ministry with such a stock of dark and dreadful experience—added to which, they are as full of self-conceit, ignorance, and pride as they can hold; and they vainly imagine that nobody else knows anything, nor possesses anything, but themselves; and, then, if any one should dare to call in question their spirit, or to dispute anything which they may advance, why, the sooner they can cut such poor souls up, and send them away, the better. It was but the other day that one of these self-conceited preachers received an invitation from a certain church to become their pastor, but, finding that there was one member opposed to him, because of the shallowness of his ministry, he vowed and declared he never would become their pastor until this opponent was cut off. And did the church consent to cut him off, merely because he spoke out his own mind and the minds of other aged members? Ah, they did indeed. A more base and carnal transaction, surely, could not be countenanced! The ministers of the gospel are positively forbidden from 'lording it over God's heritage'; if, therefore, any of them attempt this, it behoveth God's heritage, in a firm and faithful spirit, to let such ministers know, that popery is not yet become universal. There is nothing looks so hateful as tyranny, pride, and self-conceit in the pulpit. The Lord grant unto his people more spiritual discernment and gospel decision; for, surely, it is much needed in these days.]

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*, and its favoured readers:—

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." (Matt. v. 9.)

We had never seen or heard of the *Earthen Vessel* till of late, when it was put into our hands by a friend from Sherbourn; and, truly, we must say we felt our hearts knit to the Editor, &c., for the blessed and peaceful way and manner in which he, (or they,) were led to speak or write of the things of God.

When reading, 'Watchman, what of the night?' it recalled to our minds the expression of one of the dear people of God, who, for many years worshipped with our friends at Sherbourn; and, who, through the providence of God, was removed from thence to

Yeovil—being favoured to hear the truth as it is in Jesus through the ministry of Mr. H—, the dear saint being much cast down before.' The Lord set in with the word, and realizing its blessed influence, and *divine* power she exclaimed—'What have I so long been sitting under?—the gospel of strife and contention! But how different the subject now!—I have heard to my soul's profit and consolation the *gospel of peace*.' Our dear sister in the Lord since this, is removed from the church militant to join the church triumphant.

The fearful havoc which the *hard-hearted, bitter-spirited* ministers have made amongst the Lord's people, 'the sheep of his pasture,' we have been the *personal* and painful witnesses of; indeed, we have found it solemnly true that ministers and professors of Christ's gospel are lifting up their hands against the fatherless, and we have lived to see what dreadful confusion takes place if the Lord, even for a moment, leave ministers to *their own minds*. Instead of proclaiming—'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God,' (Isa. xl. 1,) it is, distress ye, distress ye, divide ye, divide ye; yea, turn them out; cut them off! But, here I pause for a moment, and ask, 'Are not many of the Lord's people to blame, in most instances, as well as the ministers?' I confess with shame and confusion of face, before the Lord, that we, ourselves have been much to blame in giving the least countenance or encouragement to a bitter, censorious, sectarian, and persecuting spirit.

O, my dear friends, (both ministers and people,) be watchful; yea, be sober; be vigilant. If you see any root of bitterness springing up amongst you, ply the throne; you may have been united as minister and people for many years; still be on your watch tower. Should the ministry, at any time, be found unprofitable, meet together, consult, advise, be candid, be honest one with another in a truly christian-like and becoming spirit; but, above all, beseech the Lord to unfold the cause; beg of him to decide in what way and manner you may act for HIS GLORY and your mutual comfort and edification; and, should the painful result be a separation, STILL, love as BRETHREN; be pitiful; be courteous; not rendering evil for evil; or railing for railing; but contrariwise, 'blessing;' (1 Pet. iii. 8, 9,) 'that the name of the Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and you in him;' (2 Thess. i. 12.) 'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice; and, be ye kind, as members of one body, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.' (Eph. iv. 31, 32.)

J. H.

Yeovil, Sept. 20, 1847.

An Original Letter,

From James Raynsford, to James Wise.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER, JAMES AND CHARLOTTE:—A poor, old, good for nothing wretch, with flesh as full of all sorts of sin, as hell is full of enmity against God; and, by nature, as empty of good as that world of woe is void of real love; this is a true description of old Raynsford; so I won't deceive you, young James, about it; and, yet the old fool is so proud and selfish, that the moment any one says any thing against him, then he is upset, and begins to say, in feeling, if not in words, with poor old brother John, 'I am not inferior to you; what know ye that I know not.' Oh, that wicked pride! Do, dear Jesus, drown it in Gethsemane's blood; for, this moment, I feel dear Hart's words—

Against it preach, it prompts the speech,
Be silent, still 'tis there;
This moment, while I write,
I feel its power within;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.

I have, many days past, purposed to write a long letter to you, but have been let hitherto. And now, I know, dear James and Charlotte will readily form an excuse for me. This morning I feel something better. Bless the Lord, who still bears with me! But it has made me so weak that I feel ready to drop down; and, halting on my thigh so much, besides, with great pain, that it is with difficulty I can sit to scribble to you; only it seems a pleasure to hold (writing) fellowship with those you love, when absent in the body. 'Those you love, (say you,) indeed! What love can there be in such a one as is described at the top?' Well, it is a paradox; but so it is; GOD IS WITNESS.

Well, you must take this letter—*multum in parvo*—I have a volume in my mind, but the flesh is weak. How are you now, dear James? Is the clay cottage patched up a little again, so that it can ascend that awful place, called *the pulpit*; the responsibility of which is far greater than all earthly judges' benches, emperors', vicegerent's offices, or monarchs' thrones, angels' *incog.* administrations, or him that sounds the last trumpet, to wake the sleeping dead? If this responsibility was truly felt, and poor mortal man's sinfulness, and complete incompetency also, we should be far less inundated with parsons. For my own part, dear James, I often feel as if I must be the most ignorant, and presumptuous, God-provoking sinner out of the grave, to attempt to go up into a pulpit. And I have felt that if the people did but know just what I really am in myself, they would all do as Shimei did to David, cast stones

and dust, and curse me outright : and say, 'Come out thou bloody man, and go and hide yourself in the desert ; and go no more in the pulpit.' Well, I have often wished I could hide myself out of all sight. Oh, what a narrow path ! It is indeed. If grace is not in exercise to humble me, as one comes and says, 'Well, bless ye, how well I have heard to day ; this has been a feast ; up gets the old man, and crows like a bantam cock on a dungbill, and struts about ; who but me ! And the oldest villain of the club, *pride*, he whispers, 'ah, what's the use of such and such a parson, they can't preach like me ? and then self-pity, he says, 'how very hard it is that such a good preacher as I am should be despised and thought so little of, even by many of God's own family ; reason staggers, and is at his wits' end, to make it out, how it is ; 'why,' says old rebellion, 'it is their gross ignorance, to be sure, or their cursed prejudice ; or else they must know well enough that no man in England can preach as well as you can.'

Sometimes, when I have come down from the pulpit, and a child of God has come to me cast down, and said, 'Oh sir, this has been a dark day, to me ; I could hear nothing to do me good ; I have felt mad with them ; and could scarcely answer them civilly. Ah, I thought, it is your fault ; you might have heard if you would, so well as I did preach.

'Well,' says James Wise, (and Charlotte sits and looks solid,) 'Raynsford is a pretty fellow for a parson ; why, he is worse than we thought he was, from his own confession. Ah, well, my friend, that's old Raynsford, I assure you, whether he ever comes to Edward Street again, or not. But, stop ; don't get Peter's sword out of the sheath ; for, I do feel sometimes assured that there is a young Raynsford preaches at some seasons ; and he is tender, unassuming, and full of self-loathing, when he has preached he feels ashamed of himself and his sermon too ; wants to get out of sight, and mourn over all his sins and errors ; picks his sermon all to pieces ; throws a great deal of it away ; hopes no one will ever find it ; cries to the Lord to wash it all in blood. Young Raynsford can't preach one sermon without blood ; his sermons are all baptized in blood. He is such a little infantine lad, if he stands up, and holds five loaves and two fishes to the people, he has no strength to break off one crumb ; so he says, 'dear Lord Jesus ! do come, and feed the people ; and let me sit down under the table and pick up a crumb as a dog among thy dear sheep and lambs.' If a poor soul comes and takes hold of this boy's hand, as he descends from the steps, and says, 'Bless ye, in the name of the Lord ; this has been a feast to my soul ; oh, how little the boy feels, and, with a tear in the corner of his eye, he says to that friend, 'Give God the glory ; it is too much for me to hear what you say ;

'oh, Lord,' the boy says, 'canst thou, indeed, bless thy word through such a poor drystick ?' Falling down in soul at Jesus' feet, like Peter, the boy says, 'Depart from me, oh, Lord, for I am a sinful man ;' and as Jeremiah, 'Oh, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child.' Again, if a cast down soul comes to James the less, and says, 'Oh sir, I have had a sad day ; could receive nothing ;' oh ! this strikes the dying dead ; and the poor lad says, 'I don't wonder ; I only wonder how you can come to chapel at all, to hear such a poor stammering fool as me ;' and, how the boy does deeply feel for that poor soul ! 'ah !' thinks the boy, 'there, my poor preaching has stunned that dear child of God to day ; he is gone home with his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth for thirst ; and cried for bread, and I had none to give him ;' oh, how the boy does deeply sympathise with that poor disappointed soul ! follows him home with love and prayer ; feels as a father with not a morsel of bread to give his own dear child ; this is the greatest trial to James the less.

Well, my dear James, pray for young Raynsford, and pray against the old one that he may be lock-jawed, and made silent in darkness ; for, I tried for years to make a king's son of him ; but, alas, he is the very image of satan ; and when his father gets better, then he will. I do hope some day to feel the happy moment when the younger shall be free from the proud old offspring of satan.

Write James, and tell me how James the less is ; and, also, the royal named spouse. Mary's love to you both ; should be glad to see you once more.

Your's truly, for Christ's sake,

J. RAYNSFORD, THE YOUNGER.

Horsham, or Rome Minor, daughter of the great harlot, sitting on seven mountains. Aug. 13, 1847.

The Spiritual Wrestler, in its obituary of the late James Weller, says—"On the Sunday, two weeks prior to his death, he felt more than ever, in his life a submission to die, and be with Christ, and longed to depart ; though he said the sting of death had for some time before, been taken away, yet, at this time, he seemed more as though he could reckon himself as one really dead. His last moments were truly precious ; he said a little before he was no more, that very soon his heart-strings would break, and he should be with his Christ for ever ; he said he was quite happy ; and as he took his farewell of his friends, he desired the Lord would keep them from evil, and bless them. He went off at last (though he had in his illness been a great sufferer,) so easy and calm that those around him knew not that he was gone for some minutes."

The Life of God in the Soul.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD:—Feeling my mind hurt by professed brethren talking so much of the weakness and infirmities of those blessed men of God, in whom, and by whom, the *Lord hath done so much good*; and also, seeing that these great ones are very forward in levelling, or *cutting down* the standard bearers of the cross, if they don't just come up to their peculiar ideas, and not at all particular, (in their remarks,) whose feelings they wound. I am astonished, and wonder from what spirit it comes; and in contemplating these matters over, I consider these judgments are not from that new man of grace, which is Christ in us, the hope of glory; for, that is a living tree which produces no such fruit. Let us look at it; it is eternal life; it is the mind of Christ; it is the communicable nature of God which he implants in us at regeneration, by which we commence feeling, seeing, smelling, tasting, and handling of the good word of life. We feel that we are sinners; we feel that we want a Saviour; we see that we are lost without one; we cry to Jehovah, and in his own time, way, and manner, he manifests Jesus to our souls as our life. This is that life by which we feel life, and light by which we see light. This life is truly precious! inestimably precious! Having this life we never die; sin has no dominion over us; it often strives hard for the mastery; but grace reigns through righteousness; sin dwells in our mortal bodies, but not in our life; and, by virtue of union to Christ, our life, we do not live in sin; therefore, I find in me, that by this living and abiding principle, I have a tender feeling of conscience which hates sin; so that when tempted of the world, the devil, or my own fleshly lusts, it feels a sort of stab, and, with a solemn awe, it says to the tempter—'How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?' It considers what some may call a trifle, great; because it is aimed against a great God. This vital part is jealous of sin; yea, it eyes the very idea of it with jealousy, and shuns the very appearance. It is cautious, humble, and prayerful, lest it bring shame upon the cause of God and truth. Thus, LIFE is known by every function it sustains, and it seeks to glorify God in all things—'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,' by exalting Jesus, by a feeling manifestation of gratitude, which is the effect of life in the soul. This is working *from* life, and not *for* life. This living principle is a worker, and works out as grace works in. He receives all his strength and vigour from above; and, daily looking up unto Jesus, he says, 'all my springs are in thee.' By this life I am crucified unto the world, and the

world unto me, and crucify the old man with his affections and lusts and walk with God. By it, I choose 'rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than dwell in tents of wickedness;' by it, I choose the society of the children of God, and shun vain company; by it I love truth, and hate error, yea, every false way; in fine, this life in me makes me love life, and desire, at all times to shun the garment spotted by the flesh, and be constantly wearing the best robe, wrought out by Jesus, which God imputes, and faith puts on. Thus, we live a life of faith upon the Son of God, desiring to be kept, by the mighty power of God from sin, that it may not grieve us, and in lively exercise in every grace of the Spirit, while passing through this wilderness; and have our conversation in heaven; and, at last, being clothed upon with our house, which is from above, we shall enter into the fulness of that life which is immortal, without an opposing foe; and shall, completely *enjoy* him, and *praise* him, and *talk* of him who is our life, for ever, and nought shall mar our bliss. Oh, then, how precious is eternal life! To them that believe, he is precious here and hereafter.

May the dear Lord watch over us, and keep us near to Jesus, living upon Jesus, abiding in Jesus, talking of Jesus, and communing with Jesus, that we may, as goodly, living trees, of his own right hand planting, bring forth fruit unto holiness, and he shall have all the praise. Amen. Yours in our living head. A LITTLE ONE.

Manchester, Sep. 17, 1847.

On Women Preaching.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your correspondent, 'Elibu,' respecting 'women preaching,' I would ask him to produce chapter and verse where women are prohibited from preaching, or commanded not to preach, for such a passage of Scripture I have not yet been able to find between the covers of the Bible. I am aware that in 1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35, women are exhorted to keep silence in the churches; and that it is a shame for women to speak in the church; but the Apostle's meaning will be easily ascertained from the context to be simply this:—Certain women it would appear, had made themselves very forward and busy by presuming to ask questions, and, otherwise publicly interrupt the speakers in the churches or assemblies of the saints, which line of conduct the apostle intimates was calculated to create confusion, and for which reason he rebukes them sharply, and exhorts them to be silent; and what they wanted to know or learn, to ask their husbands at home, and not publicly in

the church; but, he says not a word about preaching; neither for it, nor against it; and, therefore, I consider the apostle's exhortation, to be silent in the churches, as applicable to men as to women; for, it is wrong, and very reprehensible in either, to cause any disturbance or unpleasantness in any assembly of the saints. Again, in 1 Tim. ii. 12, Paul writes—'But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.' But, here, again, he says nothing about preaching neither can it be proved that preaching is implied by any term which the apostle makes use of. Besides, in Titus ii. 3, 4, the same apostle exhorts women to teach, and to be teachers of good things. How, then, will 'Elihu' reconcile the apparent contradiction? To Timothy Paul says women are not to teach; and to Titus he says they are to teach; and in Acts xviii. 26, we read that Priscilla taught Appollos. In Luke (1st chap.) we have recorded two beautiful prophecies of Elizabeth and the virgin Mary respecting Christ, from which I presume, 'Elihu,' (if he be a preacher,) would not object to select a text, though he objects to women preaching. Many sermons, however, it is well known, have been preached from texts selected from Hannah's blessed song, recorded in 1 Sam. ii. It seems, to me, very strange that a woman who is taught of God, and to whom God, by his Spirit, hath imparted extraordinary grace and talents, should not be allowed to preach; and, for no other reason but because she is a woman; as if there was any difference in Christ, between a male and a female; or, that that which is not sinful in man, is, nevertheless, sinful in woman, because she is not a man. Besides, what is preaching? It is, simply, a publishing, proclaiming, making known, or telling to others the good news of the gospel; and, this may be done by a woman in a private house; but, 'Elihu,' and many others, think that she ought not to be allowed to do so in a chapel. If this is not superstition, I know not what is; for, what difference can there possibly be, in the sight of God, between preaching or talking about Christ and him crucified in a house without pulpit, and in a chapel with a pulpit; and if the latter is not allowable by a woman, why, and wherefore, is the former? The walls of a building, with pulpit and pews in the interior, do not constitute a church. Wherever there are two or more of God's regenerated family, whether in the open air, in a house, or any other building, it is a church; and, it is no matter to me whether a man or a woman preaches, so long as he or she preaches Christ, and him crucified, and thereby debases the creature and exalts the Creator. Philip. i. 15, 16, &c.

Women, however, it is well known, were

appointed the first witnesses of Christ's resurrection, and they were the first that published the news to the apostles; and, therefore, in my opinion, they were the first preachers of 'Jesus, and the resurrection.' The woman of Samaria, we are told, left the well and went into the city; and, though it is not said, in so many words, that she preached Christ, yet it is evident that she did; for, she published, proclaimed, made known, and told others a great deal about Christ; and, it is beyond all contradiction that her message was owned and blessed of God, for many believed on Christ for, the saying of the woman, which testified, He told me all that ever I did. (John iv. 39.)

We read of several women in the Jewish church, endowed with extraordinary gifts of the Spirit; and particularly with the gift of prophesying, who did teach publicly, as Miriam, Deborah, Huldah, and Anna; and God, by the mouth of Joel, speaking of the latter, or gospel days, says, 'I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions, and also upon the servants, and upon the handmaids, in those days will I pour out my Spirit;' (Joel ii. 28, 29,) which Scripture was quoted by Peter on the day of Pentecost, when it was fulfilled, both men and women prophesying. Paul says, that women are not to pray nor prophesy with their heads uncovered; (1 Cor xi. 5,) but he does not say that they are neither to pray nor prophesy at all; on the contrary, in another epistle he writes, 'help those women which laboured with me in the gospel.' (Phil: iv. 3.) Mark, it is not said laboured for him, but that they laboured with him, and that they were his fellow-labourers.

To argue, as some do, that, because women are not expressly commanded to preach, but, that men are, and, therefore, women ought not to preach, is very foolish; because, we might, with equal propriety, argue that because Christ is never said to have died, or shed his blood for women, but, for men, that, therefore, women have no interest in Christ's death, or blood-shedding. The fact is, Christ died both for man and woman, and both have an equal right to preach his death, so long as they are called and qualified by the Spirit of God so to do. And, from what I heard from Mrs. Hardwick, I believe she is one of the number; and, until I am convinced to the contrary, I shall not feel disposed to retract what I have stated respecting her; Solomon having told us, that 'a woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised.' (Prov. xxxi. 30.)

Your's in the Beloved,

NUMERIST.

Hull, Sept. 10, 1847.

The Trials of the Lord's Ministers.

DEAR BROTHER in grace, union with the king of kings, Immanuel God with us—all health, grace, mercy and peace from the Eternal three, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, abound unto you in rich streams of blessedness; making your soul glad, like as a watered garden and a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

According to request and promise I here with send you some account of monies I collected for those poor ministers on whose behalf you have been pleading. When I heard of their distress, I could not but deeply sympathize with them as members of the same body, having been placed in the same trying circumstances as they now are in. I have and hope ever shall have a fellow-feeling for those in distress. Few are aware of the great trials many of God's poor ministers have to grapple with, who are pastors over poor churches. Some of them have given up their employments, and have thrown themselves dependant on the people. For a few months things have gone on well, it is all Hozanna. They never heard such a man, the word comes with such power and unction, and some of the never-to-be-trusted ones will tell him that he will be a great man, he is designed for great usefulness, and so they lift the man up, and feed his proud flesh: and often this is a means of keeping him from watchfulness, from his knees, and from close meditation. The sad effects of this soon begins to be seen, and experienced by the people, and felt in the man's own soul. There is now no newness, freshness and savour in his ministry. Great fault is found. Hozanna is now being led to the cross. Crucify him! crucify him! is now in the mouths of those who have their garments or their judgment on the ground for the greatest ministers in all the world to walk over, riding upon the Hozanna of applause, and so make an ass of themselves, and the poor ministers. In consequence of this the attendance is not so good. The payments are not regular, and now there is not sufficient to support the minister, and perhaps there is a large family; they are soon reduced to want. Then again in some cases the minister has some trade he can follow. But who can tell the difficulty a minister in the country experiences in getting employment, because of cursed prejudice. He is a dissenter, and a baptist. But what is worse, he preaches the awful doctrine of election, &c., and if he has not to contend with prejudice in a way of business, he will have shiness to impoverish him. What I mean is this, there are many who go to other places of worship who would like to encourage him in a way of

being customers. Give him an order for a pair of shoes, a coat, or work of some kind. But they say, I do not like to go to him, I am afraid he would speak to me about religion. And because of this they keep away. And what is the poor man to do? There is nothing now to blow the dying embers of Hozanna into a flame. So he must starve.

The last seven years I have had to contend with many of these things, until my pocket and my cupboard has been quite empty, and I have with my wife and children, been left to want. Yet, nevertheless, it has done me good. No one but the Lord knows what I have had to pass through. And, oh, how glad should I have been to have met with some brother to take up my case, for I could not beg for myself. But I found none. Often did I then say—if ever the dear Lord delivers me from these troubles, and if ever I should be able, I will then do all in my power to help and assist those in distress. When I heard of the distress of these poor brethren, it brought to my mind what I had myself suffered, and what I had promised. Now, I said, is the time. What can I do? I thought much about them. I laid the matter before the Lord, and it was laid much upon my mind to try and do something for them. While I was looking over the names, I saw one name—I thought I would not do anything for him, for you have caused me some trouble, and have spoken against me to my friends without a cause. So thought and said my old man. What, said my new man, Will you act like this? Will you render evil for evil? What, if he has done wrong toward you, will you do so to him? "No, no," cried my new man; "you shall not." Well, the old man said, he would have his way, and so there was quite a contention between them, and I really thought the new man would be overcome. At length, when he found he was getting the worst of it, from the selfish old man, he then cried aloud unto the Lord for help, and the Lord told him, (the old man,) to lay down and be quiet, and so he did; for he could not help himself then. Then I turned to and wrote letters to different parts of the country, giving them some account of the distress of these poor men; requesting they would make collections amongst themselves on the Lord's-day, and I would employ the whole of Monday in calling personally upon them to receive their kind donations, and go wherever they could recommend me. On Lord's-day morning I left London half-past 6 o'clock train for Paddock-wood station, from thence to Hadlow, Kent, preached three times, and made it known from the pulpit, requesting the friends to make a gathering amongst themselves. They did so, and gave me £1 15s. 7d., with 3s. 6d. a friend gave me at Hadlow on the Monday mornig. From

Hadlow I went to Tonbridge. And as I went along unbelief kept saying, I know you will not get any more than what you have got. On the road I met a friend who told me it was given out at the chapel, and they had collected a trifle there for me. I called at brother Webmore's, and he gave me 14s. 8d. Before I left, a lady at Tonbridge sent 5s. to my friend, making it np 19s. 8d. at Tonbridge. This made my old man rather ashamed of himself. From thence I went to brother Waterman's, at Brenchley, deacon of the Baptist church at Matfield Green. It was very wet, my old man went grumbling all the way; and kept saying, you had better not go, you will not get any more, only a bad cold from getting so wet. However, on I went, and arrived at my friend's house about 4 o'clock; there I met brother Powell; we had some talk together about the best things, and found it profitable; and could not but feel and acknowledge that it is a sad and most grievous thing there was so much jealousy, and so little union amongst the ministers of the gospel. And if they could meet together in a friendly, brotherly way, and talk about (not one another's infirmities) but the great things of eternity, what great good would result therefrom. While we were talking together thus—brother Waterman took a paper parcel from off the shelf, and opened it, and to my great surprise gave me £3 14s. 3½d., collected at Matfield chapel, where brother P. is preaching. Well, I said, this is wonderful; how good the Lord is! Then he opened another, and gave me £1 16s. 3½d., collected at Lamberhurst, by brother Powell; altogether £5 10s. 7d.; and with what I had received from Hadlow and Tonbridge, and two friends, £8 9s. 4d.

Well, this was almost a death blow to my poor old man, you would have thought he was going to give up the ghost. I assure you it was too much for him, and he has not been able to speak a word since.

I remain, dear brother,
Yours to serve in the Gospel,
JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.
33, Ludgate Street.

