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MISSIONARY OBSERVER,

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THE UNTRODDEN PATH.

NEAR the edge of a bleak high moor, but sheltered by a grassy knoll, stood a lone farm house. The valley before it swept away toward the south, and bent westward behind the spur of a rugged hill. A shallow stream bickered through the centre of the deep broad vale, and along its banks stood mills, a few scattered cottages, and a solitary church. A road nearly parallel with the stream, but half up the western side of the vale, ran between two low stone walls, and they, with the fringe of larch-trees above them, assisted the eye to trace its course. A winding path, with many abrupt and awkward turns, owing to the unevenness of the ground, led down from the solitary house to the road.

It was mid-winter. The day had been cold and cloudy. A biting gusty north-east wind blew up the frozen dust along the winding path and the public road. The shadows of night began to gather and settle along the bottom of the deep valley, and already some few lights flickered in the mills and the cottages. A distant bark gave notice to the inmates of the lonely house up the hill side of the master's approach. Cheery voices, a blazing fire, and a

tempting meal spread out on a clean white cloth, were the master's welcome. The meal dispatched, the evening slipt away in pleasant chat. A chapter was read from the big old family Bible, a prayer offered by the good man of the house, and then all sought much-needed repose. The wind howled a mournful lullaby, and very soon every member of the household was asleep.

Now began to fall the first small dust of an approaching snow-storm. The wind grew stronger, and the snow descended more rapidly. The furious blast chased the snow about everywhere, and made it crouch and hide, as if its strength were gone, like a retreating army hurrying before a victorious and pursuing foe. It crept everywhere on the side of the house toward the storm where a shelter or a nestling-place could be found, and dashed away in the front, up the door-posts, on the door-handle, on the stone mullions, on the window-panes, along the mortared stone-work, in tiny crevices in the wall, and even on the fragile web of a few shivering spiders under the projecting eaves. On—still on—came the snow, now grown into large flaky morsels, bigger and

thicker than before, until the fleecy shower had covered stone and tree, house and field, hill and vale.

The farmer was an early riser. Before day-dawn, while the moonbeams were still glistening on the snow, and the stars were twinkling in its silvery crystals, he pept out through his chamber on the fairy landscape below. The old features of the familiar scene were changed. A new world was before him. The yard, the out-buildings, the fields, the stone-walls, stained by weather-beaten lichens, the larch-trees, the cottages, the dingy mills, the church, now clad in white, had not looked so beautiful for many a day. The path down the hill-side, every inch of which he well-knew, was gone. The dirt, the stones, rough places, ruts, turns in the road, all were covered with the snowy vesture. No trace of midnight wanderers was visible on the smooth surface; for on a snowy night who would venture abroad? Perhaps a nearer view and a better light would have shown him the toe-prints made by some hungry birds who had thus early been in search of a scanty meal. But other foot-marks they were none. No hoof of horse, or cow, or sheep, no human foot had yet been over that zigzag path, and left its print on the snow. Foot-prints *were* there, and frozen in the mud — his own, others: but these the snow concealed. A few more hours, and the old path would again be trampled out. A rapid thaw might come and lay bare the ruts and stones, and make pools of the foot-prints. But now—foot-prints, stones, ruts, and dirt, all were covered up. Nothing had yet passed over the even face of the snow. It was an untrodden path.

Was there anything novel in the sight? Had not the farmer seen the same winding way blotted out by the snow many times before? Have not other people in lone-houses, or by the side of pleasant English lanes, grown familiar with such a spectacle? Have not men in crowded towns and cities looked forth on some fair morning, after a wintry

night, and gazed down upon their snow-covered streets whereon at present no foot-marks have been imprinted? But has the familiar sight ever conveyed any moral? Why should it not convey one? Is it not like that new year, now before us? As yet there are no foot-prints on its untrodden path. We have not been this way heretofore. We have no experience of its character. What kind of path will it prove? Will it be hard, or soft? safe, or slippery? Shall I find my old experience help me? What new companions shall I make? what old ones miss? Where will duty lead me? Is there trial before me, and victory? or trial and defeat? Will it be a year of new joys? Will old wells of pleasure dry up? Shall I be richer or poorer? be more confirmed in my folly or grow wiser? This year will have its mercies: shall I be more thankful for them, or less thankful? have a quicker eye to see them, and a stronger memory to retain them; or will they slip by unnoticed and be speedily forgotten? This year will have its sorrows: will they chasten my spirit, and draw me nearer to the Everlasting Friend; or shall I harden my neck under them, and think my best Friend my worst enemy? This year will have its work: will it become more pleasant, or grow increasingly irksome? Shall I 'do it with my might,' or let my hand grow slack? This year men will have influence on their fellowmen: what will mine be? Will men gain by my society, or lose? Will my talk be more frivolous, or be 'always with grace, seasoned with salt?' Shall I be still a wretched drone in the church, or a happy worker? Consume good things, or produce them? As little at the prayer-meeting, or more frequently there? Shall I always need, like a wandering sheep, the minister to be coming after me; or shall I myself strengthen his hands by looking 'not only on my own things, but also on the things of others?' I have seen many new years: what

has been the sum-total of good gained from all my former questionings at their commencement? Have I really profited by my past mistakes and sins? Have I made a stand against the old temptations? or did I, like a very coward as I was, shrink from offering any sturdy resistance? Have old thaws exposed old foot-prints? Have old ways become fouler by frequent trappings? I have lived to see the end of other new years: shall I live to see the end of this? If not, where shall I be when the end comes?

These are some of those grave questions that now press themselves on our attention as we stand before the untrodden path. And yet the path is not altogether new.

‘There is a history in all men’s lives
Figuring the nature of the times deceased:
The which observed, a man may prophecy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasur’d.’

Yesterdays beget to - days. The present is the out-come of the past, and the future will be the issue of the present. What we are now we are very likely to be to-morrow. To very many the new year will be sadly like the old. Old habits will re-appear. Old passions will flame up from their dying embers. Old vices will crawl out from their miserable dens. Old sins, which men thought buried, will rise again, for sin dies hard. Men will show the same love for ‘things seen;’ the same haste to be rich, and at any cost; the same eager chase after perishable honours; the same weary pursuit for pleasures that cloy when possessed. Lonely watchers by bed-sides will find no relief in the new division of time. Godless occupants of death-chambers will be conscious of no benefit in the bare fact that it is 1862 instead of 1861. The men who hew wood and draw water will have the same servile and monotonous task. Dull souls will throw their sombre fog over everything. The growl of the surly; the whisper of the malicious; the ‘I could, an

if I would’ of the defamer; the fussiness of the busy-body; the gossip of the idler; and the croaking and groaning of all dolorous creatures among humankind will utter their plaint, and go on in 1862 as in the year that has fled.

This is one picture. Is there not a brighter? If the new year will be twin to the old in such cases as these—how will it be with those whose hope is in Him in whose hand their breath is, and whose are all their ways? Is the new year to rob them of their love for the pure Word of God, their endeavour to profit by its teaching and example, their affection for the Son of the Highest, their efforts to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things, their relish for the services of God’s house, their work in the school, the cottage, the sick-chamber, and the prayer-meeting, and their onlook for present cheer to those peerless heights where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God? Will old habits — good ones — re-appear in the Christian—old affections—old virtues? Will there be the same preference for ‘things unseen?’ Will the weary way of life be cheered by many of those promises which are ‘exceeding great and precious?’ Will man’s hard service for his fellow-man be sweetened by a patience won from the cross? Will there be love, like genius, and yet better far than any — love that gilds all it touches, transmutes clay into gold, and turns the trivialities of life into bars of a grand and ceaseless psalm? Can we hope that the pleasant voice of gentle persuasion, the charity that thinketh no evil, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, and all the courtesies and graces of Christian excellence will go on in the new year as in the old?

There is only one guarantee that they will. We must place more dependence on God, and less dependence on our good resolutions. This self-centring pride it is that has marred so many fair reflections which every new year has awakened. ‘Go

to: I will become a shining character. I will be a saint, and an ornament to my church. I will gather strength and grace and godliness into my heart. I will not be overcome of evil. I will be as good as I know how. I will walk by my better lights. I will live only for God.' This, put into words, is the essence of that boasting spirit; and this the secret of many unprofitable new years' reflections. Ye ought rather to say: 'O Thou merciful and long-suffering Father, bear with Thy wayward child. Thou only knowest the way before me: its duties and trials, joys and sorrows, losses and gains, beginning and end; help me that I may more than ever see the value of every moment and "redeem the time." Give me strength to look my past sins in the face; and not only mourn that I ever committed them, but make them a constant chastener to my proud spirit, that I may "walk humbly with Thee."

Help me to do something for my fellow-men and for Thee—some work for which Thou hast already fitted me by Thy fashioning hand. Holy Father, look on Thy ungrateful child, and let the beams of Thy love thaw my cold heart. O shelter me always under the shadow of Thy wing. Make all changes in the coming year bring me nearer to Thyself, and to Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord, and so nearer to an everlasting home. And this we pray, through Him whom Thou hearest always.'

Better far to set out in the new path with such a spirit, and breathing such a prayer. More hope then will there be of good issues, and such as will endure. Our yesterdays will confront us in the future. The old foot-prints will show themselves. But entering the untrodden path with firmest trust in God, we shall look back with thankful hearts, whether our retrospect be made on this side the grave, or the other.

THE DEFENCE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

EVERY true Christian cannot but feel deeply grieved at the many attempts which are now being made to undermine the authority and value of the written Word of God. There is not so much to create alarm, when some pitiable man, sunk in effeminacy, the slave of vice, ignorant and illiterate, presumes to question the authenticity of certain portions of the Scriptures. It becomes us, however, to be on our guard against the prevalence of any opinions which are held by those who have not only attained considerable learning, but who have been elevated to a position of sacred trust, as the professed ministers of religion, when their opinions virtually deny the divinity of Christ, and the fundamental doctrines of the Bible. The humble Christian may weep in silence and solitude, in the sequestered shade of private life, when some members of his own family

have imbibed principles which would place Christ on a level with human heroes, and destroy the purity and simplicity of the Gospel. That home upon which the Sun of Gospel Truth has hitherto shone in all its gentle splendour, and whereon the gale of spiritual health has sweetly breathed, is now overclouded by the blighting fogs of scepticism. The pious father, unaccustomed to meet the sophistries of sceptics, stands aghast at their daring effrontery, and pleads the more earnestly with the God of Truth.

But recently an evil has arisen in this country of a most fearful kind. It exists in the publication of a series of sceptical '*Essays and Reviews*,' written by men of high standing in the Church of England, celebrated for their mental acquirements, the accredited ministers of the Gospel, or the in-

structors of youth. Their influence is therefore the more likely to be dangerous, and yet viewed merely as an exposition of the sentiments and opinions of their authors, the *'Essays and Reviews'* would scarcely have made any noise, or have been generally known. But their publication has given an opportunity to certain individuals to spread abroad and vindicate the many pernicious ideas they contain. This, therefore, calls for earnest Christian opposition. The Unitarian lecturer grasps the volume, and finding therein an embodiment of principles corresponding with his own, exultingly announces that men who have hitherto been considered as the opponents of that system of morality upon which he is relying as the necessary requirement for spiritual safety, are at length coming forward and avowing themselves in unmistakable terms, the open advocates of the same belief. The professed sceptic takes advantage of the appearance of numerous publications written in answer to the *'Essays and Reviews,'* and points triumphantly to the difference of opinion which exists between distinguished theologians upon the subject of 'Bible Inspiration' as a sufficient reason why the great truths of the Gospel should be received at least with much caution; and in the midst of the excitement which is caused by the conflicting opinions of leading men, he suddenly pretends to be in possession of extraordinary powers of instruction, and by placards on the walls announces, that on a specified evening a lecture will be delivered on the subject, 'Is the Bible a revelation from an all-perfect Deity?' and on the following evening, a second lecture on 'The deluge incredible, and self-contradictory.' From the titles of these lectures, many young men are induced to hear them, for whom their parents' prayers have often been wafted on wings of faith to heaven. The young men listen to the lecturer, while with that inflated self-laudation which is very often indulged

in by men of his class, he boasts of 'thinking for himself,' and dares to call in question the inspiration of the sacred Scriptures. But what are the feelings of a parent, who receives with profound appreciation and reverence, the truths of the Gospel, when it comes to his knowledge that his child has imbibed in any degree the spirit of infidelity? He knows, and he has taught his offspring, that the religion of the New Testament breathes a spirit of boundless benevolence, of illimitable mercy, of exhaustless love, and he trusts to the fidelity of God as the answerer of prayer, for the deliverance of his child. He sorrows, but still he has a believing heart. He clings to the Word of God as his support in trial, and feels that any despondency or discouragement in reference thereto, would be unworthy of the principles he holds, and the foundation on which those principles are based.

But seeing that the Christian is aware of the attempts that are being made to propagate error in the world, admitting that we know of the existence of a regularly organized body of men, who have arrogated to themselves the right of questioning the authenticity of the Word of God, can it be denied that it is our duty not only to avow and act upon our Christian principles, but also on all suitable occasions to defend them? These are days of liberty: expression may be given to every notion. Every statement may be contradicted. Every axiom may become the subject of doubt. What our fathers have believed and taught, may be openly denied; and freedom of opinion has attained to that position that no principle is held to be so sacred as not to be made the subject of controversy. It is necessary then, that we should be in earnest in the maintenance of Gospel truth, for we may have to grapple with every form of scepticism, and to debate with the powers of darkness on every question that can agitate the human mind. Let not the Christian

be guilty of the crime of inactivity. Let us not withdraw from the opposition which the world will bring to bear upon the religion of Jesus, thinking to escape the sorrow and pain which an intimate acquaintance with the antagonistic devices of the wicked one will cause to come upon us. Let us face the storm that may possibly await us, and pass through a momentary trial to a certain triumph. It is not for us to stand in doubt as to our conduct, while the enemies of the Bible are exerting themselves to establish what they term a 'pure system of morality.' We have nothing to wait for to confirm us in our principles, or to demonstrate their value and necessity to the world. With multitudes of our young men liable, from their ignorance, to be swayed by the baneful breeze of scepticism; with the solemn plea for effort suggested by the youthful depravity constantly before our eyes; and with conviction, impelled by all the force with which the religion of the Bible can bring to bear upon our minds, be it ours to hope and labour on in the cause of Scripture truth, till a knowledge of it shall really and savingly cover the earth, as the waters the sea. Having determined to devote all our energies to the extension of Christ's kingdom in the world, let our whole life be one of antagonism to the principles of infidelity; and although there will be seasons when our pathway will be clouded, still the faith, the hope, and the spirit, that glowed within us, shall live on when the sombre lustre of the infidel's glory shall have passed away for ever.

There exists among us a large body of intelligent philanthropists who are engaged on the Sabbath-day in imparting religious instruction to the young, the influence of whose sentiments is already formidable. Let the voice of this class be expressed with determined strength and oneness, and the daring attempts of the infidel will be rendered to a great extent powerless. It is reasonable to expect the sympathy of this body in a cause so congenial with their avocation, but, is it not desirable that they should contemplate more seriously the enormity of the pursuit against which their efforts should be more especially directed? And should not the subject of 'Bible Inspiration' be brought more frequently, and more intelligently, and simply, before the attention of elder scholars? Let Sabbath-school teachers be more awake to their duty in resisting the encroachments of scepticism, and be encouraged by the fact that much that was bad in this world at one time, has now been swept away, and much that yet remains will as surely disappear. Let every Christian 'Be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.' Let every Christian minister in particular, exert his influence to enlighten the understanding of the young men on the great truths which scepticism assails. Let the instruction imparted in the Bible classes of our ministers be of that kind which will strengthen and fortify the minds of its members against the attacks of infidelity, and then much doubt that at present exists will be effectually removed.

J. S. C.

THE MUTUAL RELATIONS OF PASTOR AND PEOPLE.*

THE subject treated upon in this discourse very nearly touches every one of us. We occupy one or other of the positions whose mutual relations Mr. Nicholson very admirably unfolds; and his temperate, judicious, and Scriptural arguments,

if honestly laid to heart, cannot fail

* MUTUAL RELATIONS OF PASTOR AND PEOPLE. A discourse delivered on the occasion of the recognition of Rev. W. Clarkson, B.A., as minister of the Independent Church at Market Harborough. By REV. GEORGE NICHOLSON, B.A., of Northampton.

to be generally profitable. Mr. Nicholson aptly makes Numbers xxvii. 16, the basis of his sermon: 'Let the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, set a man over the congregation.'

Assuming the parallelism between the congregation of Israel and every congregation of the people of God—as, for example, the several Christian assemblies of modern times—there are two primary lessons touching the appointment of Christian ministers, lying on the face of this passage in Numbers, and other lessons, respecting the duties on either side arising out of such appointments, which are not obscurely suggested. The first lesson is—that every Christian congregation needs a man to be set over it. Without going so far as to say that there can be no church without a pastor, the point of the first lesson may be maintained by noting some of the advantages which result from what is all but universally considered among Christians as the scriptural rule.

One of these advantages is, that it facilitates unity of action—'which may go out before them, and which may go in before them'—this is the plea with which Moses urges his prayer for the appointment of a leader over Israel—'and which may lead them out, and which may bring them in, that the congregation of the Lord be not as sheep which have no shepherd.' And again, after the appointment of Joshua, the Lord declares, 'at his word shall they go out, and at his word they shall come in, both he and all the children of Israel with him, even all the congregation.' Now, does not a Christian congregation, in like manner, seem to require some one at its head, to preside over its meetings; to administer its ordinances; to represent its opinions; to guard its interests; and in general to give direction, unity, and effect to all its operations? I am aware that it may be said, 'Any member of the church who is found suitable may be appointed for any of these purposes, as occasion requires.'

But no one will contend, I imagine, that officers, casually appointed, will be likely to discharge important duties so well as ministers trained to the service, and possessing the knowledge, tact, vigour, and facility, found only in connection with a life devoted to it. Even in deliberative bodies, it is generally found best to have a more or less permanent president; but when bodies of men are called to action, instead of debate, this is indispensable. You may extemporize a chairman; but you cannot extemporize a general, or even a captain. Now, the functions of a church, though mixed, lie principally in the field of action. It does not exist for itself. It has a sacred mission in the world. It is set for the defence and propagation of the Gospel. It has to do battle. It is called upon to go up and take possession of strong-holds, and therefore it needs a Joshua to go out before it and to go in before it—to direct its operations—to head its attacks, and to cheer it on to conquest.

Another advantage resulting from the institution of the Christian ministry is, that it secures the regular and efficient preaching of the Gospel; a result of the very highest importance, as all will admit, who regard the preaching of the Gospel as the divinely-appointed means for the edification of the church and the conversion of the world. Here again I may be met by the assertion, that 'The preaching of the Gospel is a Christian duty, devolving upon all who have received it, and does not exclusively rest with any particular class or order of Christians;' an assertion which I admit at once, but which does not affect the point I am maintaining. Any man may preach the Gospel, and every man who believes it ought to preach it—that is, proclaim it—in his own way, and to the best of his ability. But I spoke of the regular and efficient preaching of the Gospel—such preaching of it as is best calculated, with God's blessing, to instruct believers, and

awaken the unconverted—and this is a very different thing. It is one thing to recommend the Gospel to your neighbours and friends in ordinary conversation, or to get together the materials for a sermon or two, and deliver them; and quite another thing to bring the truths of the Gospel periodically before the minds of, say three or four hundred persons, of all classes, and that in such a manner as to stimulate their attention, extend their knowledge, arouse their conscience, quicken their moral and spiritual susceptibilities, implant and strengthen in them right principles of action, and urge them forward and still forward in the path of holiness. The class of faculties demanded for this difficult work are by no means universally conferred, nor, where they are conferred, are they evenly distributed. There are some men, few and far between, who seem born to be preachers; in whom this ‘faculty divine’ develops itself without any special education, and is as certainly ‘a gift of the Spirit’ as any of the endowments mentioned in the 12th ch. of 1. Cor. There are others, happily in great numbers, who to a greater or less extent possess the requisite qualifications, but who need a thorough course of training, and a life devoted to the service, to develop those qualifications and bring them to perfection. Again, there are some, most excellent Christian men, who doubtless enjoy and exercise with the greatest advantage to themselves and others, some special talent or talents bestowed on them by the ‘self-same spirit, who divideth to every man severally as he will,’ but who cannot reckon the talent for teaching or exhortation among the number—men who never could become effective preachers under any circumstances whatsoever. So far then, as instrumentality is concerned, it is desirable above all things, if the church is to be edified and the world converted, that a man who can preach, at least with some sufficient degree of excellence, should be set

over the congregation—a man whose special ‘charge before God and the Lord Jesus Christ it shall be to preach the word; to be instant in season and out of season; to reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine’—a man, who, having the gift in him shall not neglect it; but ‘stir it up, and take heed to it, and continue in it; for in doing this he shall both save himself, and them that hear him.’

A still further advantage is derivable from what has been invidiously styled our ‘one-man system’ (at least wherever, as amongst ourselves, the election rests with the church or congregation), viz., that it brings into close, sympathetic union with every member of the church, and, to a less extent, with every member of the congregation, a spiritual adviser and personal friend, in whom they can have perfect confidence, and around whom, in proportion as he is worthy of it, their affections are sure to be thrown. To him they will bring their troubles, knowing beforehand that he will sympathise with them, and may perchance be able to help them. In all their spiritual perplexities, and in some of their worldly perplexities too, they will seek his counsel, and ask an interest in his prayers. When sickness lays them low, he will stand by their bedside and cheer them with the precious consolations of the Gospel; and when heart and flesh fail them, he will be there to point them still to that God who is the strength of their heart and their portion for ever. It is delightful to observe how, in the course of time, there grows up in this way between a good minister of Jesus Christ and all the members of his flock, an ever-deepening confidence, and an affection, different in some respects from all other kinds of affection—different, and also, in some respects, higher and more sacred. Every new representation of Christian truth from the pulpit, and every fresh manifestation of Christian sympathy in the sick chamber, or

elsewhere, will throw the magic cords of a man around both them and him, binding them together in a union as strong as it is sacred, and leaving in the minds of all concerned no room whatever for doubt as to the advantage of having a man set over the congregation.

An adversary might accuse us of drawing upon our imagination for this picture. We simply and sufficiently reply thus:—Amongst Congregational Dissenters, no minister is deemed successful in any place where this picture is not, to some extent at least, realized; nor can a minister, as a rule, maintain his position in any place except he, to some extent at least, succeed!

On the second chief lesson of the words in Numbers—that it pertains to the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, to set a man over the congregation—Mr. Nicholson's remarks are equally good. He meets the objections which have been urged against such an appointment, maintains that the difference between the Old and New dispensations, is a difference of form rather than of spirit, that we are not less under the divine direction but the reverse, and that still the decision as to a minister may come, if not as in the case of Joshua, in the shape of 'inner prompting and circumstantial hint,' which are to be regulated by the abiding principles laid down in the New Testament.

The narrative also affords interesting suggestions respecting qualifications for the pastoral office, and the duties on both sides, arising out of the pastoral relation. And first, as regards the pastor. Moses prayed that a man might be set over the congregation. Did he mean to lay any stress on the words I have emphasized? Did he ask for a true and genuine man; a man worthy the name of a man, to be set over the people? Well—perhaps not. I do not press the emphasis as an interpretation. Still, the language naturally suggests it, and, along with it, supplies us with some valuable hints, viz.: That a Christian

minister should never sink the man in the minister; that he should never consent to become a mere functionary: that he will only lose the best part of his influence if he tries to surround himself with an atmosphere of official dignity, whereby to keep persons at safe distance. Again, that he is not for a moment to suppose that he is called upon to sacrifice his human feelings on the altar of God's cause; that to be far removed above the play of all those manifold emotions and susceptibilities which characterize humanity, if such an elevation were attainable, would by no means render him especially qualified for the work of the ministry, but that on the contrary, it would, of itself, be a sufficient disqualification. These are some forms of the pregnant lesson suggested to us by the fact that when the congregation of Israel needed a leader, and captain, and judge, Moses did not pray for him under any of these titles, but only asked that the Lord would set a man over the congregation. It has been asserted that ministers are sometimes required to be more than men. But how can this be? Can there be any higher standard for us than the standard of perfect humanity? No, brethren! and those who have tried to be *more than men*, have only ended in being less. Our aim and effort, so far as personal character is concerned, cannot be directed to anything higher than the development and full exercise of all the best gifts, the holiest principles, and the noblest sympathies within us! Nor is it otherwise as regards our usefulness. He who best knows what is in man, and what man most requires, has given the ministry of the Word and the care of all the churches, not to angels, nor to the disembodied spirits of the saints, but to *men*; men of like passions with the rest; who are subject to the same infirmities; who are exposed to the same trials; who offer to their fellows a Gospel which has first been the means of changing their own hearts, conquering their

own wills, and subduing their own iniquities; who live and preach with the recollection constantly present with them, that they too must give account. It was a heathen philosopher who said, 'I am a man, and therefore I esteem nothing human to be foreign to me;' but his words furnish a valuable rule for the guidance of the Christian minister.

Two other qualifications are also pointed out. The pastor must be a man 'in whom is the Spirit,' and a man who enforces by his example what he teaches with his lips.

There are also duties which congregations owe to their pastors. The narrative suggests something about these. Joshua was to be 'set over' the congregation; not made one officer among others in it; but set over the whole. We are not surprised therefore to read lower down that Moses was commanded to 'put some of his honour upon Joshua, that all the congregation of the children of Israel might be obedient.'

Now after making due allowance for difference of circumstances, I would submit that these two words *honour* and *obey*, when properly understood, will include all the principal duties which a Christian assembly owes to its pastor; and that they will not include more than may properly be expected and required of them. The claims represented by these two words, may be supported as arising naturally out of the mutual relation of pastor and people. What Joshua was to the tribes during their conquest of Canaan—what the prophets were to the Jews before and after the captivity—what the apostles were to the multitudes who exclaimed in the first age of Christianity, 'Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?' all this a good minister of Jesus Christ is to the members of the church and congregation under his charge. He is their leader in every good work. He proclaims to them the holy law of God. He preaches to them the Gospel of the grace of God. Honour to whom honour is due. If it be not due to

him who worthily fulfils these sacred functions, then to whom on earth is it due? 'Wherefore we beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake.' There is nothing surely in this to offend even those who are most sensitive with regard to popular rights as opposed to priestly domination. We are not of the number of those who assert that the office of the ministry of itself invests the occupant, whether he be worthy or unworthy, with authority. We abjure such a doctrine as false and pernicious. But do we maintain that the personal influence of a true minister of Jesus Christ should be enhanced by the sacredness of the sublime vocation he pursues, and that the esteem which is due to his personal character should be the higher because of the noble but difficult sphere of action in which it is made manifest. Those who treat such a minister with disrespect, or who fail to render to him the honour he deserves, despise not man but God, for he is the minister of God unto them for good.

The other word, '*obey*,' when taken simply as it stands, sounds, it must be confessed, somewhat harshly. At first sight, it seems scarcely in keeping with what Jesus said to His disciples, when there was a strife among them, which should be greatest;* or with the spirit of the apostolic injunction which forbids any of us to think of being 'lords over God's heritage.' Everything, however, depends upon the sort of obedience claimed, and the grounds on which it is claimed. This part of our subject is one which requires to be carefully stated. Upon no question of doctrine or discipline have the Scriptures been more 'wrested' than they have upon this; and, of course, in diametrically opposite directions; one party explaining the word '*Obey*,' so as to make it mean nothing at all; and

* Luke xxii. 24-26.

another party giving it a force and range which are utterly at variance with other teachings of the very writers who employ it. We have no time to canvass the meaning of particular passages now; but we may observe from them all—Firstly, That ministerial authority is not personal but official. The wisest and best minister in the world has no right to claim submission to his own will, or the acceptance of his own decisions. The obedience to pastoral authority which Scripture enjoins rests on totally different grounds from the honour which it requires to be paid to pastoral worth and efficiency. The man is to be *honoured* for his own sake: he is to be *obeyed* because it is God's message he delivers. Hence, Secondly, The right and duty of 'private judgment' are reserved to every individual Christian. 'If any man preach any other Gospel unto you,' says the apostle Paul, 'let him be accursed.' Men are always fallible, often mistaken, sometimes insincere. You have a more sure word of prophecy. 'To the law and to the testimony: If they speak not according to this word it is because there

is no light in them.' How much force, then, are we leaving to the word 'Obey?' This will appear, if we consider, Thirdly, The practical end and aim of the Christian ministry, which is to persuade men to embrace the truth as it is in Christ Jesus; to live by its light, and to die trusting in its promises. If our object were to please men's ears with rhetoric, and to gain their assent to opinions, there would be no need for us to look for anything further. But inasmuch as our object is to save their souls by exhorting them, in God's name, to repent of sin, trust in Christ, and live a life of holiness: our whole end and aim are frustrated unless that exhortation be obeyed. Wherefore we say—'Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves, for they watch for your souls as those who must give account. Yea! let them have to thank God without ceasing, because when ye received the Word of God which ye heard of them, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth the Word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe.'

THE NEWBURYS: THEIR OPINIONS AND FORTUNES.

A GLIMPSE OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER I.—A GOSPELLER IN ARMOUR.

'How obstinate the animals are; they won't be counted anyhow! Now, my lad, fetch them round again. Eh; that's right. Now be quiet, dog—down! I've got them at last. One, two, three, four, five,'—

Elijah Newbury halted, looked first right onwards, then all round, then up to the sky, and finally down to the sheep. Aye, it must be so. It was a horseman just showing his mud-soiled garments round the corner of a green copse some four hundred yards or more away.

But the sheep must be counted

and penned; so with a violent effort, looking very simple on one side of his face, and very suspicious on the other, he continued:—

'Six, seven, eight—nine!'

Bang! It was a musket shot. And putting the two facts together, Elijah came to a reasonable induction. He then cotted his sheep, quieted his dog, and made haste home by a circuitous route. He was pale and nervous.