The late Mr. James Weller, Of Robertsbridge, Sussex.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—Doubtless you are aware of the departure of brother Weller, who has left a wife and seven children. But he has, I trust, lost all his trouble, and left the vile body for his friends to put out of sight, that it might go to corruption and pass through the change appointed. Ah! he has gone beyond the stormy tempest, and safely landed on the shores of immortal bliss to chaunt for ever, 'Unto him who hath loved us and washed us

in his own blood be glory for ever and ever, Amen.' Oh! for grace to be looking forward with sweet anticipation to the putting off this vile body, and to the being clothed in the likeness of our dear Lord.

"When we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
Where from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

How blessed to be looking forward to a 'city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.'

"Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight;
And everlasting love."

May you and I be so favoured day by day with close, intimate communion with our dear Lord, that we may say, 'For us to live is Christ, and to die gain.'

How satan has tried to make me tremble when I have thought of death, and has said, that the last blow should be the worst I ever felt; but that blessed promise came to my soul the other day when in the pulpit, 'I will strengthen thee upon the bed of languishing.' Well, let satan open his flood-gates, the Lord being my stay, my support, my foundation, I can say—

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'll break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqueror through."

Indeed, all the wiles of the wicked one only pave the way for our trying experimentally the blessed foundation which God hath laid; and we only know by experiment that it standeth sure. For, if satan did not raise such a storm, and our vile hearts too, against us; we should never know the blessedness of embracing (through the Holy Ghost leading us by precious faith,) the rock, for want of a shelter. God's living children are growing one's in proportion as they are exercised, and it is an every day truth, the more they are afflicted, the more they grow and flourish.

"Though 'tis hard work to stand the test,
Of satan's wily blast."

Yet God hath said, 'Blessed is the man who endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life. And with the temptation, I will make a way for your escape, that ye shall be able to bear it.' And faith says—true Lord, 'We are more than conquerors through him who hath loved us.' And as my precious High priest suffered, being tempted, and knew more of temptation than I can, he is able to succour, to support, to rescue me, when I am tempted.

That great grace may be with thee, is the sincere desire of yours,

In the best bonds,
J. TURNER.

Brighton, Sep. 20th, 1847.

Natural, and Supernatural Religion.

A Word

Suited to the present circumstances of the church.

COME, come, my friends, beloved of the Lord—here is a scripture for your deep meditation, serious consideration, timely exhortation, and, if entered into, and acted upon, must ultimately be for your real consolation; a text that but few parsons preach upon; and, that but very few, in these days, act upon: it may be almost like the Gibeonites' bread, grown mouldy by laying by so long, and but few feeding upon it; but, depend upon it, it is good bread, next to the shew-bread, and ought to be brought out again upon the golden table, if it be ever so old and mouldy in men's esteem, because it was prepared and recommended by our dearest Lord, more than eighteen hundred years ago, and is good now; and the children and the church of God would be in a more healthy condition were they to eat it more freely, morning and evening, and at all times of need. It is not the bread of deceit, nor bread with the leaven of the Pharisees, (which is hypocrisy) in it; nor the old leaven of malice; no, it is 'the unleavened bread of sincerity;' which, in the apostles' time, was eaten at all love feasts. And if it is not the most holy bread, it is the holy bread of God.

Come, don't startle, nor turn away from it as unwholesome bread. Here it is; eat it—'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' (Matt. v. 44.) 'Ah,' say you, 'these are hard crusts: who can eat them? These are hard sayings; who can bear them? Who can do all this?' I can; and have done it many years ago. 'I can do all things;' but, stop; it is 'through Christ, which strengtheneth me.' 'But,' say you, 'it is contrary to our nature.' What nature? Your old vile nature? Certainly it is. But, then, is your's only a natural religion—a mere moral religion—which the world, and almost all sects of religionists are boasting about; and the profane world do the same. 'The world loves its own.' If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the wicked, the publicans, and pharisees do the same? 'Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward,' one of another. And, can you, on this ground, expect more than they? 'Ah, say what you will, I cannot love my enemies.' Then, you cannot go to heaven. 'Narrow is the way.' 'For, except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.' For, heaven

is a place of love; no hatred there. But, say you, 'I cannot do it; I tell you it is contrary to our nature!' Nature! Why, if your's is only a natural religion, like a mere moralist, your love and religion dies when nature dies; and we want a religion that lasts for ever. If it is contrary to our nature, it is not contrary to God's nature. And, as children in the flesh, are partakers of their father's nature, that dies through sin—the children of God, born of the Spirit, are partakers of their Father's own nature, which never dies; 'the divine nature,' eternal life, love, and his holiness.' Thus, their's is a supernatural religion; and, these dear children having the nature of their Father, and the spirit of their Father, in them, are to learn to imitate their Father, and act like their Father, viz. 'Love your enemies,' &c., that ye may be the children of your Father; that ye may be experimentally, and manifestly so, with the witness of his Spirit in you; and, actually be the children of your Father which is in heaven. For, he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good; and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.' But, this creature love, is imperfect love, hasty love, self love. I will love you, if you will love me; I will do you good, if you will do me good; I will come to your shop if you will come to my shop; if you will love my parson, I will love you; if you will come to my chapel I will love you; if you will be of my religion, I will love you; if you will love Mr. Methodist, I will love you; if you will love Mr. Baptist I will love you; if you love Mr. Triggs, I will love you; if you will love Mr. Warburton, I will love you; if you love Mr. Philpot, I will love you; if you will love Mr. Wells, I will love you; if you will love Mr. Banks, I will love you; if you will love Mr. Tryon, I will love you; if you will love Mr. Chamberlain, I will love you; but, if you do not love me, my parson, my chapel, and my religion, I will hate you, and do you no good, openly, but, perhaps, some evil secretly. There, see now, there is a deal of love; what is it? Creature love; self love; party love; imperfect love. But, children of God! children of love! your Father is perfect! his is perfect love. Be ye, therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven, is perfect,' 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' There is no fear in love; love cannot hurt you. 'God is love.' It is satan, self, and sin that have hurt you.

Fish stink first at the head; and, if I mistake not, much of the strife, confusion, and evil of these days, originate with the preachers. The disciples of our Lord once disputed to know who was to be the greatest.' So it is now. One wants to be Mr. Headman, another Mr. Great man, another Mr. Fore man; another, Mr. Popular man, an-

other, Mr. Wise man; another, Mr. Clever man; and each must be great in his way, and mode of things; and each must be head of a party; even among those ministers and people who profess the great and glorious truths of the gospel. But, is Christ divided? No. Then why should we, who profess to be in Christ; all one in Christ Jesus, and of one faith, and one Father, and one Spirit? We should endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.' Then, that spirit which endeavours to separate friends and divide saints, is not a good spirit, but an evil spirit; a spirit of pride, which is of the devil. And, in these days, among professing christians, it is something like the reviving of the old heptarchy, or feudal system; each man fighting for the head of his clan or chieftain; and they must hear whether their chieftain love such a preacher before they may love him; and, if he loves him, they will love him, but, if he hates him, they must hate him. 'O,' says the chieftain, 'he is a corruption man; I have nothing to do with him!' 'O,' says another, 'such an one is a dead letter man; a dead Calvinist.' And then, Mr. Clean man, (in his own eyes,) will say, 'O, you must not have anything to do with that dirty fellow; keep up a respectable connection with us; you might have known that man; he is a sinner; that fellow is a sinner! and, I believe, an enemy to our section and connection; I don't like him!'

O, beloved! is this the religion of Jesus, the good master? Is this the doctrine that he taught his disciples? O no; no. O holy brethren, pray for more of the spirit of your Father. 'Shall not he give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him?' 'Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.' 'Love your enemies; do good unto them that hate you; pray for them that despitefully use you.' So shall ye know; so shall ye have the witness in yourselves that ye are the children of your Father, by feeling his Spirit in you dictating your prayers, the Spirit of your Father, which is love. For, he loved his enemies; otherwise you would never have loved him; for, you and I were his enemies by wicked works; and, 'he loved us, and gave his only begotten Son to redeem us; and his Spirit to renew and sanctify us. 'For, when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son. And Jesus loved his enemies, and prayed for them with his dying breath; and he prayed for you and me when we were enemies to him. If God had took vengeance on us when we were his enemies, where should we have been? And, if God allowed us to take vengeance on all our enemies, and those that hate us we might destroy some of his people, who are still in ignorance, in nature's darkness, and, at present, enemies to

God; and in God's time these enemies shall be made our friends, and friends to the gospel of Christ; therefore, it is not enough to pray for your friends, and those that love you and your friends. 'I say unto you, love your enemies, and pray for them that despitefully use you.' I know the time when God has so blessed me, melted me down, and filled me with his spirit, and love, and joy unspeakable that I have walked alone, solitarily in the fields, and earnestly prayed for certain individuals that hated me; and grieved and prayed for one in particular, when he was in great distress; and under an operation with doctors, next to death. But, you may say some never will be saved; of what use is it praying for them? Do you know who are to be saved, and how many? And do you know their names? That is a secret with God. The Lord knows them that are his. 'There is a sin unto death; I do not say that he should pray for it.' Neither can ye love your enemies' sins, wickednesses, folly, malice, &c. But, we must learn to distinguish between things that differ. You may hate your fellow creature's follies, or, your brother's sins and foolishnesses, but, not hate his person, nor his soul. But, love your enemies, and pray for their souls, and their conversion, and leave it with God, the Judge of all. If you have a mind to kill your enemies, nothing overcomes them, and kills them like prayer and love; and if they are killed dead at your feet through their own sin and the law, and your love and prayer, God is able to make them alive again, in Christ, the eternal life; and, if they should be permitted to kill your body, then you will be at home with Christ the sooner; for they cannot kill the soul; that is in Christ.

Little children, love is of God; sin, hatred, and malice are of the devil. You should not hate your natural brother, your own mother's son; nor your spiritual brother, the son of your heavenly Father; neither should you hate your enemies; and, if you have the light of life in you, the spirit of life, truth, and love in you, to see yourself, you will hate your own life, more than all your other enemies without; yea, you will hate your own life, worse than a toad. He that loves his life shall lose it; he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal.

Now, ye dear saints of God, whom mine eyes have not seen in the flesh, watch these things; and watch what manner of spirit ye are moved by: I have been a watchman some time, now; and have watched these things; what I say unto you all, is 'Watch.'

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, Oct. 14, 1847.

Mr. J. C. Philpot's "Acknowledgment."

IN the *Gospel Standard*, for October, there is a letter from Mr. J. C. Philpot, entitled "An Acknowledgment;" or public confession of some evils which have been charged upon him by Mr. Tryon of James Deeping, in Lincolnshire.

Deeply pained as we have felt at all the circumstances connected with the bringing forth of this acknowledgment, (and the Lord knoweth we have sorely grieved in secret, at the unholy, the unchristianlike spirit which Mr. Philpot's assailant has manifested; still) we should not have presumed to notice it, but for the conviction that there is manifested in Mr. Philpot's letter such real godly sorrow, such unfeigned humility, christian meekness, and gospel uprightness, that we are persuaded the publication of it will be attended with the most salutary effects. It seems, to us, impossible for any right-minded individual to read this laying open of conscience without deriving very considerable benefit; therefore, knowing that the *Earthen Vessel* falls into the hands of many who do not see the *Gospel Standard*, we have felt constrained to lay a portion of this acknowledgment before our readers. Almost universally do the churches of Christ sympathise with Mr. Philpot in his present most acute afflictions; thousands of fervent prayers are going up to the throne on his behalf; and, should it please the Lord to raise him up, and bring him forth again into the ministry, we are fully persuaded his usefulness and acceptableness, among the Lord's people will be very great. The weapon that has been formed against him will only prosper in the working out of real good to his own soul, and to the bringing of glory unto his forgiving Lord.

The only really important part of this acknowledgment is that which relates to Mr. Philpot's marriage: and, with reference to that event, Mr. P. writes as follows:—

"The first, evil, then, and by far the most prominent, which I wish to confess, is, my marriage in 1838 with a person of whom I was not persuaded that she was, at that time, a partaker of grace.*

* I cannot forbear adding, that I have a hope that the Lord has, since then, touched her heart with his grace. Should this be clearly manifested to be the case, though it does not, in the least degree, justify me in my original offence, nor do I mention

"It is most painful to me, after an union of more than nine years with a most affectionate and excellent wife—a union never broken by one real dispute, that I am compelled, thus, publicly to acknowledge my repentance for having married her. Here let me make a distinction. I cannot, I do not repent of having for a partner a most attached and excellent wife, the mother of my dear children, against whom, her enemies and mine cannot justly breathe a disparaging word, to whom I am most warmly attached with a love that increases every year, and who does every thing to consult my comfort and happiness, to the sacrifice, were it called for, of her own. I cannot say, therefore, I repent as a husband, at possessing a wife so suitable to me, and so deserving of, as she so fully has, my tenderest love, affection, and esteem. But I do repent of it in a spiritual point of view; for it was a breach of God's word, a sin for which I have often felt wounded in my conscience. In my case, too, it was aggravated by the circumstance that I was a minister, and, therefore, the breach of the precept was, I frankly acknowledge, much worse in me.

"I should have been an example to the flock; but, instead of that, I set a bad example, and, perhaps encouraged others to commit the same sin. This last consideration has more particularly of late grieved my mind. At first, I felt more acutely the sin itself; but, since the subject has been brought more closely before my mind, I have felt grief lest I should have led aside any of the Lord's people. This, I am sure, is a grievous offence, especially displeasing to the Lord, and adding sin to sin. 'Who-soever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven: but, whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.' (Matt. v. 19.)

"My most intimate friends well know that I have never justified my marriage, but always confessed it was wrong when the subject was named. I have never 'taught men so,' publicly or privately, by preaching or conversation, but I have taught it by my example, which is as bad as by word, and, indeed, often more forcible.

"This consideration, I freely acknowledge, makes the offence worse in me than in a private christian. I do not wish, therefore, to evade or diminish the additional evil in my particular case. I deserve to be reprov'd for my conduct; though, I cannot forbear adding, that had the reprov'd been administered in the spirit of love and affec-

it in the remotest degree with that view, yet, I shall consider it the greatest blessing, next to my own salvation, which the Lord could give me, the vilest and unworthiest of men."

tion, it would have more nearly resembled that excellent oil, which does not break the head, but touches and softens the heart. (Ps. cxli. 5.)

"I here, therefore, confess and acknowledge, and I desire to do so with grief and shame, that, by marriage, I sinned against God, grieved his people, opened the mouth of his enemies, brought guilt upon my conscience, laid a stumbling block in the way of some, and encouraged others to do evil. My possessing thereby an excellent wife no more justifies me in breaking God's word, than I should be in taking a sum of money by stealth or fraud. I might have had, and deserved to have, a persecutor, a busy body, a scold, a canting hypocrite, a gossip, who might have been my daily plague, and brought upon me a continual reproach.

"I would, therefore, affectionately warn all God's unmarried people, to beware of the snare, and to be assured that, though they may thereby gain the desire of their natural heart, they will certainly suffer chastisement as I have had to endure. We cannot sin without suffering; and though the chastisement may be long delayed, it will most surely come; and, generally speaking, in a way most cutting and wounding to our flesh.

"I would, therefore, affectionately say to any of my spiritual readers, who are entangled in this snare, do not shelter yourselves under me. It will be but adding sin to sin. But plead with the Lord his own promise. 'There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.' (1 Cor. x. 13.)"

Mr. Osbourn's Visit to Sherbourn.

How various, and how opposite are the views and opinions of professing men in England respecting Mr. Osbourn's ministry! We know, for certain, that two of the leading men, in one chapel where he preached, (not one-hundred miles out of London,) were so harrowed up; so alarmed; and so exasperated under his ministry, that they cannot even bear the mention of his name; and they are determined he shall never enter into that pulpit again, if they can have their will. *But*, from what cause doth this arise? Is it because Mr. Osbourn does not preach the gospel of Christ? Certainly not. Is it because he does not walk out the gospel in a consistent practice? We believe his walk, (like his ministry) is quiet, sober, straightforward, consistent, and scriptural. From whence, then, arose this dislike to, and determination against him. We answer as in the sight of God, simply because these lead-

ing men referred to, have never yet known what gospel liberty is; they have dwelt in dark uncertainties; and are under the delusion that all expressions of liberty, assurance, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost, are bold and wicked presumption. We pray that they may know what it is to have 'the yoke *destroyed* because of the anointing;' and, then, would they be better prepared to understand and to receive such a ministry as Mr. Osbourn's. The people at Sherbourn are a quiet, humble, discerning, God-fearing, truth-loving, and consistent little flock. The following extract from a correspondent, will show how they received and esteem him.

"Mr. Osbourn's preaching was well received by the friends; and we hope and believe it will be long remembered by many. He preached to us five times; and once at Yeovil. His first sermon was very appropriate to our state from these words, in Acts, 'I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people, and am come down to deliver them.' His second was from Ps. cxlvii. 2, 3, 'The Lord doth build up Jerusalem,' &c. and said, it implied, although not expressed, that none but the Lord could build her up. On the Sunday he spoke twice from these words, in Isaiah, 'I will satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones,' &c. And his farewell discourse was from the following words—'For there is no other name given among men, whereby we can be saved.' This was a precious sermon; I wish I could give you the whole of it. He is a man very little for private conversation; much taken up in writing; upon the whole, I think I may truly say, it was a profitable season to many; and I believe him to be one of the Lord's sent and highly honoured servants; and believe he will stand amidst all the squibs which are thrown at him by men; they seem like snow balls which melt before they hurt, and sometimes before they strike."

We do fully believe that Mr. Osbourn's spirit is more like that of Thomas Brooks, as expressed in the following words:—"I bless God, I am, and I desire more and more to be, one with every one that is one with Christ. I would fain have as free, as large, and as sweet a heart towards saints, as Christ hath. For a wolf to worry a lamb, is usual; but, for a lamb to worry a lamb, is unnatural: for, Christ's lilies to be among thorns, is ordinary; but, for these lilies to become thorns, to tear and fetch blood of one another, is monstrous and strange. Ah, Christians, can Turks and Pagans agree? Can bears and lions, can wolves and tigers agree? Yea, can a legion of devils agree in one body? And, shall not saints whom one heaven must hold at last, agree?" This is not the spirit of many who profess to have the spirit of Christ. Alas! it is not.

The Sufferings of Christ, AND THE GLORY THAT MUST FOLLOW.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*:—

DEAR BROTHER:—Having been requested, by some friends to print a sermon preached from 1 Pet. i. 11, 'The sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow;' and, knowing that printers cannot live unless they are paid, as well as other people, I determined not to do so until I could see my way clear; being told in the word of God to 'owe no man man any thing but love.' It was then proposed to send it to the *Vessel*; if you deem it worthy of a berth, take it on board; and, may the great Captain of our salvation deign to command his blessing to rest upon it.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A DISCOURSE.

"The sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." 1 Pet. i. 11.

None teacheth like our God; indeed, none but the Holy Ghost ever taught to profit; every other teacher and teaching, my poor soul well knows is only calculated to feed pride and harden the heart. Good Peter found this out by the mercy of the Lord; his fleshly confidence received an effectual shock; he boasted; he fell; awful were the consequences; he swore he never knew the MAN: and I have often thought of the goodness of God in preserving him from swearing he never knew THE GOD; for I find that each of the three evangelists declare he said, '*I know not the man.*' Does not this prove, however a child of God may fall after his call by grace, the Lord graciously keeps him from denying the God-head of the everblessed Jesus; everlastingly dreadful must be the state of all who live and die in such an error; but, Peter was chosen to the *sanctification of the Spirit*. *The Lord looked on Peter*; that loving look broke his heart; he wept bitterly; the crowing of all the cocks in the world could never have done it. Now he weeps! for Jesus gave him tears; his furrowed heart is affected; he felt sin had done him much harm; his stop and step is mercifully produced by the incarnate Friend of the unworthy backslider; calculated, he now is, by this conversion, to strengthen his brethren, and to declare, all who are kept, are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation; works, of course, he has none to plead; but delightfully traces the whole to the merits of 'the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow.'

I feel I know somewhat of the greatness of my text; I feel my inability; I pray the eternal Spirit to help me; and bless you.

In the words may we be helped, first, to look at the sufferer; secondly, to look at his sufferings; and, thirdly, may we contemplate and participate in the glory that should follow. First, the person who suffered was not a common person. Many good men have suffered; this day I stood on the very spot where good Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley suffered, in Oxford; but, they were only men; and, at most, their sufferings were only exemplary, not expiatory; but, Christ was infinitely superior, in the dignity of his person; he was God's anointed; above his fellows; (Ps. xlv. 7;) he was God's servant; (Isa. xlii. 1;) he was Jehovah's fellow; (Zech. xiii. 17;) he was his beloved Son; (Matt. iii. 17;) his person was complex; partaking of two natures; equal with God, his Father; equal with those for whom he suffered; of him, and to him the Father says, 'Thy throne, oh, God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom.' (Heb. i. 8.) Surely, he is a dignified sufferer! and his sufferings must be of a dignified, and dignifying nature.

Secondly, his sufferings were peculiar; extending to his holy soul, as well as his sinless body. See xxii. and lxix. Psalms, compared with Matt. xxvi. 58. Nor can I think his sufferings were less because of his purity of natures; but, dreadful he felt them, for dreadful they were. The ponderous wrath of God Almighty poured out upon him, taking full vengeance to the very uttermost of this dignified sufferer; for all, and every one of the sins of his brethren; for all were his by more than mere imputation; (which word in scripture always refers to his righteousness being imputed to his children. See Ps. xxxii. 1, 2; and Rom. iv. 6-8.) for they were his, by agreement, voluntary, virtually, to be made sin, and a curse; so that I desire ever to adore, where I shall never explore the wondrous wisdom, mercy and mystery of his being made sin, and a curse; that his church should be redeemed, made righteous, and everlastingly saved. And thus our God was not unrighteous; who took vengeance, bruised and wounded, and put to grief the soul of his dear Son. (See lxiii. Isa.; 2 Cor. v. 21; Gal. iii. 13.) Consequently, I believe them to be First, substitutional, viz.: for others, for he could not suffer for himself; for guile was never in his mouth, sin never was found in him, his qualifications were more than equivalent, he was not unstable like Reuben (Gen. xlii. 37, 38). Blessed be his dear name, he is our Judah, fully capable to perform, and willing to substitute himself for the whole family, even for little Benjamin too (Gen. xliii. 9.). I consider his sufferings were, Secondly, penal; viz.: vindictive; 'God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up' (Rom. viii. 32.) Vindictive wrath laid hold on him in the

garden; it pressed out a bloody sweat, it held him fast to ignominy and spitting, until reproach broke his heart. It stripped him, nailed him, stabbed him, showed him no mercy, refused light, God himself appeared to know him not, love him not, hear him not, his revenge was absolute, his vengeance was inflexible, his wrath was against sin, his inexorable justice smote the shepherds;

"How vile and black most sin appear,
Most holy God to thee."

Thirdly, were not his sufferings plenary; viz.: full, complete? Doubtless he bore the whole; both as to quantity, as well as quality. Every sin was known to him fallen Zion would be guilty of committing, as well as original sin. Every transgression in her natural state, and also every fall, failure, slip, miscarriage, wandering, backsliding, ingratitude, unbelief, hardness of heart, rebellion of mind, and her requiting him evil for good; all he knew, for all he suffered, for all he died. Fourthly, His sufferings were expiatory or atoning; for himself he could not, personally; yet, for his body mystically he atoned for every member. Justice and the guilty appeared a great way off each other, nor could they ever come nigh; except it were to judgment. So I really found it. Atonement is made by his blood; the law receives a perfect obedience; expiation is accomplished by his sufferings; which are also (Fifthly,) satisfactory. God, in all his perfection of nature, mind and will; is fully, and for ever well pleased with his Son; with his sufferings; with his people in glory; with his children on earth; for 'Mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other.' Sixthly, they were efficacious; sure to produce pardon and peace for the guilty burdened sinner. Yes; there was a sufficiency, and an efficiency of virtue in his sufferings to satisfy for the vilest of wretches; as the word declares, 'All manner of sins shall be forgiven,' 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' Is our guilt mighty guilt? The efficacy of his death is almighty. Do we suffer, and feel no more satisfied? He suffered once for sin, but now he liveth by the power of God. Death hath no more dominion over him, he died unto sin. He now and for ever liveth to make intercession. Without the shedding of his blood there is no remission; but through it, there is no possibility of any poor sinner who pleads by faith the merits of his blood ever going to hell; sin is put away in the death of Christ, and in God's good time the Holy Ghost will take this of Christ, apply it to the heart of the quickened, groaning soul, and put it away from the conscience; declaring to the surprise of the sinner, 'Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee;' and in that day the fountain will be opened, the soul will be washed, and

feel more white than snow in Salmou. Lord, daily so favour my soul. The sufferings of Christ are limited to all the elected family of God. They were in his eye in his work, sufferings and death; and I firmly believe will become the subjects of the everlasting benefits resulting from it, by the grace, power and work of the Spirit of God upon their hearts. Regenerating them, putting a spirit of prayer and supplication within them, giving them repentance unto life; leading them from law, sin and self, to the Lamb of God; who took, and now taketh away sin, works faith to lay hold upon his full merit, relying alone on his atonement; giving to hope in Christ's death, to know the power of his resurrection; to grasp the ever suitable, saving scarlet line which he lets down into the soul whereby they walk with God, believing his promises, until Jericho's walls fall down flat, and a blessed entrance is made, and an inheritance enjoyed within the heavenly city.

Lastly, 'The glory of the Lord.' I consider the glory of God is inseparably connected with the sufferings and death of Christ as the great ultimate end. Hence, says David, 'His glory is great in thy salvation; honour and majesty hast thou laid upon him' (Ps. xxi. 5). Here is a blessed prop for a lost sinner like me, the glory of my Lord is great in my salvation through the sufferings of my dear Christ. O! my dear friends, give him his great glory; he wont lose his glory; he will save his children. Our Saviour in suffering asked it; the Father in answering, secured it: for Jesus said, 'Father, glorify thy name. Then came there a voice from heaven; saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again.' And Jesus himself asked our Emaus brethren, 'Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?' which is his own mediatorial glory, by promise and by right. 'For we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for, or by the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour, that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.' 'From God the Father he received honour and glory.' He possesses the entire glory of headship, of affluence and influence; and all grace and glory is treasured up for, secured in, and will be given to, every one of his mystical members, and if I am a foot the head will never say he hath no need of me. The divine Spirit reveals this by special operation, in effectually possessing the souls of his people. Too little, my dear friends, is this known by us. Indeed, we do not know the mighty obligations we are under to the Spirit; or if we do, we show forth very little of his praise; our carnal views, words, and actions are proofs of what I say. May

we be preserved from all fleshly, fashionable religion so very general among professors; and remember it is written, 'And grieve not the Holy Spirit, by the which ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.' For the apostle Peter calls him, 'The God of all grace who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, &c.' this is to participate in being called from living in, and loving sin. Being led of the Spirit is a proof of sonship (Rom. viii. 14); in being made to groan after deliverance from deserved wrath; in feeling humbled and emptied of all self conceit, self seeking, and sufficiency; in relying alone upon his fullness of merit and mercy; 'who suffered the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.' To feel a groaning desire to love, serve, honour, and obey him, and not to live after the flesh, or fleshly religions of men; but as saved, to serve him; as beloved to love him; as redeemed to honour him; and to know and acknowledge that all our chastisements are not in wrath, but in love to us, and beneficial for us; 'All, all, are most needful, not one is in vain;' and made willing to step, stoop, and stay as led by the Lord, directed by his word, and actuated by his promise; for he hath said, 'O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me.' Thus influenced, devils will tempt and accuse; mere professors will show contempt; and the world will hate. But cheer up; fear not; it will soon be all over with these things my friends; and should it be 'That ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you; on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified.'

Thus, dear Sir, in a leisure hour or two, I have tried to recollect the substance of what I delivered in Ipswich three weeks ago. My soul has had a second benefit from it.

Grace and peace attend you always,

Your's in Christ,

THOMAS POOCK.

Oxford, Sep. 30th, 1847.

Death of Mr. Peter Ashworth.

DEPARTED this life on Tuesday, August 31, Mr. Peter Ashworth, of Draycott Terrace, Chelsea, aged fifty-nine. His affliction had been of a very painful character, for some months prior to his decease; yet borne with christian patience and resignation. His heavenly Father favoured him with his manifest presence; his Captain cheered him with continual smiles; and caused his countenance to shine; yea, his Saviour supported and solaced him; so that his mountain

stood firm; his mind was happily stayed on the ancient settlements of love and grace, which had been powerfully revealed to him, by the Holy Ghost, and blessedly realised by him, in his soul's enjoyment thereof; his heart was fixed on the finished work of Immanuel; his hope was unshaken by winds or waves; his faith was triumphant; and his end was truly peace. He was baptized by Mr. John Stenson, (his pastor,) at Carmel Chapel, Pimlico, together with his wife, (now his widow,) and eight other persons, on Lord's Day, March 30, 1834; of whom three have been withdrawn from; three have entered into their rest; and four are yet remaining, walking in the good ways of the Lord. The deceased rejoiced in an everlasting salvation, flowing from everlasting love, and issuing in everlasting glory. A few days before his death, he was heard to be much in prayer for the church, his pastor, the spread of the gospel, his wife, and, she being present, reminded him of the well-known lines of Dr. Watts—

Long they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

When he, in his usual sharp manner, asked, 'What do you mean? That does not apply to me.' She said, 'What does not, my dear?' He answered, 'Not with sins, and doubts, and fears.' His wife replied, 'What, then, were you wrestling so hard for?' To which, he answered, with a peculiar emphasis, '*For glory.*' His last desire was expressed in the language of the poet:—

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

He was interred in the Brompton Cemetery, on Monday, September 6; and on the Lord's Day following, his pastor preached a funeral sermon to a numerous and attentive congregation from 2 Cor. v. 4, which words had been previously chosen by the deceased for the occasion. In speaking from the text the preacher having first noticed the several figurative expressions contained therein, proceeded to enlarge on the three following particulars, as involved in the text, and embracing the whole subject, viz:—

First, a state of suffering indicated—*We, that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened.*

Secondly, a state of submission intimated:—*Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon.*

Thirdly, a state of satisfaction anticipated, *That mortality might be swallowed up of life.*

JOHN STENSON.

King's Road, Chelsea, Oct. 1, 1847.

Caution to the Religious Public.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing on the cover of your *Earthen Vessel* for this month a notice headed as above; I beg, through the same channel, for the sake of public good, to add a further testimony to the said statement; and, truly, I may venture to say with Mr. Coles that one of the *vilest imposters*, or religious *blacklegs*, under the name of England, *alias* 'Webb,' *alias* 'Webster,' *alias* Leeson, &c. &c. that ever infested society, or imposed upon the religious public, is at this time stalking round and about the country; levying his contributions especially on the believers in christianity, and dexterously swindling them out of their property, by a deep laid scheme, backed with *pretended*, or *borrowed* christian experience, ingeniously played off by prating a prayer, and preaching, (I should say) a *borrowed* sermon pretty well got off by heart, to deceive his victim and gain his base and sordid ends; for which, if grace prevent not, he will, ere long, meet the just reward of his labour in iniquity, meet for all such; (See Acts viii. 20, xiii. 10.) This vile hypocrite, lately, by his preaching and praying, and the use of other religious cant and cunning, obtained from several liberal christians, &c., in this town, to the amount of between eight and ten pounds in goods and money, and then decamped with his ill-gotten booty, under a solemn, yet, (it should seem) *false* promise that he would write to me in a few days; but it is evident, this servant, (not to say son) of satan, never intended to make good his word. He was some two or three years back imprisoned for three months in Barnstaple jail, for swindling the people in north Devon, out of their property; and, it seems he has been carrying on his favourite game ever since, at Worthing, in Sussex—at Yeovil, in Somersetshire—at Boston, in Lincolnshire—at Reading, in Berkshire—at Hull, in Yorkshire—and, perhaps nearly, if not all, the shires in England! As to his person, he stands about five feet eight inches high; straight, dark, or nearly black hair, a speck in his left eye; he is about thirty-five, or thirty-six years of age; has a good looking young wife, about twenty-five years old, and two young children, (if not three.) He, evidently possesses a pretty good knowledge of most gospel ministers, both in, and out of the Establishment. He pretends to much *sanctity*; calls himself a Particular Baptist; though I shrewdly suspect he is either a gipsy, or a strolling player; and *inwardly*, I should say a decided infidel; at all events, a profound hypocrite; so much for this religious (or rather irreligious) monster in human shape.

I am, your's, truly, and affectionately,
Hull. S. LANE.

Prayer for Pardon.

SIGNS OF A PILGRIM: OR,
PRACTICAL PRAYERS FOR THE WEAK.

Jesus, at thy footstool bending,
See a needy suppliant lie;
Conscience-stricken, wrath impending,
Lord, to thee I raise my cry.
Lord, thy wond'rous love transcending,
Matchless grace, so rich and free,
On this all my hopes depending,
I would raise my hopes to thee.
I have sinned 'gainst love abounding,
So the devils cannot sin;
With thy mercy all surrounding,
Canst thou Jesus take me in?
When by sin and guilt o'er-taken,
Vows I made, but these I broke;
Now at last, of all forsaken,
Wilt thou Jesus cast me out?
I have heard that thou canst pardon,
All who simply come to thee;
Lord! lest guilt and wrath should harden,
Let thy pardon come to me.
Lord, thy path was rough and thorny,
Oft thou wast cast down by fear;
Sorely smitten, tried and lonely,
Wilt thou not my breathings hear?
From sin's distance, dark and dreary,
Drawn by tidings of thy grace;
I have come with footsteps weary,
Hoping yet to see thy face.
I have heard the joyful tidings,
Pardon flowing through thy death,
O grant faith that here abiding,
Refuge I may find and rest.
Then thy kindness, Lord, proclaiming,
I would gladly live to tell;
How thy grace and mercy conquering,
Saved a wretched soul from hell.
JUVENIS NERFLAB.

Our Brother is gone.

[The following lines are from a handsome volume, sent to us by the Author, entitled "Spiritual Songs, for Heaven-bound Travellers." By S. Lane, Minister of the Gospel, Bethesda Chapel, Hull.]

He's gone to join the host above,
In songs of never ending praise;
There to admire, adore, and love,
The Ancient of eternal days.
O may our last expiring breath,
Proclaim aloud our trust in God.
And in the arms of icy death,
Rejoice in Christ's atoning blood.
May we in Jesus find a friend,
When death shall seize our mortal frame;
O may our last our dying end,
Declare our trust in his dear name.
And is he gone? with Christ to dwell!
In realms of everlasting light;
Where saints and angels join to tell,
How God in Christ does all things right.
And is he gone? alas 'tis true!
No more shall we behold his face;
No more the pleasing interview,
To talk of free and sovereign grace.
And is he gone! and gone to glory too!
He's done his work below; still he has work to do,
In heav'n to admire the glory of the grace,
That brought him there to view the Saviour's face.
'Tis there he shouts with an immortal breath,
Eternal victory o'er the sting of death,
With glorious songs, with raptures all divine,
He's join'd the saints, and sings the Lord is mine.

THE EARLY DAYS OF MARTIN LUTHER.

THE Year One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Forty-seven is fast drawing to a close. Everlasting praise be given to the God of all our mercies for his kindness in preserving, prospering, and bringing us safely to the present period of time. Perhaps no publication was ever commenced under more trying circumstances than was the *Earthen Vessel*. Perhaps no publication was ever more imperfectly managed; pressed almost out of measure, as the Editor is, by continued heavy labours, it has been found impossible to give that time and attention to the selection and insertion of articles, which is required. No man can be more deeply sensible of manifested imperfections, than is the Editor of this little work. Many valuable correspondents have been altogether neglected; and many papers have been inserted, that had much better been thrown into the fire. This confession may appear strange to some who know nothing of the solemn anxieties, the painful conflicts, the glorious breakings forth, and the blessed liftings up above all temporal things, which daily exercise the man who every day of his life is (more or less) called to consult and to converse with souls in trouble; and who nearly every evening has to go forth to the ministry of the Word. However, we may exclaim in the midst of all, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Perhaps no periodical was ever more powerfully opposed than this has been. Many ministers of truth—(we have witnesses in proof of what we write)—have made it their business to condemn, and to cast away both the Editor and his *Vessel*. We know instances where some of these men that *pretend* to have so much love for poor sinners, have gone into houses, and lo! and behold, the first thing they have seen has been *The Earthen Vessel*. Immediately they have gone to work upon us, as Balaam did upon his ass: and as Balaam said to the poor beast; so have they (in spirit) said of us—"I would there were a sword in mine hand, for now would I kill thee." But, the Angel that redeemed us from all evil, has gone on to bless us; and, our heart's desire and prayer to God is, that we may be more sensible of his goodness; more

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humbled under his mighty hand; more sanctified by his grace; and that, without either courting the smiles or fearing the frowns of men, we may have a single eye to the honour and glory of our most exalted Lord; that more than ever, we may labour to be really useful (in our humble way) to poor Zion in her present afflicted condition; and that we may at last finish our course with joy, and enter into rest.

But, says the reader, what has all this to do with Martin Luther—whose name stands at the head of this page? Well, I will tell you. From Mr. Cummings' "Lectures on the Book of Revelation," I have given you below, a very interesting sketch of the early days of Martin Luther. In writing a little introduction to the same, my mind was led to say a few words to you on the close of the year. But I now say, farewell for the present; the God of all grace, comfort and support you, prays your poor servant,
THE EDITOR.

"In the year 1483 was born Martin Luther. He was the son of a poor miner of Mansfield; and so poor was Martin Luther, that when at school he had sometimes literally to beg his bread from door to door, and to ask a morsel, for the 'love of God,' to keep him from starving. And yet that schoolboy could not be starved. His bread and water were provided for him from everlasting ages. He had a work and mission which he alone was designed to do. The waves of the Nile could not bury Moses in his cradle of bulrushes,—and so not all the spirits in hell, nor all the priests of Rome, could crush the child of the poor miner of Mansfield. The selection of such an instrument for achieving the Reformation shews us 'not many mighty men, not many noble men hath God chosen: but he has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence.' Yet insignificant as he appeared to man, Europe waited for Martin Luther, and Martin Luther was preserved for Europe. Martin Luther! It is a name ploughed into the hearts of millions. While we must not play the Papist by canonising Luther, or any other saint, we must not prove ourselves ungrateful by erasing his name from the bright-est place in the roll of the illustrious dead.

" Luther entered the University of Erfurt in the year 1501. It is recorded that he made remarkable progress in his various studies; he was distinguished for the strength of his intellect, the rapidity of his acquirements, and the facility with which he triumphed over the most difficult tasks prescribed to him. Luther excited the admiration, we are told by Merle D'Aubigné, of all his teachers. He shewed himself to be a student of real intellect and a labourer of indomitable perseverance. He shewed he would shrink from no toil, and would be conquered by no difficulty. Auguries of success, the most splendid, were given forth by his professors and teachers. He was destined by some for the law—he was set apart by others for the church. It was predicted by all that he would prove to be no ordinary man: and such he proved to be, though in a way unsuspected by his admirers. In the midst of his career, suddenly, and without giving notice to his teachers, or assigning one single reason to any of his companions, Luther determined to leave the University, and enter an Augustinian Convent: that is, a convent adopting the principles, and bearing the name of the celebrated Latin father, St. Augustine. What could be the reason of so sudden and unpromising a change? Why did Luther thus abandon the path that pointed to his realising bright promises, and cast a cloud upon brilliant prospects? Why did he leave a university career of unrivalled promise, and immure himself in a Augustinian convent, where his usefulness would be utterly destroyed, his name obliterated, his talents buried as in a napkin, and his prospects annihilated, as far as man could see, for ever? There was a reason: that great mind, as if struck with some supernatural impulse, was stirred in the midst of his university career, with solemn and awful forebodings of death, and judgment, and eternity to come. That great heart which quailed at no perils, and was conscious of no fear of man, began to hear sounding in its own depths the very voice of God; pre-intimating to the student another course than that which university professors had assigned him. His soul felt its contact with the ocean of eternity: and the waves and ripples of that sea began to overflow that spirit, and to reveal in its bosom, as in a brilliant mirror, that great tribunal, before which Luther felt that monks and monarchs, princes and peasants, must stand to receive judgment according to the deeds that they had done in the body. In the midst of university studies he suddenly felt the reality of judgment and of God, and after the manner of the times he thought a convent was the proper place for religious men.

" What was the instrumental cause of this

sudden movement in his mind? What originated these struggles? Luther was one day searching in the library of the university of Erfurt; and, in the course of his searches, he found a large volume, with strong clasps, covered with dust, evidently not opened for half a century, or it might be more. Struck with the strangeness of its appearance, and with the bulk of the volume, he opened it: it was called the Bible. He had never seen it before. He knew nothing more of the Bible than the lessons extracted from it in the Missal, or the incidental histories given from it, in the Breviary. He began to read that Bible. He found in it new and awakening facts—he read of the guilt of man so deep that no tears could wash it away, and of the holiness of God so awful that no sinner could meet it; and he felt, between his own conscience in its calm and sequestered hours, and the delineation of man's conscience contained in that Bible, such an identity as satisfied that lonely youth that the God who made his conscience, wrote that book called the Bible. And he looked at it again and again, and he found fresh proof that, while one page of it revealed a guilty world, the other page revealed a holy, a just, and a righteous God. Luther's great mind was, perhaps, touched by a celestial unction, he felt that if he was, what he knew he was, the chiefest of sinners, and if God was, what he read he was, a just and a righteous and a holy God, then there was no prospect of salvation for his soul beyond the grave. He trembled and he read; he read again and again: he trembled, and wept, and read. The Reformation depended on this—whether Luther should read on, or whether he should shut the book, and place it where it was before. The Reformation with all its issues, stretching into eternal ages, was contained in the dusty Bible Martin Luther discovered in the library of the University of Erfurt. But God said, Come forth; and nothing could repress it. God's providence seconded the leading of God's grace, for we read in the interesting history of Luther, in D'Aubigné's history, that Luther was one day walking in the fields with a fellow student; there overtook them suddenly a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning; they ran for shelter, but ere they reached a place of shelter, Luther's companion was struck by the lightning and dropped dead at Luther's feet. Luther was preserved. That companion the world could do without, but neither the world nor the Church could do without Luther. This great event impressed and awed the spirit of Luther. He felt again with increasing force, Life how short! Judgment how near! Eternity how terrible! And when he recollected again what his own conscience felt, and what God's

word declared, and thought that he also might be struck by the next flash, or overwhelmed by the next storm, and sent to stand shivering and naked and guilty at the judgment-seat of God, he endured an agony of spirit that was beyond all expression. What, he asked himself, what must I do to be saved? What can I do? He cried out, in the anguish of his soul, 'Oh my sin! my sin! what, who can forgive me my sin?'

"Now let me beg of you to take a retrospective glance at the sequestered convent of the Augustinians. Do you see that pale spectre shivering amid the corridors? Do you see that emaciated monk wandering with bowed head, and beating heart, and fevered eye amid the cloisters of the convent? There is plenty to eat, brother Martin, abundance of raiment, right merry companions, men that fear not God, and care not for man, why be sorrowful? This was no comfort to his soul: like the stricken deer, he preferred to wander alone, separated from the rest; there was a barbed shaft rankling in his spirit which no human hand could extract; and in that suffering, pained, emaciated, lonely monk, amid the corridors and the cloisters of the Augustinian convent, you have the living and the visible evidence of the reality of that solemn text, 'a wounded spirit who can bear?'

"But look at him again, he is determined to have peace if it can be had at any price. He goes to the inmates of the convent; he speaks to his brother monks; he tells them of man a sinner, and God all holy: some laugh at him; some try to amuse him with other things; and the most serious among them prescribe to him increase of fasting and penances. Luther took the only prescription that seemed an earnest one. He clothed himself with thorns, made long and weary pilgrimages, endured the most excruciating penances, went days without food, and fasted to an extent that the eremites of Tractarianism make but a very shabby imitation of, and endured a martyrdom while living that was not equalled or exceeded by the martyrdom once endured by saints that are dead. In all this he sought peace, by seeking to realise justification from sin. Did he find it? Far from it. No suffering of man reaches high enough to touch the offended heart of an offended God; and no penances or atonement of man descend deep enough to reach the conscience and communicate to it peace. When you behold him fasting, and doing penances, and making pilgrimages, and living without bread or water, and covering his couch with his tears, in order to have peace with God, and reaching none, you learn another lesson; so short and simple in words, but full of meaning; a text, that would God it were written by the Spirit of God upon the heart

of every minister, and preacher, and father in the church:—'By the deeds of the law no man living can be justified.' In this state then of conviction—in this state of alarm, that nothing could quell—in this state of perplexity that nothing could remove, Luther at last met with one who felt for him—one who was *in* the Church of Rome, but not *of* the Church of Rome. Staupitz was Vicar-general of the convent and strange to say, a Christian and a Protestant—though called a Papist: there are such, I believe, still: but these are not the product of Popery, but the product of the Christianity that penetrates its darkness. Even in the Church of Rome, though the sirocco of a blasting superstition has swept it, and the cloud of awful and overshadowing apostacy hangs over it, yet such are the brightness and the power of the beams of God's truth, that they penetrate the cloud, and pour into the depths of the hearts of many who pant and thirst in the midst of that Church for the light of life, and for the love of God. So was it here. Staupitz was a Christian, under a Papist in name—a Protestant, and yet a monk—a believer in the Bible, and yet a reader of the Breviary. This was inconsistent, no doubt, as far as we can see, but are there no inconsistencies with us? Luther found access to the Vicar-general: he explained his case to him, and, to the amazement and delight of Luther, Staupitz said, 'The righteousness of Christ is the only righteousness by which the sinner can be justified.' 'And the love of God in Christ,' said Staupitz, to the vexed, torn, bleeding heart of Luther, 'the love of God is the only fountain of genuine repentance.' 'But,' said Luther, 'my sin, my sin: how can I expect to have an interest in this? I am a great, a miserable sinner?' Staupitz said, 'Would you only be the semblance of a sinner? Then you must expect only the semblance of a Saviour: but if you be what you say you are, a real sinner, then there is for you a real Saviour—in his blood, forgiveness—in his righteousness, a title to heaven and everlasting happiness.' The clouds of night were successively swept from the mind of Luther, and the Sun of Righteousness, described in the chapter, shone forth upon his soul in meridian splendour—a new era dawned, a new career unfolded itself to his mind. Superstition and will-worship and voluntary humility departed, and in the light of that Sun he saw light. 'He beheld,' to use language of the Evangelist on another occasion, 'he beheld the glory of Christ as the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' The bitterness of Luther was gradually removed—his wounded spirit was healed; and he was heard, in the joy and excitement of his soul, to exclaim, 'O happy sin that has introduced me to such a salvation!'

The Descent—the Character—and the Work of the Patriarch Noah.

MY DEAR BROTHER, JOHN HALKE:—In your last letter to me there are three questions. First, you ask—*Where are you?* Well, I will endeavour to tell you, my brother. Soon after reading this question in your note, I was on my knees begging the Lord to favour me with a message to carry up to the people at Hephzibah Chapel; when these words fell into my soul—*Ask for the old paths.* This word was repeated again: and I arose and searched for the words, and found them in Jeremiah vi. 6, which verse reads thus—*Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein; and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, we will not walk therein.*

These words, my brother, were so fixed in my mind, that I went off to the scene of my Friday-evening labours—but there was such a dreadful fog without, and so much coldness and darkness within; that I could neither see nor feel much to the comfort of my soul. However, what I told the people will be an answer to your first question—*Where are you?* I declared that ever since God called me by his grace, I have been standing more or less, *in the ways:* that is, in searching the Scriptures; in the hearing or preaching of the Gospel; and in some measure of secret prayer, before the eternal God. As regards the old paths, I found out seven, that I have been led to ask for, and at times to realise in some measure. There are, 1. God's everlasting and electing love: I want to walk sweetly in that. 2. The glorious covenant of grace: I want to prove again and again my interest in that. 3. Eternal union to a precious Christ: I want solemnly to be assured of this. 4. The downcoming and indwelling of Jesus, by the power of the Holy Ghost: I do desire to be deeply acquainted with that. 5. Redemption by the blood of Christ. 6. Justification by the righteousness of Christ. And, 7. An ascension into the kingdom of Christ: these are the old paths my soul is asking for, desiring in them to walk; and therein to find rest. 'But they said, we will not walk therein.' This is just where I am. I am standing in the ways: I am asking for the old paths: but all

the powers of my fallen nature—all the deceitful workings of my wicked heart, loudly and daily cry out—'We will not walk therein.'

Secondly, you ask, 'Are you growing downwards, and bearing fruit upwards, as good trees do?' Truly, my brother, in many ways I am growing downwards, and how low I shall ultimately sink in soul-feeling, I cannot tell: I trust there is at times a little fruit, or incense, which being found in my poor soul ascends upwards in desires, as before expressed. But, really, John Halke, I see and feel so much *within* that is contrary to me, and am oftentimes so afflicted in outward things, that

I wonder where the scene will end.