'It's coming, father!—quick!' he burst out ere his father was well aware of his presence.

'What's coming, boy?'

'Why the war, father. Didn't you say on Sunday there were signs and wonders happening around us?'

'Eh, lad, what do you mean? What have you heard?'

'Heard! Why musket shots fired by soldiers that will be round in front of us presently; so we've no time to lose.'

'All right, my lad, we'll see to it. It is what I've expected some time since. Get the oxen scoured in their sheds, back a couple of old waggons against the yard gates, bring the serving men in, and I'll get down the firelocks and put my house in order.'

'But you don't mean to fight, father?'

'Fight? Aye, if honest men can't live quiet, godly lives, without interference by kings, papists, and magistrates, then its time to "put on the whole armour of God." Go, Elijah, at once. I see you don't know my temper yet. Ah, its my own fault,' he added, turning aside, and brushing away a tear; 'ever since Giles left us I have lived too much to myself. The Lord pardon me, and help us now!'

For a few minutes all was bustle, and it was well it was, for their time was short.

What was that? Was it the wind? the cattle? the firs? No, it was the rattle of musketry, and the clamour of human voices and horses heels. Presently a loose horde, half-bandit and half-soldier, made their appearance opposite the house, but could not get very near it since it stood somewhat above the level of the horse-road, and was protected by a high garden wall. The gates were well secured, and so the foragers were kept well at bay.

'Surrender in the king's name!' bawled out a flushed faced man, crossed with some tawdry finery, wheeling his horse up to the gates and looking into the yard.

Bang went a firelock from one of the top windows just as Nathaniel Newbury, the father, was putting his head out of the second story

window to reply. It was Elijah who had let it off by pure accident. 'Go in there, and bring that gun down you careless boy,' cried the father, to the utter disarrangement of all his growing officiality.

'As the king's subject,' he replied, turning to the officer, 'I have a right to demand what you mean by this unmannerly intrusion upon a peaceable house. I desire no disturbance, and will give you what you reasonably wish for. But if you demand by force of arms what you have no claim to by right, in the name of the Lord I will resist, though you came with devils instead of men!'

The handful of marauders, Papists in reality, were rather cowed at this mild but firm resistance. They were part of the off-scouring of rascality and rags that were then infesting the county of Lincolnshire, that had fortified themselves in Newark-upon-Trent, and had swept the country round for many miles. They were under the immediate patronage of the Queen Henrietta, who by the sale of some crown jewels had obtained them ammunition and guns in Holland.

Newbury grew valiant as he saw their weakness and hesitation.

'Away now, I say,' he thundered, 'or my men shall fire. Mind you pick off the men and leave the horses,' he added, turning within, and speaking to Deborah, his wife, who stood behind with a firelock on her arms, which she carried as though she were going to troll it like a mop.

A few stray shots, fired anywhere for sheer vexation, and the men slowly moved away with oaths all the more guttural and fearful since the courage of their utterers had long since ebbed away.

They were some time in getting away. At last all seemed clear. But a blaze startles the family and frightens them much more than the Papists. It was the cattle shed burning fast, the smoke sweeping over the house in heavy volumes. Was it a 'gin' to draw them out?

thought Nathaniel. No, he would not go. The cattle were valuable, but his family more so. He would stay, and painful as the loss might be, leave the fire to take its course. And now the oxen were alarmed, and bellowed wildly, stamping and rattling their chains in a most terrible manner. Nathaniel hesitated for a few minutes. But see, the fire is fast consuming the roof, and the flames leap up and round, and lie writhing and crawling amidst the smoke like fiery serpents. It was soon over. The roof fell, and the cattle one by one were silent, and the black ruin glared in frightful outline against the sky.

'Thank God we are all safe,' said Nathaniel, with great cheerfulness.

This was the beginning of poor Newbury's troubles. Sheep, plantations, stacks, and outstanding crops, were variously plundered in their turn, and a state of genuine alarm was fostered by letters from London and tidings of neighbouring forays. So he furnished his arms, procured more gunpowder, and disposed matters within Carlton Grange for a siege if need be.

Nathaniel was not a man of war by nature. But there were three facts that went strongly to make him one under present conditions. He feared God, had a honest notion that there was something divine about a man's liberty and life, and had gradually come to dislike all Popish mummeries, priestly devices, and peremptory mandates from king and convocation, that began with blarney and ended with blasphemy. To be brief, he had recently become an Anabaptist, or a Donatist dipper, and this almost without knowing it, or ever having had an opportunity to submit to the baptismal rite. He had been born a churchman because he could not help it, and he had attended church, with his family, pretty regularly, until he came across an old Dutch work, recently Englished by an anonymous hand. This book had cleared away the mist and dust that had hitherto hid

from him spiritual truth, and lifted him into a new region where all seemed to lie beneath the immediate smile and presence of God. He felt he could live better, love more, and do more, when he trusted to the simple Scripture thoughts this book had opened, than when enveloped in the somnolent folds of a traditional faith, or groping in a blind murk that only excited aspiration to elip and hood it for ever. He got the neighbours together in his house on the Lord's-day, and expounded and preached, telling them whence he drew the impulses of his life and the germs of his primitive faith.

Here began fresh misfortunes. Persecuted for his new doctrines and contempt of the old, he struggled and strived, prayed, suffered, and believed. Light came in the darkness, and amidst that pure illumination, duty became beautiful, danger sublime, and death a transfiguration. But more than this, there had latterly been an evident absorption in some new and secretly cherished scheme. All the mean details of his daily life fell from him like leprous scales in this white-heat of a new and patriot enthusiasm. He was sad and solitary. Neighbours called him 'queer' and 'peculiar.' Old Midge, the armourer, knew more than most folks, and was most frequently visited, but he stood out against all talkers and news-mongers. Such conduct was made more inexplicable by the good news so joyfully received within the last few weeks. The neighbourhood was now clear of enemies, and Colonel Cromwell himself, more familiarly known as the 'Lord of the Fens,' was coming to clear the county of Camdeners and Papists.

The suspense at Carlton Grange at last grew fearful. Mother and children were caught up into the same fervent mood, without knowing how the impulse came, or whither it led. At length, in family worship one morning, the secret accidentally came out, and throughout the day Deborah was paler, though her eyes were wilder and brighter than usual.

Night came. Old Midge brought home a suit of armour, a sword, a holster pistol, and a stout pike for home use. They were hung in the warm oak-panelled parlour, and beneath them reposed the open Bible. All was the hush of deep, suppressed emotion—the silence of the soul when it catches the far-off rhythm of celestial worlds, and is folded in the sweet embraces of divine tenderness and grace. The soft lamplight danced on the bright arms, and touched up a word here and there on the Holy page. Deborah was in tears, and her lips trembled in spite of the strong effort of her will. Keturah, a girl of fourteen, who sat next her, was demure and statuesque. Elijah, the eldest and only son, now Giles was away, was sedate, even sad, visibly nerving himself for what was coming. Serving men and domestics, in varying moods of curiosity and feeling, sat in the dim shadows of the distance, and made up a picture, such as Albert Dürer would have loved to paint, and one that would have done an honest soul more good than picture of saint, cherub, or Madonna. Nathaniel read a passage from the book of Samuel, beginning '*And David said to Saul, let no man's heart fail him because of him: thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.*' Every word sank deep in their hearts. Prayer followed, and when the father's voice faltered, there was weeping, wringing of hands, and loud gushes of feeling, that made the scene almost tragically impressive. Deborah and Nathaniel at last were left alone, and their speech shall be sacred as it was tender and holy. They spent the night in prayer.

On the morrow Nathaniel buckled on his armour, and girt on his sword, and thus equipped went through a short religious service. It was now time to part. The household of Carlton Grange clung about him like helpless, hopeless ones, but with radiant courage he blessed them, and gave each some special counsel. Elijah would be their stay, their defender, their captain, if need

be. The country hereabouts was now clear of all but 'honest men,' and there was little to fear. But as for him, he must away; it was his solemn duty, he said, to help good Christian men elsewhere. His stout cob came round to the front, but it was sometime before he could tear himself away. At length he was fairly mounted, and with a face of flint he bade Deborah, and his children, and domestics, farewell, and committed them to the care of the Most High.

Here was a gosseller in armour. A strange sound the words have in these days, when men hesitate whether a soldier can be a Christian, and a Christian a soldier. Was it strange then, when honest, God-fearing men, went to danger and death, with prayer and psalm, and yielded their lives more joyfully than we our pence that the kingdom of the Lord might come in the hearts of mankind, and the earth be free of the crimes that were done in His name? Say not it was all the effect of mere circumstance and a great national crisis. Beneath all that fitted on the surface, deep down in the hearts of men, was there not a grand gigantic Belief, centring in God, and sweeping round humanity to return unto Him again? Men were fanatical, raving, mad, if you please; but it was for truth, for liberty, for religion, for God: and the man who can ever remain in the frigid zone of an even balancing judgment when all that belongs to the glory of this life and the next are assailed by powers civil, military, and religious, has lost his sense of the worth and divinity of truth, and is a statue, a stone, and not a man. When men believe with a deep-rooted, broad-set, bold-bossed, and self-annihilating faith, they tower into a moral atmosphere, whither others more logical cannot follow them, and where, as they are above our plane, they are beyond our criticism. I will not ask, where now we might have been, had such men never wrought their heroisms into the fabric of the world; but I will ask, where we might now be had we

but their courage, their conscience, and their belief?

A gospeller in armour! Yes, Nathaniel Newbury was not going to leave off preaching and praying because he was going to fight. Some men wear their Christianity so loosely about them, that they can put it off in all great civil and political concerns; it is a robe embroidered with creeds and zodiacal signs, that can be slipped off the shoulders whenever it is convenient. All Nonconformists who vote for Puseyites, and all descendants of Anabaptists whose bones bleach in the mounds of Naseby who do dire despite to the liberty of their conscience for the sake of present comfort or paltry gain, are men of this latter type. Yea, even some men take this sleek calf-skin mas-

querade for the pure and virgin truth. Not so our forefathers, and not so our gospeller. If you uncoiled his religion from him there would not have been even so much left as a mummy—it was his soul, marrow, and framework, and if a spiritual analysis had been possible, you might have found it in the corpuscles of his blood. And it was not a little strange that as this new made soldier trotted off to the Cromwellian rendezvous, July 9th, 1643, one George Fox, of Drayton, in Leicestershire, broke away from his relatives 'at the command of God,' as he himself says, to lead a life of warfare, so opposite yet in some respects so similar, that the reader can make a parallel or a contrast of it as he may choose.

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

STILL as death, and cold, and white,
All the land is lying;
Waiting 'neath the starry light
For the old year's dying.

Silence, where the forest hoar
Bound in winter sleepeth;
Silence, where the city's roar
Stills; and vigil keepeth.

Silence: as the old year dies,
The new year is dawning!
With a flash of glad surprise
Come the glad bells' warning.

Ah, we welcome thee, new year,
With such joyful pealing;
Yet to some sad eyes the tear
Even now is stealing.

Clasped within the dead year's hand
Lie our fairest flowers;
Blooming for the silent land,
Never more for ours.

Gather thou no more, new year;
Peacefully pass o'er us:
Bring some unconjoy more near,
Set some hope before us.

From the years, oh God, our cry
Up to Thee ascendeth;
Years are born, and pass, and die,
Thou the same remaineth.

Show us, through earth's darkened years,
Light eternal breaking;
Where life's dream, now dim with tears,
Shall have joyful waking. MAUD.

Biblical Notes and Queries.

NOTES.

'For joy thereof, goeth and selleth all that he hath and buyeth that field.' (Matt. xiii. 44.) Augustine excellently illustrates from his own experience this part of the parable. Describing the crisis of his own conversion, and how easy he found it, through this joy, to give up all those pleasures of sin that he had long dreaded to be obliged to renounce, which had long held him fast in the chains of evil custom; and which if he renounced, it had seemed to him as if life itself would not be worth the living, he exclaims: 'How sweet did it at once become to me to want the sweetness of those toys; and what I feared to be parted from, was now a joy to part with. For Thou didst cast them forth from me, Thou true and highest sweetness. Thou castedst them forth, and for them, enteredst in Thyself, sweeter than all pleasure.' The parting with those other delights, which had hitherto held him bound, was, in Augustine's case, the selling of all that he had, that he might buy the field. Paul also declares (Phil. iii. 4-11) how he too sold all that he had, renounced his trust in his own righteousness, in his spiritual and fleshly privileges, that he might 'win Christ and be found in Him.' In each of these illustrious instances the man parted with the dearest thing he had, so to make the treasure his own; though in each case, how different was the thing parted with! So, too, whenever any man renounces the thing that is closest to him, rather than that that should be a hindrance to his embracing and making his own all the blessings of the Gospel,—when the lover of money renounces his covetousness,—and the indolent man, his ease,—and the lover of pleasure, his pleasure,—and the wise man, his confidence in the wisdom of this world,—then each is selling what he has, that he may buy the field which contains the

treasure. Yet is not this selling of all to be considered merely in the light of an arbitrary condition, imposed from without, but rather in the light of a delightful constraint, acknowledged from within: even as a man would willingly fling down pebbles and mosses, which hitherto he had been gathering, and with which he had filled his hands, if pearls and precious stones were offered him instead; or, as the dead leaves easily, and as of themselves, fall off from the trees, when propelled by the new blossoms and buds which are forcing their way from behind.—*Trench.*

'That if any did not work, neither should he eat.' (2 Thess. iii. 10.) This has very much the air of a proverb; and in fact there was such a proverb in very frequent use among the Jews. A similar adage is found among classical writers. From the earnestness with which the apostle dwells upon this matter, in both his epistles to the Thessalonians, it would appear that many of the converts were disposed to give over work, and looked for their maintenance to the wealthier or more industrious brethren, and that this was one of the evil results of their false notions about the immediate advent of Christ.

'Wherefore the law is as our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ.' (Gal. iii. 24.) The translation of παιδαγωγος by 'schoolmaster' throws some shade over the idea this passage is intended to convey. The *pædagogus* was not a schoolmaster, in the modern sense of the word, but was generally a slave, or a domestic servant, who attended to his master's sons, to watch over their behaviour, and particularly to conduct them to and from school and the places of exercise. From this part of his office he derived his name. He had nothing to do with the education properly speaking; although when he happened to be an educated man, which was sometimes the case, he

appears to have assisted and directed his young masters in getting ready their lessons for school. In the Greek authors, the *pædagogus* is often introduced as a character, and as such is usually represented as of a severe and imperious description. In point of fact, then, the present text really represents Christ himself as the schoolmaster, to whose school the pupils are brought by the *pædagogus*,—the law.—*Kitto.*

'*Putting away lying.*' (Eph. iv. 25.) This was by no means a superfluous injunction; for the heathen had no principle of truth among themselves, or anything on which a high standard of moral excellence might be erected. Whitty says on this injunction: 'The heathen philosophers thought lying lawful, when it was good or profitable; as owning that rule of Menander, "a lie is better than a hurtful truth;" and that of Proclus, "good (advantage) is better than truth;" and that of Darius in Herodotus, "when a lie will profit, let it be used;" and that of Plato, "he may lie who knows how to do it in a fit season," for, says Maximus Tyrus, "there is nothing decorous in truth, but when it is

profitable; yea, sometimes a truth hurts, and a lie profits a man." And to countenance this practice both Plato and the Stoics framed a Jesuitical distinction between lying in words, and with an assent to an untruth, or "lying in the soul."'

QUERIES.

No. 1. What are we to understand by 1 Cor. xii. 3, 'No man can say Jesus is Lord, but by the Holy Ghost?' M.

No. 2. Does Gal. vi. 2. 'Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you with mine own hand,' refer to the length of the letter, which is not so long as some others: or to the size of the characters of the apostle's handwriting? J.

No. 3. How are we to interpret this saying of Christ? 'If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamore tree, be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you.' Luke xvii. 6. B.

[Short pithy answers to the above will oblige.—Ed.]

Notices of Books.

THE STRIFE OF SECTS. *Tracts for the Thoughtful on Matters Relating to the Religious Condition of the Age.*

No. 1. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

ONE way of making out a good case for your client is—to ignore every argument of opposing counsel. The author of the pamphlet before us has acted in some such way as this. He has a great deal to say about the 'evils of denominational schism,' and very little to say about the unquestionable 'good' which has resulted from denominationalism itself. He will allow 'that every sect now existing probably originated in an

earnest conviction of mind, and a solemn sense of duty in its founders.' He will not allow that earnest convictions and a sense of duty influence the 'modern sectary.' Very black indeed is the picture he gives of him: he is uncharitable, egotistical, captious, fond of a little brief authority, neglects the weightier matters of the law for some petty detail or unimportant form, originates weak 'causes,' perpetuates the race of poor ministers, poor in more senses than one, builds mean-looking chapels, supports inefficient Sunday schools, and makes religion generally contemptible in the eyes of the thought-

less and the irreligious! A man who feels so strongly the evils of modern sects must surely have some remedy at hand for their removal. What is this? An amalgamation of all congregational churches into one strong society, and the gradual absorption of the Wesleyans into the State Church. We are told, moreover, that a better understanding might be brought about between churchmen and dissenters, if the divisions among dissenters were removed. But with which section of 'churchmen?' With the broad church? They are too latitudinarian. With the high church? They 'magnify their office,' and are disposed to turn up their nose at a 'vulgar dissenter.' With the Puseyite section? The hatred of Popery is too intense in the great body of Englishmen, the remembrance of its fearful tyranny too indelible for any 'better understanding' with those who ape her forms and would restore her power. With the low church? Why dissenters are beginning to think that if the evangelical clergy were only honest to their avowed convictions, and acted like the noble men of 1662, the union between church and state would soon become so odious that its separation would not be far distant. While there are such divisions in the Establishment itself, and party spirit therein runs so high, it is worse than useless to talk to dissenters of denominational schism. The Anglican church really possesses as many shades of opinion within her pale as are to be found without; the only difference being, that dissenters do not 'sign' a self-contradictory agreement, and then teach whichever way they please, but in their organizations honestly and openly avow their several distinctions of opinion on matters of faith and practice.

We must beg to correct one glaring blunder in this pamphlet which nearly touches all Baptists. It is *not* the main business of Baptist preachers to make Baptists, but to 'persuade men to believe;' and we hesitate not

to say that in every church among us there is far more rejoicing 'over one sinner that repenteth' than over one Wesleyan or Independent that asks baptism at our hands.

The evil of 'little causes' is an old theme to every General Baptist; and however strong the author may think his remarks on this subject, in our judgment they by no means express the whole of the evil. 'We shall often find,' he says, 'in connection with one of our small religious "causes" a knot of little-great people of a somewhat busy or fussy description, who find some gratification for their love of power and authority in the administration of the small affairs of this small cause. If this little cause were merged in some larger and more influential congregation, these worthies would probably sink down into the common herd. I do not affirm that these excellent people *knowingly* keep afoot their little cause in order that they may enjoy this petty greatness; but we all know how frequently motives of different kinds so interwove themselves in the texture of our desires and intentions, that we find it perplexing to distinguish between our virtues and our vices, between our strength and our weakness. Would to God I could believe that there is no deacon or church member in all our dissenting bodies who is in the slightest degree influenced by these unworthy motives in striving to maintain our denominational disunion!'

We would recommend our readers to get this pamphlet and read it, on the principle of the old Latin proverb, that we should be willing to be taught, even by an enemy.

THE EARNEST MAN. *A Memoir of Adoniram Judson, D.D., First Missionary to Burmah.* By H. C. CONANT. Edited by JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D. (Vol. III. of the 'Bunyan Library.') London: J. Heaton and Sons, 21, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

WE simply announce the issue of the third volume of this popular Baptist series. A hasty dip into the

volume has stimulated our desire to be better acquainted with its contents. The result of a careful examination shall be given next month.

THE BAPTIST HAND-BOOK FOR 1862. Price Sixpence. London: Heaton and Son.

LINNÆUS somewhere says, 'It is disgraceful to live in a country, and not to know it.' Want of leisure, want of good hand-books, and most of all, want of funds, are the ready excuses men make for this kind of ignorance. But none of these can now be pleaded by any Baptist for ignorance of his own denomination. For sixpence he may have an excellent hand-book full of information about Baptist societies, colleges, educational institutions, publications, an alphabetical list of Baptist ministers in Great Britain, and a general view of the state of the denomination. Our advice to one and all is—Buy the Baptist Hand-Book for 1862.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. *Reformation or Ruin?* By JOHN HAMPDEN. London: Tresidder and Co.

A CAUSTIC appeal to churchmen on the present evils in the Establishment. The writer wants Maynooth grants abolishing, a more equitable distribution of the immense revenues of the church among her ministers, ordination delayed till the candidate is thirty and has had a good drill in Baxter's 'Reformed Pastor,' one minister to every thousand of the population, no minister absent from his cure more than one month in twelve, a recognition of lay agency, a reform in the liturgy, and the abolition of church rates. We sincerely hope honest churchmen will lay the exposures of this pamphlet to heart.

THE OLD THEOLOGY THE TRUE THEOLOGY; or *Justification and Sanctification of the Holy Scriptures, of the Early Fathers, and of the Creed Books and Doctors of the Reformed Churches.* By REV. W. ELLIOTT, Epsom. London: Nisbet and Co.

A BOOK with not a little evidence of extensive reading in it, sadly dis-

figured in the 'getting up' by a prodigal use of italics and small capitals. The writer seems very like ignorant speakers who think they are making a deep impression when they shout out every third or fourth word at the top of their voice. We can assure Mr. Elliott that his emphasizing is sometimes equally absurd, and that in the attempt to make everything 'tell' he has well-nigh succeeded in making everything tedious.

The old theology is the best; but it must be *primitive*, as well as old. Mr. Elliott's dogmatic way of putting things will not win him many converts, and may prevent the very class from reading his book for whom he intends it. He is not always fair, either, in stating the case of his opponents, and shows a sad want of common sense in bracketing together Baldwin Brown and Dr. Wilson, of the *Essays and Reviews*. Nor will it materially serve the cause of truth to fling epithets at people's heads in place of supplying them with arguments: *Vide* page 55 and 56, where he speaks of Baldwin Brown as a Papist and a Jesuit. GOOD NEWS. By BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A. London: Nisbet and Co.

A CHEAP and admirable tract on the words of the 'commission.'—*Prayer Meeting Hymn Book.* London: Tresidder.—This book contains one hundred and ninety hymns suitable for revival services and social worship.—*Prayer Answered.* London: Tresidder. A short history of the Crosby Hall Prayer Meeting. *Mended Homes and what repaired them.* London: Nisbet and Co.—An account of 'mother's meetings,' and the good effects of them in London. Pity it is that similar meetings are not started in every crowded town of the country.—*Aids to the Development of the Divine Life.* By Rev. J. Baldwin Brown. No. 1. *The Decrease Accomplished at Jerusalem.* London: Tresidder.—Mr. Baldwin Brown intends in this way to bring before the public in a cheap and accessible form some of the sermons preached in the ordinary course of

his ministry. The key-note to the whole, he says, he knows not how better to describe than by saying that the aim of Christ in the work of human redemption, is imparting to us 'power to become sons of God,' sons, after the image of Himself—THE SON. The text of this sermon is 1 Cor. xi. 26, 'For as oft as ye eat

this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come.' We heartily commend the pamphlet to our readers. It is very suggestive. The death of Christ the life of the world—that death 'which is earth's outer and heaven's inner gate'—this is the theme of the sermon.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THOMAS COOPER.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—It almost seems to me as if I ought to apologize, even at the beginning, for addressing a letter to you. An indulgent friend, however, urges me to write to you, and says, if I don't, my brethren in England will soon cease to reckon me among General Baptists, since they neither see nor hear anything of me, and I seem to be an exile in a far country. I trust, nevertheless, that the little church at Carley-street, Leicester, will not cease to regard me as their fellow-member—although I met with them but once, and that simply to be received into membership. Nor, I confide, will the brethren at Derby, Nottingham, Loughborough, Burton-on-Trent, Melbourne, Ripley, Coalville, Boston, Macclesfield, Staleybridge, Burnley, Bacup, Bradford, Halifax, and elsewhere,—to whom I have preached, and whose kind and hearty welcome I received,—cease to regard me as one with themselves. I beg that they all will permit me to look forward to future meetings with them, if God should prolong my life, and that they will allow me to anticipate the pleasing renewal of welcome when I next see them, should it be even more than a twelvemonth before we meet.

'But why are you self-exiled into Scotland?' many friends ask. I answer—partly, because I cannot help it. I did not expect to remain so long on this side the Border when I crossed it last August. It seemed to me *then*, clearly certain that I should get back to dear old England in about five months. But when I endeavoured to form a route back into England, one difficulty after another presented itself in regard to the dates which would suit different English towns, until I was utterly baffled in my attempts to make out a consecutive list of 'engagements' in that direction,—and gave it up. On the other hand, Scottish friends everywhere, publicly and privately, pressed me to return, and to return quickly—so that I found I should have little difficulty in making out a full list for 1862, in Scotland alone. Yet, I have only printed a half year's list this time, and not a whole year's list, as I did for 1861—really not liking to see myself printed down for a full year's exile to come, and entertaining a faint hope that I may, after all, get back into England before 1863. The hope is only *faint*; for I shall only get back as far north as Aberdeen, if I live, by the end of next June, and then I have a month or more to spend in the country beyond (Morayshire, Inverness-shire, &c.) and afterwards to return all the way through Scotland, calling again at various towns—so that, I repeat, I have only a faint hope of reaching England again before 1863.

In Scotland, my brethren well know, I can do nothing for our cause as a General Baptist; but I entreat them to bear in mind that I am working for the cause of the Divine Master. My errand of duty to poor sceptics, I thank God, is not unsuccessful. I have kept no chronicle of instances; nor, if I had kept one, should I like to parade it to the general eye in any periodical. But, I can humbly and gratefully record, that I seldom visit a town the second time without hearing of good done by my former visit. In some places, men advanced in years come to me, and with streaming tears, tell me they were sceptics of many years' standing when they heard me last year, or so many months ago; and how their minds were gradually arrested as they listened, night after night, to the series of discourses,—until one cloud of doubt after another was utterly dissipated, and at length, their hostility to God and Christ broke down, and shame and sorrowful repentance followed, and they cast their souls on the Redeemer for acceptance, and found mercy, and peace, and joy in His Name, and are now in membership with some Christian church. Testimonies from younger men are more frequent, and are sometimes peculiarly encouraging, from the fact these young men have become more valiant for Christ than they were for Atheism, or their so-called 'secularism.' I receive also many blessed and cheering testimonies by letter. Thus my heart is strengthened, and my mind confirmed in the conviction that I am doing the work God would have me do. And I entreat my General Baptist brethren to bear me up at the throne of grace—remembering that they have one more missionary among the heathen than is accounted for in their printed list.

I find that, during the three and a half years I have been wholly devoted to my itinerant work for Christ, I have lectured and preached about fifteen hundred times. How many thousand miles I have travelled

I cannot tell—for I keep no account of that; but I desire to have a heart filled with gratitude to God for the fact that I have been preserved in perfect safety during this time, and, with a few slight exceptions, have had strong and vigorous health. My Sabbath labours have been among all sects of evangelical Christians; and, even in this land of keen predilection for peculiar doctrines, my broad proclamation of a free and full salvation for all has been welcomed, although often delivered from the pulpit of high Calvinism. Here and there, a high-professing preacher holds up his robe while he passes me by, as if to say 'Stand by, I am holier than thou!' But, it is only *here and there*: that is to say, religious exclusiveness has not 'given me the cold shoulder' more frequently in Scotland, hitherto, than in England. Sometimes, I find preachers here as in England, who are intent solely on keeping their own church, their own pulpit, their own people, their own meetings, fully before the eye of the world, and who cannot spare one hour to help the poor advocate of their Great Master's truth against sceptical error, or condescend to take the chair for him, or grace his lecture with their influential presence. Their coldness, however, seldom troubles me. '*Human natur!*' I say, with Marryatt's old carpenter, in '*Jacob Faithful*;' and pass on,—giving myself to more earnest work, because of their coldness.

In by far the greater number of places I visit, ministers of every evangelical denomination receive me with hearty affection and welcome; and with some of them I have, in this distant region, contracted loving friendships which, I trust, will endure for the term of our earthly lives, and be renewed for ever in heaven. Some of these are Scotch Baptists (and very noble fellows, too, both in intellect and generosity of affection), some Independents, some Presbyterians, and some Evangelical Unionists, or '*Morisonians*,'

as they are more commonly called. A very few ultra-Genevan men venture to whisper a warning in my ear against seeming to take sides with the poor persecuted Morisonians, by preaching in their pulpits: but so long as I find ministers among them like my excellent friend John Kirk, of Edinburgh,—(a man who has but one work on earth, and whose earnest soul is fully given to his holy work—that of bringing sinners to Christ)—I mean to help them in every way that I can. I have an old propensity to take the persecuted side; and it is sure to be strengthened in me when anybody utters contemptible prate about ‘respectability.’

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, very truly,

THOMAS COOPER.

Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire,
10th December, 1861.

THE BAPTISM OF THE PHILIPPIAN JAILOR.

To the Editor of the General Baptist
Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent J. M., has called in question the accuracy of my account of the place of the jailor's baptism, and the position of the jailor's house. He has, moreover, favoured us with his own suppositions as to both these points. With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will now briefly examine them.

First, as to the *place* of baptism. J. M. says, ‘Most probably the baptism took place in the river Strymon.’ Most improbably, as it seems to me; for, to begin with, the Strymon, at its nearest point to Philippi, was distant from that city *not less than thirty-three miles*; and it is altogether unlikely that the jailor should have travelled at midnight so far away from his post of duty, even for Christian baptism. As to the distance from Philippi to the river Strymon, let J. M. take

any good map of ancient Macedonia and judge for himself. Let him carefully observe the position of Philippi on the eastern side of the great plain lying between the Thracian Hæmus and Mount Pangæus, and the position of Lake Cercinus, lying some thirty miles away from Philippi in a south-westerly direction. Let him then trace the course of the Strymon from end to end; from its sources in the north to its entrance at the north end of Lake Cercinus, and from the south-eastern outlet of the same Lake to the Strymonic Gulf. When he has done this, I would beg him to note at what point the Strymon most nearly approaches the city of Philippi; and he will see that the section of the river near the city of Amphipolis is in fact that very point. Now it so happens that these two cities were situated on the *Via Egnatia*; that old Itineraries have handed down to us the exact statement of the distance between Philippi and Amphipolis; and that they uniformly describe that distance as not more nor less than three and thirty miles.