In the third place, you say, your dear spouse, wishes to know whether you are to have a line for a Christmas box, or a New Year's Gift.

Yes, my brother, tell your good wife, whom I love in the truth, and for the truth's sake, that I am now about to send to you some little account of a rather large box, whose history I have found described in the book of Genesis: it is commonly called 'NOAH'S ARK. May the Lord give you some little comfort in your soul, while you peruse the following fragments gathered up from three sermons preached by your poor servant at Crosby Row, last Lord's Day, and on the Tuesday evening following, from Genesis viii. 21, 22.

"And the Lord smelled a sweet savour; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every living thing, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

Of course, I cannot put into this little box, all that I said in that great box—(the pulpit at Crosby Row,) but I will (by the help of the Lord,) put down a few things.

First—*Of Noah's descent and origin.* In 'the book of the generation of Adam,' (or, as Bezer renders it, in '*the rehearsal of the stock,*') Noah's great grandsire is called *Enoch*, and the Holy Ghost, (by

that stern apostle Jude) very emphatically says of Enoch, that he was *the seventh from Adam*: or, 'a perfect man from God,' which the comment of the Holy Ghost seems fully to justify, for, of Enoch he says—he 'walked with God, and he was not; for God took him.' I am no scholar myself: but the learned ones tell me that Enoch means, one that is *dedicated*, or *taught*; and he was, I believe, a sweet type of the Christ of God, as set up in the everlasting covenant: for so Christ speaks himself—(Isaiah 50.) 'The Lord God hath opened mine ear—he hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.' In the council chamber of the ancient covenant Christ walked with God—was hidden in God—and embraced by God: these three things were typified in Enoch; as the old Bible renders it—'Enoch walked with God; he was not seen; for God held him.'

Noah's grandfather, (Enoch's son,) was called *Methuselah*; three interpretations are given of this name: *he sent*; *his death*; or, *the spoiler of death*. This Methuselah represents the incarnation of Christ, and the great end to be answered by his taking upon him the form of a servant; it was that he might spoil death, and him that had the power of death, that is the devil. Noah's father is called *Lamech*; one that is *very poor*; *humble*; and *smitten*; all this became the SON OF GOD: though he was rich, for your sakes he became poor; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; one that was stricken, *smitten* of God, and afflicted; but out of this low estate, from under these smittings and wounds, he has arisen. GOD IS GONE UP WITH A SHOUT; having led captivity captive, and received gifts for men.

Lamech also represents a poor child of God when laid down under the smittings of a guilty conscience, the terrors of death, and the fears of eternal condemnation. Yet out of this poor Lamech, the Holy Ghost brings forth NOAH—(that is rest and comfort;) and then precious faith, with Christ in her arms, sings aloud, and says '*this same shall comfort us concerning our work, and toil of our hands.*' Oh, how solid the rest; how solemn the comfort, when Christ, by precious faith, is thus brought forth! I have, my brother, been a little indulged in this way of late. I have had two distinct seasons of communion

with my adorable Lord and Master. In one of them, I seemed to be drawn by his love; in the other, I wrestled with him by faith and prayer. But enough of myself; I only want to speak of the *old paths* wherein our Lord was seen.

Noah, then, was certainly a very great type of Christ. Noah was a builder; he built the ark; and Zechariah's heart seems to have been filled with zeal for Christ, when he cries out—"*Even he shall build the temple of the Lord, and he shall bear the glory.*" Ah, that heshall! and a good builder he is; he builds his house upon a rock; and it can never fall. Noah was a *priest*: he builded an altar unto the Lord, and offered burnt offerings on the altar; and Paul (speaking of Jesus) says, 'We have a great High Priest, who is for us entered into heaven; one that can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, because in all things he was tempted like as we are, yet without sin.' Noah was a prophet: he said, 'God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem: but cursed shall be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.'

In looking at the *character of Noah*, I find I must be very brief; otherwise the four-fold description of him, (when applied to our glorious Lord) would be found to be full of rich gospel truth. I only give a word on each; you will do well to work it out in meditation and prayer. 1. Of Noah, it is said, '*he found grace in the eyes of the Lord*;' that is, God delighted in him; he loved him: in the 18th of the first chapter of St John's gospel, Christ is said to dwell in the bosom of the Father; expressive (says Bezer) not only of the great love and delight which the Father has in Christ, but that Christ was straitly joined to the Father in nature, essence, and union. Oh, sweet theme this, brother Halke; but Peter says, *only to them that believe*. Can you rejoice in the exaltation of Christ? Surely, you are one with him.

2. Noah was a *just man*; this meaneth a man that renders unto all their due. Christ, as Mediator, was a just man. He gave all the glory to his Father; he gives all new-covenant blessings to the church; and to impenitent rebels, he will give the just wages of their sin, which is eternal death. Oh, what a mercy to have our sins washed away in his blood, and our naked souls adorned in his righteousness!

3. Noah was perfect in his generations. So is Christ. To generate is to beget;

Christ is perfect in all his begettings: where he begets life, he begets faith, and hope, and love; love begets obedience, peace and perseverance; he will never forsake the work of his own hands.

4. Noah walked with God. This denotes not only close fellowship, but a oneness of heart and mind. Christ loves whom the Father loves; and redeemed all the Father gave; and he calls home, (through the Spirit) every one whose names the Father wrote down in the Book of Life. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, *will* together, *work* together, *walk* together. The Father prepared the work *without*; the Son made it fit for him in the field; the Holy Ghost doth build the house.

Noah's work is the next thing to be noticed; that is, his being commissioned to build an ark. I am aware that some of the greatest commentators have not hesitated roundly to declare that Noah's ark was a type of the person, and mediatorial work of the Lord Jesus Christ. But, to me, this seems painful. I have felt deep inward grief in my soul that the person of my Lord, and his glorious work should thus be spoken of. Did Christ build himself? Did he die to redeem reprobates as well as vessels of mercy? Was his person and work done with, and flung away so soon as the storm was over? I cannot look upon the ark as anything more than a representation of the gospel church, called by our Lord, 'the kingdom of heaven,' and which, in this time state is made up of both wise and foolish virgins. There were in the ark four typical characters. Noah, (of Christ;) Shem, (of the Jews;) Ham, (of the cursed seed;) and Japheth, (of God's elect among the Gentiles;) just shewing that the professing church should contain elect Jews, elect Gentiles, and non-elect persons, who should be as *servants to the church of Christ*; who should have business to do in the church; and who should thereby 'escape the pollutions of the world, through the *knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.*' (2 Pet. ii. 20.) And such is the real condition and constitution of what may now be termed the professing christian church. Under this impression, I have it in my heart to point out to you one or two things with reference to this ark, as descriptive of the circumstances in which we as a professing people, are now placed.

Not to dwell upon the material of which the ark was made, I notice.

1. That the patriarch was especially instructed to make rooms in the ark. Bezor renders this word *cabins*; but in the Hebrew it is *nests*, or *secret places*. In the professing church, (as well as in the ark,) there are places for unclean beasts and for many unholy things, as well as for truly spiritual souls. This has staggered me as much as anything in my life, to find really wicked men, hardened in their wickedness, and both secretly and openly following after, and living in such things as are contrary to God and godliness, yet many such stand in a gospel profession; and there are not a few, who render great temporal support to poor Zion, who advocate her cause, who keep open her doors, who help to support her ministers (in a casual way,) who give no certain evidence that they ever had any dwelling in the secret place of the Most High.

Oh, my brother, how solemn is the consideration, that many a man (like the foolish virgin) will run along with the church (in her *external* seeking for Christ) until the dark night of death shall discover the awful fact that his lamp was destitute of oil! God almighty grant that you and I may have the pure oil of grace in our hearts; and if we have this, depend upon it, our spiritual Aaron will often dress our lamps for us, (Exodus xxx. 7, 8,) we shall often feel as though all our light was gone out, and an horror of darkness will come over the soul; we shall often be mortified and crucified in all our fleshly desires and pursuits; we shall often be laid in the dust of self-abasement, and be compelled to groan and sigh in secret before God; but, if we have the true oil of grace in our hearts, depend on it, it will shine and shew itself in that dark valley, whose cold mists and deadly vapours extinguish all natural lights, kill all natural powers, but in which the light and life of God is often made most blessedly transparent even to such as possess not this light themselves. Look at Joseph in the prison; at Daniel in the lion's den; at Jonah in the whale's belly; at Paul and Silas in their chains; at John in the Isle of Patmos; at Bunyan in his cell. Oh, how the oil of grace did shine in those dark nights of affliction; and true grace is still the same. Many obituaries in this month's *Vessel* will shew you how in death, the light of heaven discovers itself.

But in the ark, there were *cabins, nests, or secret places*. So, in the gospel church,

there are thousands of the Lord's hidden ones, who are in secret places: in places known only to God and their own souls. Oh, could you see some of them snared and taken in old besetting sins, spending sleepless nights and awful days, having guilt in their consciences, and heavy sorrow in their hearts. Others are laying under the terrors of a broken law, and closely pursued with the hottest temptations to put an end to their existence. Others are raised up by the power of the Holy Ghost, and by faith are enabled to look unto the Son of God—to look into the love of his heart—to look into the fountain of his blood—to look into the glories of his great redemption; and as the eye fetches light out of the sun, so faith brings forth the virtue of his love, his blood, his grace, and salvation; and herewith faith warms the sinner's heart, cleanses his conscience, seals home pardon and peace in his soul, and gives him secretly to bless and praise the riches of super-abounding grace.

I cannot enlarge upon the *window* which looked up to heaven; the *door* which was 'set in the *side* thereof;' nor upon the pitching of it within and without; but I close by simply observing there were *lower* stories; *second* stories; and *third* stories in the ark; and so I find there are in the gospel church.

True gospel experience, or the exercises of divine life in the soul, may be divided into three distinct departments. I may say that Saul of Tarsus was in the lower story, when he laid three days and three nights in darkness, and could neither eat nor drink. In this place, too, once laid my poor old friend and brother Jeremiah, when he said, 'my strength and my hope is perished from the Lord.' And in this lower story there are many living souls; but they see not their signs; they know not their standing; the days of darkness with them are many, and their trouble of soul is heavy.

Come up into the second story. Look at the precious things written all round the sides of this part of the ark. 'Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him there is plenteous redemption.' 'The vision is yet for an appointed time; but at the end it will speak.' 'He is able to save unto the very uttermost all that come unto God by him.' Dear me; what a many precious souls there are here! There is a woman trying to press through the crowd, and

she says—'If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be made whole.' There is another woman, running about from place to place, crying out—'Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?' Oh! what zeal and boldness this man appears to have!—'I am determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.' Well, this is a nice place to be in; but even here I perceive there are some afflicted souls. Did you hear what that man said which lays down at the feet of the throne? No. What did he say? Why,—'Lest I should be exalted above measure, there was given me a thorn in the flesh, a messenger from Satan to buffet me.' Ah! I see how it is. There are some wicked spirits even here, and though they cannot destroy Japheth's children, yet they have power to worry, to tempt and afflict them.

Let us go up into the third story. What sweet words are written on the door—'He hath brought me into his banquetting house, and his banner over me is love.' What a delightful song that venerable old prophet sings—'Behold God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid; though he was angry with me, his anger is turned away, and he comforteth me.' How happy he seems! His eyes seem fixed upwards:—and every now and then, he says—'This is not my rest; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' Oh, I see! This is the wealthy place David told us about. It is called—'Full Assurance.'

"Here we could sit, and sing away,
A long, an everlasting day."

Brother Halke—let me now ask—**WHERE ARE YOU?** I have neither room nor time to say more than pray as did one of old—

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-strings break in death;
When I fly to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages; shelter me,
Let me hide my self in thee."

C. W. BANKS,

Pagoda Terrace, Bermondsey New Road,
November 25th, 1847.

THE DYING

Testimony of a Restored Saint

[MR. EDITOR,—Having received the enclosed from my esteemed brother, I send it you, and should you think it worth a place in the *Earthen Vessel*, for the good of the Lord's dear family, you are at liberty to do so: I visited her on her dying bed. She died triumphantly happy, and full of confidence in God—that she

should be with him in paradise, and said to me—

“Jesus can make a dying bed,
Soft as downy pillows are.”

I much admire the *Vessel*; may heaven's best blessings attend it to the souls of the Lord's dear family, and all your labours of love too, is the fervent desire of one so truly unworthy, REBECCA WELLS.]

DEAR SISTER IN ENDLESS UNION, AND IN BOUNDLESS MERCY:—Your letter just received has refreshed me much; it tells me of the happy departure of our dear sister L—, which took place on Tuesday last. I say *happy departure*; because,—

“The soul that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.”

And though the malignant may even doubt it for want of that, which here gives the groaner, hope; the dying, peace; the dead, glory—immortal glory!

“O hateful Prejudice! like adders deaf,

Thou shut'st thine ears against the truth, and wilt Not hear the charmer's voice, however wise he Charm, because thy image, mind, and features Are not seen on her; yet though thou wilt not Hear, thou deem'st it heresy; and thus, in Rage, condemnest what thou know'st not.”

I well remember the tale of her experience, when her eyes poured out tears freely; she said, ‘God made you the means of reclaiming my backsliding soul, for I had awfully departed from my God. I had grown careless, and neglected every thing I ought to have attended to. I felt wretched, guilty, and miserable. I thought I had no part nor lot in the matter. My burden was grievous to bear. Your preaching searched me, stripped me, condemned me. The hand of God went out against me. Temptation was very strong. I felt no hope. I thought I was eternally lost. I was determined to hear you no more; to go to the house of God no more; concluding it was of no use; God would have nothing to do with such an unholty wretch as me. But the time for worship came; I went heavy, guilty, and fearful. I got up into the gallery; you took your text; the dear Lord wrought with the word; his power, his love, his grace, his mercy entered my hard heart; I was melted; my eyes streamed. I had hope once more. I blessed the name of my precious Jesus. I wanted to praise him. I wanted to tell the friends, and to acquaint you also of his great goodness. But I am very poor, and not likely to be noticed; so this is one reason I let years go by before I told you; and I am now so fearful of myself, sin, and Satan; that if the Lord don't keep me, I shall be a hypocrite at last. O, pray Sir, the Lord to strip me, and keep me from hypocrisy.’ Thus did our departed friend express her feelings with that simple sincerity, that convinced me by her after corresponding life, and now by her dying testimony, that she was no hypocrite, but one of the elected of the Father; preserved in, and redeemed by

the precious Jesus; sanctified, called, and reclaimed by the Eternal Spirit; and though Abraham knew her not, and Israel acknowledged her not, yet known unto the Lord are all his saints; and precious shall their death be in his sight. And I consider her death worthy of reording for the glory of his great name; and for the encouragement of those who are travelling home to God. Darkness had set in upon her soul it seems for a few days in her affliction, when suddenly she burst out saying—‘O good news from a far country, my Jesus is come; he loves me; I feel assured of it; I am full of glory as much as I can hold, and rather more.’ And as she drew nearer the final moment, and her sufferings became increasingly great; and one asked her, ‘If she felt as happy as ever?’ her reply was, ‘Why do you ask me that question, nothing vexes me like that; I am as full of joy as ever I can be; I had so much joy for two days I did not know how to contain myself. Do you think the Lord would give me this joy, and then take it away again? It's not likely. I know he will not take it away again.’ She paused a minute or two; and said, ‘It is hard work to die; I must die; it will soon be all over; I shall soon be with Jesus; tell every body I am going to Paradise.’ The night before she expired, she laid her hand on her bosom; and said, ‘I have a cup full of glory here, it runneth over.’ She slept again a short time; woke up and said, ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me (laying her hand on her bosom) forget not all his mercies.’ Soon after, she bid adieu to all below; leaving earth for heaven on the very day she predicted the Lord's-day previous. Faithful is our God who calleth his people; and surely the redeemed of the Lord should say so, for love everlasting fastens on its objects; and notwithstanding the manifold infirmities of the poor wayward runaway,

“All Israel must to glory go,”

There to mingle the loud and lasting song of salvation to God and the Lamb. May the same Almighty arm rescue the surviving family; and may my poor sinful soul be washed in the same fountain; arrayed in the same dress; experience the same supplies and support; reach the same haven; and sing the same Hallelujah for Christ's sake, Amen.

The Lord's labourers also may be encouraged by the above. Years may roll over your heads ye servants of the living God, and you fretting in your minds, tempted to think you labour in vain; this cannot be. For he declares—‘My word shall not return unto me void,’ &c. Cheer up, the master whom you serve tells you—‘What you know not now, you shall know hereafter.’

A poor sinner saved by Christ alone,
THOMAS POOCK.

Ipswich, Nov. 13th, 1847.

The Vision of Jacob's Ladder opened in the Believer's Soul.

"When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." Isaiah lix. 19.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN THE LORD:—Like Elihu, I said, days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man, which at times constraineth him to speak. I will speak, therefore, though it be in chains; if so be I may be refreshed.

I think that through the medium of the *Earthen Vessel*, I am talking to some who know what it is to sigh and groan a long time before the Lord appears to answer their prayers, or fulfil the desires of their hearts; that is to the joy and comfort of their souls. And you feel at a loss, no doubt, to know whether what you have seen, felt and realized comes from the Lord or not; for it doth appear to be but here a little, and there a little; here a line, and there a line; so that according to our poor sense and carnal reason, it wants a good deal of putting together, before we can understand what it means; and where it comes from. I think if there is one thing more than another that troubles, perplexes, and harasses a young believer (particularly in dark seasons,) it is the want of clear views of THE PERSON of the LORD JESUS CHRIST. As to whether they know him aright, pray to him aright, worship him aright, as the Christ of God; for as yet they seem not to know him as the Holy One of Israel; the Prince of Peace; King of Kings, and Lord of Lords; the everlasting Father; a perfect God, and a Saviour; God over all, blessed for evermore, Amen. For around this Door doth lay all hell with its infernal train—the scribes, (or ready writers,) pharisees, sadducees, lawyers, councillors, nobles, kings and rulers. Or, in other words, natural wisdom, sense and reason, philosophy, etymology, syntax and prosody. All of which are opposed to the faith of God's elect.

I say with all these clever persons, every believer, more or less, has to fight. And while here, it is very natural for us to think we are in the wrong path, when we pray and pray again, and seem to be denied. I say we are sure to think something is wrong. Our God would be

sure to answer our prayers, and not keep us in such anxiety, care and woe. But, poor sinner, God waits to be gracious. Your time is always ready (says he) but my time is not yet come:

"God hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known."

As you may read, his strength is in the clouds. It is therefore out of the clouds that God answers our prayers; shewing thereby, the fulness of his grace; the efficacy of his precious blood; the power of his arm, and the faithfulness of his promise. 'A present help in time of trouble.' And so let us sing:

"Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread;
Are big with mercy and will break,
With blessings on your head."

But, I come more especially to the enemies' work upon a man's soul. It is not long ago, I was at work in my garden by my self, when I fell into a sad state of carnal reason. Being much tried in providence, and under the hidings of God's face; I was in what you may call a bad place; so much so, that I began to think, whether after all, I was not wrong in my views and feelings concerning my interest in, and knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ; whether after all, I was not a hypocrite. And I must say, that the matter looked very black against me, so that I sunk deep in the feelings of my spirit, and was afraid. When suddenly a person seemed to say to me in a gentle voice—"How can you make out that Jesus Christ is God and man in one Person, and yet there are three Persons in one God?" And I was much staggered at the question, and could not answer a single word, but groaned in my spirit; and such arguments and questions arose, as to who Jesus Christ was, and where he came from, that I feel quite at a loss to know how to put together anything like what it was. I don't know how it is with you, but I feel at a great loss to speak of the craft of the devil in my soul. But I do say it was the most powerful argument I ever heard, and just suited for the purpose intended; which was to undermine the foundations of my hope; to pull God's dear Son from his throne; and send his church to hell; where according to my feelings I

was just ready to be found. 'But, thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' I say ten thousand praises to the Lamb that was slain. His mercy, his love, and his grace, sealed by his most precious blood have locked the gates of the pit. He keepeth the keys of death and hell. Come then, poor sinner, let us leave for a few moments the floods and streams of sin, hell, and destruction; and sing of the streams of that river, which make glad our hearts when let therein:—

"Grace first contrived the way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

But I return—I have told you a little what it is for the enemy to come in like a flood, carrying us head long to the gates of death. I come now to speak a little of the standard which the Eternal Spirit lifts up against him; proving thereby the truth and fulfilment of that scripture—'Behold, he that keepeth Israel, neither slumbers, nor sleeps.'

I say then—while I lay at the gates of hell in dreadful horror and anguish of Spirit; having no power to cry or look up; for I appeared to have a deadly wound in my soul; which caused a heavy sigh and groan from the bottom of my heart; immediately a ladder was presented to my view with only *one side* to it, with all the rounds or steps fastened to that *one side* sure and steadfast. At the sight of this my soul came up out of trouble, and like the prophet, said—'What is this!' when after a few moments' meditation, the following words filled my soul, *The Lord from heaven! The Lord from heaven!* which brought peace into my soul, and an earnest craving to know what it all could mean; for as yet, I did not know; but with wonder and astonishment I meditated upon the object before the eye of my soul. And I said, *What are all the steps in the Ladder?* When after an anxious meditation, the following words came like a whisper into my soul—'All the promises are yea and Amen in Christ Jesus.' And such was the craving appetite in my soul, that I cannot fully describe it to you. After this, the question arose in my soul, as to where was

the other side of the ladder; for as yet, it was imperfect. And immediately the words fell upon me, *he is risen! he is risen!* and then followed these words—'I ascend unto my Father, and your Father, and to my God, and your God.' And immediately the ladder was complete from top to toe; and every stave fitted exactly; no need whatever for a tool to be lifted upon it; thus all was finished.

"And my soul approved it well."

This is the way, and the only way to a glorious high throne from the beginning. Behold, then, poor sinner, the way to God; the king's high way of holiness. It is here God the Father draws; and you may run after him. I say, here you may run, and not be weary; here you may walk, and not faint; here you may eat your bread with a merry heart, and go on your way rejoicing; here law and justice are satisfied. Therefore, iniquity must stop its mouth. Oh, glorious ladder—'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?'

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

But I shall tell you how this grew and multiplied in my soul. At times it has laid with much weight upon my spirit, as to whether I should speak of it or not, and perhaps I should not, if it had not been for reading dear Osbourn's letter in the *Vessel* for October, where he said, (and to me too), "*it is worth publishing.*" And these words arrested my mind, "Such things as I have, give I unto thee;" with this I began praying that the *eternal Spirit of all Truth* would bless it to his own honour, and the good of your souls. I shall endeavour to keep close to my work; making mention only of such scriptures as have arrested my mind to throw a light upon the subject. First, then, I speak of the right or first side of the ladder as it appeared to me, and which I understood to be a metaphorical representation of the Godhead of our elder Brother, God's co-equal and co-eternal Son—the *Lord from heaven*—proving his existence as one with his Father from everlasting, by whom all things were made; He who was with the Father from everlasting; one in love, mind, purpose, and counsel, and one in covenant engagements, as it is written, I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was, Prov. viii. 23. Thus, we

see the Godhead, or divine nature of our now exalted High Priest; and it is a blessed material for one side of my ladder, in whom all the rounds or steps, all the counsels of his Father's will, all the promises made in covenant love to a covenant people, are sure and steadfast; for his Father made all things over to him. He said, "Who will go for us?" "I," said the Son, "will undertake the work, or the cause of my people; here is my heart, here is my life, here is my blood, which I will shed on Calvary for the remission of sins: and as he could not swear by any greater, he swore by himself, that he would come into this our wicked world to suffer, bleed, and die, and rise again, even for the rebellious. And this is how the promises are all yea in Jesus Christ, in that he freely undertook the cause of poor sinners, making that—that was not, as though it was—that is, in a covenant sense.

All things being ready for the work given him to do, and the fullness of time being come, let us bring him on his journey, and in the volume of the book you may read, "Lo! I come to do thy will, O God; thy law is within my heart." Ten thousand honours on his name! out he came from under the threshold of the house, as the Water of life—eternal life—everlasting life, and the eternal rock—

On whom my hopes of heaven depend.

This water, then, did make its way towards the East country, and went down into the desert, as you may read in Ezekiel xlvii. 1, and everything *shall* live whither the river cometh, that is, into whosoever's heart it shall run, because he is the second Adam, a quickening spirit, the word of life which liveth and abideth for ever, for where he gives grace, he will also give glory, and so let us sing—

Whom once he loves, he never leaves,
But loves them to the end.

But it ran into the desert. Oh, believer! that is where that mighty torrent from Mount Eden had carried the church, and there he found her

Sunk in sorrows and in sins,
At hell's dark door she lay :

and as it is written of Jacob, who in this place was a type of the church in her fallen state. "He found him in a desert land, and in a waste howling wilderness." And this is where he found us, my friends,

if we are found; and if one may speak for the rest, I was in a most deplorable condition, when the second Adam came that way to restore and bring back my soul from going down to the pit.

Again, the waters made their way towards the East country, for there the day-star first appeared; as it is written, "We have seen his star in the east;" and they went down into the sea: here I am lost in wonder, for it is a mighty ocean—

Far too deep for human reason;
Fathom it I never can.

It is the great ocean, or mystery of godliness. Which things the angels desire to look into. Thus, in a rough way, I have shown you what the right side of my ladder did signify; and that it is long enough to reach from earth to heaven, or from heaven to earth: for, as I said before, it is the Lord from heaven: the day spring from on high; the great I Am showing himself through the lattice, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, Amen and Amen.

I come now to build the other side of my Ladder: and shall I say that the material is of fir-tree? surely I may; and there the poor stork of the wilderness makes her nest, and take her rest. As it is written, "I will set in the desert the fir tree." Isa. xli. 19. And as for you, poor stork, or poor believer, where you not glad to make thy nest there, and rest under the shadow of his wings?

Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort finds.

The doors to the inner court of the temple were made of fir, showing himself to be the way, and only way to God. For verily he took not on himself the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham. For it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be able to succour them that are tempted. Zion! arise, and shine, for thy light is come! God in very deed doth dwell upon the earth,

Clothed in a body like our own.

Behold him about his Father's business; dividing the spoil with the great, fulfilling the law and making it honourable, that he might bring in an everlasting righteousness, to come and adorn poor, naked, guilty, worthless worms of the earth, in which, and through which they are justified, and can draw near to a holy God, and are made one with incarnate deity. Behold him in the garden, sweating

great drops of blood! behold him on the cross! behold him in the tomb! but not for long; for "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, nor suffer thine holy one to see corruption." Come, then, poor sinner, the Lord hath risen indeed, and hath appeared unto many, even to Mary and Simon—the vilest of the vile—and last of all, by precious faith, he was seen of me also. But more of this at some future time.

We have him now about to take his departure from this our world, up to where he was before, as he saith, "I ascend unto my Father, and to your Father, unto my God and your God, and vanished out of their sight. Come, then, ye saints of the living God, and let us join with one accord and sing of his rising power, and I pray that you may feel a little of it in your soul, as I trust I did at the time—

Jesus, our triumphant head,
Risen victorious from the dead;
To the realms of glory gone,
To ascend his rightful throne. ◀

Cherubs on the Conqueror gaze,
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze;
Each bright order of the sky,
Hail him as he passes by.

Heaven, its king congratulates,
Opens wide her golden gates:
Angels songs of victory sing,
All the blissful regions ring.

Sinners join the heavenly powers,
For redemption all is ours;
None but burdened sinners prove,
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.

Hail! thou dear, thou worthy Lord,
Holy Lamb! incarnate Word!
Hail! thou suffering Son of God,
Take the trophies of thy blood.

Thus, my ladder is finished: and thus the promises became *Amen* in Christ Jesus. Thus I clearly saw the two natures, or the complex character of our great fore-runner—perfect God and perfect man—together with his finished work. The use of this glorious ladder is expressly to convey poor sinners into a glorious and everlasting kingdom, where they shall live and reign for ever, and sing "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own most precious blood, be praise and glory, and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

Just a few words more. You know it is said that the Lord was at the top: yes, my friends, and he will not be anywhere else while there remains one vessel of mercy upon earth, for that is his standing

place, the ground of his merits, blood, and righteousness; read the following text: "And they saw the God of Israel, and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in its clearness." Ex. xxiv. 10. Understand, wherever Jehovah Jesus sets the foot of this glorious ladder, that ground is his for ever. I say, then, has this ladder been set in thy heart? If so, thou art right. All the desires of thy soul, prayer, praise, thanksgiving, and gratitude from a broken and contrite heart, runs up this ladder as a sweet smelling savour unto the Lord; and in return, covenant blessings come down through the bleeding wounds of a dear and precious Redeemer. Therefore, this is the way, walk ye in it; but, professor, if this ladder has not been let into thy heart, thou art as yet in a very bad place, and should you have said ten thousand prayers, not one of them has ever been attended to.

Mark again, that this is holy ground: therefore, you that wish to come here, will please to pull off your shoes, casting all away as a menstuous cloth; and then, no doubt, but you will fare as well as thy brethren. Once more, the thought has just struck my mind, that there is in the world a class of professors, called Unitarians: now, I should like, if I could, to analyze this word, and see what it doth signify. I know that unit means one, and one is not two. I suppose, therefore, that you want to take away one of the sides of my ladder; if so, thou wilt get thyself into a great deal of trouble. Oh! thou fool and unwise virgin, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come, upon such unfinished and unsafe ground as this? If I was to ask you only to take a sparrow's nest from the side of my house with a one-sided ladder, would you venture up it? surely not; if you did, I must expect that when near the top, one of the steps would break and let you fall, never to rise again. Just so, then, my friend, your ladder for heaven is an unfinished one, one side deficient, and one step too short; reach to heaven's gates it may, that I don't dispute, but to say that it is long enough to reach in, I cannot, without belying my own conscience. I say, then, that for the want of the other step, thou wilt fall short of heaven. Don't think of making it long enough by saying, 'Lord, Lord, open unto us;' for then it will be too late. See, then, man, that thy ladder is a finished

one, and that thy Christ is a mighty one; or I scruple not to say that you will fall to the lowest hell, there to be racked in thy soul for ever and ever.

May the Lord, if it be his holy will, have mercy on you. But I return to the saints scattered, wishing them all good bye for the present, and may the presence of the mighty God of Jacob go with you, and be with you, and may God the eternal Spirit, lead you into all truth, and then one triune Jehovah, in the person of his Son, shall have all the praise for ever and ever, Amen.

JOHN COATES.

The Day of Judgment.

To the Readers of the Earthen Vessel.

No. I.

DOUBTLESS many of us in reflecting on this solemn matter retain some of the ideas we imbibed in our infancy, which, therefore, received only from natural persons, must be as far from the real truth, as the east is from the west. But how can we form right ideas? Only as our understandings are led into the subject by the Spirit of Jesus, who causeth his people by that means only to know 'all things' perfectly: as it is written, 'In the latter day shall ye consider it perfectly: that is, in perfect accordance with the revealed word. And this solemn point can best be understood by knowing the nature and character of those typic days of judgment which happened of old; as those of Noah, of Sodom, of Egypt, of Canaan by Joshua, of Israel on Samaria, of Judah on Jerusalem, of Babylon by Cyrus, and of the Jewish commonwealth by Titus Cæsar; for taking all these with their respective typic characters, prophetic denuncements, historic relations, in connection with the solemn revelations of the New Testament, we have in the hand of the Spirit-taught mind a sacred prophetic reed, or golden clue to find out the nature of that day in which all christians believe. But we mean not that day which shall close up the thousand years yet to come spoken of by the terms *last* and *final* judgment, but that which now immediately concerns us as closing up the present dispensation; and upon which, existing signs tell us we are already entering. 'For it cometh, surely it cometh; the day of the Lord hasteth greatly.' The apostles thought it near in their day, and were prepared to meet it; many righteous men since then have thought it about to dawn in the different centuries gone by; Luther and Bunyan thought it near; but it has tarried even till now; when, if the signs are not more striking than in days past, we know of a

certainly it must be more near than at any period heretofore. But are not the signs more pointed and increased? Do not the lengthening and increasing of the shadows of the evening tell us that our glory is fast departing, and the light of our day fast sinking below the horizon? And are not clouds and thick darkness lowering around, so that the face of the heavens, the barometer of truth, and the noise of the mind in christian experience; all unite in saying, 'An end is come—the end is come: it waiteth for thee; behold it is come! An evil—an only evil, behold it is come?'

But, what is the principal character of this crisis? *Mysterious!* All things are wrapt in mystery; so that no man can know the secret of the Almighty, unless he be led into the midst thereof by divine teaching; for in this arcana a man can walk only as he is led; learn only as he is taught; and see only as he is shewn. But it is not a circus opened to him that *willeth*; nor a show open to him that *runneth*; nor a theatre open to him who can purchase a ticket with the money of his good deeds, or duty faith. But it is Jehovah's revelation open to those only who have the *privilege* of being taken between the Angel of the covenant—the faithful and true Witness—and the eternal Spirit, the comforter, who also beareth witness; and by these two guided along a sacred path, hidden from the eye of all living, into a most wondrous and profound arena, lighted up with heaven's own lamp, and filled with scenes managed with Immanuel's own strong hand! And here, and in this way only, are seen the wonders that have been thought worthy (if I may so say) to engross the mind of the Eternal God; to furnish employ for angels through ages past; and engage the attention of the church whose privilege it is to make known unto principalities and powers the manifold wisdom of God. Commentators, indeed, have held their flickering tapers to the columns of advertisement, and left on record their contradictory thoughts of scenes they never saw, and which to follow is but an *ignis fatuus* guiding into the mazes of illusion, fanaticism, and error! Hence, let none utter a syllable of mystery further than he himself has been guided into, and trodden the holy ground, with the sacred and felt, yet invisible clue in his hand; for thus far, and no farther is he at liberty to tell those who can understand what he has seen, and heard, and tasted, and felt; and in this will be found harmony and analogy; while holy sympathy will throw around the bond of perfectness; and hand in hand they will walk the road that leads from banishment.

But, what are the things to be seen in those depths profound, of which you speak? Who are you that asks this question? A fan-

ciful speculator upon the oracles of God, and sporting with your own deceivings? Are you one who being wise in your own eyes, and prudent in your own sight, have a tongue as clever as a parrot's; a dress as ragged and filthy as a vagrant's; hands as dirty as a swine; a mind as brutish as a dog's; and a heart as proud as Lucifer's? If so, stand back; for thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; though thou mayest prate about experience, doctrine, and prophecy with the tongue of angels, and of men; and in zeal and kindness give thy body to be burned, and thy goods to feed the poor. Stand back, I cry; for to you the door is closed; nor, if thou shouldest give all the substance of thy house, would the porter be bribed to turn the key; for those only, as aforesaid, who are brought between the noble persons of LIGHT and TRUTH, with deep poverty of soul, and the meekness of a new born babe, can possibly be admitted here to behold the rich—the heavenly—the soul-transporting scenes of solemn and eternal realities! But these may, and do behold the true light that shines in a dark place, till the day dawn, and the day-star arise.

But, if the question be proposed, by one, who, in very deed, walks not after the flesh, in fleshly views and interpretations, but, after the Spirit, who only can take of the things of Jesus, and shew them unto us, then I would stop and take thee by the hand, and saluting thee by Zion's own watch-word, would turn aside into some retired spot, and say, 'The things to be seen are all *mystical*. Mind now! all mystical; and shut up in this double word MYSTERY—mystery of godliness! and mystery of iniquity! Hence each thing is a mystery; and, to you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom, but to others it is not given: To you it is given to understand; while the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand; but, mystery in their hand shall be only a parable in the mouth of fools, of the hidden meaning of which they can know no more than the Philistines knew of Samson's riddle when they asked 'What is sweeter than honey? What is stronger than a lion?' For, they knew nothing of the sweet honey of gospel truth, which tells us of the victory obtained over the lion torn and slain at Calvary. And, here is a blessed simplicity which I would have the reader seriously to regard: it is the simplicity of the fact of being guided into the hidden vein of essential truth, that runs along under the surface of the letter, to the ravishment of the spirit, the sweet baptism of the soul in the love of God, and the melting of heart in holy gratitude and adoration, and that too, at times, when his own goodness is as distant as the poles, which proves

that the revelation is as free and sovereign as grace could make it; and then the mind was so charmed and captivated, that soon it longed for another such time as much as the babe longs for the breast, or the thirsty hart for the water brooks.

This one thing rightly viewed and understood, saves from much puzzling perplexity, which, in the present day, is rather augmented, than otherwise, by some who pique themselves on their skill in clearing up the way, and making it more even and comfortable for the lame and feeble. But this perception of spiritual things is not that system of spiritualizing every thing in the word, which some have adopted; but it is the being 'led by the Spirit,' unsought, and unthinking, into the very essence and kernel of truth; so that with sweet surprise and ecstasy they cry out, 'I have found it! I have found it!' These, and these, alone, will understand me, when I say 'the things are all mystical;' and that the scenes are made up of mystical men, women, beasts, birds, fish, trees, and things, such as mountains, valleys, fields, gardens, fountains, heavens, sun, moon, stars, &c. &c.

But, as my paper apprizeth me of having written enough for one piece in the *Earthen Vessel*, I retain my remaining treasures for the next cargo; and beg to subscribe myself, both a servaut of Jesus, and of this magazine. W. C. P.

Brenchley.

[This beautiful introduction to a series of valuable papers, fires our souls with much ardent longing for that which is to come. The Editor pledges himself to continue them in each successive month; fully believing they will prove interesting and profitable.]

A few Words to those who have Questioned

Mr. Meeres's Call to the Ministry.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel:—

DEAR SIR:—In the *Vessels of August, Sept., and Oct.*, I see three individuals have written very uncharitably against a well known minister of the gospel, and a sound minister of the distinguishing doctrines of grace, therefore, I hope you will allow me the privilege of writing a few lines to 'Old Sincerity,' to 'Theophilus Cæleus,' and to 'D. Lodge.'

In the first place, I think if 'Old Sincerity' was sincere in his principles, he would not have written and sent forth into the world an error of speech of a minister of Christ, (and a good man, being made so by the sovereign electing love of God), without first taking the scriptural rule, and telling a brother his fault, (which he could by letter to Mr. Milner), and I am quite certain he would have given 'Old Sincerity' a sa-

tisfactory answer; for there is not a perfect man in the world; and where is there a minister who has not uttered very wrong words, which have caused much grief to his hearers, and to his own mind also? and forsooth, for one error in speech, a minister is held up to ridicule and contempt; but, thank God, the judgment of man does not, nor cannot, take the feet of Mr. Milner from off that solid foundation whose builder and maker is God; therefore, I sincerely hope that 'Old Sincerity,' when he sees or hears the faults of a minister of Christ, will not judge or speak so rashly in future.

To 'THEOPHILUS CELETUS:—

First, you say, you cannot see any clear call to the Ministry of Mr. Meeres: well, that is no reason that he is not called to the ministry, because you cannot see it. Perhaps, if you were to give us an account of your call to the ministry (if you are a minister) in as short a space of time as Mr. Meeres had to do it in, we might say the same of you; and then, perhaps, you would be offended, and say we were not able to judge in this matter. You well know that all ministers are not called alike; some are called to pass through very deep waters; while others are not so severely tried; yet, both are effectually called by the power of the Holy Spirit; and it is not possible that they could tell much of the dealings of God with them in one half-hour.

I have several times heard Gadsby, and Warburton, and they have mostly given us a little of their first call to the work, even year after year; and yet could not tell us all their experience; and, I have no doubt but Mr. Meeres will be able to tell, from time to time, the Lord's dealings with him, which will fully satisfy the church that he is called of God to preach the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

You next state some of the exercises and trials of a watchman or minister; and your statement is very good. You next slightly advert to the good things spoken by Mr. Milner; but a great stress is laid upon a sentence (which, no doubt, was inadvertently spoken), and you say you know not what to do with it: why, I would say do as you said in the commencement, put the good into vessels, and cast the bad away; throw it overboard, and let it be buried in oblivion.

I have known Mr. Milner about seventeen years, and have heard him preach the greater part of that time; and I can testify, that as a preacher of the truth, he is no way behind Gadsby, Warburton, Wells, Philpot, or Kershaw; and as it regards Mr. M.'s call to the ministry, it is *scriptural*, for he was separated from his ungodly companions by the special and discriminating grace of the Holy Spirit: and it is *experimental*, for he was cut down by the sword of justice, and was brought to the feet of Jesus, as a poor penitent sinner: and it is *effectual*, for God hath called many under his ministry, and is now establishing and building up many in their most holy faith; and if 'Theophilus' was to set under Mr. M.'s ministry, he would hear that which would do his soul good, and he would then think very different to what he does at present of Mr. M.'s ministry, and I have no doubt, that he would blame himself for judging so rashly.

To 'D. LODGE,' THE PILOT.

There is an old saying abroad, 'give a dog a bad name, you had better hang him at once.' Thus it is with a minister of Christ. If he should be overtaken by the power of temptation, or should happen to speak a wrong sentence, his brethren, instead of trying to help him out of his trouble, he is branded from Dan to Beersheba, and his bright ornaments of grace are lost sight of, and any little dark spot of the flesh is trumpeted abroad, and the man is held up to stigma and reproach; and it matters not what the grace of God has done for the man. If he should speak a wrong sentence, that is enough; he is looked upon as a deceiver, or, in other words, as a pirate; but, thank God, although a minister may be called a pirate, that is no proof that he is one; for a pirate goes to sea for the express purpose, and with a determination to rob, plunder, and sometimes murder; but I do not expect that 'D Lodge' thinks this of Mr. Milner; therefore, I consider he has committed an error of speech, as well as other people; and as it regards you being a pilot, there have been many vessels, and many lives lost through the neglect, or oversight of the pilot, although he may have his glasses, his compass, his maps, and his charts, yet he may be deceived, and bring destruction upon himself and the

whole ship's crew; this I mean literally, not spiritually, for that is impossible, for Christ says, 'I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.' John x. 28.

I conclude by saying, may grace, mercy, and peace be with all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth,

THOMAS HALL,

Limehouse, London.

THERE NEVER WAS
Such a kind Neighbour as Christ!

DEAR FRIEND GARRARD:—I received yours, and am glad to hear you are well, and wish you well in your new man, that he may be active, lively, and strong and healthful, for he lives so nigh the old man, which is so filthy and bad, that he often makes us cry out, 'O, wretched man that I am,' for he hath to carry about with him this very old fellow, which is such a burden to him, that he longs for this tabernacle to be dissolved and to be clothed upon with our house, which is from heaven. My desire and prayer to God is, that you may be kept from making any thing short of Christ your resting place, and that God the Father may raise your mind out of these dusty things, and show you His glory—the glory of Christ, how he undertook to die for poor sinners, to redeem them unto God; and that He give you the spirit of prayer and utterance to speak of His glory, and to tell poor sinners it is all finished; that Christ has won the victory, and that He hath all power in earth, heaven, and hell, and rides forth in His chariot of love, to unloose those that are bound by the devil, and to bring back the captives that the enemy hath led away. He comes to bring them life for death, and good for evil, and love for enmity, and strength for weakness, and wisdom for foolishness, and faith for unbelief and light for darkness. There never was such a kind neighbour as Christ! He is the only One that I find will 'do unto his neighbour as himself.' His heart strings were broken; He cries, He sighs, He groans, He faints, and sweateth great drops of blood; and this was all done for his neighbours! Christ is the resurrection and life, and hath power to raise those

mortal bodies of ours out of the graves, and to give us new ones like unto His, which is active, lively, holy, without spot or blemish, and when we get our new bodies, we shall be done with sin, self, and the world, and get out of the gun shot of the devil, for he is a troublesome old fellow; he will never let us be in peace long, while we live in his dominions; he will be glad to get rid of us out of his dominion, and we shall be more glad thereof to get away from him.

A. JOHNSON.

Dunmow, Nov. 7th, 1841.

The use of the Gospel.

How are we to account for it, that so few of these glorious truths are proclaimed from the pulpit in this our day, but because so few comparatively know them: did our preachers know them as did Peter and John of old, their testimony would be in accordance with theirs, as recorded, Acts 4, 20, 'For we cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard;' and when and while an herald of salvation is proclaiming Jehovah's free grace gospel, often doth the Holy Ghost fall on them that heard the word in His most gracious renewings. Unction and power, and the dear children of God set their seal that God is true; cry Abba Father; the Spirit itself beareth witness. The promises are applied, their sweetness felt, covenant union enjoyed, relationship realized, vital Godliness not merely talked of but spiritually and experimentally known, and the blessed fruits and effects follow. The cause producing its effects (not effects producing effects) and these are some of the things that accompany the publishing of the name of the Lord, the devil is outed, sinners plucked as brands from the burning, saints made glad in the Lord, built up, edified, confirmed; Christ exalted, God is glorified. O ye heralds of my God, lift Him up, lift Him high, tell of his wondrous works, make mention that His name is exalted,—tell of his electing mercy, redeeming love, and new creating power—how he hath exalted our nature, removed our sin, atoned our guilt, defeated hell, and vanquished Satan; how he hath brought in for his mystic bride, an everlasting righteousness, in which he will finally present her before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, his immutable love and unchanging faithfulness.

"Lift him ye heralds sent of God,
Proclaim the virtues of his blood;
Point sinners there, though vile as hell,
Whose rankling wounds with venom swell.

"Lift him in all his bloody hue,
As Israel's hope and portion too;
And thither lead the weary saint,
The weak, the wounded, and the faint."

Bethesda Tracts, by W. BIDDER.

Death of Mrs. Healy, of Wolverhampton.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—We, a few constant readers of your monthly periodical, beg to submit the following particulars of a dying saint for insertion within your pages, hoping that the blessing of God Almighty may rest upon it, to the comfort of some of his dear children, and the glory of his great name.

Mrs. H. was confined to her bed upwards of nine months, during which time she passed through many changes of soul experience; resting solely in a covenant keeping God: free grace, and dying love, was all her boast. She had been brought by the Holy Ghost to be willing to be saved in God's way and manner, and renounce all hope of salvation upon any other grounds than the merits of a precious Jesus. She had passed through much darkness in the former part of her life, greatly fearing death; she had been held in bondage through fear of death all her life; but when she came to lie upon a death-bed, she could say with Paul; "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that hath the power of death, that is the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Heb. ii. 14, 15: feeling the sweet enjoyment of it in her own soul, by a precious Jesus being revealed to her faith. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

Hearing that she had taken to her bed, I called to see her, and asked her how she felt in her mind? She said, 'I am as full as I can hold. Grace, grace! Ah! you'll never know what I know, till you come here on a death-bed, not to the same extent that I do. O, that word, grace, grace! O, that I could sound it out! O, if these bed-posts could speak, they would witness to the many prayers my soul has put up to God, that he would bless my soul! but I thought that he had clean gone for ever, that he would never come and answer my prayers, he seemed not to regard me: but bless his precious name, he has kept the best wine till the last; he knew what was best for me; I would not have it otherwise; it's all right; I can see it as straight as possible! O, the mercy of God! Talk about little mercies; there are no little mercies, they are all

great mercies, bless his precious name, they are all great—great mercies, that he should condescend to look upon such a worm as me!

"O to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be."

Oh, sound it out, grace! grace! never be ashamed of it! He has took all care from my mind! I know no will but his, I can give up all!" I said, 'you know what the Holy Ghost by Solomon means, where he saith, 'My son give me thy heart?'" She said, "Yes, bless his precious name, if I had ten thousand hearts I could give him them all."

The next day I called to see her, she was still enjoying the presence of the Lord. A friend brought her something in, to which she replied, "How good the Lord is to me, he knows what I stand in need of, and he sends these people with something for this poor body, and himself comes and refreshes my soul with his blessed presence, and fills my soul so full, that I think I shall part in two. Oh, I could not wish for more heaven than what I now enjoy, only that he would come and say, 'loose her, and let her go. I often think of those words of Mr. Gadsby's, 'Immortal lungs, and immortal tongues.' Grace—grace! Oh, that I could sound it out! I think if all God's children were here, I could make them hear me. I can see Christ has gone over the whole law for me, and standing at the end of the law for righteousness for me. Oh, what a sea of love, to be made partakers of Christ, and this body to be like his glorious body, and to sit at his blessed feet." Here she seemed lost in wonder; then she exclaimed, "Eternity! eternity! will be short, to tell half, or one quarter of his condescending love to such an hell-deserving worm as me, for me too, and to know it for myself. I am not deceived; no, I am not deceived, though I have no particular passage for it, but I have the substance of the whole Bible in my soul; and its precious promises belong to me." I called to see her on the day following; she told me that the devil had been telling her that her mouth would be shut when her minister came to see her: she said, "he told me that he would be sure to find me out, and detect me in something or other, but as soon as he came into the room, she said my mouth seemed to be opened, and I could not shut it. O, never believe the

devil any more, for he's a liar; it's true that he is a mighty foe, but when the arms of an Almighty, everlasting God are underneath you, the devil appears but a very little foe; and I thought that I would not talk so much, but there seemed as if something said, if you do not, the very boards of the floor will rise up against you; I was compelled to speak; and bless his precious name! this room has been so full of the glory of his presence, that the room has shone again with his glory." She turned to an old lady and said, "Oh! Mrs. C., 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.'" Here she seemed lost in wonder and paused a few moments: then her soul gave vent, she cried out, "I'm lost! lost! lost! in wonder, love, and praise, to think that God should condescend to look upon such an hell-deserving worm as me,

He melts my heart in thankfulness,
And drowns my eyes in tears.