Of course J. M. does not suppose that the *proseucha*, which Luke tells us was ‘out of the city’ (or the ‘gate’ and some MSS. have it) was literally thirty-three miles out, and that Lydia and her household walked that distance every Sabbath-day. Nor does he suppose that the jailor walked that distance in the night, before he found enough water for baptism; and yet both must actually have traversed so many miles, if the *proseucha* were on the banks of the Strymon, and it was in the waters of that river that the jailor was baptized.

J. M. has evidently followed, without any examination, the statement of Neander as to the name of the river near Philippi, a statement none the less inexact because repeated by several other eminent divines who had never personally examined the region. Accurate maps, made from the observations of men who have visited the neighbourhood, will show J. M. that on

the eastern side of the Lake Cercinus, the side on which Philippi stood, another river, not the Strymon, but the Angitas, the Gangas, the Gangites, or the Gaggitas, (for it was or is known by all these various names) is situated; that the Gaggitas is fed by several tributaries; and that one of these tributaries runs by the site of ancient Philippi.

J. M. is the more excusable in supposing that this river was the Strymon, because if he had examined some maps, — according to the statement made in an eminent Cyclopædia deservedly celebrated for its accurate geographical articles, — he would have found that the Angitas (Gaggitas) which flows from the eastward into the Lake Kerkine, (Cercinus) is miscalled the Strymon, which enters the Lake only from the north.

Secondly, as to the position of the jailor's house. J. M. evidently thinks that this was beyond the prison. I am still inclined to think, after a careful re-examination of the particulars of the sacred historian's account of the events which took place on that memorable night when the two missionaries were imprisoned, that the jailor's house was really a part of the prison. Now what do we find? That, on the night in question, Paul was near enough to the jailor either to hear the noise made by the drawing of his sword, or his exclamation of alarm at the supposed escape of the prisoners; and that the jailor was near enough to Paul to hear his very seasonable advice, 'Do thyself no harm, for we are all here.' On the supposition that the jailor's house really formed some part of the prison, all this is probable enough; but on the supposition that the jailor's house was beyond the prison, and that Paul's voice had to travel along the corridors from the inner prison to the house beyond, and to the very interior of that house, and *vice versa*, all probability vanishes. Again, the historian Luke tells us something about the prison itself. It had at least two wards—an outer

one and an inner one. It was within the last that Paul and Silas were thrust by the jailor. When, therefore, the same exact writer tells us, with all the circumstantiality of an eye-witness, that the jailor 'sprang in' on hearing Paul's voice, he surely does not mean us to understand, into the prison from his house beyond the prison, but, into the inner part where Paul and Silas lay; and that when he tells us that the jailor 'brought them out,' he does not mean, out beyond the precincts of the jail, but, out of that wretched hole into which a few hours before his superfluous cruelty had thrust them. And lastly, it is worthy of note, (see Alford, and others) that the Greek verb which the sacred writer uses to describe the jailor's taking Paul and Silas into his house, suggests, not that his house was without the prison, but only that it was in a higher part of the same building.

J. M. inclines to the opinion that the baptism took place without the prison from the supposed difficulty about finding water enough within the prison after the earthquake for the due administration of that rite. It is, however, a purely gratuitous assumption to assert that every bath in the prison was cracked in that convulsion, and that all the water was dissipated; and those who make such an assumption will be quite as ready—if you say that the baptism took place in the river outside the prison—to make another, namely, that the same wave of motion from the earthquake which let out all the treasured waters within the prison, created such fissures in the bed of the river as to engulf the whole of its streams.

Few places were better supplied with water than Philippi. It was not unlike 'Ænon near Salim,' and from the abundance of its streams it had once borne the name of 'The Place of Fountains.' It was a miniature Rome, both in its government, and in its taste for luxuries; and of the last, baths were the most common; baths not only on a large scale

for the public, but on a smaller scale in private houses, and for daily use.* A Roman house without a bath would be about as unlikely as an English house without a fire-place or a cupboard. Is it then too much to suppose that when water was so plentiful at Philippi, and when the love of baths was so common, that the jailor's house, even though it were part of the prison, should be the only one destitute of this everyday luxury? Although there is no positive statement that the jailor was baptized within, neither is there any that he was baptized without the prison. The air of the narrative, however, no matter what suppositions the imagination of opponents may suggest, seems to point to the interior of the prison as the more likely place for the 'midnight baptism by torch-light.'

I remain,

Yours truly,

THE WRITER OF 'THE CONVERSION
OF THE PHILIPPIAN JAILOR.'

STRICT COMMUNION DEFENDED.

*To the Editor of the General Baptist
Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that your correspondent has withdrawn from the discussion without either sustaining or retracting the grave charges which he has brought against strict communion churches. Having re-read my paper, I am unable to discover the manifestation of anger, or a feeling unsuited to the pages of such a publication as yours. If, however, the two or three periods at the end of my paper, suggested at the moment of writing, by 'Half-a-Baptist,' and felt to be personally offensive, I have much pleasure in withdrawing

* 'Towards the close of the republic, and under the empire, the daily bath became a necessary of life, and an indispensable preliminary to the evening meal.'—*Professor Ramsay's 'Roman Antiquities,'* article, 'Baths.' See, also, *Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,'* article, 'Balneum.'

them, and beg to say, that neither they, nor any portion of my letter, were dictated by an unkind, acrimonious, or uncharitable spirit. My opponent is mistaken too, in supposing that I wish for discussion. I have been for very many years a subscriber to the Magazine, and have seldom troubled either the editor or his readers. And when I have written for the press, I have been obliged to get some one to transcribe my papers. And being now advanced in life, I rather wish for that repose which a kind Providence has given me the means of enjoying, than to engage in discussion. If I do this, is there not a cause? 'Half-a-Baptist,' in his first letter, spoke of strict communion as 'this unrighteous practice,' 'this spot in your feast of charity.' And he proceeds to ask the deacons and members of all close communion churches to consider where their steps are tending, and the grievous injustice they do themselves and others by the course they pursue. Well, sir, being a deacon, I thought I was specially called upon to consider the subject; I did so, and naturally wished to know by what passages of Scripture the very strong terms employed were sustained. 'Half-a-Baptist' does not, even in his second letter, quote a single passage in support of his strong statements, but he speaks of strict communion as 'that unscriptural and unchristian practice;' says 'he would rather not enter on the theological discussion of the question;' tells another village story, designed like the former, to produce a certain theological result; calls fancy to his aid; and then concludes by saying, 'I must still speak of it as being contrary to the teaching of Scripture, and the loving example of the Saviour.' Sir, I deny that 'Half-a-Baptist' has a right to speak of it in this way. He might have laid it down as a proposition to be proved, that strict communion was unscriptural, or after he had furnished the Scripture proofs, he might then have declared it to be unscriptural

and unchristian. But he has taken neither course. He has neither shown, nor attempted to show, from Scripture, that we are required to admit unbaptized persons to the table of the Lord. There it is written, 'Go ye therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I command you.'

The second story is designed to show that we should admit those to communion that we shall meet in heaven. If this argument is sound, why is it not carried out to the full extent? Why are not unbaptized persons allowed to join the church? What is there more sacred in church membership than in communion at the table of the Lord? What right have the advocates of open communion to keep those out of the church who will not be excluded from heaven?

After telling his story, your correspondent calls fancy to his aid. 'I can fancy,' says he, 'that they (that is the good men spoken of,) rejoice to see in your Body, more enlarged views than was their practice on earth.' Well, sir, if conclusions are to be drawn from fancy, I can fancy that if the good men mentioned rejoice over any of us, it is not over those of us who are being conformed to this world, can advocate worldly amusements, as 'kissing in the ring,' and depart from the traditions which we have been taught, but over those that 'keep the ordinances as they were delivered unto them.' I am sorry that the fancy of my opponent did not carry him back to the Apostles, who were all Baptists, and to the Christians of the apostolic age, who, according to Robert Hall, were all immersed, for then we might have been informed if it was matter of joy to them that one ordinance, appointed by their Lord, was changed, and the primitive integrity of the other endangered.

I am astonished that 'Half-a-Baptist' should represent me as

wishing to force my Christian neighbours to sit under the ministry of a wicked and ungodly teacher. I did indeed ask 'why did they not go to the Established Church, or the Methodists,' but it was to make, as any one may see who reads my paper, a demand similar to that made upon our friends. We are asked to admit unbaptized persons to the Lord's table. Would the church do that? The persons spoken of knew, that in 'both villages excellent men were pastors of the General Baptist churches,' and yet they left these excellent men to sit under godless teachers. Who can say that they had much spiritual life to lose? As to the injury done to dissent there may be a difference in opinion as to the persons by whom it was done. Close communion is said to be contrary to 'the loving spirit of the Saviour.' The spirit of the Saviour and the teaching of the Saviour will certainly harmonize: he had better therefore have shown that it was contrary to the teaching of the Saviour. I believe in charity as a Christian grace, and strive to manifest it to others, but I do not believe in it as a complete rule of Christian action; still less do I believe that it was ever designed to set aside positive institutions. Your correspondent says, he knows that an immense majority of Baptists are decidedly opposed to close communion. I question this; but supposing it to be so, what then? Does truth necessarily go with majorities? Almost all errors have been supported by some good men, some of them by many; but number is of no consequence when the support of Scripture is wanting.

Yours truly,

M. STOCKS.

Queenshead, near Halifax,

Dec. 9th, 1861.

CHAPEL TRUST DEEDS.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. W. H. Watson, of

London, the solicitor, has, through the *Baptist Magazine*, called the attention of Particular Baptist Churches to the recent Act of Parliament, 23 and 24 Vic., c. 9, by which trust deeds, defective through non-compliance with the Mortmain Acts, may be rendered valid by enrolment in Chancery before the 17th of May next.

I think it right to remind the churches of the General Baptist section of the denomination, through your medium, that they have this chance of perfecting the title to much of our chapel property, which was rendered defective by the omission of enrolment. Many cases have come under my own observation, where great trouble and expense have arisen through this neglect; and the opportunity of rectifying it now given by the legislature will afford relief to invalid titles.

May I embrace this occasion of observing upon the risk and trouble frequently incurred by an indiscriminate resort to 'Peto's Act' on the appointment of fresh trustees for our chapel property. I was not present in the Association when the matter was discussed, or I should have supported the caution which was enjoined, as I understand, in consequence of the obscure provisions of this Act. A notion prevails, in the rural districts especially, (and the report of the committee printed in your October number gives it some countenance) that whenever fresh trustees are desired, nothing more is required than to call the

church together, and straightway appoint them, and fill up a form like that given in the Schedule to the Act. Numbers of these I have found among chapel deeds; and as they are often *unstamped*, and made without considering whether the power to appoint rested with the church or the old trustees, they are useless, and worse than this, when they interfere with the title of mortgagees of the chapel property. The Court of Chancery having decided that Peto's Act applies only where the power to appoint under the old deed has lapsed, no prudent person would advise an appointment by the church without reference to this circumstance. The description of property affected by the Act is limited, and the Act itself not comprehensive enough to effectuate safely the presumable intentions of it. I forbear expressing any opinion upon the subject of a Registry of Deeds, or the specimen appended to the report. Those who know most of our chapel property are too well aware that in some cases the titles require a few years' nursing before they would bear exposure in a public registry, and the interests of mortgagees and equitable claimants demand great consideration before any such plan is adopted. The intentions of the committee are laudable; but each church must judge for itself how far it could prudently comply with the recommendations.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE STEVENSON.

Leicester, Dec. 12, 1861.

Obituary.

MISS MARTHA BOARDMAN, of Manchester, died January 27th, at the house of her sister, Mrs. Prestwich, with whom she had been residing for several years. Miss Boardman, was brought to a knowledge of the Saviour when about twenty, and soon afterward publicly professed her

attachment to Jesus, and her determination to walk in His footsteps. She was baptized in Oak-street chapel, Manchester, by her late brother-in-law, Mr. Prestwich. All who knew our departed friend can bear testimony to the fact that she cheerfully and consistently adorned

her Christian profession. She could scarcely be said to be well during the whole of last winter, and the severe weather appeared to prepare her for that fatal attack which was destined to take her home. About a fortnight before her death she was seized by inflammation of the lungs. From that time she appeared gradually to sink, but it was not until a day or two before her end that imminent danger was apprehended either by her friends or herself. Though her body grew weaker she was sustained by divine grace: her 'faith failed not.' She 'knew in whom she had believed,' and said, 'Jesus would be ready to receive her,' and spoke about friends who had 'gone before,' whom she expected to meet in heaven. As her dissolution approached her breathing became extremely difficult and her speech almost inaudible. Her last moments were spent in prayer, and she concluded by saying, 'Amen—Amen—There;' and she laid down her hand upon the bed as the last words were uttered, as if conscious of having finished her earthly course and was addressing bright and happy

spirits who were present, ready to bear her away.

'She's gone to the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
There she leans upon Jesus's breast,
Freed from sorrow, affliction, and care.'

At the time of her death, and for some time previously, she was in fellowship with the church which assembles in York Street Chapel, Manchester, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Richard Chenery. On Sunday evening, February the 3rd, a solemn and impressive sermon was preached by her pastor from Jeremiah xv. 9: 'She hath given up the ghost; her sun has gone down while it was yet day.' Mr. Chenery stated that during the month of January four of the friends had been removed by death, two in the first week and the other two on the last Sabbath in January, and of the four Miss Boardman was the youngest. 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

'Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.'

Intelligence.

CONFERENCE.

THE MIDLAND CONFERENCE met at Friar-lane chapel, Leicester, on Tuesday, December 17th, 1861. In the unavoidable absence through illness, of the Rev. Giles Hester, of Loughborough, Rev. H. Ashbery, of Sheffield, had kindly consented to preach. His text was Luke v. 4-11. The attendance was not large. At the afternoon meeting Rev. H. Hunter prayed, and Rev. J. C. Pike presided. From written or oral reports, it appeared that ninety had been baptized since the last Conference, that eighty-one were now candidates for baptism, and that seven had been restored to fellow-

ship. After the singing of the doxology and the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the following business was transacted:—

1. *Address of condolence from the Midland Conference to our widowed Queen.* It was agreed (1) That this Conference, sharing in the profound grief of the nation, on the decease of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, requests the chairman, Rev. J. C. Pike; the secretary, Rev. J. J. Goadby; and Mr. J. F. Winks, to draw up an address of condolence to Her Majesty, expressive of our deep sympathy and loyal attachment, and also our earnest prayers that Almighty God would vouchsafe divine consolation to our bereaved.

(2) And that the Right Hon. Lord Belper be requested to present the address.

2. *Expression of sympathy with Rev. J. F. Stevenson, of Nottingham.* It was agreed: That the ministers and representatives of this Conference, desire to express their sincere sympathy with their beloved brother, the Rev. John Frederick Stevenson, of Nottingham, and pray that 'the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and God all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation,' may graciously sustain him under the peculiarly affecting bereavement he has been called to endure.

3. *Week of prayer in January, 1862.* It was agreed: That this Conference cordially approves of the suggestion to hold during the first week in January next, united meetings of all classes of evangelical Christians for prayer to Almighty God for the revival and extension of religion; and recommends the churches of the Midland district to do what they can towards carrying out the suggestion in their own neighbourhoods.

4. *An old rule revived.* The secretary intimating that great inconvenience had been occasioned by the disuse of the old plan of appointing, not only some minister to preach, but some other brother, in case of failure; it was unanimously agreed: That in future the old rule be adhered to.

5. *Smeeton.* In answer to some questions as to the chapel property at Smeeton, it was announced that the trustees had acted under legal advice.

The next Conference to be held at Beeston, on Easter Tuesday, April 22nd, 1862, Rev. W. Taylor, of Castle Donington to preach; or, in case of failure, Rev. W. Jarrom, of Kegworth.

Rev. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough, preached in the evening.

J. J. GOADBY, *Secretary.*

BAPTISMS.

WHITWICK.—The modern history of the General Baptist cause at Whitwick dates back some seventy years, but so far as is known the ordinance of baptism had not been administered in the place until Lord's day, September 29, 1861, when we had the pleasure of using the baptistry in the new chapel for the first time. The event excited the greatest interest—the spacious chapel was densely crowded in every part. The profoundest attention was paid to the sermon delivered by the pastor, the Rev. J. Cholerton, and the utmost order and solemnity prevailed while the candidates, three young men, were baptized.

COALVILLE.—On Lord's day, Nov. 3, 1861, we had the first baptismal service in our new sanctuary; in the morning, five persons were baptized, and in the evening were received into the church. This being the first Lord's day upon which we had met for regular worship in the new chapel, great interest was felt in the services, which were well attended, were very greatly enjoyed.

LOUTH, *Walker-gate.*—On Nov. 25, we had great pleasure in adding two to our number by baptism, (the younger son and daughter-in-law of our senior pastor, the Rev. J. Kid-dall.) The baptism was administered in the presence of a large and very attentive audience, and we hope good was done.

NOTTINGHAM, *Stoney Street.*—Thirteen friends were baptized and added to the church in this place on Lord's day, December 1. Amongst them were four scholars in our Sunday school, two of whom were quite young, yet they had given pleasing evidence of their conversion. We are happy to add that there are pleasing indications in our school of a gracious revival taking place, there being now several candidates from amongst the scholars.

B. Y.

STALYBRIDGE.—On Lord's-day morning, December 1st, 1861, three friends put on Christ by baptism. In the afternoon they were received into the fellowship of the church.

ANNIVERSARIES.

SMARDEN, *Zion Chapel*.—The anniversary services were held on the 17th and 18th November, 1861. On Lord's day, the Rev. E. Bailey, of Staplehurst, preached morning and afternoon. The Rev. J. Sella Martin, the fugitive slave, pastor of the Baptist church, Boston, America, was announced for the evening, but was prevented by bodily indisposition from being present; his place was kindly and acceptably supplied by Harper Twelvetrees, Esq., of Bromley. The congregations were large, and the services were much enjoyed. On Monday, a tea meeting was held. Appropriate and effective addresses were delivered by the Rev. E. Bailey, W. Jull, Esq., and Mr. Barling, of Staplehurst, and Rev. J. S. Featherstone. The chapel was crowded, and the interest of the audience was sustained to the close of the meeting. Mr. Featherstone concluded his address with a poetical tail-piece. On Tuesday evening, Mr. Twelvetrees delivered a lecture on 'The Travels and Explorations of Dr. Livingstone in Central Africa.'

OPENING.

COALVILLE.—*Opening of the New Chapel*.—The first services in connection with the opening of this spacious and beautiful sanctuary were held on Lord's day, September 22, 1861. In the morning, a prayer meeting was held, at which a large number of friends assembled, and the Divine presence was greatly enjoyed. The Rev. J. Harcourt, of London, preached, afternoon and evening, to crowded congregations. The collections, including an 'offering' made at the close of the morning meeting, amounted to £50. On

the following day, a large number of friends assembled for tea, and in the evening an interesting meeting was held, over which the pastor, the Rev. J. Cholerton, presided, and admirable addresses were given by the Revs. J. Salisbury, of Hugglescote; E. Bott and J. Holroyd, of Barton; W. Taylor, of Castle Donington, T. Mays, (Independent,) of Ashby; and Mr. J. Harrap, of Leicester. Further services were held on Lord's day, October 20, when the Rev. G. Hester, of Loughborough, and the pastor preached; and on Lord's day, October 27, when the Rev. C. Clarke, of the College, preached. All the services were well attended, and the collections, &c., amounted to more than £100. The chapel is a very elegant building, and is universally considered to reflect the greatest credit upon the architect, Mr. J. Salisbury, of Ashby. It will seat 550 people, and will be completed for a little more than £500. The friends have raised towards the cost £260, including the proceeds of a bazaar held in connection with a tea and music festival, on Monday, December 2, the latter being conducted by our excellent friend, Mr. H. Dennis, of Hugglescote, when we were favoured with the valuable help of many friends from 'all the region round about.'

REMOVAL.

Rev. T. Gill has resigned his pastoral oversight of the church at Melbourne, and has accepted an invitation to Shore, Yorkshire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LINCOLN.—On Sunday and Monday, December 8th and 9th, 1861, special services were held in the Corn Exchange, in aid of the church funds. The attendance at each service was very large, and on Sunday night many went away. On Sunday morning the Rev. Charles

Clarke preached from Galatians, vi. 2; and in the evening from Isaiah, lv. 6-7, both sermons being highly interesting, and very eloquently delivered. The collections amounted to £9 4s. 2d. On Monday afternoon there was a public tea, at which 370 friends sat down. The Rev. T. W. Mathews, of Boston, presided at the public meeting, when addresses were delivered by himself and the Revs. W. Underwood and Clarke. Mr. Charles Akrill and Mr. Poppleton

also addressed the meeting. The proceeds, after paying all expenses, will leave a profit of £18. The plans and elevations are prepared for a new chapel, which is to be both commodious and elegant.

LOURN, *North-gate*.—On Monday, December 16th, a purse was presented to the Rev. William Orton, containing twenty guineas, which he was requested to accept from his congregation as a token of their esteem for him, and as a proof of their attachment to his ministry.

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

'STATE church Establishments are standing organizations of hopeless schism;' so writes Goldwin Smith, Professor of History in the University of Oxford, in a remarkable reply to Lord Stanley's recent speech at King's Lynn. He thinks the first qualification for a state-bishop is 'caution, the twin sister of cunning;' that there can be no true freedom of opinion until the church is liberated from state trammels; and that the fall of the papacy will very likely bring with it the fall of all State Establishments of religion. These are startling words from such a quarter. Meanwhile, petty bigotry is showing itself in the Establishment here and there: the Vicar of Scarborough has withdrawn from the Mechanics' Institution in that celebrated watering place, because the large hall of the institution is let to Dissenters for Sunday services; the Rev. Mr. Woodard, of Hierstpfierpoint, whose middle-class schools the Chancellor of the Exchequer eulogised the other

day at Cambridge, abruptly left the mayor's table at a public dinner at Folkestone, because a Dissenter was asked to say grace; and three clergymen, who had agreed to deliver addresses at a *soirée* of the Carlisle Christian Young Men's Association, precipitantly left the meeting immediately after tea, because a Mr. Percival, formerly the Dean of Edinburgh's curate, was on the platform! In keeping with all this, is the account Sir M. Peto gives of the intolerance of a certain divine connected with a church in the Eastern Counties, which Sir Morton Peto had built at his own expence: the child of a dear friend of Sir Morton's was refused burial because it had never been baptized! This circumstance was the origin of the Dissenters' Burials Bill. A calculating Anglican proposes a new way of celebrating the approaching Bicentenary of Black Bartholomew's Day: conferring 'orders' on all respectable dissenting ministers, who, in 1862, will bring their chapels and people over to the parliamentary church, and be willing to be made

perpetual curates in their old meeting-houses, which are to be converted into chapels of ease!

Berlin has at length seen the opening of a Baptist chapel. The place will hold about 600 people, and cost £1,200. We hope it may prove a mother - church. Mr. Kloekers, the Baptist Missionary in China, has been summarily expelled from Peking by Mr. Bruce, our ambassador. The facts of the case are not yet known. A meeting for a united celebration of the Bi-centenary has been held at the Baptist Library, London. The proposition then made is gaining ground. Let every church among us, while doing something to make the facts of 1662 better known, lend a helping hand to this more general commemoration.

The Romanists are still active as missionaries. The settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company swarm with their agents. They traverse China without molestation. They are found in Japan. They are busy in Madagascar. They overrun the numerous isles of the Pacific.

GENERAL.

THE Prince Consort is no more. This heavy blow to the nation and to the Queen fell on Saturday, Dec. 14. The news was first communicated to many by ministers in the chapels and churches: and never were prayers more devotedly and earnestly offered for our beloved Sovereign than on the Sunday, when the millions of her people wept with their widowed Queen. May the Lord have her in His holy keeping;

bind up her bleeding heart; and comfort her in all her tribulation. We rejoice to hear that her Majesty has borne the crushing sorrow with unexpected fortitude. After the first passionate grief was over, she called her children about her, and begged them to aid her in her sorrow, and help her to bear it as their mother and their queen. It is 153 years since a Prince Consort died in England: but the husband of Queen Ann will no more bear comparison with Prince Albert, than Queen Ann will with Queen Victoria. The Prince Consort, in a thousand ways, has been a great blessing to this country; and his memory will be fragrant for ever.

Soon after our last notes were written, the news of the American outrage reached England: two gentlemen and their secretaries, all Southerners, had been forcibly and illegally seized on board the *Trent*, an English mail steamer. The captain of the *San Jacinto*, so say the American papers, was able in his piratical act to gratify a personal as well as national revenge. Great excitement was created in England on the arrival of the news; and in four days a Queen's messenger was dispatched to our ambassador at Washington—Lord Lyons. The first news from America after the capture was known there, was very discouraging. The last accounts are more assuring. Lincoln has left himself a loop-hole to creep out in his annual message. We fervently pray that He who guides the counsels of all men will so order His providence that England and America may be saved from a civil war. Perhaps

before this Magazine reaches the eyes of our readers, official news from America will have been received. The deputies of the three denominations have met in London, and are about to memorialize the government on the desirableness, in the event of a hostile reply from the President of America, of submitting the case in dispute to arbitration.

Continental politics are still full of uncertainty. The Russian university disturbance is not so formidable as was at first supposed. The oppression of Poland continues: women are taken up for wandering about the streets without lanterns; and one poor creature who was hurrying for a doctor to visit her sickly babe found, when she got free from the brutal soldiery, and was fairly at home, that her babe was dead! As a specimen of 'toleration' in Warsaw, take the following, signed by the prefect of the police: 'I authorize the bearer of

the present card, Mr. ——— to carry a cane, even with an iron ferule at the end, and this on account of his advanced age and the weakness of his legs. — PILSUDSKI.' Austrian difficulties are no nearer solution. Ricasoli is showing himself a worthy successor of Cavour in the Italian parliament. Mazzini's friends are asking for his return to Italy on account of his declining health, and Garibaldi has retaken his seat in the Chambers. France finds it hard to submit to the retrenchment of the new finance minister — Fould. The priesthood and the government are wider than ever asunder. For the moment all have forgotten their national troubles, and are turning their eyes and their sympathies to sorrowing England. The French court goes in mourning for three weeks, the Prussian for four: and it is reported that many courts will send special representatives for the funeral of the late Prince Albert.

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 11, at Cambridge, Rev. R. Webb, Albany, Georgia, to Mary Sarah, youngest daughter of Mrs. Allen, formerly of Rise, Richmond, Surrey.

Dec. 5, at Oldham, B. Payne, of Braybrook, near Market Harborough, to Sarah Rainbow, of Cooknoe, near Northampton.

DEATHS.

Nov. 22, at Southsea, Mary Ann, the wife of Rev. J. H. Cooke, Baptist minister.

Dec. 7, suddenly, Priscilla, the beloved wife of Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A., of Nottingham, aged 28.

Dec. 14, at Windsor Castle, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, aged 43.

Dec. 15, of congestion of the brain, Edwin Goadby, the infant son of Mr. W. Dalby, Commercial-road, London.

Dec. 20, Mr. W. Booker, senr., of Nottingham, aged 63.

Missionary Observer.

LETTER FROM REV. W. HILL.

Cuttack, Oct. 3, 1861.

By the present mail I intended to send you an account of the last Pooree Juggernath festival, but must defer it till another mail. In the meantime I will send you a few scraps, though I fear you will not be able to turn them to much account. Suppose, then, I begin with mentioning a case which has recently occurred, and which may serve to show the difficulty of embracing christianity. A young man in the civil hospital, learning to be a doctor, having read our books, determined to embrace christianity. His friends, hearing of the matter, sent in his resignation, took him from the hospital, and placed him in confinement. His uncle (who is the principal native officer in the judge's court) and a number of others induced him to go to the magistrate and say that though he had had desires to be a christian, he did not wish to become one *now*. Thence they took and placed him in confinement. His head, they said, was "too hot," and as "much learning had made him mad," the doctor said he must be bled in the head, and this was accordingly done. He was then compelled by sheer force to bow down to the idols. Though his body was compelled to do homage to the graven image, his mind refused, and after a few days, when the watch had become less strict, he embraced the first opportunity to come and see us, declaring it was the wish of his heart to become a christian and be baptized. How the matter will end we know not, but we trust the good work of grace, if commenced, will be completed. Should he come out, then his friends will regard him as an outcast—as dead, and all communication will cease. With such difficulties it is not surprising that so few

are prepared to count all loss for Christ.

Last evening, Damudar's second son, who is a clever lad, came to have some conversation about religion. In reply to the question as to what led him to think about his soul he said, that he had been dreaming that the last day had arrived, and that he was standing before the judgment seat of Christ. His conscience condemning him, he tried to hide himself amid the assembled crowds. "The eyes," however, "of Christ, which were as a flame of fire," followed him into his retreat, and the voice, which was "as the sound of many waters," called him to answer for his sins. Again he tried to conceal himself among the crowds, but again was he followed by the Judge's all-seeing, all-piercing eye; and here he woke and found all a dream. This, he said, had impressed his mind, and as he did not know when he might be called, he wished to prepare for death and judgment.