I never could have thought that it would have been like this; and when he comes again, he seems to come with double force, if possible, and my soul leaps in my body, and tries to fly away. Then she quoted those words from Toplady, 'O Lord, dissolve me, and take me away, for it is not possible for me to live and enjoy what I enjoy.'

Here I had to leave her and go into chapel. After service I called to see her again, and asked her how she felt in her mind? she said, "All's well! all's well! I have had two free-willers here while you have been in chapel, and the Lord opened my mouth, and I told them the awfulness of having a profession without a possession. I told them that God saved me as an act of his electing, predestinating, discriminating, eternal, everlasting love; 'For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. Eph. ii. 8, 9. A person in the room said, "Why, what strong meat you have been giving them." She said, "Ah! bless his precious name, I can seal that truth with my last breath." Then she related part of her experience in the former part of the day, she said, "I lost my sweet enjoyment (not my confidence), but the sweetness of his love, and the over-powering greatness of his presence, and I cried to the Lord, and he broke in upon my soul with such sweet-

ness, that I cried Abba Father, my Lord and my God. I have picked many a bone out of Osbourn's "Lawful Captive Delivered." Mr. H.* said, "Do you have any one to sit up with you?" "Oh no," she said, "I don't want any one to sit up with me. I have two or three hours sleep, and when I wake, the Lord comes and blesses my soul with his presence, so that if I do not sleep, he keeps pouring his blessings into my soul, so that I do not sleep; my Lord's my bed-fellow: so you see that I don't need any one to be with me. I see the Lord taking those very prayers that I have put up to him when I thought he did not hear me, and I have got up off my knees full of rebellion because he would not answer me then; but bless his precious name, he takes them now and answers them one by one. Oh, how precious is he to me! he deals so gently with me, I have nothing to do but to ask and have. One half, nor one quarter has never been told of his wisdom, love, and greatness, and of his grace. Ah! one quarter of his love that I enjoy is enough to convince any one that they are going to heaven to live and reign with him throughout all eternity. Ah! Mr. H., I prayed to the Lord one day on my knees, and it only seemed as if I was praying to the walls, and I was in great distress of soul; I wrung my hands, and thought I should have broke my heart; and the next day I went to chapel, and you came into the very same place, and you told my case as straight as if you had been in the room and seen me; but I got no deliverance from it, it only satisfied me that I was in the footsteps of the flock."

The next day I visited her, after asking her how she did, she said, 'I was this morning thinking I had not had a visit from the Lord all night; my soul went out after the Lord for another manifestation of his love, and bless his precious name, he came with these words, 'Fear thou not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' And he came with such softness, you know, like the dew upon the tender herb, bless his precious name.' I said, Solomon says, 'his love is better than wine.' 'Ah!' she said, 'wine is but a poor emblem of his love; such love that I have felt this

* Mr. Hatton, (her pastor, by whose instrumentality she was both called and brought into liberty.)

morning: but I want a fresh token now.' I said, 'then you find you want power yet.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I cannot do without power; I can't rest on what I had this morning; the power of it is gone; but I am safe; he told me so; I don't fear death; it is but like going to sleep, in the arms of a blessed Christ: death has no sting; I don't fear it: he never said to the seeking seed of Jacob, seek ye my face in vain: no; he cannot leave me; I cannot be lost! God would cease to be God, if I could be lost!' Then she gave us some advice about attending the means of grace; she said, 'but do attend the means; I see such a profit in them now; I see where God has blessed me, here a little, and there a little; I see all the way the Lord has brought me: and those very prayers that I have put up to God when I thought that there was no life in them, and I have got up off my knees, and been ready to knock my own brains out against the wall or bed post, to think that I should be the subject of such darkness and unbelief; and I thought God had shut out my prayer and would not answer me; but I see now that God took this way to humble my pride; for if God had answered me as I wanted, I should have been above you all; I should have thought myself holier than you; and I wanted to have great views of divinity; but the Lord's time was not come, he did not see fit to answer me then; but he has answered me now; and I see that the Lord's time is best; but do attend the means; I see such a beauty in them, but God must give the power; oh, I have cried for power when my soul has been in deep distress, and the devil has told me I was deceived, and I was deceiving God's children, and that those very prayers would rise up in judgment against me, and God's people would rise up against me for deceiving them: he said you never can hold out to the end, you are sure to fall into sin, and you might as well sin at first as last; oh, how my soul has been tried upon this subject: but I have gone down upon my knees, and asked the Lord to strike me dead rather than let me be deceived, or deceive his children: I have proved the devil a liar many a time; for God takes all my prayers and answers them now, and he shows me all the way he has led me, from my cradle to now; for I was a poor despised child; my brother and

sister did not think me good enough for them; but God had thoughts of peace towards me then; it was all for the best, for my own good and his glory, that I should pass through poverty, in order to make me prize a better home when he was pleased to give me one; and when he called me by his grace, and made known to me his love, *even me*, and left others that I was acquainted with that were better than me, and separated me from amongst my Sunday-school companions and left them. I see such a beauty in his electing, predestinating love; I see it all so clear, all belongs to me, all the Bible, and all the precious promises in it, all belongs to me, and he makes me to have no will but his; I lie passive in his hands, and know no will but his; if he's pleased to bid me wait a little longer, or say come now, I am content, my will is his will.'

A few days after these singular manifestations, she was brought into great darkness of soul, to use her own words she said, "it was an Egyptian's darkness, even darkness which might be felt:" and the devil with all his power, harassing her poor soul, and telling her that she was going to die, and tauntingly said where is now thy God? "Oh!" she said, "the agony of my poor soul; I was full of unbelief, questioning the reality of what I had enjoyed. Oh, what a night I had! never did I experience such powerful temptations, and what was worst of all, I could find no traces of God. I was where Job was when he said, 'Oh that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat! and, like him, I looked on the right hand and on the left, backward and forward, but I could not see him; nay, I never felt so destitute in all my life! There was a few friends down stairs, and, she said, I was tempted to call them up, and tell them that I had deceived them, till this passage came to her mind: 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.' I called to see her the morning of the day that she died; when I came in the room she lay with her eyes closed; after some time she opened her eyes, and I said, "Well, how are you now?" she said, "All's well! all's right! a short time, and I shall be with him for ever; yes, he is precious to my soul, my transport and my trust, jewels to him are gaudy toys." Here she paused, and shortly after fell

asleep in Jesus. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

W. HATTON,
Baptist Minister.

Wolverhampton, August 4th.

Carmel revisited by the King of Terrors.

DEPARTED this life, on Saturday evening, October 16th, Mr. Walter Strachan, of the King's Road, Chelsea, aged twenty-seven. He was brought to a saving acquaintance with the mysteries of the everlasting gospel under the ministry of Mr. John Stenson, at Carmel Chapel, Pimlico, by whom, and where he was baptised, on Lord's Day, July 25th, 1841, together with six others, five of whom are still walking worthy of their high and holy vocation of God in Christ Jesus.

The deceased was present at the recent interment of our brother Ashworth, and expressed himself as being much impressed with the solemnity of the service, and more particularly with the following sentence, delivered by his pastor at the grave:—'We commit the body of our dear deceased and beloved brother to the cold and silent tomb, as the rightful property of the dear Redeemer, there to remain till called for.'

The deceased during the short period of his christian pilgrimage enjoyed much spiritual intercourse with the

Sovereign Ruler of the skies.

to whom in his addresses, in public prayer, he was wont invariably to begin with, 'Unchanging God.' The church, of which he was a much esteemed member, having in August last held special church prayer meetings, he engaged on one of those occasions with an unusual degree of fervency and affection; and it was generally observed by all present, that his petitions were of the most appropriate and affecting character. Though darkness gathered round his bed at death, and distress gat hold upon him, yet was he enabled with the latest powers of speech to declare, 'Christ is precious, very precious unto me.' On his pastor enquiring the state of his mind, on the Lord's Day prior to his decease, he answered, 'I have been much in hell, but little in heaven;' to which his pastor replying, 'then you have discovered that the former is most dreadful, and the latter most delightful.' He answered, 'Yes; and therefore desirable.'

May his bereaved widow, being a partaker of like precious faith with him, whose faith, though shaken, was settled on his eternal faithfulness, whose word can never be broken, be preserved harmless and blameless in the paths of righteousness and truth; experimentally proving that her Maker is her husband, whose name is the Lord of hosts.

TO A BELOVED SISTER AT CLIFTON, ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER:

Who died on the 1st. of November, in the 24th. year of his age.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD:—Rejoice evermore; the Lord liveth and loveth everlastingly. How true it is that each day's information, observation, and experience reminds us that

Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But—(blessed but!) no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

Here, my dear sister, and here only, can we rest amidst all the changing scenes of this mundane state, on the immutability of God's counsel, the unalterableness of his will; the infinity of his love; and the faithfulness of his word. May your many fervent and affectionate petitions to the throne of heavenly grace, which you have presented on the behalf of your afflicted, but now deceased brother, be evidently accepted of God, by secret answers of peace being given to your own heart. Forget not, my dear sister, that the Judge of all the earth, and the Father of all mercies, cannot but do right. And as touching the death of the righteous,

Although their passage may be dark,
Their portion it is light,
Who press towards the heav'nly mark,
Through thickest shades of night.

The Lord grant you submission of spirit to his sovereign determinations, resignation of mind to his righteous dispensations, and true thankfulness of heart for his merciful manifestations; so shall you find that though your tribulations abound, yet your consolations much more abound; and though your trials increase, yet shall your triumphs advance your peace.' May the Holy Ghost, the comforter grant you living communion with, and living comforts from the Lord of hosts; and amidst all the dying circumstances which surround you, enable you to lift up your heart with joy, knowing in whom you have believed, from whom you have received, and by whom you never, never can be deceived. Look up; therefore, my beloved in the Lord, to him that he may strengthen, support, and save you; and remembering and reviewing all the way the Lord your God has led you in the wilderness, give thanks unto his ever-adorable, and all-precious name, and take courage for the future; being confident of this very thing, that he that hath begun the good work in you, (as well as finished the great work for you,) will perform and perfect it unto the day of Jesus Christ.

You say in your letter of the 4th instant, you suppose our brother Strachan has seen this, left this world for a better; your sup-

position is correct; our much loved brother was released from all his sins, sufferings, sorrows, and sighs, and received into his heavenly habitation—princely palace—mystic mansion—and happy home, on Saturday, October 16; and, although his passage was dark, yet his portion was light; inasmuch as his sure refuge was the Rock of ages; his soul's rejoicing, the Ransom found; and his spiritual rest, the dear Redeemer's breast. The first sermon he heard me preach, was on Lord's Day evening, July 4th, 1841, from the following words, 'After this, I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.' Rev. vii. 9; which the Holy Ghost applied with such an almightiness of power to his astonished heart; (he having been trained up in the Church established by law, not by the gospel,) that he was as it were instantly brought into the glorious liberty of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

His race was short, and swiftly run,
But his reward—a perfect one;
Christ was his song while here below,
No other song he'll ever know;
His years on earth were twenty-seven,
His conversation was in heaven;
Thither he looked—and thither soar'd,
The earth forsook, and heaven ador'd.

May the Lord keep us watching, wrestling, waiting; knowing that the time is short, the day is at hand; death approacheth; and eternal bliss or woe awaiteth all of Adam's fallen race. Truly has the poet declared—

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.
After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity.
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

Remember me in the kindest manner your kindly-disposed heart can suggest, to our well-beloved brother Probert; may he as a faithful minister of our Lord Jesus Christ, be filled and feasted with the fruits of righteousness which grow on the Tree of life, and hang unceasingly and undiminishingly thereon; notwithstanding the whole blood-redeemed family, renewed by grace, feast unsparingly thereof from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year.

That the Lord of life and love may continually lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and fill you with all joy and peace in believing, is the prayer of

Your affectionate pastor,
JOHN STENSON.

I have sent you two copies of the *Sunday Inquiries*, one in calf, and the other in cloth; in presenting one to our brother Probert,

tell him that the poor author requests an interest in his prayers, and that he hopes to return the favour the same way. I have also sent you the *Earthen Vessel*, as it contains an account of the death of our brother Ashworth, as well as the fullest information, (yet published) touching the life, ministry, death and burial, together with the funeral sermons preached for the late Mr. John Stevens, of Meard's Court, Soho.

Chelsea, Nov. 6, 1847.

Looking unto Jesus.

I look to Jesus as he was,
E'er time began to be;
Seated on heaven's eternal throne,
In vast infinity.

Faith sees Him there in endless day;
One in the Triune Lord;
To be confessed by every tongue;
And evermore adored.

I look to Him as he was made
By the almighty plan;
Faith views him in the human form;
And there he's one with man.

As such his sympathies awake,
When I in trouble cry;
O'er mountain heights he swiftly comes,
And fills my soul with joy.

I look to him—Immanuel—
My priest and sacrifice;
Who has a full atonement made;
On this my hope relies.

My God and Man, in mystic One,
High in the holy place;
Within the veil he pleads for me,
And ministers his grace.

I look to Him, the conqueror
Of sin, and death, and hell;
Beneath whose all-victorious arm,
The prince of darkness fell.

And when thro' hosts of foes I'm come,
I shall the victor see,
With waving palms around his throne;
And more than conqueror be.

I look to Him, when nature dies,
And worlds before him fall;
When bursting tombs resign their charge,
And men on mountains call.

In regal robes, as Judge, he comes
Through the unbounded space;
Elected millions rise to meet
Their glorious Head of grace.

Lo! hosts of angels join the saints,
The church triumphant sings;
And every tongue proclaims aloud,
This is "the King of kings."—W W.

Billesdon, Nov. 1847.

We must all appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ.

THOUGHTS ON 2 COR. V. 10. IN ANSWER TO A TRIED CHILD OF GOD.

(Concluded from p. 255.)

IN my preceding remarks I endeavoured to shew the vast difference between the professed righteous persons, who are righteous in their own estimation, or in their supposed righteous doings, and the truly, eternally, and unalterably righteous ones, who are entirely so, in Christ Jesus their covenant head, and who never can come into condemnation world without end, which is evidenced by the working of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of all the eternally chosen, and perfectly redeemed family of Jehovah, by bringing them personally to feel, more or less, 'that in them, that is in their flesh, dwelleth no good thing.' Rom. vii. 18.

I now, by the help of God, proceed to shew that notwithstanding such righteous ones, through the perfect obedience and blood-shedding of their glorious Redeemer, are not only washed from all their impurity, so that in him they stand before the pure eye of God, as pure as the holiest angel, but that there is not the *least* penal punishment standing against them, justice having poured every drop of wrath due to their sins upon the guiltless head of their divine and glorious substitute.

Nevertheless, it is one thing to believe this *sentimentally*, and another, and vastly different, to know it *experimentally*: the former, (that is sentimentally) may be obtained by hearing God-taught ministers preach, or by reading books written upon the subject; but the latter can only be learned by personal experience. Such experience may differ in the peculiar acute pain or depth of terror and distress; all God's people not being left to feel to the same extent, the unfathomable depth of the iniquity of the heart; for God glorifies the riches of his sanctifying grace, in mercifully and peculiarly preserving some of his family, and shewing the superaboundings of his pardoning grace in others:—he glorified his sanctifying grace in Samuel; his pardoning grace in David; his sanctifying grace in Paul; his pardoning grace in Peter, and thousands since their days. Those therefore, who are by sanctifying grace preserved from falling into known sins, are preserved from many bitter feelings of soul-agony. Those in whom Jehovah glorifies the riches of his pardoning grace, these have to feel the weighty burden of their sins, and bitterness of sinning against God. Not that the preserved ones are without sin; nor a wit better in themselves; nor are those who are left to fall, any the less the children of God, nor less pure before the throne, as they stand in union with their blessed Christ, their immaculate, pure, and adorable Representative and Advocate.

The trial therefore that I am now more particularly about treating upon, is that of a father with his rebellious children, though he may often assume the character of an angry judge—as Joseph did to his brethren, when he said—'ye are spies,' (Gen. xlii. 14.) with the same view, to bring them to a feeling sense of their own personal transgression; and to learn them in the end, as they did—'the riches of his free and full forgiveness.' (Gen. l. 21.)

In our last piece we endeavoured to trace the quickened heirs of glory—in some of the conflicts between flesh and spirit; the struggling of depraved nature; and the superaboundings of grace in bringing them, in the midst of all, to hate themselves and their follies; and causing their souls to long for preserving grace to be saved from the future power of the enemy. But the opposing armies of sin in their members remain longer in the field; and are more powerful than they ever imagined, so that they learn by bitter experience, that they might as well try to stop the flowing tide, as to keep under by their own power or resolutions the iniquity of their dreadfully wicked hearts. Under the workings of these things, they are often brought in their soul's feelings before the judgement seat of Christ 'to receive the things done in the body.' Their sins are read aloud in the court of conscience; darkness covers the mind; Jehovah assumes the appearance of an angry judge; but, its still the 'seat of Christ.' The tried heirs of glory, while walking in darkness at times, think that not only the hand of God is out against them, but that the Lord lets every one else lift up their heels against them as they please—or curse or falsely accuse them as Shemei did David. Ah! even at a time when troubles rise mountains high, and the soul seems already to have more than they can bear. But this is the Lord's merciful way of bringing them to say heartily with David—'Let me fall into the hands of the Lord, and not into the hands of man.' Under these various trials they are often brought in their feelings as prisoners before Jehovah as their judge; guilt presses them down; no light; no pardon proclaimed; no peace enjoyed; judgement saying sentimentally all is right; experience groaning all is wrong. My wounds are deep, corrupt, and stink through my foolishness. Now it is by virtue of their interest, that, they are thus arrested and brought before the judgment seat. It's to learn in their own soul's experience, that it's Christ's precious blood and merits that will not only plead before the throne of God, but in the very soul's blessedness of every

prisoner thus brought. What? Why, that they are by Christ, as justly, as they are mercifully; and as eternally, as they are freely delivered from all condemnation. But we shall notice a few things in reference to the prisoner in connection of the trial previous to his full discharge. The poor prisoner is held fast; cannot throw off convictions as it has done perhaps many times before. His sin has now found him out with a witness. Darkness covers the mind. The soul apprehends terrible things in righteousness. One accusation follows another in the soul of the poor sensibly bowed down transgressor. Things long forgotten, are brought to view, and to fix with all their guilt, upon his already burdened conscience. One affliction upon the heel of another; trouble succeeding trouble; like waves dashing angrily upon the shore, till the soul cries out—'Oh, Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure; for thy arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore, &c.' (Psalm xxxviii.) Great temptations are presented by the enemy of souls at these times. No case appears so bad as theirs; none appears to have gone so far, nor so determined to have their sins as they have. The sins they have committed since called by grace, may appear to exceed in number and magnitude, those committed before called. They appear more brutish than any man. They are almost ready, if not quite, to question whether they could be the partakers of divine grace; or, whether they had not committed the unpardonable sin? So at times, they are almost drove to despair; or, tempted that, as they have gone so far to break off the chains of conviction, and take their fill of pleasure—or they may be tempted to harden their neck against the Lord—by arguing in the mind—I have prayed many times to be preserved from these sins. He could have given me wisdom to see the snare, and grace to resist the devil in all his temptations. Ah! says the tempter, and the wickedness of the heart—It was necessary for you to go the very way you have gone, and do the very things you have done, to fulfil the purposes of God. And yet he thus afflicts you, and vexes you as he did Jonah with his gourd, and thus their feelings are worked till they say, I do well to be angry. Satan laughs at their misery, for they only wound themselves the deeper by the rebellion. Thus things proceed from trial to the cell of their prison, groaning in the bitterness of their souls; from prison to trial, and from trial to prison. Every day new straits seem to attend; sometimes a ray of light breaks in upon their mind; but guilt and darkness overspread them—and they cry

"My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slipt;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

They now mourn and pray—'Turn thou me, and I shall be turned, &c.' (Jer xxxi. 18.) They are brought with their whole soul to justify the Lord, as David did—they plead they are guilty, 'Against thee, and thee only have I sinned.' (Ps. li. 4.) Jesus looks; the poor sinner's heart melts like Peter's; the prisoner cries be merciful, be merciful to me; if thou wilt not hear a mortal's groan, yet hear a Saviour's blood.

"Shine Lord, and my terror shall cease,
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I."

Faith is now brought into exercise; the soul lays hold of the promise of God, by which he has laid himself under an obligation to bless. Mercy draws aside the veil from her smiling countenance; removes the heavy burden of guilt from the conscience; the judgment seat of Christ is the mercy seat; Jehovah smiles as he proclaims pardon to the rebel, who 'weeps at the mercy he's found;' Jesus appears as his law-fulfiller, as his substitute, his glorious advocate, pleads on the poor rebel's behalf, the merits of his vicarious sufferings; light breaks in upon the prisoner's mind; interest in his atonement enjoyed; and the 'prisoner leaps to loose his chains, and shouts—

'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

The shackles are broken; the prison doors are opened; liberty is proclaimed and enjoyed; sin, that caused Jesus to hide his face, is increasingly hated; preservation from all future temptations, and easy besetting sins, earnestly implored; the soul prays and hopes that it may never more transgress, but will find that as long as it is in the body, it will have to groan, being burdened. But when the ransomed spirit leaves the clay tenement, all trials, afflictions, and judgments will be at an end, and

'Sin their worst enemy before,
Will vex their eyes and ears no more.'

Some of the redeemed have to experience more of this than others; some to learn that 'fools, because of transgression, are afflicted;' (Ps. cvii. 17;) others to wean them from the love of self, and to bring them experimentally to know that salvation is from first to last, all of grace; some are called to pass through this trial before they come to their last stage; others when their hay, straw, and stubble is burnt up in their death affliction. All have not Job's trials, nor Jeremiah's lamentations; nor have all the rich developments of the glories of Christ, as Isaiah; nor have all to weep from the same cause as Peter; nor to mourn for the same thing as David; but all will have to mourn their vileness, unworthiness, and unprofitableness before the throne of Christ, before they leave the stage of mortal action, if they are the children of God; but not a

tear, nor a sigh, after they leave the shores of mortality.

It appears to me inconsistent with the Word of God to suppose that ransomed spirits that have been happy in glory for hundreds of years should have to appear at the general judgment, before angels and the host of the wicked, to give an account of their vile thoughts, feelings, desires, and deeds, when the Lord has said in his word—he has blotted out his people's sins, (Isa. xliii. 25,) 'and will remember their sins no more.' (Heb. x. 17.) That they will appear in the general judgment day, is true; but, it will be as the publicly exhibited, and justly, and mercifully, redeemed, and saved family of God.

Allow me, by way of conclusion, to say, that in my opinion, the language cannot refer to what was done in the body of Jesus Christ, and the saints receiving the benefits of what was done in his body, at the day of Judgment. This is a truth; but not the meaning of the words in this portion of Holy Writ; for the words are these—'According to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.' (2 Cor. v. 10.) Now, there was nothing bad in what Christ did in his body; therefore, it cannot refer to him. I must apologise for being so prolix; and leave it in the hands of God to bless it. In the view I have had, I hope, in writing, that by his holy anointing, his tried people may be comforted; wishing for yourself, my dear brother, as the editor, and the readers of the *Earthen Vessel*, much of the peace of God, flowing in rivers of love, through the atoning worth of Jesus Christ, our glorious Mediator and King.

London.

JAMES.

Triumphant Death of Mrs. Botheroyd.

Dear Sir,—If the following be worth notice in a corner of the "*Earthen Vessel*," we send it for insertion. I have known the young creature, the subject thereof, ever since she came into the world; she has attended my ministry, with but a few month's exception, up to the day of her death; her parents being members of Christ's Church under my ministerial superintendance for now thirty years. Truly Yours, S. LANE.

Hull, Nov. 12, 1847.

Memorandum of the happy death of Mrs. Sophia Botheroyd, who departed this life for another and a better, on the 25th ult. 1847, in the 26th year of her age. Written by her own father, and which reads as follows, viz.—

"Memorandum of the bright evidences manifested by my dear child, of her acceptance in Jesus Christ to the realms of endless and uninterrupted happiness. It was on Wednesday, 20th, about five o'clock in the morning, when she was in earnest prayer to her heavenly Father being continually employed in heart and mind therein, especially when alone. All on a sudden she called aloud to her dear mother who was in the adjoining room, at the same time requesting her to hurry out thereof,

saying, 'The black cats annoy me so much, that I cannot proceed in prayer to my heavenly Father; when the same annoyance pestered her the whole of the day, until about five o'clock the same evening, when she all at once exclaimed in extacies of joy, and so loud, as to be heard all over the house, 'Victory! victory! glory be to God, they have now all of them left me, never more to harrass or perplex me.' After a short pause she said to herself, 'Oh! that will not do; it is not good enough.' When another was presented, which appeared instantly just the thing to suit her case, she again said, 'Oh! 'tis the most brilliant robe my eyes ever beheld, 'tis the robe of Christ's righteousness that will cover all my deformity,' (or words to that effect. 'Mother,' said she, 'fret not for me, I see my road clear; my prospect is bright before me; I can now give all up for Jesus; then, calling her husband to her, said affectionately, 'Botheroyd, you know I love you, and have always loved you dearly; but I have got a dearer love than ever yours! and now I can give you up; I have got the love of Jesus, sweet Jesus! which is far better than all besides; he is near, and he is dear; his rod and his staff comfort me; he told me to call upon him in the day of trouble, I have done so, and he has delivered me, and he will now glorify me.' She again paused for a little time, and then added, 'Glory! glory! glory! my Redeemer is here! my Jesus is present! bless thy holy name! thou hast told me to come unto thee, though weary and heavy laden, and thou wouldest give me rest, and glory, glory be to thee, I am happy, very happy! Oh! Botheroyd, I have borue you that dear child to comfort you, and I hope it will be a comfort to you, but I can freely give it up for my sweet Jesus! Oh, my dear, dear Redeemer! Mother, I am indeed happy, happy, happy now!' &c., for a considerable time she continued clearly and joyfully to bless and praise her dear Saviour for the beauty and glory of her prospect, which alone through his rich mercy was presented to her. At one time she said, 'I may yet get better; but should I do so, Oh! how different I hope I shall be to what I have been, every moment, I trust, shall be spent to his glory, &c.

On Thursday, 21st, there appeared to be a very considerable change, when she in prayer said, 'What is this absorbs me quite, steals my senses, shuts my sight? can this be death? I never felt so before; still Jesus's rod and staff comfort me. Oh, I am happy! happy! &c.' From thence to the very last she continued in prayer, though very few words were distinguishable, yet she was heard to say, 'If it be my heavenly Father's will, he having been pleased to afflict me, he, to all appearance is about to receive me, as I am so happy!' These words declining on her lips, more or less, she faintly uttered to the very last sentence which took place some short time before

she expired, when her pulse failed to do its office. About a quarter before Four o'clock on Saturday morning, 23rd ult, when she sweetly fell asleep in the arms of her beloved Jesus.

One gentle sigh their fetters break,
We scarce can say they're gone;
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.

R. H.

Is not Young Timothy tempting the Lord?

[Such has been the effect produced by reading Young Timothy's former communication, that old established and well-experienced Christians have expressed their desire to find him out, and (if the Lord will), to bring him forth; they being fully persuaded that the Lord would make use of him. Again and again, we have been requested to invite him to supply; but he still holds back his name and address. We have received some very precious lines and a rather lengthened epistle from him; and in justification of the question which we place at the head of this article, we make an extract or two. In the course of a long letter, Young Timothy says:]

"Should the Great Head of the Church, in his own time, send me an unworthy, weak, and helpless feeble worm, to speak in his dear and precious name, I humbly hope that I shall ever be enabled to stand fast, earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, and enabled with one of old to say, "As the Lord my God liveth; even what my God saith, even that will I speak; while in the things of this life I would ever render to every man that honour which his superiority in earthly things demands; when I come to eternal realities, I call no man on earth master, for one is my master, even Christ, and though I may be called to suffer the loss of a few things for his dear name and cause, satisfied I am, that, if he enables me to honour him, he will take care of me, even though it be by the instrumentality of ravens.

"Oh, what an infinite mercy it is for us, my brother, to have in possession a Christianity that stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God! Oh, if I had but more of it! if I was SURE the power of God would rest upon me in the pulpit, and the Spirit of God open up the word to my mind; a door of utterance would be given; that Jesus would be present; his love fill my heart; his precious blood be sprinkled upon my conscience, and that my heavenly Father

would give me his smile of approbation; believe me, I feel that not all the men upon earth, nor all the devils in hell, would keep back my steps a single hour, or for one moment muzzle my mouth.

"Oh, that I knew my dear Lord's will! I tell you what it is brother B., I have been these twelve years expecting the Lord, in some miraculous way and manner, to appear, and call me out; and I fear, very often, if I am not now doing wrong in opening my mind; but I think necessity is laid upon me so to do.

"Oh, if I heard his voice with power, saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it; or, go forward; or, what doest thou here, Elijah?' *He has spoken to me, I know;* and I fully believe he has appointed me to speak in his great and glorious name, and declare upon the house tops what he has spoken in the closet, and that I shall tell to the generation following his mighty works, and declare his doings among the people, that the people which shall be created (anew in Christ Jesus), shall bless and praise his holy name, and that he will be glorified in me, a worthless worm, and by his power, his grace, his Spirit's mighty influence, Christ, and Christ alone, shall be magnified by me as the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the sum and substance, the beginning and the end, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

YOUNG TIMOTHY.

[Twelve years, Timothy, is a long time for the fire to be burning in your bones. We marvel that it has not yet broken forth into a blaze. There is, perhaps, something spiritually miraculous in every minister's call to the work; but what kind of a miracle are you waiting for? There is a desire to hear you; and you say you "fully believe he has appointed you to speak in his great name." Is not all this enough to begin with?]

Sin and Salvation

IN THE EXPERIENCE OF SARAH BELL.

MY DEAR FRIEND GARRARD:—I take up my pen to give you an account of the Lord's dealings with my soul. One Monday evening I had a very strong impression on my mind to go to the prayer meeting. I went. It was at the time John Bitem, from Walden, was at Dunmow, building the Quaker's chapel. And at the prayer meeting you asked

him to pray, and about the middle of his prayer he said—"I hope and trust there are some here that know the ways of the Lord." And I thought I heard a voice behind me saying—"You do not." I dropped down on my seat, and burst into tears, which very much distressed me; but I dared not say anything to any body about what I felt. I went again to meeting on Wednesday night, but could get no comfort. I thought I was too great a sinner to obtain forgiveness, and I was tempted to destroy myself; which I felt determined to do, for I thought I was sure to go to hell, and I might as well go first as last. I was tempted to take one of my mother's children with me, so that the child might tell my mother what became of my body. With this temptation, I went on Saturday morning to drown myself in the river near the new meeting (the Baptist Chapel):—but the Lord stopped me. When I got about the middle of the pasture, going down to the river, these words came to me with much power—"He that hungereth and thirsteth after righteousness shall be filled." My burden was taken away, and instead of destroying myself, I was obliged to bless the Lord for bestowing mercy on such an unworthy wretch. I went home blessing the Lord. And on Sunday morning I went to the chapel, and you took the same words for your text, and the Lord so blessed them to my soul, that I thought if I had a thousand worlds, I could have given all up for Christ.

But I soon found that the enemy of souls was not dead; he was soon permitted to harrass me again; and so I went on for a long time, until one Mr. Felton, preached on a Wednesday night, as he was passing through Dunmow. He took for his text—"The Lord is there." And he went on to shew where Christ was. And the Lord so blessed my soul again, that I was like David, when on the mount. I thought I should never doubt any more, and I went on so for a few days; but, was soon in the valley again, hoping and fearing; and so I have gone on to the present time, and sometimes the devil tells me it is all a delusion. But I can truly say, I wish not to be deceived. My prayer to God is—"Search me, O God, and try my heart, and lead me in the way everlasting." For I am sure if the Lord does not work in me both to "will and

to do" of his good pleasure, I can do nothing right. For if heaven depended upon one good thought of mine, I should lose heaven. For I feel as the apostle, when he said—"When I would do good, evil is present with me." But, should the Lord ever permit us to meet again, I could tell you better than I can write. I have had many refreshing seasons under your preaching at Dunmow, when I dared not tell you of it.

Now, if you think I am not deceived, may the Lord enable you to pray for me. I am very cold at present, and sometimes almost afraid to hope for salvation. Yet, I can truly say—"O that it were with me, as in days that are past." Should you think it worth your notice, I should like to hear from you again, as a word of advice from an old soldier is of great use sometimes. I should have written before, but my husband has been at home ill, but is better now. I and my children are quite well, hope this will find all of you the same.

Your's truly,

SARAH BELL.

*Great Dunmow, Essex,
April 11th, 1847.*

What is his name?

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Will you allow me, through the medium of your valuable magazine to contradict a report that is in circulation to the effect that John Bunyan M'Cure is not my name. I do most solemnly declare that it is my name; it was my father's name before me; and my parents being both God-fearing persons, they were desirous that their first born son should be named John Bunyan; consequently I was taken to Grove Chapel, Camberwell, and by Mr. J. Irons was christened and named John Bunyan M'Cure, while in a state of nature. I never liked the name; and whenever I was called by it, I felt a secret hatred against it; and have tried hard to persuade those who called me Bunyan that it was not my name. But when the dear Lord called me by his grace, and especially when he opened my mouth to preach his precious truth, many friends then used to say, 'We have got another John Bunyan;' and when I was published to preach at different places, it was often John Bunyan, and M'Cure left out; and after preaching, strangers would ask, 'What is your name?' The answer generally was, 'John Bunyan.' Now, when my enemies got hold of this they made use of it against me. Many times after I have been preaching, and some poor souls have been blessed, and have spoken one to another

about John Bunyan, they would stop and say, 'that is not his name; he has no business with it;' and would tell them they had no doubt but I was a bad one; and had been doing something wrong; and so changed my name. In many instances, perhaps, I have done wrong in not telling those who called me Bunyan, that my name was M'Cure as well. Three or four years ago, it used to be a great trial to me to hear of these things; but now, bless the Lord, it is no trial to me. When I hear of some of those jealous would-be parsons speaking about it, and against me, I rejoice in the covenant grace and mercy of the Lord, by which I have been kept. So that they cannot say anything worse of me. What, if friends do call me Bunyan! Do they call me out of my name? No. Sometimes I am called John; and is not that my name? And then I am called M'Cure; and that is my name. I mind not what I am called, so long as it is the truth. It is the truth if I am called John; it is the truth if I am called Bunyan; it is the truth if I am called M'Cure; and it is the truth if it is put all together, John Bunyan M'Cure. I suppose many have thought that I am not worthy of so good a name. Well! I have often thought so too; but let me tell you I have got a better one than this, 'a new name, an everlasting name that shall not be cut off.' The devil would not mind much about my name Bunyan, was it not for that name which is above every name; a name which he cannot touch, and a name, which saves and preserves me from his infernal spite. Sometimes I have wished that it was not my name, for fear that I should be left to fall and disgrace that name which was never disgraced by that dear man of God, now in glory, John Bunyan. May I have that grace to help me to walk in his steps, and boldly, faithfully, and unflinchingly maintain the whole truth of sovereign love, the whole truth of redeeming blood, and the whole truth of invincible grace; and Father, Son, and Holy Ghost shall have all the glory.

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

A little faith is faith, as a spark of fire is fire, a drop of water is water, a little star is a star, a little pearl is a pearl. Verily, thy little faith is a jewel that God doth highly prize and value; and thy little faith will make thee put a higher price upon Christ, and grace, than upon all the world. Well, remember this, that the least measure of true faith will bring thee to salvation, and possess thee of salvation, as well as the greatest measure. A little faith accompanies salvation, as well as great faith; a weak faith as well as a strong. Therefore do not say, O precious soul, that thou hast not that faith that accompanies salvation, because thou hast not such a strong faith, or such and such degrees of faith.

Repentance.

SIGNS OF A PILGRIM, OR, POETICAL PRAYERS FOR THE WEAK.

"Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

"Verily I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." John x. 1.

Dearest Jesus, gracious teacher,
Thou alone can'st freely give,
Godly sorrow, true repentance,
Make the heart to feel and live.

Many, Lord, are clear in knowledge,
And of doctrines well can talk;
But I know without repentance,
All I have is nothing worth.

This is the door through which I'd pass,
Though I long should have to wait;
Lest thou should'st in anger spurn me,
And I meet a scoffer's fate.

Many rest on empty notions;
Others cry, Repent! Repent!
But, alas! they seldom mention
Whence must come the grace and strength.

Weep ye sinners, see the Saviour,
Cry aloud to him for help;
Lord, exclaims the conscious sinner,
Make this rocky heart to melt.

Lord, of old when cried thine Israel,
Thou did'st look and set them free;
Thou did'st look upon the Egyptians,
O'er them roll'd the vengeful sea.

Thou did'st look on him that sold thee,
And his soul was fill'd with wrath:
Thou did'st look on sinning Peter,
And that love-look broke his heart.

Many cry when thou do'st bind them,
Howl and curse thee on their bed;
Hearts may weep with guilt and horror,
Which for sin have never bled.

Lord! may guilt, and wrath, and horror,
Fear, distract and wound the mind;
Where there is no true repentance,
Such as thou do'st give to thine?

May I weep, yet weep unheeded,
Cry and groan unheard of thee;
Live and die yet unbefriended,
All my tears offensive be?

O thou precious, loving Jesus!
Thou, who art the life and light;
Grant me grace that I may know thee,
Weep and pray, and seek aright.

'Tis while faith beholds thee dying,
We alone shall rightly weep;
Hate all sin and empty worship,
And thy righteous mandates keep.

JUVENIS NERFLAW.

There are two ways by which your life will be maintained and nourished from Christ through eternity; one in this world, and another in the world to come. So long as we are in this world, we are like children in the mother's belly, entirely nourished and maintained by faith (like the string by which we are nourished in our mother's belly) which sucks in the life, righteousness, and fulness of Christ into the soul: but no sooner do we pass out of this world into the life of glory, but the string of faith is cut, and then we come to be nourished another way; namely by immediate vision of the Lord.

*Brief Notice of***A Sermon by Mr. W. Chamberlain,**

(Of Providence Chapel, Commercial Road.)

MY VERY DEAR FATHER:—I once more take my pen to address you, seeing it hath pleased the great I AM to spare both you and me a little longer in this vale of tears—for *what?* I often wonder. Oh! solemn question! *For what am I spared?* I am obliged to answer, 'O my Lord, thou knowest.' Here I must take my stand for the following reasons:—I feel daily so much within me, which is opposed to the reign of the Lord Jesus; so much of the spirit of the world, and so little of the Spirit of Christ; so much of my own bad will, and so little submission to the will of God; so much pining, murmuring, and fretfulness, and so little of that contentment with godliness, which is great gain. But the worst remains to be told. I am not alone; the whole professing church of Christ, (with but very few exceptions) are in the same lamentable state—afar off from God; so that when I stumble upon any of these mountains, I seem to be falling against one or another of those who, instead of being able (instrumentally) to help me up, are kicking and plunging about, and bespattering me with the dirt of worldly-mindedness; so that, instead of help, I am daily receiving hindrances from one quarter or another. This, you will say, is bad. Well, but do you not find it so? If you do not, then bless the Lord for it—it is good. Have you, in a measure, lost sight of the world, by the sweet embrace of your loving husband—the Lord Jesus Christ? Have you lost sight of your sins in the sea of His precious blood? Do you, indeed, lose sight of the charms of the enchanter, by a sweet discovery of your interest in and secret fellowship with Him who is the chief among ten thousand, and the only loving One? It is good, then, indeed, my Father; thy cup of bitters is nearly wrung out, and the cup of salvation awaits you. This is a moth-eaten world; but there shall be new heavens and a new earth, wherein shall dwell righteousness, where sorrowing and sighing shall be done away, and where sin shall not enter to disturb. Cannot you say with Watts:—

There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast?

If you are thus living, my dear Father, you belong to Peter's strangers, which are scattered throughout the world; but no stranger to God, known of Him 'ere time began, provided for by Him, both temporally and spiritually; and He is leading you along the great high-way (though an exceeding narrow one) that shall land you safe on yonder blissful state, where love reigns supremely, and where nothing can enter to hurt in all His holy mountain.

On Sabbath day, the 15th of August, 1847, we were favoured with the ministry of that faithful servant of Christ, Mr. Chamberlain, who spoke to us (at little Zoar), from the three last verses of the 20th chap. of the Book of Exodus.

He spoke of the altar of earth as referring to the person of Christ; that this altar was to be erected upon the children of Israel's entering the promised land; but that, previous to the erection of the altar in the land of Canaan, God's people were to be led by the hand of Moses, who set forth (and who, in fact, was the minister of) the law of God, and that in this way Moses had an hand in erecting the altar, although he could by no means lead the people to it. He alluded to the power which the law of God had in a poor sinner's conscience; how it began to spoil the sinner for the pleasurable vanities of the world, that, that which he formerly delighted in, he could no longer enjoy; that it planted wounds, by showing the poor soul its sinfulness, its sickly state, and utter lost condition; that although it had power to kill, it had no power to give life, or create the least particle of hope in a sinner's soul. Mr. C. stated that a sinner, whilst under this law, would often be for erecting an altar of his own creating: when arising in the morning, he vainly hopes to pass through the day without one sinful thought; he would be more frequently reading the word, more earnest in prayer, and more constantly at the throne of grace, and that, by so doing, vainly hopes to satisfy the rigorous demands of the holy law of God, but finds, by woeful experience, he gets worse and worse; then the sinner is brought to feel his need of being saved by an all-sufficient Saviour, independ-

dant of himself altogether. He spoke of Christ as the altar of earth, taking upon himself the seed of Abraham; becoming flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone; that He came down into the place where the sinner was, to lift him up on high, and make his standing more secure than it was before he fell; that although He became this altar of earth, visited the earth, became the helpless babe upon the lap of his mother Mary, yet was He the mighty God, and as such, did the shepherds worship him.

Mr. C. next showed that this altar is erected in a poor sinner's soul, and said, what a mercy it was that God had thus visited his people by setting up this altar in their consciences!

Mr. C., in speaking of the dear Lord recording His name, said, it was recorded in ancient settlements, 'ere time began,—in Christ Jesus, and in the book of Life, but that especially the Lord recorded His name as the great I AM, full of truth and mercy, long-suffering, and of great goodness in a poor sinner's conscience, and in the preaching of the everlasting gospel. He recorded his name in poor Peter's heart when he so basely denied Him before a silly maid, or his sin would have remained, and like Judas's, would have been too heavy for him to bear; and the look which Peter received from his Lord, was a solemn, yet sweet proof of his having recorded it there; so doth He record His name, His grace, His willingness, and His ability to save with an everlasting salvation, all who hereafter shall believe on His great and glorious name. But He not only records His name, but comes Himself, where His name is recorded, and blesses with His own presence and power those who are thus favoured; and when He blesses, who is there can reverse it? None! When He saves, who is it can destroy? When He builds, who dares to pull down?

I shall forbear saying any more, further than that, upon the whole, we had a good day, and should be glad to be favoured with such a ministry, believing it to be the true ministry of the Spirit of the gospel of Christ, to poor lost sinners. I cannot help thinking he is a man destined of the Lord to fill an important post in His church below, and, at last, to be gathered home to eternal glory, with a 'well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of

thy Lord.' That this may be the case with him, yourself, and your affectionate, though unworthy, son, is the prayer of

ROBERT.

Canterbury.

Mr. David Denham.

Trinity Chapel, Leather Lane, Holborn. We have before noticed that the friends of Mr. David Denham have taken this old-established place of worship, which, being in a sad condition, they have been under the necessity of cleaning, painting, and furnishing it; it is now an exceedingly neat and comfortable chapel; and we do most sincerely pray that here our highly-esteemed brother may labour in peace and with a goodly measure of real prosperity. He has been called, (like many of the ambassadors for Christ) to "go down to the sea (of tribulation,) and there he has had to do business in great waters:" he has "mounted up to heaven" (in the glorious ministration of the gospel); and he has gone down to some of those depths of anxiety, sorrow, and distress which most of the faithful ministers of the truth are called to endure. We feel a humble persuasion that the Lord is about to make the storm a calm, that the waves will presently be a little quiet; so that he may at last come to his desired haven, like a shock of corn that is fully ripe.

But this is not all we have to say. No, no. "Be ye warmed, and filled," is not enough. In drawing attention to these circumstances, we desire to "do well;" and James says, "If ye fulfil the royal law according to the scripture, (THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF), ye do well." (James ii. 8.) This is the royal law. And in rendering obedience to this law, we will first give our readers some information; and, secondly, offer a kind suggestion. In the first place, the cost—[ah, the cost, say you, we do not want to hear anything about that! Well, but that second verse of the sixth of Galatians is still in the statute book, and ye dare not to violate it. Read it!—"Bear ye one another's burdens;" and so—(look at it) and so—fulfil the law of Christ. Well, then, the cost] of rendering Trinity Chapel fit to worship in, has amounted to something considerably more than fifty pounds, and this is at

present a *burden*. Now, for our suggestion: let the ministers and churches of Christ in London, and its suburbs, give brother Denham one week evening service collection each of them; it will do them no hurt; it will be of considerable benefit to him, and to the cause with which he is connected. Come, come, brethren, let us put our shoulder to the wheel: let us not only *talk* about "loving one another," but let us manifest our love. Our motive in dropping this hint is pure; right glad shall we be, if, in any measure, it is adopted. Yea, in one or two cases it has been done; and it was this that led us thus to express ourselves.

On Women speaking in the Church.

[“ Numerist's ” letter, (inserted in our last,) has constrained many to write on the subject. Among others, we have a valuable letter by the late Garnet Terry; and another from “ Elihu,” which, (with some more) will be found in our subsequent numbers; but, for the present, we must confine ourselves to the following sent by brother Lodge.]

“ Let your women keep silence in the churches.” 1 Cor. xiv. 34, 36. This is a restriction of, and an exception to one of the above rules, viz. that all might prophesy; in which he would be understood of men only, and not of women; and is directed against a practice which seems to have prevailed in this church at Corinth, allowing women to preach and teach in it; and this being a disorderly practice, and what was not used in other churches, the apostle forbids and condemns it, and not without reason: *for it is not permitted unto them to speak*; that is, in public assemblies, in the church of God, they might not speak with tongues, nor prophesy, or preach or teach the word. All speaking is not prohibited; they might speak their experience to the church, or give an account of the work of God upon their souls; they might speak to one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs; or speak as an evidence in any case at a church-meeting; but not in such sort, as carried in it direction, instruction, government, and authority. It was not allowed by God that they should speak in any authoritative manner in the church; nor was it suffered in the churches of Christ; nor was it

admitted of in the Jewish synagogue: there, we are told, the men came to teach and the women to hear: and one of their canons runs thus, ‘ a woman may not read (that is, in the law) in the congregation, or church, because of the honour of the congregation; ’ for they thought it a dishonourable thing to a public assembly for a woman to read, though they even allowed a child to do it that was capable of it. But they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. In Gen. iii. 16, ‘ thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.’ By this the apostle would signify, that the reason why women are not to speak in the church, or to preach and teach publicly, or be concerned in the ministerial function, is because this is an act of power and authority, of rule and government, and so contrary to that subjection which God in his law requires of women unto men. The extraordinary instances of Deborah, Huldah, and Hannah must not be drawn into a rule or example in such cases.

Ver. 35. ‘ And if they will learn anything &c.’ If they are desirous of learning anything in relation to doctrine, duty, or discipline, and of improving their knowledge of divine things, which is very commendable in them; if any difficulty arises in their minds whilst hearing the word, which they want to have removed, or any question to ask for information sake, *let them ask their husbands at home*—private, when retired from public assembly; for though men might ask one another concerning this and the other point, in the church, as was usual in the synagogue worship, to which this church at Corinth, in many things, conformed; yet women were not allowed this freedom, and even in things which belong to women to do; as, for instance, making the cake of the first of their dough, which was to be an heave-offering to the Lord, the men were to teach the women at home how and when to separate it from the rest; so the apostle directs women, when they want to be informed about any point, to apply to their husbands at their own houses, if they were such as were capable of instructing them; if not, they might apply to other men that were christian men, and men of knowledge, especially to the prophets, pastors and teachers of their church, at their habitations; *for it is a shame for women to*

speak in the church; it is a shame to themselves, as being contrary to the natural modesty, and bashfulness of the sex, and a shame to the church, to the members of it, and especially to the elders and more experienced part of it, to be taught and directed by a woman; it is a disgrace to herself and sex, as betraying uncommon pride and vanity, and an unnatural boldness and confidence, and a disgrace to the church to be under such ministry and conduct. GILL.