This morning I paid a visit to old friend Gunga Dhor. As he takes deep interest in whatever relates to Bunyan, I told him about the statue which had been recently erected to his memory, and that a lord sahib had declared, in a public meeting, that he was unworthy to sit in his chair, and declined the honour. Tears soon filled the old man's eyes and he said, "Ah, to what hundreds of thousands have Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and Holy War been made a blessing." Referring to Gunga and the Holy War, I am reminded of an address he delivered the other Sabbath morning. Not being able to see to read, he does not always select a text, though he always illustrates and enforces scripture truth. On this occasion, he commenced by saying that Bunyan sahib had written a book called the Holy War, and that about that book he should say a little that morning. He then

selected several characters from the work, which he illustrated with amazing eloquence and dramatic power. Not only did he seem to speak with his tongue, but with his eyes, his head, his hands, and his entire body. When speaking on sorrow for sin he observed, "if your son died you would weep *six* months; if your daughter died you would weep *three* months; if your wife died you would weep *four* months; and if your father or mother died you would weep *twelve* months; but for your sins you will not weep at all. For your *sins*, weep! weep!" Gunga's weeping scale I do not profess to explain, but the loss of a son or parent is considered by the Hindoos as an unspeakable loss. Towards the close, after passing an eulogy on the work of "*brother*" Bunyan, as Gunga called the Bedford tinker, he made some original remarks. To ears polite, his illustrations may not always be sufficiently refined, but when urging christian consistency he observed, "Be like a city set on a hill, and not like a frog or a snake in a hole; that nobody can see, or wishes to see." The address was full of important instruction, and was delivered only as Gunga could deliver it. To see him walk, you would think him too feeble to speak, but were you to hear his voice without seeing his form, you would suppose him to be in the vigour and prime of life.

This morning he was telling me about his age, and said he was much older than his father was when he died. Then becoming a christian, I said, does not seem to have shortened your days. "No! no!" said he, "it is by the grace of Christ I live; had not He saved me, sin would have slain me long ago." "A tree may be planted by rivers of water," he continued, "but if there be a worm at the root it will wither and die—sin is like that worm, and while men are quite young it kills thousands upon thousands." Not having had college advantages, we should not expect him to be an authority in such matters; but scarcely could I

help smiling this morning as he said, "Let the youths in the school be well versed in the 'Bible Catechism,' the 'Jewel Mine,' and the 'Essence of the Bible,' and then they will have no need to go to college."

VISITS TO THE ZENANA.

MRS. MULLENS, of Calcutta, has forwarded to the London Missionary Society an interesting account of her labours for the instruction of the higher classes of Hindoo females, especially of her visit to the Zenana (the secluded abode of Hindoo females). We have much pleasure in bringing before our readers particulars of this new effort in christian benevolence.

OBSTACLES TO THE WORK, AND HOW TO OVERCOME THEM.

June, 1861.—We met to-day with our first repulse in Zenana teaching; it came, not from the ladies, of course, nor even from the master of the house we were in, but from a jealous old uncle, a bigoted Hindoo, who is rich and powerful enough to make the family unwilling to offend him. We were seated in their verandah, as usual, surrounded by at least twenty eager learners, Mrs. Murray and my daughter busy with the needlework, and I with the reading lessons, when suddenly a harsh voice was heard below stairs, vehement and loud in the extreme, and so choked with anger, that the only words that I could distinguish were, "What, again! Again! After all I have said, these missionary ladies are here again!" The effect was electrical. Our frightened scholars slid away and hid themselves in all parts of the house. It seems the old gentleman had warned them before, but they fondly believed he had gone out to collect his rents; and so he had, but his carriage had driven back to the door for the express purpose, as it seemed, to detect them.

tasting of the tree of knowledge—a tree forbidden to them, alas! although their minds were hungering for mental ailments. The old schoolmistress alone stood her ground; apologized to the angry man; said it should not happen again; motioned to us to remain silent, (which I was not sorry to comply with,) and finally persuaded him to go away for to-day. The women then returned one by one, and a council was held. The teaching in that house was over, that was clear, but the scholars were not going tamely to submit; they had begun to learn, and they meant to continue; that, they said, was their determination. I replied, "Well, as your laws forbid your coming to me, it rests with you to find another schoolroom; I cannot help you in this matter." Then, with a good deal of hesitation, one of them, named Koddome, suggested, "I live a very little way from this, and come here through a private passage; I have an indulgent father who might, perhaps, allow the teaching to go on in our house, and then most of these ladies could come there, through the same private passage; but then the room is very small and inconvenient, I fear you will not be able to bear the closeness and the heat." We were considerably relieved; if we could only keep our beloved scholars we could bear anything, so I told her; and she added, joyfully, "Oh, then I shall use all my influence with my father to let you come." Our best pupils here are two young Brahmin sisters, who also come from an adjoining house; they are richly laden with jewels. I turned to them and said, "Why don't you invite us to your commodious dwelling yonder, and let us hold the school there?" "Oh!" they replied, "how gladly would we do so: but our husbands won't hear of it, they say that it is bad enough that we are learning to read, they won't have their own house turned into a school for christianity."

On Monday we went again to see what our friend Koddome had been able to effect in the way of getting

us a new place to teach in. We drove in Mrs. Murray's carriage to the old place, where we were met by the schoolmistress, who told us the ladies were all assembled in the house of the doctor, Koddome's father, but that it would be necessary for us to go by the front entrance, which was down a long green lane. Thither we repaired, but the lane was so narrow that the carriage could not by any possibility be turned into it. Our tropical rains have begun this week; we had not come prepared for this walk, and felt it would be most imprudent to venture. At the same time, the teacher was so earnest in pleading that we would not disappoint the scholars, so we got out and tried to walk through the water; but we were obliged to give it up for to-day. The woman seemed in despair; she said the ladies would never forgive her for not bringing them to us. And oh! how sorry I was to go back, and yet it was a sorrow not unmixed with joy, for here, at last, were the daughters of the land crying out, "Give us to know, to know," a cry which one breath of God's Spirit can at any time change into the prayer, "Give us to know Him, whom to know is life eternal;" for is it not written, "Faith cometh by hearing!"

This recalls a native lady in Bhowanipore, who is debarred from "hearing" by a jealous and wicked husband. Hers is a sad case, it calls for our prayers and sympathy. She is the wife of one of the richest men in this neighbourhood, and is said to be so beautiful that her husband is afraid to let her be seen, even by the members of her own family; consequently she is more completely secluded than the most secluded of her countrywomen. This lovely young creature had, in some way or other, heard of our teaching in various houses, and conceived the most ardent desire to learn to read, and also to see an English lady, a pleasure which had never yet been hers. She appealed to her husband in vain; he was quite insensible to

any additional advantage his already envied wife might gain by being taught to read and write; but she thought she might succeed better in the matter of fancy work, and so contrived the following little device; it showed ignorance, perhaps deceit, but it also showed her intense thirst for instruction; she would get knowledge in any way, at any price. She sent me sixteen shillings, with a request that I would let her have as handsome a pair of slippers as I could for the money. These slippers she meant to give her husband as a present from me! with a message that I wished much to call and see them, and that I had offered to teach her to make slippers like those I sent. Poor girl! I returned her money, explaining that her plan was neither a right nor a politic one, it was sure to defeat its own end; but I sent a large parcel of fancy work for her to show her husband, and said she might tell him that we would come and teach her to do it, if he liked. A few days since the parcel was returned, with a message from the baboo, that he would buy the whole of it, as it would please his wife, but he must decline her receiving visits from a christian lady.

Monday again! and though it was raining quite as much as before, we set off for our green lane, fortified this time with over-shoes and umbrellas. Koddome had not at all exaggerated the heat or closeness of her room. Indeed, it was so small that at first I said it really would not do; but the distressed looks of the women, and their prayers and entreaties, soon made me revoke that decision. They said, "Our husbands are determined to put down this movement in Bhowanipore, and we are equally determined that it shall not be put down. If you will only not desert us now, but put up with a few inconveniences, we shall carry it through yet, and we are not without hope that soon we may get leave to return to the former place; when our husbands

see we are determined, they will cease to raise objections."

We got over the smallness of the apartment by dividing our scholars, and promising to go twice a-week instead of once.

As if to make amends for the prejudices of his countrymen, a very rich native gentleman invited us to-day to visit his Zenana, with a view to make arrangements for the instruction of the ladies. This baboo lives not at Bhowanipore, but in the heart of the city. My daughter met him one day, when it occurred to her to ask a gentleman in the company, who seemed to know the baboo, to mention to him that we were always happy to teach native ladies. The gentleman did so; the baboo professed himself delighted, and we went to-day for the first time. I soon saw that he was too shy to introduce the subject of his ladies, so I inquired if they were ready to see us. He assented, and then conducted us through various intricate, dark passages, first up stairs, then down stairs, then up stairs again, till we arrived at their secluded apartments. The baboo's mother, his wife, and the two wives of his younger brother, were waiting to receive us. The man bowed politely and left us at the door, it being contrary to Hindoo etiquette that he should ever see the wives of a younger brother. The ladies were very lovely creatures not at all dark; even the mother was still a handsome woman; but they were so shy, it was with difficulty we got them to speak: and then we found that one could read a little, the others not at all, but they said they were anxious to learn, and very glad indeed to see us. After making arrangements for their weekly instruction, we left, the baboo promising to procure the books and working materials I named as necessary. Before we took our final departure, he made us once more descend to his drawing room to partake of sweetmeats, and insisted upon opening three or four bottles of scent for our especial benefit.

FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND CONFERENCE ON MISSIONS.

THE above Conference was held in the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 21 and 22, 1861. We are informed that for a considerable period it has been the conviction of many of the friends of missions in the Free Church, that these great enterprises did not receive their due share of attention, whether in the General Assembly or elsewhere. The business of the home church has long been so extensive, and so ramified, that the time allotted to the annual meetings of the Assembly is barely sufficient; and, as only a few hours at the most were annually given to the business of Foreign Missions, they had ceased to be so prominently in the view of the church as they obviously ought to be. Owing to that circumstance, to the present difficulty in obtaining labourers for the foreign field, to the death, or resignation occasioned by sickness of several missionaries, and to the impression, in some quarters, that certain differences of opinion regarding the mode of carrying on the missions existed in the church, all the parties concerned—the General Assembly, the Foreign Missions Committee, and the friends of missions generally, concurred in the desirableness of holding a Conference on the subject. The principal points that occupied the attention of the Conference may be gathered from the following extracts from the addresses delivered on the occasion.

Rev. JOHN ADAM, Aberdeen, said, he believed that teaching was legitimate—that secular teaching was to a large extent legitimate; and he had not, therefore, one word to say against their great central institutions. Let them by all means be maintained, and in the greatest vigour: but, at the same time, he thought there were certain things about them which might to some extent be modified. Granting that they were able to stand by their in-

stitutions, and to hold that they should be maintained, he was here to maintain that, as a church, they were not to be bound in the way they had been to one single mode of operation. He thought a far greater proportion of their European strength ought to be devoted to the preaching of the gospel; for he held that the simple preaching of the gospel was pre-eminently the scriptural means for the diffusion of the truth of God, and for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. It was possible to raise a great deal of dust here on the subject of preaching. It was quite true that in a sense teaching was preaching, and preaching was teaching: but he maintained that, to all practical purposes, there was a clear distinction between the two; and that, as far as they could draw light from the New Testament, the sanction of God's word was pre-eminently given to the simple preaching of the gospel for the conversion of men. He thought it were well if some of their friends who spoke of the gigantic systems of idolatry in India, and of the obstacles which they presented, remembered that it had pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save men. Gigantic systems of idolatry had already fallen before the instrumentality of the preaching of the gospel; and there was nothing in Hindooism, or in any system under the sun, but would, by the blessing of God, fall in the same way. He would tremble for his faith if he had doubts, as some seemed to have, as to the efficacy of God's truth. He believed that it held good historically, from the beginning of christianity down to their own day, that the preaching of the word was pre-eminently the Spirit's instrumentality in saving souls; and he believed that they had even in Madras native congregations in which there were many, perhaps not of the highest caste, who were signal trophies of God's grace, and monuments of the power of the instrumentality of the simple preaching of the gospel.

Rev. T. GARDINER, Calcutta, felt that, when Dr. Duff stated the effects of preaching on the upper and more intellectual castes in India, there was somewhat of an overstatement of the difficulty experienced in the evangelization of this class by the simple preaching of the gospel. In reply to Mr. Fergusson's question, he would simply read from two publications the Report of the General Conference of Bengal Missionaries held at Calcutta in 1855, and the Report of the South Indian Missionary Conference held at Ootacamund in 1858. Speaking of the *Orissa Mission*—and Orissa was the Palestine of India, the temple of Juggernath being at Pooree—the Rev. Dr. Mullens, one of the most distinguished living statisticians on the subject of missions, said—“The churches of this mission exhibit a most gratifying progress. They are the growth of only thirty years. But in a country full of idolatry, inhabited by a fierce Hindoo race, including numerous brahmins, among a people well acquainted with the legends and shastres of their religion, the gospel has met with great success.” This was, he would observe in passing, in connection with what was considered in Northern India the great preaching mission, because the missionary here, more than anywhere else, gave himself to the simple preaching of the gospel. “Station after station (says Dr. Mullens) has been founded, and church after church been established. Without any remarkable movement, and as the result of steady progress, there are now in the mission six churches, with 350 church members, and a christian community of 1100 individuals.” In the South Indian Missionary Conference's Report, he found the Rev. Mr. Scudder stating—“The statement that vernacular preaching is not successful, is incorrect. There is a mission in the north of India which, soon after its commencement, devoted itself with single eye to the one sole work of preaching Christ among the masses.

It has met with eminent success. Even brahmins possessed of profound abilities have yielded to the simple story of a crucified Jesus. From among the converts of vernacular preaching in that mission have sprung native missionaries of the highest order in respect to influential education, commanding eloquence, and sterling piety. Let no one say that vernacular preaching has not succeeded, until he wipes out from heaven's records the number and character of the Orissa converts.”

Dr. CANDLISH said he very probably might have only given a partial view of what was contained in Dr. Duff's pamphlet on this point; and he did not think that the reverend Doctor differed very materially from the statement made by Mr. Gardiner.

Rev. Principal CUNNINGHAM thus concluded a long and able address.

I had intended to speak not merely as to getting young men to enter the mission field, but also on those schemes and appliances that exist for making them well qualified; but I do not think I need occupy your time in entering into this subject. Indeed, it seems unnecessary to be considering the way and manner in which they should be educated, when we still stand in need of the men to whom the system is to be applied. I think it right, however, just to say that I have a strong conviction on one or two points, which I will merely mention without enlarging on them, in connection with the preparation of young men thoroughly qualified for the mission work. In the first place, I don't think it is at all desirable to urge young men to choose the foreign field at any very early stage of their study. I think it is much better, on many grounds, that they should go through their ordinary ministerial education along with their friends and associates, and that they should, in all respects, stand on a level of equality in regard to education and training with all the ministers of the church. I do not think it would be on the whole desirable that they should be

educated apart, but I think that they should have the same education as the other candidates for the ministry. This, I believe, would be found to work the best as a general rule, both for the home and foreign field. It would certainly be a very interesting and useful result, if the great body of the young men who are candidates for the ministry should have gone through the same course of education, forming friendships with each other; and that the result of all this should be that, while the larger number in all likelihood remained at home, a portion at least of the best and most distinguished among them should choose and devote themselves to the foreign field. I think this is on many accounts desirable, and therefore I am disposed to recommend that anything of a special training and education that may be supposed to be necessary should be posterior and additional to the full completion of the ordinary course of literary and theological education. I have only further to remark on this point, that it seems very plain, in our present circumstances, that the real solution of all the difficulties in regard to this whole matter of our foreign missions is just more men. This would be the real solution of all our difficulties—a larger number of qualified men. I understand the proceedings of the Conference, so far as they have gone, point very much in this direction—in the first place, that there are no sufficient grounds for any great or extensive innovations in our mission schemes, and that our present arrangements must be kept up in full vigour and efficiency; and then, secondly, though there may be calls for something in the way of extension, that extension is not to be effected by altering anything, but by superadding to our present appliances some additional departments of work, for which the field now seems more fully prepared. The essential requisite for this, and the solution consequently of all our difficulties would

just be, if the Lord in His providence would enlist the efforts of the church to call forth a considerably larger number of well-qualified men, and that then we should be able to accomplish the results, both of preserving our existing institutions in full vigour, and, at the same time, introducing some additional elements of expansive usefulness, which at present we are in a great measure prevented doing. I have only further to add that, after all, the great work is, that we should go to the Lord of the harvest, and that we should give Him no rest till He hath sent forth labourers into the field. There could scarcely be any condition of things more illustrative than the present of our Saviour's emphatic words—"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." Our most immediate, urgent, and imperative duty is, that we should pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers. We are called on to abound in the exercise of prayer, both individually and collectively, in our closets and in our family prayers, at our prayer meetings and in our pulpits. I would fain hope that, by God's blessing attending our efforts, this Conference may be the means of directing all our congregations to consider our present distressing deficiency, and that a supply may soon be forthcoming of well-qualified men, ready to go forth to the heathen with the glad tidings of great joy, and that we may be able, not only to maintain our present missions in full vigour and efficiency, but be at the same time able to enter in at many of the doors which God in His providence is now opening to us.

A few days after the delivery of the above address, Principal Cunningham was taken seriously ill, and died on December 14th, 1861. He had been one of the leaders in the Free Church Secession. His somewhat sudden death caused a profound sensation among all classes and denominations in Scotland.

SUPPRESSION OF MERIAH
SACRIFICES AND FEMALE
INFANTICIDE IN ORISSA.

CAPTAIN Mc'Neill, Government agent for the hill tracts of Orissa, reports on the operations of the agency for the suppression of Meriah sacrifices during the season ending in May last. Female infanticide is practised chiefly in the district of Sooradah, and a portion of Chinna Kimeddy. A census of these tracts was obtained, and the result showed that the disproportion between the sexes of young children was so great as only to be accounted for by the continuance of female infanticide. Conviction is generally very difficult, and captain Mc'Neill believes that constant supervision by a Government officer, and yearly visits to the parts of the country where the practice prevails are the only remedy. The Khonds of Jey-poor, and Bundhasir, are not yet divested of the idea that their temporal prosperity depends on their making occasional sacrifices to the goddess of the earth. The only thing that keeps them in check is the fear of Government displeasure and punishment. The number of Meriahs rescued during the season was 26 males and 27 females. The population of Korodah, Chinna Kimeddy, Dhurmapore, Koortelly, and Mahasinghy, was 2,907 males, and 2,159 females. The number of children under six years of age, was 661 males, and 672 females. In Sooradah, while the population was 5,785 males, and 3,034 females the number of children under six years of age was 1,326 males, and

only 933 females, evidently showing that a number of female infants had been made away with; but the disproportion is nothing like what it once was.—*Friend of India*, August 8th, 1861.

CHATTERIS.—December 1st, 1861, deeply interesting Missionary Services were held in the General Baptist Chapel. The Rev. H. Wilkinson paid us a second visit since his return from India, and preached in the morning and evening two useful missionary sermons to good congregations. Notice was given in the morning that Mr. W. would in the afternoon deliver an address to children and young people, when the chapel was well filled by a delighted audience of children and teachers from the Independent and General Baptist Sunday Schools. Many bright eyes and smiling countenances evinced the deep interest felt in the statements made by our brother W., who knows so well how to gain and keep the attention of the young. On Monday, Dec. 2, we had a good missionary tea meeting, followed by an excellent missionary meeting. The chapel was crowded. The pastor presided. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Wylie, of Ramsey; S. Lowe, of Kilmarnock (Independent); H. Wilkinson, and A. S. Maclean, who moved a vote of thanks, seconded by brother Wilkinson, and warmly accorded by all, to the ladies who provided the tea, to the collectors, and to our kind friends from a distance. The proceeds from the services were over £13.

J. L.

Subscription Lists deferred until next month for want of room.

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Treasurer, Derby; and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Secretary, De Montfort Square, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST
MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

A PRINCE AND A GREAT MAN IS FALLEN.

BUT a few short days have passed since the mournful intelligence sped through the country — *Prince Albert is dead!* Before the great grief with which those few wordswelled every breast has subsided, let us turn aside to consider our unspeakable loss. Loyalty to that Widowed Heart who reigns over these realms, Queen of our fealty, and now of our tears; respect for that illustrious man who is no more; and the example of the Great Teacher, who was wont to seize on the present and perishable to bring more closely home to his hearers 'the ever-during good;' supply such weighty reasons for this course as none will for one moment question. If other reasons were wanting, when the strongest have been given, the preacher might urge that for once his greatest difficulty is surmounted—that already half his work is done. Attention to, and even absorbing interest in, the theme before him have not to be created. They exist so universally and profoundly that nothing is wanting but to select such words as may suggest appropriate channels into which our common

feeling may flow: and while taking occasion from them to offer a passing tribute to the memory of that lamented Prince whose loss we mourn, let us not forget such reflections as an event so solemn ought to awaken in every heart.

Such words, making all due allowance for the difference of men and times, David uttered when Abner died: *Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?* (2 Samuel iii. 38.) We have, here,

I. THE SOBER VERDICT OF A JUST APPRECIATION. Abner was the son of Ner, the brother of Saul, the first king of Israel, and was therefore first cousin to that notable man. He filled the responsible post of 'chief captain,' or, as we should say, commander-in-chief, of Saul's army. From the first Abner was closely associated with Saul, and his faithful servant. On the death of his sovereign Abner stood loyal to to his master's house. He followed and tried to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the family. He proclaimed Ishbosheth, Saul's weak and unfortunate son, king of Israel; and until accused by

Ishbosheth of treason, maintained his allegiance to the new sovereign. That injustice drove him over to the ranks of David and his rising party. It will at once be seen, then, that both from his birth, from his position, and from his character, David exactly described Abner as 'a prince and a great man.'

Nor can words more fittingly describe that noble presence which this fair realm of England shall see no more. 'Some men are born great,' says the first of dramatists, 'some men achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them.' The first two obviously belong to him who was so lately among us. Born of a princely house of old Saxony, he had no need to be ashamed of his lineage. He could look back with pride on that ancestor of his to whom the Reformation in Germany owed so much—Frederick the Wise: the man who had learnt to respect the great Luther, had had that respect deepened by his noble defence at the Diet of Worms, and had inwardly resolved that despite all the wiles of the Papal party, Luther should not perish as John Huss had perished only a short time before. By his ingenious device Luther was hidden in the Wartburg, where his thoughts and plans had time to mature, and that great monument of his industry and learning was begun—the German translation of the Scriptures. Prince Albert, the lineal descendant of Frederick the Wise, was the second son of Ernest, Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and was born in the Castle of Rosenau, on the 16th of August, 1819.

A prince by birth, and the kinsman of sovereigns, he became by his auspicious marriage with our beloved Queen, only second to the greatest monarch the world ever saw; the greatest, if we

consider the size of her dominions, the number of her subjects, the prowess of their arms, the vastness of their wealth, the fertility of their inventions, the prodigality of their benevolence, or the strength and completeness of their liberty. To say that Prince Albert was the first gentleman in England, is only to say what falls far short of the truth. He was the father of future monarchs. His eldest child is queen *in prospectu* of the proud empire of Prussia. His eldest son is the future king of these realms. And what of greatness is in store for the rest time only can show. Socially, no man on this earth stood higher than he. As the pines on the Alps toss their branches high above the tallest trees in the vales, so did his banner wave far higher than the banners of many great ones of the earth.

Nor was he great solely from his position. He was intellectually a prince, and might have attained eminence and ample fortune in half a dozen professions. This was owing partly to good natural gifts, and partly to the admirable use he had made of the very best instruction. The first twelve years of his life were spent under the tuition of the good prince his father. He was then committed to the care of the late Duchess of Kent, and became the companion at that early age of the studies and the pastimes of our future Queen. His uncle, the astute and sagacious Leopold, King of the Belgians, was next his adviser and friend; and the English clergyman who at this period had the special superintendence of his studies, thus speaks of him, and the testimony is the more valuable since there was then no prospect of Prince Albert's future greatness by a marriage with our beloved Sovereign:—'His attainments are various and solid; his abilities

superior; his disposition amiable; his conduct unexceptionable; and above all, his belief in, and attachment to, the Protestant religion sincere.' From Belgium the Prince entered the University of Bonn as a law student, devoted himself also to the classics and mathematics, and as an amusement for his leisure hours cultivated music and drawing, in both of which accomplishments he was even then proficient. A fellow student says, that unlike other princes, 'during the whole of his stay at Bonn, he never missed a single lecture.' Whilst here he published a volume of songs, which his brother set to music; and the proceeds of their joint production were given to the poor. He also cultivated the friendship and secured the lasting respect of some of the greatest men of his own country. After his course of study at Bonn, he spent some time in travel, and visited Florence, Rome, Naples, and the other chief cities of Italy. He was formally declared of age on completing his twentieth year.

The late Prince evidently held to the axiom, so true in regard to every branch of knowledge, that to keep what you have you must gain more. After his union with our Queen there was no relaxation of his studies. He read a course of English law and constitutional history with an eminent barrister, the late William Selwyn, Esq., Q. C., who bore the reputation of being one of the best and soundest jurists of the age. He still cultivated his taste for the fine arts. One sweet melody in the tune-books of Weigh-house chapel, inserted by the Prince's permission, is a familiar instance of his correct musical ear; and a picture from his pencil in the royal collection, the 'Savoyard Minstrel Boy,' is not now prized solely because the highest praise has been

awarded to it by acknowledged connoisseurs.

The Prince Consort held the first rank as a European statesman. No manifestation of political life on the continent escaped his eye. Every pamphlet of any moment issued in Italy, Germany, or France might be found on his library table. He was the patron and promoter in this country of every enterprise for the advancement of art, of science, and of the general weal. Schools, hospitals, model cottages, sailors' homes, benefit societies, and the like, found in him a liberal helper. The working classes in this country have lost by his death one of their best friends, and half the learned societies of Europe one of their brightest ornaments. He originated and was mainly instrumental in securing the success of the Great Exhibition in 1851; and at the present moment the outline of another is slowly rising in Kensington, with every detail of which he was familiar. With characteristic modesty he had refused to allow a statue of himself to be selected for a prominent position in the future building, and had urged that a statue of the Queen should occupy that place, a decision which Her Majesty has since very gracefully reversed.

But the crowning excellence of the late Prince Consort was this, that he achieved for himself, under God's blessing, a high position of moral greatness. It is not unfair to estimate the reality and splendour of an excellence by the magnitude of the temptations which have been resisted and overcome. Even judged by this severe test the late Prince was eminently a great man. When he came to these shores as the bridegroom of that Lady with whose tears we now mingle our own, he had not yet arrived at man's estate. By a leap he

passed over the heads of the proudest nobles of the earth. This of itself would have turned many a young brain. It did not turn his. He stept to the right hand of the throne a prince to the manner born. The seductions of a luxurious court and a splendid capital would have added fuel to the fire that slumbers in some men's breasts, and only waits for opportunity and incentive to burst into a consuming flame. It added none to his. 'Albert' kept the faith he pledged to 'Victoria' with simple and unswerving fidelity. The lips of slander, so busy with some men's reputations, have never uttered a whisper against his fair and spotless fame. Had he been guilty of any extravagances or excess, the example of former princes, and the greatness of his temptations, would at once have been urged as palliation. In his case no such excuses were needed. The examples of bad princes were for him as beacons to warn, not as *ignes fatui* that lure but to destroy. The home of the Sovereign of these realms was the pattern home for noble and commoner, for prince and peasant; and why? because its mainstay, its *house-band* 'walked in his house with a perfect heart.'

Nothing was once more common among men in high places than indifference to religion. From the time of the Queen's marriage a change has come over our nobles; at any rate in outward appearance. Are we not right to attributing this in a very great measure to the influence of the Prince Consort?

The late Prince had all a German's fervent love for the Word of God, and, there is every reason to suppose, a love also for those truths which that Word reveals. A few familiar examples will suffice, as straws and leaves may show the current of the

stream. Some years ago, a new and splendid Exchange was built by the merchants of London. An inscription was wanted for it; and the Prince was appealed to. Now what did he give them? A scrap from some pagan and godless poet of Greece or Rome? A maxim from some worldly philosopher? Neither of these. What then? A golden sentence from the Holy Book: *The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof!* Would a prince who possessed no acquaintance with the Living Oracles, and no love for them, have selected such a passage as this, breathing as it does the spirit of the most reverent homage to the King of kings?

There is also a beautifully executed statue at the top of the Queen's staircase in the private apartments of Windsor Castle. It represents the boy-king Edward 6th marking with his sceptre a passage in the Bible which he holds in his left hand, and upon which he intently looks. A closer inspection discovers the following words upon the open page: *Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign; and he reigned thirty and one years in Jerusalem. And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in all the ways of David his father, and turned not aside to the right hand, or to the left.* This statue was executed by the desire of the late Prince Consort, who intended it to convey to his son a constant and most significant suggestion of the Divine rule by which the future Sovereign of England should fashion his heart and life.

There was also an admirable speech made at a meeting of the Bible Society, in Birmingham, if we remember correctly, that gave equal evidence of a deep and reverent love for the Scriptures. And only recently we have heard of the late Prince's fondness for evangelic and faithful preachers.

One instance must suffice. Mr. Stewart, of Edinburgh, one of the royal chaplains, was not long ago appointed to preach at Windsor. By a preacher's mishap, he had left his manuscript at home. There was no time to return for it, or to send. He at once decided to preach a sermon he had recently delivered, and with which he was tolerably familiar, from the very solemn words—*Prepare to meet thy God.* The Prince and the Queen, contrary to their usual custom, expressed their great interest in the sermon, and their united thanks for it, and begged the preacher to send his manuscript to the palace, which was promptly done. One might add to all this, the late Prince's fondness for many good old German hymns, whose very substance seems to be imbued with devotion. But enough has been given for illustration, which is all we can attempt.

Here, then, if anywhere was a prince and a great man; whose conduct was such that his illustrious lineage acquired rather than bestowed honour; whose attainments were only less surprising because they were so numerous; and whose virtues were as great as his temptations were uncommon: at once a prince, a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian.