An old Veteran's Opinion of Mr. Tryon.

My worthy, and very excellent, nevertheless despised, tempted, persecuted, yet truly highly favoured brother in tribulation's path, the high and only road to glory everlasting, Ps. x. 7. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and yours, and me and mine, for the sake of him, who in his time shall show who is the only potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, unto whom be glory for ever. Amen. Which is the sincere prayer of a poor old weather-beaten watchman on Zion's walls, crying past twelve o'clock and a cloudy morning; may we not each feelingly say,—

Lord, make those dismal clouds remove,
Those gloomy clouds that rise;
That we may see the Christ we love,
With unclouded eyes? Amen.

I have read (my brother) your long chapter of *doubts, trials, troubles, vexations, fears, perplexities, forebodings, and anxieties*, all coupled with *vile persecutions* from Hagar's sons, &c., into whose secret I have no wish whatever to enter, and into whose assembly I have no desire to be united, such, however, I am happy to say, can neither dig down my wall, nor dig down the Man in God, in whom I have placed confidence. If, then, my brother, the Lord be on our side, of whom shall we be afraid? Your enemies with mine united, however formidable, powerful, subtle, artful, cunning, and designing, are, in reality, though not knowingly (on their part) our decided friends, as touching the divine will of our master, your's, and their's too; therefore, lift up your head, my brother, your redemption draweth nigh, &c.

Who, I ask, put in motion the poisonous pen, and bitter tongue of that TRYON against poor Philpot? What, I ask, has that dear man of God done, to draw down upon his head the godly censure

of Tryon? who, from all I can learn of him, has much yet to learn, ere he fully knows the plague and depth of the depravity of his own heart; at all events, he is evidently one of the most ungrateful of beings, whose open manifest *ingratitude* exceeds by far the crime he ventures to palm upon his betters! What, in the name of common honesty and serious reflection, has he or any other like him to do with Mr. Philpot's marriage? Is it not to Philpot's own master he must stand or fall? I marvel much at the uncalled for condescension, not to say weakness of the dear man Philpot in stooping to such self-righteous Pharisees; let Mr. Philpot say or do what he may, in order to satisfy such captious beings, it will only increase the lion's rage. To dear Philpot, I would say, commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass. Ps. xxxvii. 5: Isa. 10. And unto Mr. Tryon, on behalf of dear tried Philpot, I would say "Why boastest thou thyself, O mighty man? the goodness of God endureth for ever; thy tongue deviseth mischief like a sharp razor, working deceitfully." see Psalm lii. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c.

As for you, my brother Banks, I would say, go on in the name of the Lord God of Israel, and the Lord prosper you, cast your burden upon him, and leave all that concerns your present and future circumstances at his feet, who hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob be with you, and bless you, support and keep you under all trials that may yet await you, so prays yours truly, in the sweet Lord Jesus. FYDAS.

The Glorious Gospel.

When a vacant pulpit is filled up, and when a destitute church becomes settled with a pastor, it becomes a matter of inquiry, as to whether those scriptures are therein verified, where Israel's God declares that he will send his people "pastors according to his own heart, who shall feed the people with knowledge and with understanding?" In Southwark and Bermondsey, two old established churches have recently chosen new overseers to feed the flock of God among them. The church at Unicorn yard have called Mr. Bonner: and the church at Jamaica Row, have invited Mr. W. Bidder (late of Oldham-street, Manchester): and he is now

statedly labouring (with very considerable acceptance) in that place. But, *who*—and *what*—is William Bidder? We answer, *he is a King's son*: and a bold and able defender of the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God. We have been favoured with the perusal of some of the "*Bethesda Tracts*," published by Mr. Bidder, in Manchester: and from them we make the following extracts, wherein the author fearlessly declares not only his own mind, but the mind of the Eternal Spirit, upon some of those essential points, which are closely connected with the best interests of the ransomed people of God. We can sincerely pray that his labours among us may be greatly honoured and blessed to the souls of the people. As good old Nehemiah said, *The work is great and large*, and *we* (the ministers of Jesus Christ) are separated upon the wall, one far from another; but God is fighting for us; the master is with us; our portion and position is appointed us; the kingdom is secured unto us, and yet a little longer, and we shall enter the portals of eternal bliss. God Almighty keep us faithful. Amen. In our first extract, Mr. Bidder says:—

"The man that is born again knows something of a power that conquers the heart; that brings every high thought into subjection; that makes old things pass away and all things to become new; that delivers from the snare of the fowler and sets us free; a power that mortifies and subdues old Adam; a power that makes us deeply feel our awful state in the fall, our danger, and our refuge too; that we were at hell's dark door; that made us tremble, quake and fear; that bowed our stiff necks; that humbled our haughty hearts; that laid us low in the dust before God, if so be there may be hope; that made us cry unto God as out of the belly of hell; a power that puts us in possession of heartfelt deliverance and a free grace pardon; that took the heart of stone away, and gave an heart of flesh; that sprinkled blood upon the conscience, and brought redemption nigh, and a perfect righteousness; a transforming, quickening, strengthening, upholding, preserving, keeping, power; by it alone grace was planted in our souls, and by it is grace drawn forth into act and exercise.

"The mighty power of God is invincible; it called an Abram from Mesopotamia, a Lot out of Sodom, a Moses from Egypt, an Elisha from his plough, a David from his sheepcote, an Amos from the herdmen of Tekoa; made a bedridden man borne of four take up his bed and walk, stanching an issue of blood that had run twelve years, cured a daughter of Abraham whom Satan had bound eighteen

years, instantly healed a man of an infirmity which had existed eight and thirty years, raised a widow's only son from the dead, and a dead Lazarus from the grave; drew a Peter from his nets, a Nathaniel from under the fig-tree, a Matthew from the receipt of customs, a mad Gadarene from the tombs, a sordid Zaccheus from the sycamore tree, a Samaritan prostitute at Jacob's well, from the paths of iniquity; it changed a dying thief on the cross from a railer to a petitioner; and turned seven devils out of Magdalene; drew three thousand into the gospel net on the day of Pentecost, and soon after multitudes both of men and women; a bloody Saul from persecuting the church of God to a first-rate preacher of the gospel. God hath spoken—once, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God. These, then, are a few of the displays of his gracious power (Oh! say, if you have ever felt it?); our apostle declared he would not know the speech of them which are puffed up, but the power. For the kingdom of God is not in word but in power—1 Cor. iv. 19, 20. This, then, was his criterion of a regenerated person. Such know the power of God in their own souls—how it wounded the conscience, how it laid them prostrate, how it overcame their prejudice and love of sin, all their reasonings and arguments; native power, rank and education, all fell before it, as Dagon before the ark. Its effects are such as that the man, who could before wallow in every iniquity now delights in communion with God, respects his ordinances and walks before him unto well-pleasing, adorns the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things, proving thereby that the truth has come to him, not in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance—1 Thes. 1. 5. This power does not make *holy* our old Adam nature; no, that which is born of the flesh is flesh; but it imparts a new nature to conquer the old. The struggle between these at times is sharp, but the victory sure. Grace shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life. The new man cannot sin, because it is born of God; it is subjected in hope of a final deliverance from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God in glory.

I have often thought with pleasure of this distinguishing feature of the regenerate heirs of salvation—the life and power of God in the soul—that though our land abounds with people professing godliness, and thousands of them are settled down in a dry, dead form, concluding all beyond it wrong, that vital godliness is fanaticism, and its advocates enthusiasts; yet blessed be God, his secret is with the righteous. Unto *them* it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom, but to others in parables.

Our readers may be indulged with another extract from these tracts, by referring to page 284.

SOME IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ARISING OUT OF

Mr. Philpot's Acknowledgment.

[We have letters from different parts of the country, expressing the deepest sympathy with Mr. Philpot, and the greatest indignation at the spirit manifested by Mr. Tryon; but we desire, as much as possible, to avoid controversy of any kind; nevertheless, in the following extracts which we make from one of the letters referred to, there are points, the consideration of which, may be useful.]

"Mr. Philpot's acknowledgment in this month's *Vessel* having been much laid upon my mind, I shall in the fear of God give my opinion thereon.

"It grieves me to see ministers that profess the glorious truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ, attempting to justify themselves publicly before the world and the church. It appears to me that brother goeth to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers. I am sorry to see the pages of your *Vessel*, smeared with a confused confession of Mr. P.'s public and private sorrow respecting his marriage. Surely Mr. P. never read 1 Cor. vii. 14.—'The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband.' Again, 17th ver. 'As the Lord hath called every one, so let him walk.' Does Mr. P. really believe that he is called by grace, and sanctified to the Lord? If so, I do not see how he could write such things as the following, if he had the mind of Christ. He begins thus—'The first evil, then, and by far the most prominent, which I wish to confess, is my marriage in 1838 with a person of whom I was not persuaded that she was, at that time, a partaker of grace.' Does Mr. P. really mean that the King eternal, immutable, unchangeable, the Keeper of his people, hath suffered evil to take place by such a marriage? I fear that pride, and the reproaches of the ignorant have prompted Mr. P. to write this confession. However, to proceed, the Lord says that nothing by any means shall injure his church, and that he is ever watching over them for good. We are also called 'his peculiar treasure.' And shall the Lord deal sovereignly with his people, and couple them together as his infinite wisdom sees fit, and they turn round, and call his transactions and mercies evils? I cannot, as a believer in the Lord Jesus, reconcile such sayings. And as Mr. P. acknowledges that she is an excellent wife, and does everything for his comfort, I ask, who made her thus an excellent partner? And who can tell but that she is the salt of the earth, the excellent in Christ Jesus; for the Lord seeth not as we do, naturally; for what we call evils, the Lord sendeth them for good. Mr. P. says it is a breach of God's

word, but he does not mention either the *word* or the *Scripture* where such a breach is named. If it is a breach of God's Word, and a sin, which he says it is, you as editors, and correctors, and ministers of God's word, point out to me the Scriptures containing the rule of conduct respecting believers' marriages. Mr. P. quotes Matt. v. 19, as an illustration of his adding sin to sin. I leave any believer, having the mind of Christ, to judge what reference it hath in such a case. Mr. P. says, further, that he never justified his marriage to any of his friends. It would be well if brother Philpot had looked to his justification by Jesus Christ, rather than attempting to parley with, or before ungodly men, or even the church. Mr. P. says he ought to be reproved. I ask, who by? The devil, the world, the church, his own heart, or the Lord? if the latter, it will be good reproof indeed; and it will be that secret reproof that the devil, the world, and his own heart cannot understand; it is secret correction, and fatherly love, and chastisement, like the excellent oil spoken of in Ps. cxli. 5; (which Mr. P. quotes.) This oil does not break the head, but softens the heart. I am sorry Mr. P. does not feel more reconciled to the Lord's choice. He says, he deserved to have had a persecutor, a busy body, a scold, a canting hypocrite, a gossip, &c.; and because he has not got one with these evils, he has turned round and commenced a war with her and himself. If the Lord had conferred on Mr. P. his deserts, as a fallen son of Adam, he would not have obtained salvation and mercy from the Lord, much less any other mercy naturally. I am aware that the Scripture says, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' &c. But, I believe Paul's expression about the yoke has no reference whatever to the marriage state. But it is the same yoke that Christ speaks of in Matt. xi. 29, 30. 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' I think this has a pretty good analogy with Paul, for he saith, 'What agreement hath the temple of God with idols? wherefore, come out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing'—(the idols; not the unclean women.) It was the idolatry that the Corinthians were yoked with; for the ceremonial law is called a yoke of bondage. Again, Gal. v. 1—'Stand fast therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.' Also Matt. xi. 30, 'For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' And it is rather remarkable that Christ, all through his ministry, never so much as hinted, or put any stress or command whatever, that I can read of, to his apostles, how or whom they should marry; and if he hath commanded it, why should,

believers wrest scriptures out of their meaning to comply with their views, and what they think is right. Nevertheless, where the Lord doth unite two believers as man and wife, it is his own sovereign act; and they cannot too highly magnify and praise him for the mercy. The Lord hath blessed me exceedingly in this respect; and given me one chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world. For he gave me a continual prayer for about three years asking for a wife after his own heart; but it is no thanks to me that I did not marry an unbeliever. Therefore the Lord acts sovereignly, and deals with his children according to his eternal purpose.

Mind I write all this in love to Mr. P., for I have in times past read his first works with profit and pleasure. But do not let us swallow all down the ministers say, without trying it by the word of God; and if it will not bear that scrutiny, let it be put into the waste book. And as you have recommended Mr. Philpot's acknowledgment to all right minded christians; I shall feel a pleasure that, if my mind is wrong in what I have inserted, to be put right by you at your earliest convenience.

May the Lord bless you abundantly, and may your *Vessel* continually carry good tidings of salvation to vessels of mercy yet to come within the fold of the manifestative church. And remain, dear Editor, your brother in the Lord Jesus,

S. SIDDERS.

66, *Deverill Street, Southwark.*
November 14th, 1847.

Christian Reviewer.

"*Tidings from the United States of America; wherein Mr. James Osbourn's Character as a Citizen, a Christian, a Minister, and an Author, is amply set forth.*" By C. B. Hassell, of North Carolina. Published (at the request of friends,) by Houlston and Stoneman.

THIS is a striking work: Elder Hassell is evidently a man of considerable mind. He has written of Elder Osbourn in the highest terms. The circumstances which have given rise to the publication of this pamphlet may be gathered from the preface, which we here transcribe; it reads as follows:—

"Christian Reader: A few days ago, to my surprise, I received from North America a pamphlet entitled 'Friendly Greetings Across the Water, or Love Letters between Elder Garrard, and Elder Hassell.' I was so struck with the seasonableness of the coming to hand of this little work, that I immediately concluded to send out a reprint of it with a new title page, and this short

preface of explanation, leaving the body of the work as it now stands in the American edition. And I am persuaded that Mr. Hassell's letter will be perused with unusual pleasure by thousands in Great Britain.

'Now I would have you understand, that I first wrote to Mr. Hassell to inform him of the safe arrival and welcome reception of our venerable brother Osbourn in England. Mr. Hassell immediately printed and circulated my letter, with his own letter to me, for the information and satisfaction of Mr. Osbourn's numerous and widely scattered friends on the continent of America; as it appears he well knew that such information relative to brother Osbourn, would be welcome news, and cheering to the church of Christ in that Hemisphere.

"I was not aware that my letter would be printed and circulated in America, and much less suspicious that it would find its way back into England. But as our Lord saith 'That which ye have spoken in the ear, in closets; shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops.' Luke xii. 3. I spoke privately in the ear of brother Hassell with my pen, and as he made it public upon the housetops, it must now go out with his letter, as an explanation of his writing to me. And though conscious of my infirmities, I see little or nothing in it now, that I desire to retract, but if any christian brother perceive any errors in it, let him not calumniate me on the housetops; and I hope to answer him according to my abilities in Christian meekness. I trust that I wrote it in the integrity of my heart, and in truth that which I believed concerning the American Ambassador to the churches in England, and concerning the state of the church and professors here. Therefore I send it forth to tell its own tale, without any further comment or explanation; believing that Mr. Hassell's letter came timely to hand in a way of special providence, to answer a special purpose at this juncture of time. Read it, 'consider of it, take advice and speak your minds.' Judges xix. 30. WM. GARRARD."

"*Leicester, October 26, 1847.*"

"*Christian Converse whilst journeying to a Better Country.*" By William Giles, of Seacombe, Liverpool. London: W. Foster, Amen Corner.

From this interesting volume, containing 188 pages of spiritual correspondence, we make one short extract. It is from a letter written to Mr. W. Giles, by a brother in the faith who has gone down into deep waters, and has also been favoured with much and continued intercourse and fellowship with his adorable Lord. We feel persuaded the following (as well as many other letters in the volume) will be read by upright souls

with great comfort. Our dear and esteemed brother Giles has been, and now is, very seriously afflicted; but we trust the Lord will raise him up to usefulness and peace. The writer of the following is known to us. He says:—

“In 1807 our adorable Redeemer was pleased to reveal some of his own glories and beauties to me, while reading Hervey’s ‘Theron and Aspasio,’ I was singularly indulged for nearly three years with victory over my vile corruptions, I had often sung their funeral dirge, and fully expected and believed I should see them again no more for ever. I had the doctrine of Baptism clearly revealed by Christ from heaven—joined a Baptist church, became the *pet* of both minister and people, grew proud, got cold, fell into open and scandalous sins, and was put into the ‘iron cage’ for nearly twenty years. I have literally been through the whole of the 16th chapter of Ezekiel. Yes, every verse of it; and if ever a funeral sermon were to be preached at my death, I should desire it might be from the last verse. I have both suffered and enjoyed much from the contents of that wonderful yet glorious chapter, and many sweet and wonderful things I could tell of it.

“But to return. When I heard that you were coming to ———, felt truly thankful; for I assure you I enjoyed so much while reading and meditating upon the ‘Crucible,’ that if I had had wherewith to pay my expenses, I should have thought nothing of the expence, or anything else, of a journey to Liverpool: and to the glory of his sovereign and free grace be it known, the glorious Lord did much bless and refresh my soul under your ministry. * * *

“Be it known to the honour of eternally free and sovereign grace, that grace that sent the church to Babylon for her good. Just before I was put into the ‘iron cage’ I heard a sermon from these words:—‘And blessed is he whosoever is not offended in me;’ and the remarks in that sermon were so burnt into my soul that they were at times—yea, generally—my only hope; for although I was truly and justly offended with myself as a mass of filth, sin, and abomination, yet I never was offended at or in his claiming all divine honours; and many times have I said, and I say it still, that I would much rather stand before him as a holy God, and receive from his sacred mouth my just sentence of everlasting damnation, as a sinner, than to stand before him in his burning wrath against me for denying his divinity, which all devils believe, and tremble while they confess it; but wonderful (and truly wonderful it is to me), about seven years ago the Lord took me aside from men and ordinances, and laid me up for two years; during which time I read the whole of Dr. Hawker’s works; and truly

the Holy Spirit did glorify Jesus afresh to my soul, brought me into the liberty of the gospel, and a glorious and continued communion with the ever adorable Trinity, whose I am, and whom I serve, but desire to do it more and better; and I well and painfully know what it is now at times to seek my beloved, but cannot find him as I wish, so as sensibly to feel myself leaning on his bosom; yet so astonishing has been his everlasting love to me, that for these five years past, I have never really doubted of my eternal salvation through him—no, not for one minute; and if this is not a proof of free and sovereign grace, I shall for ever despair of finding one in this world. But the wonderful preservations and deliverances I have experienced would fill a large volume. The prodigal, the man among thieves, &c., have been to me as my sorrowful meat. Oh, what praises are due to my—yes, my, ever-adorable Jesus. Do try to praise him, tell poor sinners of his love; boast of his power; I have proved it; and if you want a proof of the exceeding greatness of both, look to, or think of me, a living miracle of both: and methinks I should like to tell you a great deal more of what is in my heart; but I have no right to intrude, and my paper forbids. S. C. A.

“*A Treatise on a Divine Call to the Ministry; to which is added, the Dispensation of God’s Providence in putting Samuel Cozens into that important work.*” London: Houlston and Stoneman, 32 pp. This is a sharp razor—but we dare not say it is too sharp. Samuel Cozens has been called to pass through deep and heavy trials; and they have given a tone to his ministry and his writings, of a very solemn character. The reader may form some idea of the style and nature of this little work, by perusing the following extract:

“A certain minister came to see me once since I have been found with the Lord’s people as a poor stammerer, and I was then solemnly exercised about speaking. He said, ‘why what do you want? You have three open doors, a door of utterance, a door of opportunity, and a door of acceptance.’ This had no more effect upon my mind, as to relieving it, than a fable, and why? because I am satisfied thousands of satan’s issue are in the possession of these ‘three doors.’ A man shall be found promulgating the grossest absurdities in the midst of throngs, and the more extravagant his doctrines and predications are, the greater his society will be. But who are the congregationalists? old women, who are empty of everything but flattery and fables; and religious maniacs, or rather pious fanatics, who are void of everything but self and sin. A man must have three essential doors; not merely three external ones! If he has the former, in some

measure he will have the others. Now by these I mean—First, the door of regeneration,—Secondly, the door of solemn internal qualification,—and Thirdly, the door of spiritual ministration.”

These three doors are described in a truly scriptural and spiritual sense; and are, perhaps, the choicest part of the work. We think the hand of God was very clearly to be seen in taking our brother to Farnborough, the first place where he was settled as a pastor; and which is related as follows:—

“I was filling a situation as clerk to a silversmith in Cheapside, and one afternoon as I was sitting alone in the show-room, the Lord so blessedly shone into my poor soul, and immediately I felt my heart drawn out about the ministry, and I begged the Lord if he had any poor hungry souls in some corner of the earth, to make use of me for his glory, for I told him nothing was too hard for him. He could make the dumb ass speak, he could loose the stammering tongue, he could teach *fools* wisdom, and ‘out of the mouth of babes and sucklings he could ordain strength.’ And truly I felt myself a fool, a poor ignorant creature; many times I felt and said, I cannot speak for I am a child. And these words have followed me for days and days, ‘Say not I am a child.’ And I have wept before God and told him not to send such a fool as me, to send by whom he would send, but don’t, Lord, send me! And sometimes I wished I was ten thousand miles away from everybody. But now I felt a sweet falling into the hands of God to do with me according to his pleasure. A few days after I was requested to go up stairs to see the master; I did so, and as I entered the room, he said, ‘Mr. Cozens, I am very sorry, but the state of my health (he had been ill for a long time,) compel me to make some alteration in the establishment, and consequently I wish you to leave in a month;’ I merely replied ‘very well sir,’ and left the room. This appeared to me very mysterious; I did not seek this situation, neither had I anything to do with leaving it. At the end of the month I left, was out of employ three weeks. But one day, as me and my wife were going to see her relations, I was impressed to call and see one of my old employers, whose house we had to pass, I did so, and after a little conversation, he asked me ‘what I was doing,’ I told him ‘nothing;’ ‘why (says he) my brother wants some one to manage a business in an obscure out of the way place; but (he observed,) I don’t think it will be place enough for you, but if you like I will write to him about you.’ I thanked him for his kindness, and the result was, I was to go and see him, and the place. When I saw the place, the house, and the shop, I was filled with rebellion. If I came,

I was to be there the Monday fortnight following, but I neither said I would or would not. Nothing else opened; the morning came that I was to be there, but I was so opposed to going, that after our furniture was loaded, had it not been for my wife, who said, ‘we can but try it,’ I verily think I should have had our chattles brought in the house again. The first Sunday I was there, I went to hear at Orpington, and after the service, I spoke to an old man I had seen before once or twice, we had a little opening, and spake freely to one another about ‘the way;’ but before I left him, he said, ‘You come and speak to the people at Farnborough this afternoon, I shall be there, God willing,’ (he was in the habit of speaking to a few people there, once a fortnight, and Mr. Bowers once a fortnight,) but when he asked me to speak, O how I trembled, I told him ‘as to speaking, I could not.’ ‘O yes you can,’ he said, ‘you can tell them what God has done for your soul, I know.’ I left him with, no, I could not speak: but if I could get there I would. This was past one o’clock, I had about two miles home to dinner, and nearly three miles from thence to Farnborough. I had not left him two minutes before these words came flowing into my mind with such sweet power and light. ‘This my son was dead, and is *alive* again; he was lost, and is found.’ And immediately the words came, they divided into four particulars. First, the dead in their death, demonstrated by deadly actions. Secondly, the living in their life, manifested by living actions. Thirdly, the lost in a *felt* lost condition. And, Fourthly, the found in a found gospel position.

“I have been lost many times since then, yea, and found too, bless the Lord. And when this word was opened, something said, ‘now you make haste to Farnborough.’ I went home, but could eat no dinner, and from home I went to the chapel, and spoke from the words as the Lord gave ability, and I believe though there were but few in the house of God, the Lord was there, and blest the word.”

The Penny Pulpit. James Paul, Chapter House Court. Mr. Paul has just published the two funeral sermons preached for the late Mr. John Stevens. “The Christian’s Triumph,” by Mr. Geo. Murrell; and “Faith accounted Righteousness,” by Mr. John Foreman. These two discourses are well printed *in full*, and will no doubt be highly prized by the friends of the deceased. Following upon these, we have also received a copy of No. 1,322 Penny Pulpit, which contains an excellent discourse by the late John Stevens, entitled “The Lord’s accurate knowledge of his people, and perpetual care over them.”