Again, the words of David contain,

II. A BITTER LAMENT FOR AN UNTIMELY END. David's grief for Abner was deep and poignant. The cousin of Saul had left the son of Jesse after making his peace with him, and was on his way to secure the recognition by all Israel of his new sovereign. Joab treacherously enticed him back, and cut him off before his work was even begun. David promptly disavowed the deed of the assassin, and said to Joab, and all the people that were with him, 'Rend

your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn for Abner.' 'And they buried Abner in Hebron, and the king lifted up his voice and wept at the grave of Abner.' And David refused to taste bread until the sun went down, and the king lamented over Abner, and said,

'As a villain dies, ought Abner to die?
Thy hands not fettered;
Thy feet not bound with chains;
As one falls before the malicious, fellest
thou.'

All this bitterness of sorrow is not without its parallel now, however widely apart the causes of death in the two cases may be. It will recall to your memories that profound grief, not soon to pass away, which the news of the Prince Consort's death produced in all hearts alike, and which in an instant blent all personal griefs into one mighty stream of universal sorrow.

Princes have died unwept; men, for example, who used their power to crush the liberties of their people. Such a prince was the late Czar Nicholas. The world, no less than Russia, breathed more freely when he was gone. His restless and insatiable ambition, so daring and withal so unscrupulous; his deportation of hundreds of nobles, Polish and Russian, to the dreary wastes of Siberia: his cruel treatment of the poor nuns of Minsk; his gross and unblushing immorality; and his boundless vanity—made him, in our judgment, the exact modern counterpart of Nebuchadnezzar. When the news came—*The Czar is dead!* no eye moistened with tears, at least no patriot's and freeman's; no peoples' tongues chanted his praise or bemoaned his loss. To many the sublime words of the grand old prophecy rang with a new meaning:—*How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art*

thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken the nations! They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; and opened not the house of his prisoners?

Political intriguers of princely lineage have passed away unlamented. In her chequered history England has known men of this stamp; and men, too, who stood upon the steps of the throne. Their lives were consumed in restless scheming. Their deaths drew no 'kindly drops' of sorrow from the nation's eyes. Other nations have known such princes; and even now are suffering from their political manœuvres. Few tears will fall on the biers of some living princes whose dark plots have made all men suspicious and uneasy.

Imbecile princes die, and fond parents bewail them, but no nation weeps. They had nothing of the prince but the name. In the annals of their country they counted for nought. Their death snatched no prominent figure from the public eye. They fell, but no pillar of the state was gone. No yawning chasm was left in the ranks of earth's foremost men. Such, if not an imbecile, yet a political cypher was that Prince Consort who fell a century and a half ago, of whom nearly all has been said that can be said, when we say, that he was George of Denmark, and husband to Queen Anne.

Profligate princes die, and good men rejoice. They can well be spared. They rotted ere the earth covered them. They spread their poison through many fair homes, and robbed youth of its fairest jewel, and age of its consolation and support. They left the odour of their abominations behind them,

an offence and a pestilence, and in their case more than verified the dramatist's adage:—

'The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interrèd with their bones.'

Such were Charles the 2nd of England, and Louis the 15th of France, and some of those Georges whom a living satirist has lashed with a whip of scorpions.

In all these things that honourable man who was yesterday among us was the complete opposite. It is to him that we owe the fact that during the last twenty years continental influence has been less perceptible in the councils of this country than perhaps during any period since the days of Oliver Cromwell. The outcry about 'German influence' raised during the Crimean war, was a mere party device to oust the then existing government. Prince Albert was no intriguer. The constitutionalism of the English throne was never stronger than at the present moment; and for this the country is mainly indebted to the wise counsels, sterling good sense, and thorough honesty of the late Prince Consort. We need not here repeat what abundantly establishes his claim to rank as a prince in mind and a Christian in heart and life.

Humanly speaking, the untimeliness of his end has greatly added to the bitterness of our sorrow. We weep over the grave of the babe whose flickering light is quenched ere its brightness had shone upon us, and feel as we weep, how frail is our hold of the dearest treasures our Heavenly Father can send. We mingle our tears with the husband suddenly bereft of 'the desire of his eyes,' and left desolate in his youth: we are 'dumb with silence, and hold our peace, even from good.' We have already foreseen the end of those whose hectic flush an-

nounces their decay. The strong man falls by the sword, the scholar perishes through over study, and neither end produces more than a momentary surprise. Old age palsies *the honourable man, the counsellor, and the eloquent orator*, and death carries them away; yet we weep without reining, for their work is done. But somehow we all had thought, so vain are human calculations, that this wise man would live to become a 'patriarch among princes.' Alas! he is already gone. Before age had shattered his frame, or work had wasted his powers; with an eye undimmed, and a brain still agile and strong, in the very vigour of a lusty manhood, in the very flower of his prime, he is cut down. An ailment from which many a child recovers, which awakened in its first stages only a passing fear, has sufficed to baffle the skill of the most renowned physicians, to overcome all the strength and endurance of one still on the threshold of his prime, and to lay prostrate in the dust a hardy, abstemious, and stalwart man, not yet forty-three.

What causes for grief are here! A prince for ever gone from us who used his position to promote that liberty we all love better than our life; a prince who scorned the paltry tricks of political schemers; and, alas! who has so suddenly been snatched away—what wonder if we weep, and weep bitterly, as if for the moment there were no consolation; and murmur in the paralysis of our sorrow,

'He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.'

In David's words we have

III. A SINGLE VOICE GIVING EXPRESSION TO A NATIONAL CALAMITY. Abner could ill be spared by David or by the nation. Many things waited an adjustment which Abner might greatly help to secure. Many battles had yet to be fought where-

in his skill as general would have proved an inestimable advantage. His experience, his wisdom, his counsels were not a patrimony to be handed down from sire to son. When Abner died, they perished. The man who had knit together a numerous band to serve Ishbosheth, and had now avowed himself for David, was not the man whose counsels and influence David or the people could then afford to lose. When David wept, all the people wept with him.

How faintly all this portrays that great loss which England has suffered. The Prince Consort's example to this great nation could ill be spared. Men tell us that the vices which ate out the heart of old empires are rampant among us; and that England must fall, as Nineveh and Babylon, and Athens, and Rome. Certain it is, that nothing but the conserving power of Christian life can prevent this national decay. How heartily, then, have all good men rejoiced in those household virtues of the Prince who has gone, and in the example which was thus placed before the nobles of our land by one higher than they. God grant that the memory of the example may still live among us.

The loss of our beloved Sovereign in the death of her husband is our loss no less than hers. The future of this England depends on the character of her princes; and from the education they were receiving under the late Prince Consort, we augured the most favourable issues. But at a time when the rising family most needs his judicious guidance and care; when a mother's counsels want a father's firmness to give them effect; when that graceful young prince, who now stands the chief mourner by his mother's side would have found a companion in him whom he affectionately calls 'the best of fathers'—Prince Albert is called away.

And chiefest of all, that Lady who rather reigns in us than over us, has lost, and we with her, an invaluable counsellor and friend. It was his wont and his pleasant duty to relieve the Queen of half her cares. In the life of courts there is much wearisome ceremony. The Prince Consort always stood ready to anticipate and to lessen the burdens that would otherwise have fallen solely upon the Queen. His strong sense and practical wisdom were equally available on all great as his service on all minor occasions. His position as Prince Consort necessarily gave him great influence; but with a keen sagacity and goodness of heart that will for ever endear his memory to Englishmen, he forgot that he was a German, and, in his own noble words, 'From the moment that I was united to the Sovereign to whom it had become my privilege to devote my whole existence, I felt that I could belong only to the nation at large.' He became in spirit more thoroughly an Englishman than many who are natives of this country. Humanly speaking, his death could not have happened at a more unpropitious time. When our relations with a country so nearly allied with our own are disturbed; when the arrival of every vessel from America awakens such anxiety and fear; and when the Queen bitterly lacks his counsels and his wisdom, how else shall we describe the death of this good Prince than as an irreparable and a national loss? Have not the people so felt it everywhere, regardless of rank, class, or party? When was sorrow so universal and grief so profound? A handful of people wept over Abner's tomb: the tears of millions fall on the tomb of the wise and virtuous Albert.

Two things we may mention, and but briefly, that may help to assuage our grief. One is this:

that however mysterious it may be that the good and wise should be cut down in the flower of their days, and that the profligate fool should remain, *God doeth all things well*. His stroke has fallen upon us, not in anger, as some would teach, but in love. Is it not thus when a prince dies in the midst of so much promise, and without any of those pangs which many feel in their declining days; when a nation bewails him, and no man is his enemy? And another thing is, that *we sorrow not as others who have no hope*. An impenetrable veil hides the chambers of princes from the vulgar gaze. We are not now about to lift that up. Suffice it to say briefly this, that at the outset of his illness he expressed his belief that he should not recover, and added, 'I have no fear of the result; I am surrounded with rank and wealth, but if I trusted only in them, I should be a miserable man. I have made my peace with heaven.' The good old hymn, 'Rock of ages, cleft for me,' was frequently on the lips of the dying prince. On the night of Saturday, December 14, 1861, he fell asleep.

Some things about that last sad scene the great heart of England will treasure for ever. They are those gentle touches of nature which make all the world kin. We refer to the Prince's reluctance that the Queen and the Princess Alice should leave him, even for a few seconds; to that presence of mind which was shown by the Princess Alice in telegraphing for her brother, the Prince of Wales, without any suggestion from another; and to that last bitter struggle when the overwhelming grief of the Queen-mother had for a moment to be forgotten that she might care for the fainting daughter, whose strength bore up till the last, and then suddenly gave way. These things help

us to forget our loss in the personal grief of our widowed Queen. From the greatness of her rank she is shut off from many alleviations which others enjoy. She is not shut off from our deepest sympathy and our most fervent prayers. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Our Queen has a nation's for her consolation: yet join with me now in this:— 'Almighty and most merciful God, who art the keeper of all who put their trust in Thee: look, we beseech Thee, on the sadness and sorrow of our beloved Queen. Comfort and sustain her with Thy presence; be a light in her darkness; bind up her broken heart; help her to cast all her care upon Thee; and bring her again into Thy house with a song of thanksgiving. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

What a lesson is this 'death in the palace' to men in high places. Ye who boast in your titles, or possessions, or comeliness, or learning, look on the grave of this prince and be wise. How fading your glory. *Verily man at his best state is altogether vanity.* Happy for you if this Prince's death should lead you to think more of 'the things which endure.'

How full of instruction to every father. The late Prince devoted himself to the education, moral and intellectual, of his numerous children. He spared no pains with them; not only superintended their studies, but was himself their best teacher and friend: and what has been the result? No children ever wept more bitterly over their father's grave than the children of the royal

family. You fathers, with growing sons and blooming daughters, how shall it be with you when the tomb closes over you!

How striking the lesson to those whose boast is their strength and their youth. Here many sinners take refuge. 'My strength is firm. My days are many. My end is far distant. I need not trouble myself about religion yet.' Not so the good prince. Take pattern by him, and use your strength while you have it, in seeking God your Father through His only Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Your strength is no guarantee of longevity, nor yet your youth. As variable, as unsubstantial, as uncertain as the vapour *which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away*—such is your life. Boast as you will of your vigour and your bloom, you cannot predict from either that your life will only end when you are full of days. Sudden destruction may come upon you: and THEN, *the strong shall be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.* Pause ere it be too late, and consider. *In the way of righteousness there is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death.*

When death again strikes, at whose door shall it be—*mine, or yours?* Who knoweth? Yet one thing we may know—the blessed Gospel which shall change our hearts and hopes, and make death no longer a grim enemy, but a pleasant friend. Jesus saith, *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.*

THE NEWBURYS: THEIR OPINIONS AND FORTUNES.

A GLIMPSE OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER II.—THE FIGHT NEAR WINCEBY-IN-THE-WOLDS.

A VARIETY of interesting reflections were excited in the mind of Nathaniel Newbury as he directed his course by village, turnpike, and by-lane to the appointed rendezvous at Boston. He had reached a crisis in both his external and internal history. He thought about almost everything that had recently excited his attention, and as it happens to most of us at such times, so it happened to him; what before had floated around in shadow and uncertainty, now grew luminous, and lay before him in completeness, harmony, and tangibility. All his ideas were grasped, arranged, and beautified. Odd thoughts fitted themselves into their places, new ideas rose to their proper ranks, and once more there was a man in the world who could tell you how he thought, why he thought, and what he meant to do. Perhaps he did not work them out in a very metaphysical manner. He had not read Plato or Aristotle, but he got them somehow into an order more natural than a syllogism, and more self-evident than a category.

There was no sentimentality about his resolution and bravery, and so instead of getting feebler and fainter with every statute mile that he left behind him and his home, they grew stronger and stronger as he neared the centre of his thoughts and his hopes. He was not ambitious of making any sensation on his way, or of securing the praises of patriots no stabler than water, and politicians no deeper than a patty-pan. Stern, strong, and prayerful, he went forth on his long and weary road, anxious to serve God, to liberate his country, and to win for his fellow-men the truth and the faith which he felt was the birthright of every human being under heaven.

'I have no magisterial power,' he said to himself. 'I cannot turn au-

thor; I am no courtier; no politician; no wiseacre; but, thank God, I am a man, and if needs be, I can fight.' Not a nice man for a half-tipsy cavalier to meet in battle by any means—not even a man one would wish to argue with on a point where we had plenty of opinions but no beliefs; but surely there was a true heart beating beneath that severe austerity and that vest of steel.

It was more than dusk before he reached Boston, and could make his offer of service and fealty to the powers that were there in readiness to receive the supplies Cromwell had so pathetically desired, whilst he himself was employed in driving the cavaliers from their strongholds and preparing to relieve Gainsborough. Nathaniel would not take any oath or enter into any more express declaration than that he came to serve the cause of the Parliament, and, he believed, the cause of God. There was some murmuring about this, but he was firm and resolute.

'You cannot hinder me from serving this cause, even if you tried,' he said, bluntly; 'why, then, do you seek to pledge me to do that to which I am already more than self-pledged? If I fail to do my duty, you can hang me, and if I fall in my duty, will you not bury me?'

Pleading like this went right home to their hearts, and he was soon run through the preliminaries. Having seen to his steed, and prostrated himself before God to crave his blessing and victory, he took his way to the place appointed for new-comers—a temporary tent just without the town, and was soon dreaming—if the produce of such light sleep as he had could be so called—of home, of Giles, of his friends in London, of himself, and his foci elsewhere. Strange men

now and then strode across his more peaceful reveries, and thrilled him with new and indefinable emotions. It was getting daylight, and he swayed to and fro like a lotus-leaf in the buoyant element of sleep. Suddenly a gruff voice aroused him. It was a round, ringing oath, and came from one of the raw recruits amongst whom he was located. The youth had rolled over in his sleep and hurt his side on the hilt of Nathaniel's sword, which had been carelessly left loose upon the floor of the tent.

'Friend,' said Nathaniel, 'do you swear?'

The youth was silent, and seemed scarcely conscious of the question.

'Friend, do you swear?' asked Nathaniel a second time, and with more solemnity.

'Not often,' answered the young man, sleepily, 'but I was vexed and hurt. Folks should'nt leave their traps about.'

'It was my fault,' softly responded Nathaniel; 'and I'm extremely sorry for it, but I hope I shall not hear you swear again. I am sure it will do you harm if you do. If you had been a regular soldier that oath would have cost you twelvepence, and as it is it may cost you more—I mean your good conscience and your honour. We do not come here to do our own will and pleasure, but God's. Do you think he wants any oaths? Do you think any one else but Satan would have such things for his signword?'

'Stop, sir; you frighten me. I am very sorry for my wickedness, and I see you're a good man; but pray don't knock me down and cast me off like that. I shall never swear again, sir.'

'Now, come, that's right. I won't cast you off, my boy, never fear. If God had cast me off when I was in the wrong, or any other human creature, the world would have come to an end long since. Do you know what that sweet word mercy means, my friend?'

'Aye; now I do. I have been told many many times that God so loved

the world, but I never saw it in this light before. Thank you, my good friend, you have been a father to me in an evil hour. Will you take me for a son?'

'Be it so; yet one is your Father, even God. And once a child of God, there is nothing on the earth a man is not fitted to do, dare, or suffer.'

'Yes, sir, I believe it all; but I want to be doing something. Here I've had no better men to talk to than myself, and no work but a little drilling.'

'Wait a bit, boy; you're impatient. You want to run before you can walk on all fours. Be ready; but bide your time. There'll be plenty of work by-and-bye, when we get amongst the older soldiers. I warrant what with preaching and praying, and a little fighting now and then, there'll be plenty for the best of men to do; and what we have to do now is to learn how to do them all well. Come, the sun is bursting up into beauty and gladness, and the birds have begun to let their little hearts out in song, surely we can't be dumb.'

And so they offered their morning sacrifice in simple-heartedness and hope. These two lives thus unceremoniously mingled together, ran on in harmony and gathering wisdom. The young man was a native of Lincoln who had taken a youth's enthusiasm for the 'Colonel,' as he preferred to style Cromwell, and had literally escaped from his native city to get to Boston. He instructed Nathaniel in the rudiments of the military art, sat by his side whenever he could, and was, in truth, a foster son. They were drilled together, and grew up man to man, like two members of an ancient Grecian Sacred Band. We need not follow them in their exercises, nor detail any of those short sharp processes by which heroes were then made from common men. Of course when they were what was then considered proficient enough to become members of a regular body they would not pass muster in these days

of machine-made men of arms. Then the problem seems to have been,—given, a person with the elements of a soldier and the ideas of a patriot, to develop him into a man; now it is rather, given, a man potentially with no very definite notions, to lop him down into a soldier and crush his individuality to nonentity; so much have new inventions, different modes of warfare, and the revolution of ideas helped to change the aspect of military matters, and dwarf a genuine valour into a mere mechanism of strings and wires.

So the time wore on. Nathaniel was getting anxious for news from home, when one day his young friend brought him in a packet, which had met with many adventures on the way, and was at least some three weeks old, having been lost once or twice in its transit, and turning up at last unexpectedly in the saddle-bags of one of the Association Couriers. The outside address and letter we venture to copy, with a little modernization, for such as may be interested in the revelation it affords of social manners in a by-gone age.

'To my Right Worshipful and best Beloved Father, Nathaniel Newbury, be these delivered in haste.

Carlton Grange, July 28, 1643.

'My beloved Father,—

'I recommend me to you in the most humble wise, and do endeavour to conduct myself as you counselled me when you left us. Since you went away most things have prospered us in their usual manner, and by God's good favour we are all sound in body and mind. But we have had a terrible fright, of which I will now tell you. You had not left us many hours when I espied a suspicious-looking person, loitering about the neighbourhood, as the manner of loose folk is, intent on plundering and disturbing honest people. But I put my eyes upon him, and made all things in readiness. Notwithstanding my care and watchfulness, we were awakened at midnight by a strange noise, which proved to be this villain, who had gotten into our house, and was prowling about and upsetting everything, until he came to our dear mother's room, where, threatening to stab her with a poignard, she cried out,

and I rushed to her assistance. John, the serving-man, soon came also, and after a hard scuffle, in which our lives were much in jeopardy by reason of his violence, (and the pike Midge made us stand us in good stead,) we wrested his weapon from him, bound him with cords, and had him conveyed away and brought before Mr. Justice the next morning. He was well whipped for his pains, and is now in gaol where he is likely to remain.

'I enclose a letter from Giles. The yard shed is being builded with good speed. Answer this when you can, for we much desire to know whether you are well and what the troops are doing. Be assured we are not slothful in our prayers for you and the Parliament.

'Your son and servant,
'ELIJAH NEWBURY.'

The enclosure from his son Giles contained some very important information about that personage himself, which, as it will more naturally fall into its proper place in our narrative, need not be given here. Its allusion to current matters were, however, by no means so private, and may be summarily given. The London crosses had been torn down by the authorities amidst the shouting of the populace and the clangor of martial trumpets. The Book of Sports had been burnt upon their ruins, the apprentices were getting excited, many shops were partially or entirely closed, and a military spirit was being rapidly infused into the hearts of even the most peace-loving Puritans. The fortifications of the city, decreed by Parliament, were progressing with much spirit. Gentlemen of noble birth and ladies of quality and renown mingled with civilians and labourers, and with spades and mattocks worked at the entrenchments amidst the roll of drums and the clamour of auxiliary voices. It was an inspiring moment for poet, painter, or historian. The old Jew with trowel and spear, and the Greek building even his sacred tombs into the walls of the Peiræus, are instances of romantic endeavour that perhaps only dwarf this modern one by their antiquity and transcend it by their sacrifice. All events were

ripening for a harvest that was to be not of sheaves but of men, not of grain but of blood. Hampden, the champion of the great cause that was shaping itself into such might and majesty on every hand, had expired, and his last words—'O Lord, save my country!' thrilled all who knew his virtues, loved his cause, and revered his memory.

Lincoln was now one of the seven associated counties, as Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts, Hants, and Lincoln were commonly styled. It was soon to be the theatre of some few more active operations. Newbury and his young companion were soon inducted into the life of a regular marching army. Cromwell and the younger Fairfax were approaching Boston to unite and complete, if possible, the total liberation of the county. A batch of new men were sent to Cromwell, including our gossamer and others, and were scrutinized with great closeness by this man of iron. He had a word for most men, a smile for some, and a rebuke for others. At first he was somewhat repulsed by the stiff, resolute, but Centaur-like manner with which Newbury bestrode his sturdy cob. He was conscious of an electric influence emanating from Newbury's will, and hovered about him for many minutes in a perplexity that was by no means displeasing. 'I think there must be something in that man, he looks so boldly out at things,' he said to himself. 'Here, Newbury—Corporal Newbury, in future, if you please—come to me a minute.'

Nathaniel nervously complied, for the speaker was no dandiacal general who fluttered you only by his ribbons and stars, but a veritable Mars in aspect, manner, and tone. Wrinkled, warty, sallow, shaggy-haired, like an odd Silenus face cut from some gnarled and knotted oak, there was withal a depth, magnanimity, and strong honest intelligence about the man—a very terror in his quiet searching gaze, that made you love, tremble, and revere, almost before you had analysed your own emotions,

or were even conscious of their fullness and power.

'What have you to say of these new comers? Are they true? I don't so much want soldiers as men;' and eyeing Nathaniel severely, he went on—'not so much men as Christians.'

'I will be answerable for them all, Colonel. We burn to show you what even recruits can do when they war for the right.'

'Aye, aye, man, that is well. You're a good honest soul.'

'You praise me, Sir; I am, I hope, a Christian, doing my duty.'

'See to it, then,' answered Cromwell, with a dash of severity in his tone. 'See to it, that ye fail me not when I trust you most, in my hour of need. I love honest, sober Christians, who expect to be used as men.'

Then, riding forwards a few paces, and addressing the new comers in a body, Cromwell said with solemnity—

'Now, my men, you must keep your arms clean, and your hearts open in the sight of God; forget not your prayers and your psalms, and verily the swords in your hands shall become sceptres in the using, and of mighty power!'

'Amen!' responded the new Corporal devoutly.

The united army was now moving to the north of the county by hard stages, preparing to meet Sir John Henderson and the royalist army. The meeting came more suddenly than was anticipated. Cromwell's horse, who were a full day's march in advance of the infantry, at last came upon the outposts of the enemy on Tuesday, October 10th. Cromwell was unwilling to fight. His men and his horses were excessively fatigued, and yet needed restraint rather than encouragement. The Earl of Manchester—the general in command of the Parliamentarians—drew them up on Bolinbroke Hill, an eminence near Winceby-in-the-Wolds. It was then seen at what fearful odds they would have to contend against the royalists—it was as four to one. On Wednesday morn-

ing the fight began, and the cavaliers had a good opportunity of testing the merits of this 'thimble and bodkin army,' as it was ironically called. The enemy drew up in battle array, and about noon the Roundheads marched a mile towards the enemy.

'Come,' said Fairfax, 'let us fall on! I never prospered better than when I fought against the enemy three or four to one.'

Cromwell caught the inspiration. Through the ranks of his Ironsides rang the watchwords, 'TRUTH and PEACE!' All was now joy and calm resolution. Officers gave short pithy addresses to their men, there were extempore prayer-meetings, and the men gladly arranged themselves in the order of battle.

Newbury was pale, almost sad. Many of his newly-made friends were around him, and by his side was the young convert he had made. Cromwell moved in and out amongst them speechless, but looking unutterable thoughts.

The enemy advanced a few paces, and fired a loose volley. They came still nearer, crying aloud their war-cry, 'For Cavendish.'

The Roundheads were impatient, swaying about with emotion as a wild steed shakes his sinewy neck though held in with curb and with bridle.

Cromwell was to lead the van with his unconquerable dragoons.

'Charge!' he cried out at length, in hoarse, rasping tones. It thrilled his men like a divine word, and their swords gleamed in the air, keen and terrible. A thousand manly voices shouted aloud, 'For Truth and Peace,' and bursting out to a man in the fine Psalm, *O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph. For the Lord most High is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.* The very welkin trembled with their music and the thick tramp of their hurrying feet. Whilst within half pistol-shot they received a second volley from the enemy, that surprised them if it did not do much

execution. They were now close upon each other, and voices in either army were distinctly audible as they came together.

'On with ye!' yelled a cavalier with loose wind-tossed locks. 'Who ever knew a Puritan to fire a musket without winking?'

'In the name of the Lord, and in the might of his power!' shouted some pious Puritan.

A spur, a dash, a momentary silence—they have met. It was a terrible shock. The front ranks of each body were overtopped and swallowed up in the confusion and carnage. A low murmur, as of wounded men, was just audible amidst the subsiding clash. Still the men behind pressed onwards. A voice was heard, loud and strong, from amidst the press—it surely must have been Newbury's, crying, *the shields of the earth belong unto God.* Clash went line after line, and man after man. Cromwell was unhorsed, and almost crushed beneath his steed, but mounted again on the sorry horse of a trooper. Newbury's young friend was missing, evidently either dead or seriously wounded. Very soon the roar, the eddy, and the clashing were around our Gosseller. He began to feel sickened, staggered, blinded. Right in front of him bore down a fierce hirsute cavalier, with a frown and demon-glare about him enough of themselves to annihilate a simple honest man. Newbury suddenly became conscious of his danger. He remembered that he had not discharged his pistol. Grasping it hastily, he took a sharp aim, closed his eyes, and fired. The man fell, and Newbury felt his cheek flush and his ears tingle. But it was no time for reflection. Hurried on from behind he was continually getting into fresh difficulties and meeting fresh foes. Cromwell was once more by the side of his favourite Ironsides. The battle grew furious, and the thunder of the conflict resounded far and wide. Newbury was getting more and more surrounded, and could not keep off his

assailants. A severe slashing cut across the left thigh at last gave his valour the final spurt. He mowed right and left with his trusty sword in gigantic swathes.

'They flee! they flee!' was cried from the front. Away, away, charged they all again, over hillocks, ditches, quagmires, dead horses, and dying men.

The royalist dragoons made for a lane, and the chase became terribly exciting. Ironside after Ironside now galloped to the front, and stretched their steeds at a killing pace over the broken road.

Click, clatter, and slash!—click, clatter, and slash!—click, clatter, and slash! Oh, the horror of that death-ride in the narrow lane—Slash-lane, as it is better known in the tradition of the battle!

The royalists were totally routed. They had despised their foes, and their religious canting madness, as they thought it to be, but now they lay slain and scattered in pools, ditches, and ruts. Flight availed them not. Mile after mile, right up to Horncastle, chased the lion-strong Ironsides, scattering terror and death, like the avenging angels of the Lord.

Poor Newbury's horse could hold on no longer. It staggered, fell forwards, and pitched its rider on to a fallen cavalier, who lay in the mud gashed and gored with many a scar. The horse gave a feeble groan and expired, and Newbury's com-

rades, in their haste, mistaking the cause of his fall, left him for dead. After a while Nathaniel raised up his head, and a wild whirl of noises dinned his ear. He still heard the first tramp of the charge, and the sound of the psalm they had sung. Again and again he raised himself to sink anew into this mad dance of war, in which heaven, earth, and hell blended in strange mixture and mystery. A feeble sigh at length betokened consciousness, as a knot of worn and dusty-vestured Ironsides returned from the death-ride.

'Why it's Newbury!' said one, as hearing voices he staggered to his feet, with sufficient strength to cry in response, *God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.* Tenderly these rough stern men lifted him into a saddle, and guided him where he might procure the restoratives he so much needed, and have the long gash in his thigh at once attended to by a skilful chirurgeon. It was a sore and obstinate wound. But Newbury was patient and hopeful. He said, 'it is but my *first scar*. Thank God, I am a bruised and not a broken reed. If it had been my head, my country was welcome to it; had it been my leg, it had been worse, but as it is, my right arm is still strong, and this hack is but the token, the sign-manual, whereby Britain saith to me, "Nathaniel, thou art mine!"'

MEMOIR OF MR. THOMAS KIRKMAN,

Of Garland's-lane, Barlestone, Leicestershire.

THE number of 'old disciples' who have lived and died in honourable fellowship with the church at Barton is very large, and the present members of the church, as well as his family, and many others, will read with interest the following account of one of the oldest and most revered of them all; a man whose attention was first drawn to the

General Baptists by the preaching of Mr. Deacon, in the streets at Bagworth, about seventy years ago.

He was born at Cauldwell, near Burton-on-Trent, October 11th, 1772, and thus relates, in letters to Mrs. Stubbins, his early religious experience—'I can scarcely remember the time when I was not under serious impressions. I had the inestim-

able privilege of a very pious mother, and to her fervent prayers I shall always attribute my early impressions. I well remember when about three or four years old, as I was sitting on her knee, she would offer up most fervent petitions for my spiritual welfare; such as 'I pray God bless thee, and make thee a good man.' And the writer may remark here that though at his birth, being in delicate health, and having already a large family, she was almost tempted to wish that he had not been given, she was accustomed to speak of him afterwards as her 'greatest comfort.'

'I recollect,' he says, 'when, perhaps, five or six years of age, being deeply impressed with my state as a sinner, both by nature and practice, and thinking how much better it would have been had I been a horse or a dog, or anything but an accountable creature. It was our regular practice on the Sunday morning to have the Scriptures or a sermon read, and my mind was much impressed with some of the promises, such as *If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him.* I was enabled to place the utmost confidence in them, and having faith in all my trials and difficulties to make known my requests unto God, I had, on several occasions, evident answers to prayer.'

Throughout life he was a close observer of providence, and we are not surprised therefore to meet thus early with such notices as the following:—'On one occasion, being too soon for the service—the service at church, which was only once a month—I was induced, with some other boys, to spend the time in jumping, by which I sprained one of my ankles. This I considered as a chastisement for Sabbath-breaking. I had also a very providential escape from a bull, which, on my going to give him some hay, suddenly turned round and drove me into a corner; but falling on my hands and knees,

as he lifted up his head, I got to the door and escaped. Another time, when an elder brother was carrying me across a fold-yard, one of the cows ran at us, and flung me out of his arms, but I escaped without any injury. When about ten or eleven years of age I had the care of some sheep, and when any of them brought forth lambs, I returned thanks to God for our increase, and once finding a dead lamb I was much grieved, thinking that the Lord had taken it away because I had forgotten to return thanks for it.' Returning one day from Loughborough, across the then open forest, with a mule laden with groceries, which he left at the gate of a house at which he had to call on business, the animal liberated itself, and was lost. Night came on, and with a heavy heart he returned home, but resorted, as he always did in cases of trouble and difficulty, to fasting and prayer, and very early the next morning he found his mule and the groceries untouched. 'But as I grew older sin strengthened within me, and at the age of fifteen or sixteen I was frequently overcome by it, and felt very much condemned, and made strong resolutions to leave off one in particular, which had gained a powerful ascendancy over me. But I made them in my own strength, and was soon overcome. I then felt my own insufficiency, and sought by prayer strength from above, and from that time I was enabled to resist and overcome it.

'About the age of seventeen, divine providence fixed my abode at Loughborough with a brother who was in business there as a grocer. In this situation I continued three years, and here, my health, which was not good before, became worse. My brother was rather thoughtless and dissipated, and my sister, who kept his house, was fond of company. They frequently spent their Sabbath afternoons with their companions, and I was left alone in the house. Sometimes I read the Scriptures and fasted and prayed; and occasionally I experienced some very heavenly

feelings. I remember at one time reading this Scripture—*The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance*, and on examining my own heart I found myself destitute of all these Christian graces. I took a walk in the fields, and praying very fervently that I might have the fruits of the Spirit, I felt the love of God shed abroad in my heart in a way that fully convinced me that my prayer was answered. Still I was a stranger to the Gospel plan of salvation: though I attended church regularly, and sometimes chapel, my dependence was chiefly upon repentance.

‘At the end of three years my health was in such a state that it was thought desirable for me to return home, and this I have since thought was providential. I found my youngest sister indulging in habits which would have proved very baneful, but I trust my remonstrances, advice, and prayers were made instrumental in plucking her as a brand out of the fire.’ The only time at which the writer saw Mr. Kirkman moved to tears was when he was speaking to him of this sister. He found her one day in a state of intoxication, and deeply distressed, he determined by all means, in dependence on divine grace, to seek her reclamation and conversion to God. The results were of the happiest kind, and he had, he said, more satisfaction in the part which he was permitted to take in bringing them about, than he had in anything else that he had ever done. She became a most exemplary Christian, and was baptized by the late Mr. Goadby, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

In his own view, however, Mr. Kirkman was not himself a believer in Christ. ‘I was diligent,’ he says, ‘in attending any gospel preacher who came into the neighbourhood, such as Cecil, and others like him, and by degrees light broke in upon my mind, but I was never brought to the full enjoyment of the gospel until I read Harvey’s *Theron and Aspasio*. By reading that book I

saw that peace and pardon could only be obtained by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I was enabled to find peace and joy in believing.’ His baptism took place at Barton, November 2nd, 1796; and on the same day he was received into the fellowship of the church—a fellowship which was continued in unbroken harmony for nearly sixty-five years.

His position in the world, together with his general intelligence and undoubted piety, led to his election as a deacon about fifteen years afterwards, and it may be truly said that, until he was incapacitated by age and infirmity, he filled the office well; attending as a matter of principle to every duty that devolved upon him, pleasant or unpleasant—always ready with his opinions and judgment when required, but never forward with them—never anxious to act a part, or to make himself appear—never wounding with bitter words—never captiously differing from his brethren, and never allowing any difference to prevent his cordial co-operation with them. He did not approve of the pulling down of the old chapel at Barton, and the erection of the present one; but after a service at Barlestone, in which he perceived that the heart of Mr. Derry, then pastor of the church, was much set upon it, he told him that he should double the subscription which he had previously promised. His chief concern was to do right, and if at any time he erred in judgment, in giving to any object, or in anything else, it had only to be pointed out to him to ensure instant correction; and in the day when the secrets of men shall be judged by Jesus Christ, his frequent visits to the poor and needy will not be forgotten.

When a boy at home he had wronged one of his playmates, and many years afterwards, on its occurring to him, he not only acknowledged it, but restored more than tenfold the amount.

He was most exemplary, too, in his attendance on the means of grace.

No weather was allowed to keep him away, nor any business; and it is a remarkable fact that, though he was never a strong man, he was at his own place of worship on the Lord's-day for more than fifty years in succession. Never, indeed, during the sixty-five years of his membership did he attend any other place of worship besides his own when they were open, and not once was he absent from his own place until prevented by sickness, or age, or infirmity. And this is true not only of the Lord's-day, but of the *week-night services, church meetings, and missionary prayer meetings*. It was a matter of conscience with him always to be there, and, unless God in His providence prevented him, he was there, though his house was more than a mile away from the nearest chapel, and he had the management of a large farm on his hands.

And let no one think that he was not consistent, and that he did not give similar attention to the private duties of religion. 'When very young,' says Mrs. Stubbins, 'so young as to sleep in my parents' chamber, I recollect thinking it a beautiful sight to see my father on bended knees, at day-dawn, holding communion with his Heavenly Father. Though requiring to be at business at an early hour his devotions were never hurried over. He was *diligent in business, fervent in spirit*. The Bible was his constant companion. He read it in his family, and also for his own edification, with the same regularity as he took his meals. The precepts and directions of Holy Writ were so treasured in his memory, and so impressed upon his heart, as to be ready for every emergency, and I cannot help thinking that it was this deep acquaintance with the Word of God, in connection with constant communion with Him, that made him so humble, and at the same time imparted a calm and dignified air to all that he said and did.'

His children, and some of his grandchildren, will long remember how he loved to talk to them about

the goodness of God, and through life, his own family especially, will bear in mind his wise counsel and his excellent example. 'I daily pray for you all,' said he, to one of them; and it is a pleasing fact that whilst nearly the whole of his children are walking in the ways of the Lord, several of his servants were converted during their residence in his family, and several others afterwards, who told the church that they could never forget his prayers and his faithful warnings.

A sermon that was preached by Mr. Robert Smith, at Castle Donington, from Amos vii. 2. 'By whom shall Jacob arise? for he is small;' made a deep impression upon him; and led him to comply with the solicitations of the church to preach occasionally in the villages. His efforts were not unattended with the Divine blessing, but many years before his death he was obliged to relinquish that sphere of Christian duty.

In 1836, one of his daughters, the present Mrs. Stubbins, had it in her heart to go out to India as a single female missionary, and when he was told of it by Mr. Lacey, though he manifested all the feeling natural to a fond parent, he not only did not throw any obstacle in the way, but cheerfully promised the requisite funds for her support in India.

The death of Mrs. Kirkman, on the 11th of August, 1857, was a severe trial to him; and led him to desire and look more than ever for his own departure. She was the daughter of William and Jane Bassett, of Coton, near Market Bosworth, and was baptized and received into the church at Barton, September 7th, 1806. Sincerely attached to the house and service of God, it was a great trial to her, that for some years, she could only occasionally attend public worship, but she was no stranger to communion with her Heavenly Father: and in her family, and among her servants, was very useful. She was also hospitable and kind to the poor

about her, and took great interest in the welfare of the cause.

When informed that Miss Kirkman wished to go as a missionary to India, she determined at the moment to oppose it, but felt it right to ask counsel of God first, and the result was the following letter, which is published in the hope that it may be useful to others.

August 11th, 1836.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,—I have for a long time had a presentiment that you would leave your native land, and become a missionary. Now we are called upon to make a great sacrifice, that of a beloved daughter; but we consider it a call from God, and, however painful to our feelings, it is our duty to submit. When I had made the surrender, and had committed you into the hands of our Heavenly Father, I felt happy. I have found great consolation from that promise—‘There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel’s, but he shall receive a hundredfold now, in this time, and in the world to come eternal life.’ Go, my dear Elizabeth, go, and may God Almighty bless and prosper you, and give you many souls for your hire in that dark and benighted land. And when you have done His work below may you receive a crown of glory. This is the fervent desire and prayer of

Your affectionate mother,

J. KIRKMAN.

She was deeply interested in her children, and often remarked that she had far less anxiety about the one in India than she had about those in England. And in her last illness, when one of her sons told her that he had fully resolved to be on the Lord’s side, her joy and gratitude knew no bounds, she could scarcely talk of anything else. May the hope which she had that the children of so many prayers would *all* be converted to God be fully realized.

She died August 11th, 1857, happy in Christ, and with the full conviction that ‘to die is gain.’ Mrs. Stubbins was in India at the time, but when she returned, she found, in a drawer, a lock of her mother’s hair, carefully wrapped up in paper,

on which, with a mother’s love, she had written the following lines:—

‘Tis a beautiful belief
That o’er our heads,
On angel wings,
Hover the spirits of the dead.’

Mr. Kirkman, who had been gradually declining for some time, and was only confined to his bed three weeks, ‘came to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.’ ‘I have been examining myself,’ he said, ‘and though very unworthy, I feel that I am on the right foundation.’ ‘I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.’ By his own experience he urged his children to be earnest in religion, and faithful to Divine directions, as through life he had observed that he had been blessed just in proportion as he had done so. And often he has remarked to them, and others, ‘I am the last of the family of nine, and but for religion I should long ago have been in my grave.’

He had great pleasure in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Stubbins, and said to them, on their last visit, ‘I am very glad to see you. I know you will pray for me, and I am sure that the prayer of the righteous availeth much.’ His strongest desire was to depart and to be with Christ, and on Mr. Stubbins remarking to him that he would be dismissed at the right time, he smiled, and with characteristic facetiousness replied—‘The right time seems long in coming.’ Mrs. Stubbins, knowing that it would be joyful news, said, ‘Father, the doctor thinks that you cannot continue long.’ ‘I am very glad to hear it,’ he said, repeatedly and emphatically. And on Mr. Bott saying to him—‘Then you are not afraid to meet the enemy.’ ‘Not at all. Not in the least,’ was the instant reply. Still he had an ardent desire for more of the Divine presence, and would frequently say to those about him, ‘Pray for it, God has promised it,

and He will give it if you ask Him. It cannot be that He wishes it to be delayed to the very last.' Nor was it delayed. He invariably answered when asked if Christ was precious, 'O yes! I have no other hope. He is all in all.'

The last words which he was heard to utter were spoken when Mrs. Stubbins was giving him some nourishment. He had frequently observed that his taste was quite gone, and on this occasion, as he swallowed with difficulty what was given him, he said, slowly and at intervals, 'But one taste left—the love of God.' He died August 22nd, 1861, in the 89th year of his age.

Mr. Bott preached the funeral sermon, from Matt. vii. 11. *If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them*

that ask Him? a text which was chosen by Mr. Kirkman on account of the great comfort which it had been to him all through his Christian pilgrimage.

Fond of reading, and conversation, well informed on all subjects of social and public interest, and fully competent to express his own independent opinions about them, his society was both agreeable and improving; and though, during the latter years of his life, he was very deaf, and conversation with him was difficult, he, however, enjoyed and thoroughly appreciated the kindness of the pastors of the church, and others, who, notwithstanding his deafness, would converse with him. May his family emulate his example, and meet him, at length, in the heaven to which he is gone. J. C., H.

THE NATION'S PRAYER FOR THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen.
 Lord, heal her bleeding heart,
 Assuage its grievous smart,
 Thy heavenly peace impart,
 God save the Queen.

Our royal widow bless,
 God guard the fatherless,
 God save the Queen.
 Shield them with loving care,
 Their mighty grief we share,
 Lord, hear the people's prayer,
 God save the Queen.

O Lord our God, arise,
 Bless England's enemies;
 On Thee we call.
 Let sorrow whisper peace,
 Bid wrong and anger cease,
 Let truth and love increase,
 Make evil fall!

In this our Nation's need,
 With Thee we humbly plead,
 God bless our Queen.
 Her life-woe sanctify,
 Her loss untold supply,
 Thyself be ever nigh,
 To save our Queen.

REV. NEWMAN HALL.

Biblical Notes and Queries.

NOTES.

Our earthly house. (2 Cor. v. 1.) The leading idea in the very striking and sustained metaphor which follows, comparing the human frame to a dwelling, and that one of the humblest description—as a tent, hut, or shed, liable to be ‘dissolved,’ worn-down, broken, decayed, by the course of time and the action of the elements—occurs sometimes in both classical and Jewish writers; but nowhere with so much force as here, where this fragile tenement is so emphatically contrasted with *the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*. Waller’s beautiful lines will occur to many readers:—

‘The soul’s dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lies in new light through chinks that time
has made.’

I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. (John xxi. 25.) This is a very strong but significant hyperbole to express the numerous acts of Christ, of which it would seem that only a small portion have been recorded. Such hyperboles, similarly designed to convey a large meaning, are very common among the old Jewish writers, and were not unknown to the poets and orators of Greece and Rome. Bishop Pearce has adduced several instances of equally strong hyperbole from sacred and profane writers. This is one from the Apocrypha, in which the wisdom of Solomon is spoken of:— ‘Thy soul covered the whole earth, and thou fillest it with parables.’ Euripides has this expression: ‘If Jupiter wrote down the sins of mortals, the whole heaven would not have space to contain them.’ The affecting hyperbole used by Mary Queen of Scots may also be mentioned: ‘An ocean of tears would not suffice to bewail the miseries of men.’

Smite him on the mouth. (Acts xxiii. 2.) It is still usual enough in the East, particularly in Persia, for a person in authority to order an offender who appears before him to be smitten on the mouth, if he makes an answer or remark which is not liked. This is on the old Oriental principle of punishing the offending part. The blow is usually inflicted with the heel of a shoe, and is very severe, often breaking the teeth, and causing the blood to spirt out. To be thus smitten on the mouth is considered a grievous indignity, and is inflicted for that reason.

Come unto me, all ye that labour. (Matt. xi. 28.) The grand characteristic of Hebrew poetry, is parallelism, which one writer thus defines: ‘A certain equality, resemblance, or parallelism, between the members of each period; so that in two lines, (or members of the same line) things, for the most part, shall answer to things, and words to words, as if fitted to each other. This parallelism has much variety, and many gradations; it is sometimes accurate and manifest, and at others vague and obscure.’ The Old Testament supplies the chief illustration of parallelisms; but some are furnished by the new. This passage is one. Dr. Jebb gives the name of introverted parallelism to that wherein ‘the stanzas are so constructed that whatever be the number of the lines, the first line shall be parallel with the last; the second with the last but one; and so throughout, in an order that looks inward, or, to borrow a military phrase, from flank to centre.’ He thus arranges the whole sentence in Matt. xi. 28-30, so as to point out its parallelism:—

‘Come unto me all ye that labour, and are burthened;
And I will give you rest:
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;
For my yoke is easy, and my burthen light.’

The expressions 'to labour' and 'to be burthened,' comprehend in their literal sense, all the modes in which the working animals are commonly employed. They either draw or carry. In the former case they wear a yoke. In the latter case they bear a burthen. These two ideas are accordingly repeated, each with an appropriate softening in the last line—'easy yoke—light burthen.'—The moral meaning is clear. To 'labour,' is to pursue the work of sin and the world, as a working agent. It includes all the activities of evil. To be 'burthened,' is to endure the

infiictions imposed by sin and the world as a passive recipient. It comprehends all the pains and penalties of evil. To this miserable course of action are opposed the blessed activities and not less blessed sufferings of the Christian life. 'My yoke is easy'—a service of perfect freedom: 'my burthen is light'—for though the Christian has his sorrows, they are sweeter than the world's joys.

ANSWER TO QUERY No. 2.
Ye see how large a letter, &c.
(Gal. vi. 11.) (Next month.)

Notices of Books.

A MEMOIR OF ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D., *First Missionary to Burmah*. By H. C. CONANT. Edited by Joseph Angus, D.D. (*Bunyan Library, Vol. III.*) London: J. Heaton and Son, 21, Warwick-lane.

DR. CAREY has been heard to say, 'My son Felix was a missionary, and now he is shrivelled up into an ambassador.' That son commenced and deserted the mission whose extraordinary success will be always allied with the name of Adoniram Judson. No life could well be more romantic than that of the apostle of Burmah. His youth gave great promise. His lapse into scepticism was complete. The circumstances which led to his conversion were every way remarkable. No less so were the difficulties which beset him when he had become possessed with the idea of devoting his life to the work of God in the East. His application to an English society, his visit to this country; his temporary captivity in France: the way in which the American Board of Foreign Missions started into being: the repeated obstacles that beset Judson at the outset of his missionary life; his honesty in avowing his change of opinion on the baptism controversy; his difficulties in

getting away from India; and the series of trials with which his first days in Burmah were visited—have all a smack of the romantic. But the stern facts of missionary life failed to diminish his ardour. The Burmese language once mastered, Dr. Judson became indefatigable, both as a translator and a preacher. Even the sufferings at Ava and at Oung-peu-la did not quench his zeal, and that of his heroic wife. The dark days when a species of monastic fervour seized him, Mr. Conant has told in the volume before us for the first time. The relief one feels on the return of brighter days for him is unspeakably great. The new stations, new work, and at last the death at sea, whither he had gone for his health,—the death that found him with so much done, through God's blessing, and so much yet to do—all these things keep up the spell of fascination with which from the first his career is surrounded.

Mr. Conant has not presented us in this Memoir with an abridgement of Dr. Wayland's book, but with a thoroughly independent view of the character, labours, and missionary policy of Dr. Judson. His data for the chapter entitled 'a peculiar phase of religious life' were well-

remembered letters written by Dr. Judson to Mrs. Chaplin, the author's mother.

The introduction by Dr. Angus is admirable. In noting the facts which throw light on the secret of Dr. Judson's usefulness he points out, the clearness and decisiveness of his conversion, his felt call of God to the work of a missionary, and his reverence for the Bible. His theory of missions,—if that may be called a theory that sprang directly from his nature and religious instincts—is summed up as follows: that the grand business of the church is to give the Gospel to the world, and that the preaching of the Gospel is the chief business of the missionary. Two or three peculiarities in Dr. Judson's plans are rightly considered as contributing to his success. For instance: his belief that churches of Christ should be composed solely of men giving evidence of conversion; that to such societies all the rights and duties which belong to churches of God should be entrusted; and that there should be perfect equality among all missionaries in their great work.

We have thus briefly pointed out the contents of this third volume of the 'Bunyan series;' and would urge our readers to judge for themselves

whether we have not understated its excellencies.

THE BIBLE AND MODERN THOUGHT.
By REV. T. R. BIRKS, M.A. 12 mo. cloth, pp. 417. *Religious Tract Society.*

THIS is a very timely publication. It embraces many topics, as the following brief summary will show: the nature of divine revelation and man's need of one; the supernatural claims of Christianity; the reasonableness of miracles; the historical truth of the New and Old Testaments; the miracles of the Bible; the prophecies of the Old Testament; Christianity and written revelation; the inspiration of the Old and New Testament; the interpretation of Scripture; the alleged discrepancies of Scripture; the Bible and modern science, and natural conscience; the historical and doctrinal unity of the Bible; and Christianity as a progressive system. The first, second, third, and fifth papers in *Essays and Reviews* are ably met. We do not know any recent publication that contains such a body of facts and arguments, and would urge all Sunday-schools to add it to their libraries. If the author would furnish a copious index his book would be increasingly valuable.

Correspondence.

OUR FOREIGN MISSION.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—The Jubilee Year of our Society is at hand. How will it find us as a denomination? (or *Connexion* as we designate ourselves.) Shall we be able to make a good report of *fifty years' labours*? It is not for me to write in a censorious or discouraging tone, but I wish to address a few words to the friends of the mission, as to its position and prospects. And I feel the greater

desire to do this, because, *First*, I was one of the sub-committee, who in the little vestry of the then existing chapel at Boston, in the year 1816, met to frame the constitution of the embryo Society, to be submitted to the meeting of the Annual Association then sitting:—the venerable Dan Taylor being the chairman, and to whom the whole Missionary movement appeared as a delightful dream, too good and grand for belief. The dear man very soon afterwards entered into his rest. *Secondly*—I feel a *unique* interest in the history of the commencement of

the Mission, because I believe I am the only remaining member of that sub-committee. (I do not know of another: if one is left, I hope he will communicate his name to you.) This therefore is a loud call to myself.

My intimate acquaintance with the first Missionaries, *Bampton* and *Peggs*, than whom more indefatigable labourers in the modern mission field have scarcely existed, is another reason why I feel a deep interest in the success of the Society. And now, dear Sir, without further pre-fatory observations, allow me, with all humility and affection to ask, whether the 'Connexion' have done all they might to give that prominence to the Society and its successful operations which it deserves?

From the small amount of its contributions, &c., it may be called 'the little Benjamin' of Missionary Societies, and although in proportion to its means, it has, I believe, accomplished as much if not more than any other Missionary Society, (for which God be praised,) I suggest that we have in some degree been as *children of light*, scarcely so wise in our generation, as *the men of this world in theirs*. I allude principally to our having neglected opportunities of bringing the Society and its claims more prominently before the Christian world. Our annual meetings have hitherto been rotary, held only at places where the *Annual Association* holds its sittings; thus possessing only a 'local habitation and name.' Once we had a meeting in Finsbury chapel, London, Mr. Evans, M.P., chairman, and an interesting meeting it was: representatives of other Societies, who were present, all warmly eulogized the Society and its labourers. But who heard of this meeting afterwards? No reporters were present, no notice in the periodicals of the day gave it publicity, and instead of this very good meeting being the precursor of others in succeeding years, no attempt of a similar kind has since been made.

When the desirableness of holding a meeting in London, in May, has by the writer, been urged upon our late excellent secretary, and other members of the committee, they have expressed fears of its success. Now, dear Sir, the effect of our missionary light being thus hidden under a bushel, is, that multitudes outside our 'Connexion,' know little or nothing of our Society, and as a consequence, not much of the 'Connexion' itself. It may be desirable that the annual meeting of the Society for the appointment of officers, reading the report, &c., should, as at present, be held at the Association; but I would recommend that a meeting be also held in Exeter-hall, London, and, I believe, not a few members of our churches would strain a point to be present; and with friends of missions, resident in, and visiting London to work upon, a good attendance may be hoped for. To ensure probable success, energy and judgment will be necessary; and *expense* must not be spared. The collection at the meeting might not cover the cost of preparation, &c., but the society would gain a degree of prestige which would give to it a standing it has never yet possessed; and subscriptions would follow, far overbalancing the cost, or loss, should loss be sustained. But enough on this. I have thrown out these hints to which I hope the committee will give early consideration. The Exhibition year, it appears to me, would be a good time for a trial.

I feel, dear Sir, that there is great cause for thankfulness on account of the success of our Indian Mission. May God prosper it more abundantly. Are there not, however, *other* fields of usefulness which might be cultivated with far less cost?—and requiring far less preparation—*where our own language is spoken*—and where the fields are 'white unto the harvest?' Such as Australia, New Zealand, Natal, &c., where missions would soon be self-supporting.

But I must not engross more space in your monthly journal.

Yours faithfully,
N. B.

P.S.—In the Magazine for January, page 38, the opinion of the Rev. T. Gardiner, of Calcutta, is given.

WEEKLY OFFERING.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR, — It affords me much pleasure to find that the advantages of the weekly offering system are becoming generally appreciated. Is not the old plan of charging for rent of seat and demanding monthly or quarterly subscriptions one fruitful source of spiritual declension in our churches? On this point I would appeal to the experience of those who have for years had the management of church affairs — whether they have not found in seasons of commercial depression that the poorer friends who have not been able to meet the demands of the church, have in consequence felt greatly discouraged by the arrears they could not meet, and on that account done nothing from month to month and year to year? The result being a loss of interest in the cause, spiritual declension, and in many cases the abandonment of their connection with the church altogether. The weekly offering meets the circumstances of the poor; and while they have the opportunity of giving week by week, as the Lord has prospered them, when seasons of suffering and privation come, they have not the painful thought—that they are in debt to the church; but if in the possession of Christian principle, they will feel a pleasure in again manifesting their love to the cause of Christ as soon as their circumstances will permit them to do so.

Something like the following conversation passed between an officer of one of our churches and a poor member a short time since:—

With considerable emotion the poor friend said, I am afraid you will think I have been neglecting my duty in the weekly offering during the last six weeks.

Officer—Well, my brother, have you had anything coming in? No, he replied, I have been out of work entirely. Officer—Well, I have given a little more than usual, as the Lord *has* prospered me; this will make up your deficiency, and when you are able you will no doubt commence again.

Oh! he said, I did not understand it so; this is *very pleasant*. I am sure, as soon as I have work, I will begin again.

For the exposition of the principles of the system I would again refer your readers to the judicious circular by the Rev. W. Stevenson, Broad-street, in the June Magazine for 1861.

Yours affectionately,
J. E.

ADDRESS OF CONDOLENCE FROM THE MIDLAND CON- FERENCE TO OUR WIDOWED QUEEN.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT
MAJESTY.

May it please your Majesty,

We, your Majesty's loyal and loving subjects, the ministers and members of the churches and congregations of Protestant Dissenters, called General Baptists, chiefly in the Midland Counties of Leicester, Derby, and Nottingham, in Conference assembled at Friar-lane chapel, Leicester, on Tuesday, December 17th, 1861—Sharing sincerely in the profound grief of the nation on the unexpected and lamented decease of His Royal Highness, Albert, the Prince Consort, desire to express our deep sympathy with your Majesty under the painful and irreparable bereavement your Majesty has been called to endure.

And further to assure your Majesty, that our most earnest prayers shall not cease to be offered to Almighty God that He may, in His kind providence, preserve and sustain your Majesty, that the people of this great nation may continue to enjoy the benefits of your Majesty's mild and beneficent rule for many years to come; and that 'the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the father of mercies, and God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation,' may graciously afford to your Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Royal Family, those divine consolations which He alone can impart; and finally, through our only Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away!

On behalf of the Conference,
 J. C. PIKE, Leicester, Chairman.
 J. J. GOADBY, Lenton, Nottingham,
 Secretary.
 JOSEPH F. WINKS, Leicester, Mover
 of the Address.

Having been informed that Addresses of Condolence should be forwarded direct to the Home Office, the above was forwarded to Sir George Grey, the Secretary. On the next day the following reply was received:

Whitehall

SIR,

I am directed by Secretary Sir George Grey to acknowledge the receipt of the loyal and dutiful Address of the Midland Conference of General Baptists of the Counties of Leicester Nottingham and Derby on the occasion of the death of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and to inform you that Sir George Grey will take an early opportunity of laying the Address before Her Majesty.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,
 H. WADDINGTON.

REV. J. F. WINKS,
 Leicester.

Obituary.

MISS CLARA PRATT was the beloved daughter of William and Elizabeth Pratt and the great grand daughter of William Bosworth, who for nearly fifty years was an esteemed local preacher and deacon of the General Baptist Church at Leake and Wymes-wold. Clara was born at East Leake, in the County of Nottingham, Jan. 28, 1843, and died June 20, 1861, and was therefore little more than eighteen years of age at the time of her death. Her life was spent in connection with the Baptist Sunday-school at Leake, of which she was first a scholar and then a teacher. She was always thoughtful and sedate, but in the spring of 1859 she experienced a change of heart through faith in Christ Jesus, and became a partaker of the blessings of Divine grace. On the 6th of November she was baptized, with three others, and was

received into the fellowship of the church. At the suggestion of the writer she commenced a Girls' Day School, in which she took great delight, and conducted it as long as her strength allowed. The following spring she learned to play the harmonium and presided over that instrument during Divine service in our Leake chapel. On Christmas day she attended the annual tea and music meeting, Baxter-gate, Loughborough, and on returning home took cold which terminated in consumption. Her lingering and painful illness was borne with exemplary patience and fortitude. At first she was anxious to recover on account of her much-loved duties in the Sunday school, in her day school, and in the chapel choir, but as her disease progressed she was fully resigned to the will of God. Her beauty

faded, her strength declined, and her body wasted away. In this enfeebled and emaciated state, overhearing her mother say of her, 'Poor thing!' she meekly replied, 'No, mother, not poor; I am rich.' As her end approached she loved to talk about dying, feeling that she had something better above and beyond. Having five years before lost a brother by death, to whom she was fondly attached, she often asked if she should know him in heaven. She used to take a little brother by the hand, who was in a feeble state of health, and say, 'God bless him. He will not be long after me. I shall be the first to welcome him in heaven.' She was anxious that her sister should learn to play the harmonium, thinking it would be a means of preserving her from evil as well as of promoting her usefulness. A little before her departure she said to her 'Amy, be a good girl and follow me.' Clara was devotedly attached to her parents. She had always taken the liveliest interest in their welfare. What affected them always affected her. Seeing how unwilling they were to give her up, she tried to soothe and support them by leading them to anticipate the future. She observed, 'It will not be long at the most before we shall all meet in heaven.' In the afternoon of the day of her death her mother said they would have an early tea; 'O, mother,' she said, 'I shall not want any more tea: I am going home.' After this

she rapidly declined. Turning to her mother she said, 'Mother, remember what I said to you, Meet me in heaven.' Her last words were, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' She died about five o'clock. The last time the writer saw her was the day before her death. He found her fully resting on the Saviour's merits and calmly waiting the time of her departure. On the Sabbath day her remains were interred in the grave yard adjoining the Baptist-chapel, Leake, and the high estimation in which she was held by her scholars and fellow teachers was evident from their countenances at the grave. A funeral sermon was preached to a numerous and deeply affected audience from, *Be still and know that I am God*, Psalm xl. 10.

Clara was very fond of music and singing. Among her favourite hymns was the one commencing

'Jesus, lover of my soul.'

The following was also a favourite hymn—

'Jerusalem, my happy home!'

May the Holy Spirit support and comfort the sorrowing parents under this heavy trial, and enable them with growing strength to advance toward that city which hath foundations, and may they and theirs meet, 'no wanderer lost, a family in heaven.' G. S.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Pinchbeck, on Thursday, December 19th, 1861.

In the morning, brother Cholerton read and prayed, and brother Mathews preached from Psalm cxxx. 1.

In the afternoon, after prayer by brother Chamberlain, the reports

from the churches were read, from which we gathered that fifteen had been baptized since the last Conference and ten remained candidates for baptism.

The committee appointed to inquire into the present state of the church at Lincoln, having presented their report, it was resolved:

1. That this report be received with thanks.

2. That £15 be voted from the funds of the Home Mission in aid of the church at Lincoln.

A communication having been read from Yarmouth, it was resolved that the secretary be requested to advise with, and assist the friends at Yarmouth in procuring ministerial supplies during the next three months.

That the next Conference be at Holbeach, on Wednesday, March 12th, 1862, and that brother J. B. Pike be requested to preach in the morning.

In the evening brother J. C. Adams preached.

THOMAS BARRASS, *Secretary.*

THE YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE assembled in the Infirmary-street chapel, Bradford, December 26th, 1861.

In the morning, Rev. W. Gray read and prayed, and Rev. J. Alcorn, of Burnley, preached from 2 Tim. ii. 19. *Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.*

In the afternoon, the Conference met for business, when J. W. Bevers, minister of the chapel presided, and Rev. John Taylor opened the meeting with prayer.

Fifty-eight were reported baptized since the last Conference. After the singing of the doxology and the reading of the minutes of the previous Conference, the following business was transacted.

1. Agreed that the Rochdale case be adjourned to the next Conference.

2. It was mentioned, in explanation of the resolution at the previous Conference respecting Bacup, that the church had engaged to raise in about three years the sum of £250; and that after the raising of this sum by the church at Todmorden, they receive £250 from the Conference, they erecting the chapel by advice of Conference at an expense of £800 or £900.

3. That we agree to grant to the second church at Bradford £50 on

condition that they raise £450 within the next three years.

4. That brother B. Wood be requested by this Conference to make inquiry of any friend in Dewsbury as to the desirability of an occasional week evening service in that town, and that brethren B. Wood, of Bradford, J. Tunnicliff, of Leeds, and others be requested to meet any openings which may present themselves on such inquiry.

5. *Bi-centenary celebration.* That this question be referred to the next Conference, and that in the mean time brethren Rev. J. Alcorn, and the Secretary prepare a number of propositions on the subject.

6. That a collection be made at the next Conference to meet sundry expenses.

7. That the next Conference be held at Lineholme, on Good Friday, and that Rev. Mr. Finn, of Todmorden, preach in the morning, and in case of failure the Rev. T. Gill, of Shore.

O. HARGREAVES, *Secretary.*

THE WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Polesworth, on Monday, January 13th, 1862.

In the morning, brother Lees, of Walsall, opened the service with reading and prayer, and brother Parkinson, of Hinckley, preached from Rev. iii. 5. Subject, 'the Christian conflict, victory, and reward.'

In the afternoon, brother Goadby, of Ashby, presided. The devotional parts of the meeting were conducted by brethren Derry, of Austrey, and Parkinson, of Hinckley.

The reports from the churches were encouraging. There had been baptized since the last Conference at Austrey and Polesworth, 10; Birmingham, 11; Longford, 17; Union-place, Longford, 3; Netherton, 6; Walsall, 7; making a total of 55; 29 were reported as candidates.

Mr. Parkinson not being in our Conference, and having kindly complied with our request to preach this morning, a vote of thanks was given to him for his very excellent and interesting sermon.

The next Conference is to be held at Walsall, on the second Monday in May, and Mr. James Goadby, of Ashby, is appointed to preach.

W. CHAPMAN, *Secretary*.

BAPTISMS.

MACCLESFIELD. — On Lord's-day, Nov. 3, we baptized one; Dec. 1st, two; and Dec. 30th, four.

TODMORDEN. — On Lord's - day, December 15th, six believers were baptized. The chapel was crowded.

W. M.

NEW LENTON. — On Lord's-day, January 5th, one friend was baptized.

ANNIVERSARIES.

SHEFFIELD. — The teachers and friends of the Baptist Sunday school, Cemetery-road, held their annual tea meeting on Christmas day, when between two and three hundred partook of tea. The Rev. H. Ashbery presided. An excellent report was read by the secretary, Mr. F. Hiller. After which appropriate addresses were delivered by brethren Atkinson, Hiller, Hall, Jones, J. H. Atkinson, and others. The choir added much to the enjoyment of the evening. J. Hiller performed upon the harmonium.

SHEFFIELD. — Our *members' annual tea meeting* was held on new year's day, to which about eighty sat down. After tea the respective officers were re-elected for the ensuing year. An advance of 25 per cent. upon our minister's salary was unanimously agreed to. A comparison was drawn between the present happy meeting and some of those on former occasions. It was stated that about twenty had been added to the church during the year.

BROMPTON, *Yorkshire*. — The anniversary sermons of the General Baptist chapel in this village were preached on Lord's-day, Dec. 15, 1861, morning and evening at Brompton, and in the afternoon at Northallerton, by the Rev. H. Le Fevre, of Masham. Collections were made towards the liquidation of the debt on the Brompton chapel. On the Monday following, a tea

meeting was held at Brompton. A large number of persons assembled. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. M. Dawson, of Bedale; H. Le Fevre; W. Stubbings, T. Yeo, and G. Dowson, of Northallerton.

RECOGNITIONS, &c.

LEICESTER, *Friar-lane*. — A deeply interesting service in connection with the recognition of the Rev. J. C. Pike as pastor of the church meeting in the above place was held on Thursday evening, Dec. 26, 1861. Upon the decease of our esteemed brother, the Rev. S. Wigg, in July last, Mr. Pike, who had supplied the pulpit for more than two years, was invited to take the sole pastorate of the church, and removed from Quorndon to Leicester for that purpose. At half-past four, a large company of friends sat down to tea in the school rooms. The public service was conducted in the chapel, when excellent addresses were delivered by the following gentlemen, on subjects appropriate to the occasion:—The Rev. J. P. Mursell, on the 'Relation and duties of the pastor to the church;' the Rev. Thos. Stevenson, on the 'Relation and duties of the church to the pastor;' the Rev. R. W. McAll, on the 'Relation and duties of the church members to one another;' Revs. J. C. Pike and J. F. Winks, on the 'Jubilee of the senior deacon,' it being fifty years since Mr. S. Wright became a member of the church. Tokens of the respect and affection cherished for him were publicly presented. The Rev. E. C. Pike, B.A., of Rochdale, followed on 'The working church,' and the Rev. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough, on 'The young, the hope of the church.' Special prayer for the Divine blessing to rest upon the pastor of the church was offered after the second address by the Rev. W. Underwood, president of the College, Chilwell, near Nottingham. At the conclusion of the meeting the doxology was sung, and the Rev. J. P. Mursell offered a short prayer.

REV. WATSON DYSON, formerly of Offord, Hunts., has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the General Baptist church, Long Sutton, Lincolnshire.

REV. T. GOADBY.—The recognition services of Rev. T. Goadby as pastor of the church at Commercial Road, London, were held on Jan. 20th. Revs. J. Illingworth, J. Harcourt, C. Stovel, W. Underwood, Dawson Burns, J. S. Stanion, and others took part. Particulars next month.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ISLEHAM.—Fifty years having transpired since the General Baptist church at Isleham was formed, the event was celebrated on the 9th of January, 1862. At three o'clock in the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Burns, D.D., of London. At five o'clock, upwards of 200 took tea in the vestry and chapel. At half-past six, a history of the church was read by the pastor, Rev. T. Mee, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Burns, W. W. Cantlow, J. Richardson, and G. Hitchon. During the service several anthems and pieces of music (composed by the pastor of the church for the occasion) were efficiently executed by the choir. The chapel was crowded. Since the church was formed we have had our dark days as well as our bright ones: some times our ministers have laboured for years without any ad-

ditions being made to the church, and then others have been very successful. The following, taken from the history, will show that one soweth and another reapeth. Rev. J. Farrant, the first pastor, laboured for three years, and received into the fellowship of the church forty persons; Rev. R. Compton, nineteen years, and received into fellowship, sixty persons; Rev. J. Cotton, seven years, and received seventy persons; Rev. T. Lee, three years, and received twenty-one persons; Rev. E. Stenson, five years, and received thirty-seven; Rev. J. Jarrom, four-and-a-half, and received seven persons. Our present pastor has been labouring amongst us for the last five years nearly, and we have received into Christian fellowship during that time eighty-two persons. We are now a church of a 145 members, and feel that we have abundant cause to thank God and take courage. C. B.

GENERAL BAPTIST COLLEGE GENERAL ACCOUNT.—The treasurer begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums, and hopes the friends will kindly favour him with their collections and subscriptions as early as convenient as his payments are at present so much in excess of the receipts.

	£	s.	d.
Leicester, Archdeacon-lane	10	17	6
Loughborough, Baxter-gate	6	10	0
Longton	4 0 0
Ticknall	0 13 3
Rents of Houses	7 15 1

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

A GHOST from purgatory now lies in Limerick jail! The facts of the case are briefly these: a poor widow was one night terrified by the arrival of her buried husband from purgatory. He besought her to sell her pig that his debts might be paid, and

his soul set free. The widow told the tale to a priest—who advised that on the night when the ghost was to return, two policemen should be with her. The night came, and the ghost. The ghost was arrested, and turned out to be a near neighbour, who had adopted this clumsy plan to rob the poor widow. The notorious Father

Daly, whose interview with Palmerston about the Galway Packet Service caused such merriment in the House of Commons, has been discarded by his bishop, and Daly now intends appealing to the Pope for redress. Another instance of Anglican bigotry, this time by a lady of high rank, has occurred: the mayor of Sunderland wished to erect some schools near his works, but the Marchioness of Londonderry, the stout churchwoman, refused to sell him any land for such a purpose because he was a dissenter. Sometime ago the same lady refused to sell a plot of ground for a Baptist chapel, in the same locality, and the poor Baptists have to walk five miles to their meeting-house. The trial of Dr. Rowland Williams, in the Court of Arches, for his article in the 'Rationalistic old-clothes-bag' the *Essays and Reviews*, has been heard. Judgment has been deferred. The Bi-centenary year is already beginning to be well-employed. Lectures on the men of 1662 have been given in several towns, chiefly in the north. The Independents are making a special appeal for their Home Mission. They ask for one hundred more evangelists. The Independents, in a Conference held during this month (January) have decided not to take any part in a united celebration of the Bi-centenary. £40,000 were subscribed towards the Memorial Fund before the meeting broke up.

GENERAL.

THE *Trent* affair, as every one knows, is settled. Mason and Slidell are

given up, and will soon be in England. Seward's dispatch has called forth severe criticism from the English press; but when a man gives up what he would rather hold, a little amplitude of statement may be allowed. Mason, we are sure, will have no ovation in England. He was the author of the Fugitive Slave Law. The cost to this country of preparations for war amount to little short of four millions! Notwithstanding this the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is hopeful, and told the good people of Leith so only a few days ago. Parliament will meet early in February. The late Prince Consort is to have a *national* memorial. This is right. No man in England but will cheerfully give his mite toward it. The Queen continues to bear her heavy loss with resignation, and declares that the purpose of her life will now be to carry out the plans of her beloved husband. The Prince of Wales, Albert Edward, as he is now to be styled, is shortly to go on his Eastern pilgrimage. This was part of that plan for the development of his son's mind devised by 'Albert the good.' The new year's reception at the Tuileries passed off without any oracular utterances, except such as had already been expressed to the Romish priesthood. This formidable body in France have been told by a prefect's letter that even they are amenable to civil law. Portugal is to have her late King disinterred. The populace have got the idea that he died from poison. Spain still holds the prisoners Matamoras, Alhama, and Trigo, the men whose only crime was—

reading the Bible. The first two are sentenced to seven years at the galleys, and the last to four. Italy has recovered from her recent crisis. Ricasoli does not retire. Garibaldi gives note of approaching danger. Brigandage is still rife. The severities in Poland continue. A young lady has been flogged to death by soldiers for singing a patriotic song in her own house. Hungary remains under military law. Austria is said to be perfecting the drill of

her soldiers, and massing them in Venetia. It is thought that another war will break out in the spring, its object being to wrest Rome from the Pope, and Venetia from Francois Joseph. India has lately witnessed another celebration of the barbarous suttee. It took place at Basa, a village in the Hurdui district. The news from China is good. Prince Kung, so friendly to the European powers, is now at the head of affairs.

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 18, at the General Baptist chapel, Bourne, Mr. S. Clarke Inkley, farmer, of Moulton Eaugate, to Miss Mary Redmile, of Dyke.

Dec. 18, at the General Baptist chapel, Spalding, Mr. John Henry Baldwick, of Manchester, to Fanny Catherine, second daughter of Mr. W. Wiseman, farmer, Weston Hills.

Dec. 25, at the General Baptist chapel, Peterborough, Mr. John Thomas Close, to Miss Mary Eliza Maywood. Also on the same day, and at the same place, Mr. R. Sharpe Johnson, to Miss Emma Burrige, of Market Deeping.

Dec. 27, at the Great Meeting, Leicester, Mr. J. M. Cook, son of Mr. T. Cook, excursion agent, to Emma, eldest daughter of Mr. T. W. Hodges, Stonygate.

Jan. 9, at the North-gate chapel, Louth, by the Rev. T. Burton, father of the bridegroom, Mr. Thomas Isaac Burton, bookseller, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Balding, of Smithfield.

Jan. 12, at Wood-gate chapel, Loughborough, Mr. John Wortley, to Elizabeth Bradshaw, both of Sheepshed.

DEATHS.

Nov. 2, at Shanghai, Rev. Dr. Bridgman, aged 60. He had been a missionary upwards of thirty years.

Nov. 21, at Calcutta, after a few hours' illness, Hannah Catherine, the wife of the Rev. Joseph Mullens, D.D.

Dec. 18, at Nottingham, Mr. Michael Wood, in his 83rd year. He was originally a member of the church at Barton in the Beans, then of Dover-street, Leicester, and laterly, of Broad-street, Nottingham.

Dec. 21, at Milford Haven, Rev. J. H. Thomas, Baptist minister, in the 46th year of his ministry, and the 72nd year of his age. He was styled 'the apostle of Pembroke-shire.'

Jan. 1, at Tottenham, Mr. Richard Jones, of the Religious Tract Society, aged 41 years.

Jan. 8, suddenly, at Reading, in 75th year of his age, Rev. T. Welsh. He was 25 years minister of the Baptist church, Newbury.

Missionary Observer.

CONFERENCE AT CUTTACK.

BY THE REV. J. BUCKLEY.

Cuttack, 26th Nov., 1861.

AFTER the labours and trials of another year we have again been privileged to meet in Conference, and to strengthen our hands in God. These annual meetings are in no common degree cheering and refreshing to our spirits in this heathen land. We look forward to them with great interest, and hail their arrival with peculiar pleasure. Our union with, and affection for each other are strengthened. We feel an increased attachment to the good work, and a greater desire to spend and be spent in testifying to the dying heathen the Gospel of the grace of God.

The appointed public services were held on Lord's-day, the 10th of November, and the Conference business commenced on Monday morning and continued till Friday afternoon. On Lord's-day morning, Rama Chundra, who for thirty years has faithfully ministered the Word of the Lord, preached the first Conference sermon in Oriya, from Daniel xii. 13. "But go thou thy way," &c. The second was preached in the afternoon, by Mr. Bailey, from Matthew v. 44. "But I say unto you, Love your enemies," &c. Both the sermons were practical and adapted to do good. In the evening, Mr. Goadby preached before the Conference, in English, on union with Christ, and its bearing on the prosperity of our work, from John xv. 4-5: it was a word in season to many. Oh that we may know day by day more of the sweetness of union and communion with Christ! Then shall we be strong to fight the battles of the Lord; then shall we realize the pious feeling expressed in the beautiful lines with which the sermon closed.

"Abide in me; there have been moments pure,
When I have seen thy face and felt thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour,
These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me—and they shall ever be;
I pray thee now fulfil my earnest prayer
Come and abide in me; and I in thee."

On the following Thursday evening, the Native Missionary Meeting was held. The chapel was well filled, and it was really an inspiring sight. Gunga Dhor led the way, describing with characteristic eloquence the great battle between the powers of light and the powers of darkness. Makunda followed, and in a striking and telling address enlarged on the weapons of our holy warfare. Thoma with his wonted energy and power dwelt on the certainty of victory, and the transporting joy it would occasion. Silas and Mahes, two esteemed brethren from the Northern Orissa Mission, followed with suitable remarks on abounding in the work of the Lord, and on giving thanks to Him for His great goodness to us. These two brethren met with us for the first time; and Mahes (who preached on the following Sabbath, and who is a workman that need not be ashamed) referred in a very gratifying manner to the pleasure he felt in meeting with more Christians than he had ever met with before. Jagoo offered prayer at the commencement, and Damudar at the close. It was a delightful service. All our native friends were much interested with it, and some thought it was the best Missionary meeting we had ever held.

On the following Sabbath afternoon the Lord's supper was administered. An address was delivered in Oriya, by Mr. Miller, on Christian union, from John xvii. 21; and in English, by myself, from Rev. i. 5-6. It was a time when the presence of Christ was felt, and when our hearts

burned with desire in life and death to be the Lord's.

Mr. Bailey was elected chairman of the Conference, and the business that engaged our attention was not less varied and important than in former years. And first, I must tell you that we expressed our hearty acknowledgments to the Committee and the Churches for sending out our brother Thomas Bailey. We hope soon to hear of his arrival in Calcutta, and are prepared to welcome him with sincere christian affection. May he be a very holy, faithful, and successful Missionary. Then will he receive, as we have, the "hundred fold," promised in this life, and through the abundant grace of the Saviour will enjoy a glorious recompense at the resurrection of the just. The question of his location for the first year engaged serious deliberation; but while anxious that Russell Condah should be occupied by two Missionaries at the earliest practicable period; we thought on calmly looking at all the circumstances of the case, that it would be the best course for him to spend his first year at Berhampore. If Mr. Goadby and he had gone at once to Russell Condah, Berhampore must have been left with only one Missionary, and this we could not recommend; besides all experienced Missionaries know that the great work of the Missionary's first year is to learn the language; and the best place for him is the one where he can best prepare for future toil. The Missionary to the Khonds will have to learn the Oriya as well as the Khond; for I do not think that it will be safe to remain in those jungles more than three or at most four months in the year, and there is a considerable Oriya population about Russell Condah accessible to the Missionary at other seasons of the year. In this discussion, the state of Mrs. Goadby's health could not be overlooked. I am grieved to say that frequent and severe attacks of sickness have so reduced her strength that a speedy return to her native land is indispensable. This painful step will

involve a temporary separation from her beloved husband, who has decided, wisely so I think, to remain at his post. I have read of a Missionary mother who sent a beloved child to her father land. She had given the parting kiss and bade a long farewell. She returned from the ship with her eyes streaming with tears, and with a heart overwhelmed with grief, but with the energy of a woman in whose heart the love of Christ was the governing motive, she nobly said, "Jesus, I do this for Thee," and saying this she wiped her tears, and girded herself for renewed holy service in this blessed cause. So our dear friends will be separated for Jesus' sake, and He will not forget the sacrifice, nor let it be unrequited. But a gentleman in this country, who knew the bitterness of separation, once said to me with much feeling, "These separations are living deaths." Our friends at home will remember that we have now at Russell Condah a native preacher and a colporteur, who are much encouraged in their work. The brethren at Berhampore deeply feel the importance of the station, and intend to spend as much time there during the year as they are able. I trust that judicious friends will be convinced that we did all that we could. Next year we hope to welcome back brethren and sisters beloved in the Lord, and then I hope the way will be open to do more. We rejoice much in the interest felt in our churches in relation to Russell Condah and the Khonds.

Our operations in scriptures and tracts received as in former years a large share of earnest attention. The revision of the new edition of the New Testament has proceeded to Revelation ii. ch., and the printing to the beginning of 2 Corinthians. Were it not that a voice from on high calls us to go and preach the Gospel in places that can only be visited at this season of the year it might be finished in three months; but the "marching orders" of our divine Lord and Leader must not be trifled with. I hope it will be finished in April or May next; and if the Lord

spare me to see the day, I shall raise another Ebenezer. As only a comparatively small number of copies of the Old Testament remain, it was thought desirable that I should commence the revision of the Old Testament as soon as the New Testament was completed. It was felt that a considerable time must elapse before a revision of the Old Testament could be completed and printed; and that by that time our present stock would be exhausted. But let none of our friends suppose that because we speak of revision, extensive alterations in the translation now used are contemplated. Far from it. Such alterations are neither desirable nor necessary; but here and there slight alterations may be made by which the sense will be made clearer, and the translation be more in conformity to the inspired original; and such alterations all judicious friends would desire to see made. No one has a higher appreciation of Brother Sutton's invaluable labours in biblical translation than I have; or would deprecate more strongly, making alterations without valid reason in the only translation of the oracles of God which the people can possess.

Let me here acknowledge, and I do so most cordially, the liberal help received for our new edition of the New Testament from the Bible Translation Society. I cannot forget how dark were our prospects three years ago. We had no Testaments to give the people, and no money to print any. In telling your readers at that time of the circumstances in which we were placed, I stated that we had decided to apply for help to the Bible Translation Society, and added, "Surely we shall obtain assistance soon." Nobly and generously was that appeal responded to. Since the time referred to, we have received for this important work £450; and we all hope that the reasonable and liberal help thus rendered will induce all our churches, according to their ability, to support this valuable institution. On our wealthy friends it has a special claim. The American and Foreign Bible

Society, notwithstanding the dark aspect of affairs in America, continues to express its warm sympathy with us; so that there is no fear that our operations in scattering abroad the precious seed of God's Word will be interrupted for want of money.

The Religious Tract Society is an old and long-tried friend of the Mission. In looking over the old Conference book, I find in the minutes of the *first* Missionary Conference in Orissa, held March 24th, 1825,* that the following was the *first* resolution—"It was unanimously agreed that a letter should be written to the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, requesting their assistance." That assistance was generously rendered in the following year, and has been regularly rendered since. This year the Society has sent us 100 reams of paper (five times the amount of its first grant) value £53 15s. 0d.; besides assorted tracts, value £1 2s. 0d.; and a grant of English books to Dunai and Shem (value £6 17s. 8d., catalogue prices). They will, I trust, be greatly aided in their all-important work of ministering the Word of God by these books. The American Tract Society has not forgotten us, though owing to the present state of affairs in America, the grant is, as might have been expected, smaller than usual (100 dollars, or £20 10s. 1d). Instead of complaining of this, I think it is more than might have been anticipated; and that this Society, as well as the American and Foreign Bible Society, should be able to remember us at all in their day of adversity, shows the sincerity and depth of their sympathy with us, and readiness to help us. One interesting feature of our discussion on tract operations was, that *four* new tracts (three of them in poetry) composed

* "The preamble reads as follows—"On Thursday, the 24th of March, 1825, we held what we denominated the first General Baptist Conference, in Orissa. We met about ten in the morning; and after prayer for divine direction by Brother Sutton, we proceeded to discuss several subjects connected with our work here."

by native christians, were presented to the Conference. At no former meeting has so pleasing a circumstance occurred. It is a step in the right direction. It denotes real progress, and all the friends of the Mission will sincerely rejoice in it. One of the new tracts is by Karlick Samal, and is a well-executed versification of the sermon on the mount. Another is by Makunda, one of Orissa's most gifted sons, and is entitled, *What is Christianity?* The third is the Gospel Harmony, by the late Sebo Sahu. It is not completed, but some parts of it are very excellent. The fourth is a prose tract, by Ghanu Shyam. We had not time to examine it, but he has bright abilities, and is quite able to do anything of that kind well. I do not describe in detail old tracts revised or new ones prepared by any of the Missionaries, because my readers will no doubt suppose they are capable of doing such things. It is far more important that converted natives should be suitably gifted for such a work.

I have more to say, but this letter is already too long. So farewell.

FIRST FRUITS OF THE HARVEST.*

On Friday, the 28th of June last, while Mrs. Mullens was sitting alone, taking a hasty breakfast, a singular letter was put into her hands. It ran thus:—"Madam,—I have taken the liberty of introducing the bearer

* The following paper being a continuation of one on the same subject in the *Observer* for January, (Vide pp. 34) will be read with tender interest, when it is known that the excellent lady by whose hand it was penned, already rests from her labours. Not many weeks after its first publication in this country the writer was startled and affected by reading the subjoined announcement in the public papers.

"Died November 21, after a few hours illness, at Calcutta, Hannah Catherine, wife of Rev. Joseph Mullens, D.D."

The next article is extracted from one in the *Friend of India*, containing a lengthened reference to the peculiar work in which Mrs. Mullens was engaged, and an eloquent tribute to the worth of the departed lady.

of this. She is a Brahmin widow, and belongs to a most respectable and wealthy family, at B—— (names and localities are suppressed, for obvious reasons). She has visited all the chief shrines of Hindooism, seeking rest for her soul, and finding none. For rest, she now turns to Christianity. Madam, will you receive her into your asylum? Will you teach her what truth is? I will just add one word for your own encouragement. There are other widows besides this one,—aye, and there are married women too—who are dissatisfied with, and restless in, their own religion. *They want something better.* Yours—A TRUTH LOVER, AND A TRUTH SEEKER."

"Ask the bearer to come in," said Mrs. Mullens, hardly knowing what to expect. A gentle-looking, modest woman entered the room. She seemed about twenty-four, and her every word and action showed the Hindoo lady, though she looked hot, wearied, and very much excited. "Was the letter I brought addressed to *you?*" she inquired. "Yes." "Then I will wait till you have finished breakfast, for I must see you alone. I can easily wait." The ayah showed her into the bedroom, where Mrs. Mullens joined her immediately. To try her, she said, "You must go away to-day, and come again to-morrow. I have an unavoidable engagement. I am sorry, but I have not even five minutes to speak to you now." "Then I will wait—wait as long as you like. I have been waiting for this all my life. It would be hard to wish me to go away when I have found what I sought." Mrs. Mullens left her. Hopes, doubts, fears, in equal tumult rose in her heart, and but one prayer came to her lips again, and again, and yet again—"Holy Spirit, is not thy promise pledged? O breathe upon *this* soul, then shall it live, and blossom, and bear fruit." Her engagement was to hear a native catechist's trial sermon to the heathen servants of an English lady. The man's text was, "Yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table;"

and as she heard, she thought of the waiting one at home, and it seemed to her as though the answer to her prayer had already come, and that Jesus was saying to that one, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

She was soon back. It took three hours to hear the Brahminee's strange, sad story, with all its thrilling interest. Hers had been, eminently, a life of *seeking*. Had she found at last the hidden treasure? Left a widow at fourteen years of age, her penances and her austerities had commenced, though otherwise she was kindly treated; but ever since she had thought at all, she had been dissatisfied with Hindooism; and when the death of her husband left her free, and comparatively wealthy, she had begun to visit the various holy places celebrated in Hindoo story, with a view to find out whether they could give her that soul-rest which was denied to her at home. Her account of this search after spiritual peace was often most touching. Once, she said, when she was a little girl, her elder sister was dangerously ill, and her parents took her to a distant shrine to join her prayers with theirs for the recovery of their child. The idol was propitious; the sister got well, and Bossonto believed in that idol. In after years, when God sent this longing for truth into her heart, she bethought herself of the being who had once, as she considered, heard her prayer, and she again repaired to his shrine. They told her his most acceptable worshippers were those who approached him fasting. For two whole days she fasted, and this time her prayer was, "Teach me Thy way, O God." On the third day she fainted, with that prayer for light and guidance still on her lips. "Now," she asked, "may not the unknown God, to whom I then prayed, have heard my prayer, and brought me here in answer to it?" The missionary's wife was silent. How could she tell? though this she knew, that "God looketh on the heart."

Not wishing to trust her own judg-

ment merely, Mrs. Mullens asked two of the native preachers, who had been themselves Brahmins, to be present at this conversation. They saw nothing in her story improbable, or unworthy of belief; and, by a strange coincidence, it was found that Bossonto was distinctly related to one of them. He knew her family, and could vouch for its respectability and its wealth. Bossonto was then asked about the writer of that strange letter. She was afraid it would bring him into trouble with his own people, therefore it was with considerable reluctance she gave his name, and that only when she was assured that it was absolutely necessary. He proved to be a Brahmin, well known to the mission family. They were aware that he knew the truth, but not that he had felt its power, or that he had any love for it. Surprised, therefore, were they to hear that it was from this man's wife that Bossonto had first learnt Christianity. Her husband had taught her; and when her widowed friend told her of her doubts respecting Hindooism, and her longings for a religion that would satisfy the wants of her soul, she said, "Bossonto, Christianity is the religion for you. Go and be a Christian. I only wish we could be Christians too; but, alas! we have too many ties of caste and family. You are free, do go," and then the husband gave her that letter of introduction. She had got away from her family (father and mother she had none) by implying that she was going on a pilgrimage to Benares. That was a holy purpose. They were used to her ways, believed her, and let her go.

Such was Bossonto's account of herself. The next step was to try and discover whether it was all true. One of the native preachers kindly undertook this, and rode many miles for the purpose. The result was perfectly satisfactory. At that time, Bossonto's state of mind was that of a humble learner. It was not that she knew much of Christianity, but it was as if what her heathen friend had told her had also been revealed

to her by a far higher power, that Jesus was the only Saviour for her sin-sick soul; and she sought after the Lord, if haply she might feel after Him and find Him.

Bossonto has now been nearly three months in the mission family at B—, and every day increases their love and affection for her. Naturally very clever and intelligent, she has learnt to read her Bible in an incredibly short time; it is rarely out of her hands; and each morning may find her taking her place among the girls of the native Christian boarding school, to get the benefit of their daily Bible lesson. Every now and then she looks up, with extreme earnestness depicted on her bright face, to ask, "Oh do you think this blind one will ever see? Do you think I shall ever understand it all?" She may know it not, but the Spirit has already taught her to behold wondrous things out of His law, for she said, on one occasion, "I think I see the difference between the Hindoo Shastres and the Book of God. Is it not this,—the former is filled with outward ceremonies, which cannot make the heart better, while the latter has to do chiefly with the heart, how can it be purified and made fit to dwell with God?"

When asked what made her first think that idols were not true Gods, she replied, "Because I saw the glorious sun, and moon, and stars. Not only so, but I saw that all these were governed by certain laws; the planets were round the sun, and the tides were influenced by the moon; then I knew there must be one Being greater in the universe than any I had yet heard of." But still this was not the feeling that had brought her to the feet of Christ. To Him she came on account of her need, her want; and Christians will understand her, though she often says, "I wish I could express myself better, but I do not know what else to say, than that I have been needing the true religion all my life, and now I have found it."

THE ZENANA MISSION AND ITS APOSTLE.

From the Friend of India, Nov. 28.

BUT, it is said, how can the English in India help to educate its eighty millions of women? The missionaries have their orphanages for the outcast, and their day schools for children already Christian. The Bethune School of Calcutta, which Lord Dalhousie maintained, though carefully hedged round from Christianity, compared with their efforts has been a gigantic failure. But we have yet to learn that any difficulty would be found in establishing schools for girls of the lower classes under female teachers. Even under old pundits the success in the North West, and the comparatively large number of girls under instruction in Madras and Bombay, shows what may be done. By a less rigid grant in aid system and by a female Normal School in each of the Presidencies, we believe the country could be covered with girls' schools, and three-fourths of the girls under ten, of each village in India, be induced not only to be taught but soon to pay for the teaching. The difficulty is with the higher classes of natives, the native gentry. No one who knows the intense dislike of the English of even the middle class to allow their daughters to attend public schools, will wonder that it exists in the East, however great the intelligence and slight the superstitious prejudices of the father may be. And, if a whole generation is not to be lost, wives as well as daughters must be educated. The boarding school system meets the difficulty in England, and in a still higher rank that of private governesses. In India the native social system at once makes this easy. Whole clans, regular "gentes" forming with their establishment a "familia," live together. They have their property in common, and while each male member of the clan has, as a rule, only one wife, the zenana will generally contain, on an average, eight ladies. Occasionally houses

are contiguous, or even surrounded by the same enclosure. In the house of every native gentleman in India, then, it may be said that a school is ready to hand in the zenana. All that is wanted is permission from the husbands for English ladies with a knowledge of the vernacular and attended by native assistants, to visit each zenana periodically.

Since 1855, a Zenana Mission has been at work in Calcutta. We have abstained from noticing its progress lest the breath of even the slightest publicity should wither the young plant. We cannot, therefore, enter into its details or picture its success as we otherwise would. The educated clerks of Government offices and some of the leaders of Anglicised native society, are the class who at first timidly but now eagerly welcome the English ladies who devote themselves to the work. The want now is not open zenanas but ladies to enter them. There has been more than one labourer in the field, but at present there are only three who are acquainted with Bengali, an indispensable requisite for success. They visit 22 houses containing about 160 native ladies and 150 little daughters for the most part of the Brahmin, writer and doctor castes. Each house is visited once a week by the English ladies, who are thus employed every day for three or four hours, but native women teachers, each receiving eight rupees monthly, attend daily, one woman having the care of two houses. Thus every day the work goes on, for native ladies have few if any family duties, and once a week the English superintendent, whose visit is always longed for, examines the results and supervises the whole. The pupils—grandmothers, mothers, and little children—are all taught to read and “work” in the feminine sense of that term. Thus the educated husband comes home to find a companion instead of a slave, and when absent he is cheered by letters from his wife. Our readers ask—what of Christianity? On this subject there is

no pressure. The first object is to open the eyes of the understanding, not to terrify them by the dazzle of the sun. But the majority read Christian books—even the four Gospels, and they are educated as much by conversation as by books.

The Apostle of the Zenana Mission has just passed away and there is the more need that others fill her place. Living we should not have mentioned her name. Dead, the memory of Mrs. Mullens will long be fragrant among those who knew her work of faith and labour of love. The daughter of the missionary Lacroix, she was worthy of her father. How few of our readers have even heard of her—she was a reformer before the reformation! Since her return to India she has devoted her life to the zenana mission. She had the genius as well as the zeal of an apostle. Her “Phulmani and Karuna” has been translated from its exquisite Bengali into every vernacular of India, and has become to the native church what the Pilgrim’s Progress of Bunyan has been to the masses of England. Her “What is Christianity?” was prepared for educated heathens who inquire like Nathanael. And when taken away after a brief thirty hours of intense suffering, she had half finished another Bengali classic for the instruction of those native ladies whom she taught from week to week. Is it so difficult for one English lady out of every hundred in India to conquer a vernacular language, and devote part of her leisure to such of the zenanas in her neighbourhood as would welcome her visits? This for the rich, and State schools for the poor, and India will yet have a chance among the nations!

MISS BUTLER, of Cuttack, was expecting to sail from Calcutta, by the Overland Route, on the 23rd ult., and hoped to reach England early in March. The cost of passage will be defrayed by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, under whose auspices Miss Butler went out to India.

Foreign Letters Received.

BERHAMPTON.—J. O. Goadby, Oct. 19th.
CUTTACK.—J. Buckley, Oct. 2nd, Nov.
18th, 26th, Dec. 3rd.

CUTTACK.—W. Hill, October 3rd, No-
vember 4th.

Contributions

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
From November 20th, 1861, to January 20th, 1862.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Bradford, Infirmary-street ...	6	0	0	Leeds, Call Lane Juvenile			
Tetley-street... ..	8	7	9	Society	7	10	0
Burnley	10	9	6	London, Rev. J. Batey... ..	0	10	0
Burnley Lane	2	12	0	Loughborough, Rev. T. Wilshere	0	10	6
Cambridge, by Mrs. Cockle... ..	1	5	0	Wood-gate	5	12	8
Gambleside	4	15	4	Retford	15	10	6
Ilkeston	6	12	0	Ripley	13	1	2½
Kirkby & Kirkby Woodhouse	5	8	1	Sheepshed	1	1	0
Leeds, Byron-street	21	8	3				

SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS & ORPHANS FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Bacup	0	8	0	Louth, Walker-gate	0	18	8
Barrowden	0	15	0	Mansfield	0	4	0
Billesdon	0	10	0	Melbourne	1	9	6
Birchcliff... ..	0	10	0	Milford	0	5	0
Derby, Sacheverel-street	2	9	3	Nottingham, Broad-street	1	10	0
Earl Shilton	0	7	0	Peterborough... ..	0	15	0
Gambleside	0	11	0	Rochdale... ..	0	10	6
Grantham	0	5	0	Shore	0	15	0
Heptonstall Slack	1	10	0	Smarden... ..	0	12	0
Hinckley... ..	0	13	0	Sutton... ..	0	8	0
Hose	0	8	0	Sutton St. James	0	11	0
Langley Mill	0	5	0	Warsop	0	1	0
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THE
GENERAL BAPTIST
MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1862.

A FOOLISH KING'S WISE ANSWER.

BAD men often give good advice. In the majority of cases it is not very difficult to explain how this happens. They were once under religious teaching, and their wise words are the spasmodic outcome of a conscience whose susceptibility is not yet wholly destroyed. Or they think, by a miserable self-delusion, that to say what is good, will be taken as a palliation for doing what is evil. Besides, good advice is cheap; and good deeds are costly. For one man who *does*, you may generally find a hundred men who simply *say*, what is right. The appearance of virtue can be purchased at the easy rate of empty words. The reality of virtue is only to be bought with a very great sum.

As an illustration how wisely sometimes foolish men can speak, look at King Ahab. He had been monarch of the separate kingdom of Israel for some years; had done his best, at the prompting of his wicked wife, to bring the worship of Baal and Asherah into popularity; and had gratified his own luxurious tastes to such an extent as to excite the cupidity of a neighbouring

monarch. Benhadad, the Second, King of Damascus, with thirty-two vassal kings, lays siege to Samaria. Ahab is in great alarm; would 'rather live a beggar than die a prince:' and at once acknowledges the haughty king as his superior. He has no longer any possessions: his gold, silver, wives, children, and whatsoever is pleasant in his eyes, are now Benhadad's. To-morrow then, says the king, I shall enforce my claim, and carry all these treasures away. Ahab now begins to repent, calls the elders and all the people together, and at their suggestion returns a second and more kingly answer. Then follows Benhadad's boast, clenched with a pagan oath, *The gods do so unto me, and more also, if the dust of Samaria shall suffice for handfuls of all the people that follow me.* Ahab is stung to the quick, and again answers, this time in the wisest words that ever fell from his foolish lips: *Let not him that girdeth on his armour boast himself as he that putteth it off.*

Ahab's words are suggestive of other enemies of man than angry kings, and with many of which one

has in this life to do battle. Think of the commonest. There is laziness, which is inherent in some men, and is thought to be the special failing of youth. Perhaps few men like work for its own sake; and only *gird on their armour* at the call of approbation, or self-interest, or both. There is ignorance, with its worn-out excuses for itself: 'My work wears down all my strength. I have no books. I have no time. I know more than my fathers. I could learn so little. I have such a bad memory. I should gain nothing in hard cash by my acquisitions.' What a fight it is with many to gather a little knowledge, even if they do not acknowledge all these excuses. Then there is disease. How some men have to fight against that. The battle begins when they are young, and never ceases till they give up the ghost. Others are more favoured. A pitch-battle once or twice in a life-time, not a daily skirmish, is all they have to endure; and with a few, there is no battle till the last.

But look further, and here chiefly. Before every man who would live the life of a Christian there is an inevitable conflict. The very nature of his purpose ensures it—to *live godly in Christ Jesus*. Sin follows close upon his heels, like a savage cur, and will bite him where it may. Sin is in his *members, warring against the law of his mind*, making temptation possible, and calling for the crucifixion of his flesh, with its affections and lusts. Sin has its specious and incessant excuses, its promises, its pleasures, and its baits. To overcome these, one needs *the whole armour of God*. The conflict is no easy one; and he who would lay hold on eternal life must *fight the good fight of faith*.

A public avowal of attachment to Christ often provokes hostility; and the world is very ingenious in its method of attack, and very much given to change. Now it will deny the reality of one's profession, and call it a cloak for a sinister purpose, an offensive hypocrisy, worse even

than open and flagrant sin. Now it decries the honest professor as a vain boaster, whose conduct is purely ostentatious: he would appear better than his neighbours, and yet he is still on a par with the rest. Very often worldly men look at this profession as if it robbed them of something—a sense of equality—and hence their readiness to speak of an open avowal as mere love of distinction. Now men call profession fanaticism, or mere foolishness, it may be to anticipate comparison; for if Christians are wise men, are not worldly men foolish? Now men declare it unnecessary; loudly proclaim that every man must be judged by himself—'as you find him'; that Christians are not really better than other people, not more honest, truer, more trustworthy, more generally upright. In this, however, manifestly forgetting that men do not join Christian churches because they are actually better than others, and are going to hang up in the gallery of saints another dazzling portrait of virtue on which the world may gaze and be astonished; but that their union with churches is prompted by the feeling of their utter weakness, their need of every help that Christian sympathy can give, and their conviction that they shall learn better lessons on the lowest bench in Christ's school than on the highest seat of the scornful.

Pious efforts for the world's good are sure to awaken opposition and necessitate some fighting. The world will never be converted by the world. God has given this work to the church, and he will help the church to do it. The church is, or should be, *the salt the leaven, the city set on a hill, the living epistle, the living gospel*. If there be Christliness in the heart, yearning compassion for men, every church, and every member of every church, will take some part in *holding forth the word of life*. This will be done in the face of misrepresentation, want of large success, apparent barren-

ness, in converts of whom one hoped much, and even defection. The Christian will find how much room is left for the exercises of patience, meekness, and long-suffering. His mind will frequently be depressed, and need the assurance that no labour done for God is ever lost, and that the seed of the kingdom is a divine seed, which if scattered abroad will yet spring up a laughing harvest.

Two other things about the conflict before the Christian are worth noting. One is, the battle is to be fought *by* us, not *for* us. It is a personal conflict, although one in which the Great Captain will help us. He has made our victory possible by His; but the Christian has no standing army to fight his battles, no volunteers to relieve him of his own responsibility. In the sacred personality of his own being the great spiritual battle must be lost or won. Another thing about the conflict is, that the battle extends through life. In national differences a great battle sometimes issues in a lasting and blessed peace. A generation lives and dies ignorant of the actual horrors of war, of its carnage, its barbarity, its waste of treasure and blood. Spiritual histories are similar: there is one decisive battle, and then all is comparative peace. But this is by no means universal. The foe deals more subtlety with the majority of men. Their lives are the lives of warriors always campaigning. Every period brings its special conflict,—youth, manhood, age; every relationship, that of child, of lover, of husband and wife, of parent; every day—in trials of temper, losses, disappointments, ill-health, worldliness in ourselves, coldheartedness in our quondam friends. The morning never dawns but upon a battle-field: the shadows of night never gather but upon some victory, or defeat. Such being the case, (and who will doubt it?) the Christian's armour can only be hung up in the halls of immortality. He must *gird it on* now, and *never put it off* till God calls him to

his furlough and his everlasting home.

But Ahab's words reach farther still. They not only suggest a conflict, but the temper in which it should be undertaken. Boasting is never well, and least of all before the battle, as Benhadad found to his cost. One may fancy that drunken monarch hurrying away from the field with Ahab's words ringing in his ears—*Let not him that girdeth on his armour boast himself as he that putteth it off*. Soberness of mind is the true temper for beginning any conflict, since none can predict the issue. *The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Be sober* is the ever-recurring injunction on apostolic lips.

Many things will show the fitness of this temper for the commencement of the Christian warfare, and equally for the beginning of every separate conflict in it. This is the best disposition for learning. Men are not born trained Christians any more than they are born trained soldiers. Training is a laborious process, and consumes time. A recruit who starts with the notion that he is a veteran to begin with, and despises the wearisome drill, disqualifies himself from ever becoming a veteran. Sober judgment of our attainments prepares us for the teaching of others. He who thinks he knows all about any branch of knowledge when he first sits down to its study, will never know anything about it. The kingdom of science, like the kingdom of heaven, can only be entered by men becoming as little children. And when men after joining a church, think they have nothing further to learn; that elders are officious if they admonish; that reverent students of the Bible are dogmatic when they content themselves with *Thus saith the Lord*; and that *exercising one's self to godliness* is mere holiday pastime:—there can be but one issue—they will be *babes in Christ* to the end of the chapter, perhaps *babes* for ever.

Soberness of mind will lead to

careful and special preparation, according to the nature of the conflict before us. Some men are exposed to the jibes and banter of their work mates; some, to insidious attacks from sceptics; some, to corrupt social influences; some, to the dishonourable customs of trade; and some, to the worldliness of mere formal professors. A sober judgment of his own strength will lead each one to prepare for his own particular conflict. There will be no chance without this of *enduring hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ*. A wise Christian will no more venture within the range of the enemy without preparation, than a soldier will hurry to the field of battle without his weapons.

Sobriety of mind quickens vigilance. Boasting self-sufficiency commonly ends in negligence. 'I can do without the helps that are necessary for other men. I am familiar with the Bible. Private meditation is not necessary: I can think when I am about my work. The weekly lecture, the weekly meeting for prayer may help other men: but I get so much good on the Lord's-day, that I can do without them. They are good for weaker men—not good for me.' Such men will soon verify the truth of their slighted Master's words: *Whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have*. Vigilance is needed, and sobermindedness will promote it. A sharpened sight is not suspicion: it is circumspection rather, which is very different.

Sobriety of mind will save a man from misjudging his strength. Many failures have arisen from false calculations or false trust. Men often boast when they ought to blush. They think they are strong in exactly the point where they are weak. When others fall, they say with boastfulness, 'That would never be my stumbling-block. I may have my weaknesses; but I don't think they lie at all on that side.' Is not this to be attributed to ignorance of their own hearts, which

is perhaps partly wilful, and partly the offspring of vanity? They do not want to be thought unable to excel in everything. These are the men whom the apostle calls *heady*; and whatever measure of faith or of a good conscience they may have once possessed, no one is surprised if they soon make shipwreck of both. If a man's strength lie in his *legs*,—as seems to be the fact with some, and in recent conflicts too,—what folly to boast that his strength lies in his *arms*. If Christians cannot fight, let them run. There is no moral cowardice in fleeing from a sin you are not able to withstand. The cowardice is, in letting sin delude you with the idea that you are weak if you run, and so remain till you are overcome.

To underrate the force of your enemy and overrate your own strength is a very doubtful way of preparing for battle. Benhadad found this out when too late. Let us profit by his mistake. *We are not ignorant of Satan's devices*. Why not act accordingly? especially as we have the apostle's assurance, that *Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world*.

But lastly, humility is twin sister to sobermindedness, and humility is the hand that grasps the promises. If we are not humble, we look in vain for help out of ourselves. *He that exalteth himself shall be abased*. If we are—help is sure: *He that humbleth himself shall be exalted*. Boasters spend their breath in empty noise. The soberminded spend theirs in prayer. Boasters think they are above the need of help, and soon sink below the reach of pity: *They that wait upon the Lord renew their strength*. Boasters pretend to the gift of prophecy. The soberminded commit *their way unto the Lord*. The self-confident think the worst danger is past. The humble *work out their own salvation with fear and trembling*. The proud man lays hold upon a spider's web and falls; the humble man *lays hold on God's strength*, and stands fast. *Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up*.

THE NEWBURYS: THEIR OPINIONS AND FORTUNES.

A GLIMPSE OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER III.—IN WHICH GILES IS INTRODUCED TO THE READER.

THE City of London was in a temporary flutter of excitement. Some news had arrived from the country, and every political seer was brimful of prophecies and bursting with declamations. At the door of his partially-shuttered shop, the clean-aproned cheapside tradesman cried less lustily his memorable, 'What lack ye? What d'ye lack?' Itinerants, bartering brooms for old shoes, tinkers with their tools, and fishwives, thumping their sticks on the pavements to give emphasis to the praises of their fish, were all busy in vain. Men were too curious to attend to their cries or their own wants. Barbers' shops were full of chatting men, and little knots of persons of both sexes congregated at street corners, or on the benches in front of the ancient ale houses, to discuss the news of the day, whilst a thin line of street boys were thrown out around them like so many sharpshooters. News-sheets had a brisk circulation, and the news-letter writer was elbowing his way into club, coffee-room, and tavern. Amidst the excitement attendant upon the receipt of important news, it was difficult to tell which party had been doing extraordinary things, although from the warmth with which every one who wore the 'buff* and bandolier'† of the Roundhead was regarded, it was easy enough to conjecture that the news was military, and that the Parliamentary cause had been gaining ground.

By and by, the tide of excitement ebbed in the great thoroughfares to flow into quiet ancient streets and silent places, startling writers in

* A doublet, or leathern shooting jacket, laced in front, of which specimens may be now seen in the Tower.

† A broad belt worn crosswise and hung with small wooden cases, each containing a charge of powder.

their rooms, busy men in their offices, and clerks on their stools. Before a curious-paned and dingy window, darkened by the overhanging story and a small hieroglyphical signboard a comely youth sat at work with an open parchment-skin before him. The hum of voices and the tramp of unusual feet reached his ear. He lifted up his head and looked over the blind to see what was the matter. It was the newsman, blown and voiceless, with a small attendant crowd, eager to catch the fragmentary news as he sold his Mercuries, Intelligences, and Perfect Diurnals. In an inner office, ever and anon making his existence manifest to himself and others is that short dry cough common to men who are long closeted by themselves at silent, inexcitable labour, was a portly gentleman, whose quill pen suddenly gave a spurt, and came to a pause. 'Here; fetch me the news-sheet—there's a good fellow,' he said to the young man.

The youth obeyed, and handed over to him the small precious news-sheet, which, full of odd information and rumours of disturbances in Holland and Ireland, of earthquakes, monsters, and universal mishaps, constituted the newspaper and public enlightener of that conflicting time.

'There's news from Lincolnshire, seemingly,' said the gentleman after a few minutes perusal of the paper. 'Cromwell has clean swept it of Camdeners, Papists, and dishonest men; and many volunteers have joined the Parliament forces. But boy, you look pale. What's the matter? I hope the news has not alarmed you?

'Rather sir. You know that my father hath seen fit to join the Parliament forces, and I bethought me at the moment, that he might have

fallen in the fight, for there must have been some hot work there, sir.'

'Aye, aye, boy; perhaps so. But you'll hear from home soon, never fear—'

The gentleman paused in what he meant to be a consolatory reply, and hastened to rid his conscience of a like matter that touched it.

'You know I am rather opposite in these matters to your good father, but I wish him well nevertheless.'

'I think, uncle, he has done what he thought to be right, and I hope you won't think me rude if I say it is what I think right too.'

'Well, well, boy; you see we look at these matters through different glasses. Cromwell's a good man no doubt, and your father I know is, but it is not given to man to alter the purposes of God, or even dispose of the affairs of state, according to the phantasies of their own minds. There—I didn't mean to say so much, but take the paper upstairs, and tell Maggie she must not go her usual jaunt this morning.'

The alacrity of the youth's footsteps as he trod the stairs, sent the kindly gentleman into a brown study, composed of the usual materials that make up that exceedingly indefinite, unfruitful, and inconsequential state of mind.

'Yes; he must keep the boy. But the Roundheads might succeed? Dear me, that parchment is not gone to Mr. Coppentocks. I wonder when the news arrived. No; it wouldn't be safe for Maggie to walk out alone to day. But suppose the boy's father were killed? There was certainly something extraordinary in the boy's swiftness. I must write to his father. What can the King be doing now? I needn't grow suspicious about her, need I? Hum, the lad may take to soldiering and leave us before—yes—certainly. Very much like his father—that declaration. Ah, Lincolnshire's been very much overrun. No; I won't say anything about it—I'll wait.' A footstep was heard on the stairs, once, twice, and then paused.

'Certainly that boy does't come

back so swiftly as he went. Perhaps I'd better not wait.'

Here the young man returned, looking extremely well, and was at once sent out with the undelivered conveyance deed, and as Giles Newbury stepped out into the narrow street, Richard Hazzlehurst, his mother's brother, again plunged into a limbo of ideas, whither, as they contained so many genealogical, speculative, practical, political, and religious entities, non-entities, and quiddities, we gladly forbear to follow him.

The reader, no doubt, has already asked that other self which we find it so convenient to create and question in our difficulties,—Who is Giles. It is of some importance that he should thoroughly understand this at once. He is the second son of Nathaniel Newbury, the good Gosseller, who, as we have seen, had three accomplishments: he could say the truth to himself, tell it to another, and then fight for it everybody. Giles thus came between Elijah and Keturah, and if in so well balanced and affectionate a family anyone could receive stronger manifestations of love than another, it was our young friend. Perhaps it may puzzle me to say why he was so beloved, for it is not often we can discover the germs or analyze the elements of those deep emotions that thrill the heart to rapture and the brain to song. It was certainly no favouritism or mere prejudicial pettishness. It might be that his simple nature mirrored the graces his own parents exhibited, or his confiding heart expanded to their tenderness and ripened beneath their nobility. Perhaps there was a certain strength and symmetry manifested in his character, that never fail to charm where so many are composed of broken fragments, accidental purposes, and merely half-comprehended principles, as in this unideal world. Or more possibly, it might be that he caught the good qualities of either branches of the family, and blended the Newbury and the Hazzlehurst into some bolder, fresher, and com-

pleter type, whilst the two others only manifested either in odd hints and broken flashes. Be it as it may, he was looked upon without envy as the centre of the household loves and the bearer of the household honours.

Many men love their sons dearly and keep them at home, selfishly grinding all the freshness, originality, and romance out of a newly created life, to minister to their petty necessities, sentimentalities, and patriarchal common-places; and when they die, their children are left companionless, ignorant, and hermit-hooded to do wild battle in this maelström of the Finite of the Infinite, which we conventionally term the world. There was no such sad satire upon family monasticism to be produced amongst the household at Carlton Grange. Nathaniel loved Giles deeply, truly, as a father should, but he must go away from home. Yes; he must go, and to the City of London. There was some strong faith in such a resolution as that. London! ah, how many parents hearts have had cause to ache through its bewildering enchantments! But they had confidence in the lad—and so would you have had, if you had seen how soberly, manfully, and yet humbly he set himself to decide what he should do when he got there. They had confidence also in Hazzlehurst who had pleaded strongly for Elijah, without success, and had now gained Giles without even so much as a request.

So much for the investiture in which Giles has come before us. Now for the youth himself. He was by no means a handsome young man. Let my lady - friends rid their imaginations of all impossible beauties henceforth and for ever, as far as this narrative is concerned. Handsome men are rare enough in ordinary life to be quite sufficiently heroic without any speech, action, or history whatever. Giles was a bronze-skinned, grey-eyed, stumpy-haired, plumpish-cheeked, and some what rustic kind of a youth. His nose would have been Grecian but for a Roman turn, and Roman but

for a Saxon breadth; whilst his frame generally would have been much more elegant and graceful if it had not been so strong and robust. Had you looked at Nathaniel's portrait, and then at Deborahs, as they hung side by side in the oak-pannelled parlour at the Grange, closed your eyes for a moment, and then looked upon Giles, you would have experienced that kind of ideal reminiscence and pleasing play of hide-and-seek with similarity of contour and expression, which is so genuinely felt and enjoyed when viewing a line of portraits in an old family picture gallery; and which old crones and modern heralds-at-arms in petticoats can always find when they are really interested and manufacture when they want to be pleasing. When I have said that Giles was a noble unification of the two families, to those who knew the strong sense and honest nobility of the Newburys, and the courtesy, loyalty, and intelligence of the Hazzlehursts, I have described him, I think, as accurately as even Swammerdam could have done the nervous system of an insect.

Perhaps something should be said about the religion Giles took with him from home. The whole duty of man according to the old Persian rule was to ride well, shoot well, speak the truth, and worship God; and if we can call that a man's creed which he never signs, never ticks off, like invoice items, when he discourses upon religious matters, and never calls over as if it were the muster-roll of a body of defenders of his own life, by some queer process thus resolved into a form of words—the creed of Giles was almost as curt, pithy, and seemingly circumscribed. Through all his life—and we shall have many glimpses into the heart of the man as we know him better—in word, deed, thought, and prayer, there was a something like this—Love God; love thy fellow-men; honour thy parents and do thy duty, as in God's sight. He tried to live this, and if any one demur that he did no more, let him try it for the next twenty-four hours, and see.

I do not think he had ever been what some persons call converted, giving the word a peculiar meaning which fits it to their own views. I do not mean to say he was not human, in any sense, but that he was never converted, in one sense, because he had not been perverted, in another. He was blessed with a sweet open disposition, and always had that child-like trust in God for which, in the language of the Theologians we have hinted at, there is not and cannot be any precise name. Good tendencies, with which assuredly children are born as well as bad ones, had been fostered by his parents, who solemnly set to work to shape and direct this young, fresh, mystic force that had come into the world. There were no Sunday schools then, and so no religious parents could shirk their home-duty by sending their children to strange persons and scenes, to hear, perhaps for the first time, what they always ought to have known; and be taught the lesson of their lives without the warm glowing of the hearts God had given to love them, and the strength and wisdom he had given to shelter and direct. Answer me, ye children of religious parents, now in the fulness of the Truth, whether many of you have not had cause to mourn that such was the case with you?

Giles, therefore, had been taught at home like the rest, and had grown up into a religious life as we grow up into manhood and womanhood, by a thousand wise and mysterious processes in which friendly influences direct and aid without our knowing it. He repented many times, as do all men with tender consciences, and through the tears of his penitence often glanced the bright light of the Son of God. The direction of his life had always been a right one, though full of many a curve and twist, but if he was still unconverted in the genuine sense of the word, or converted in the affected Calvinistic one, then there is no truth in language, and the sooner we lapse into mutism and gesticulation the better.

Brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, he was sent out into the world with principles that had not been engrafted on a bad stock, but had their roots in the fibres and tissues of his being, and though they met with many obstacles they still grew out towards the pure and holy light and All-encircling Deity.

But I am making Giles better known to the reader than he was yet to himself. He had been apprenticed to his uncle for some years, and in the old scrivenering business Giles had got pretty proficient, and though he could not pen a stanza, yet he could engross. He might easily have been taken for an ordinary persevering clerk, who would in due time either become a partner, or take the business altogether from the hands of a retiring principal. But talk with him, and you were surprised by a certain easy maturity in what he said, and a glowing, deep, inner light in his eyes. He spoke right out, and looked right at and through everything in a way that was very curious to many office loungers and business hacks, who twisted, twined, and insinuated, with the cunning common to men of low minds and low morals, and which is often mistaken for intelligence and ability by those who ought to know better. He and his uncle were extremely good friends, and with aunt Mary, and cousin Maggie, he was as son to parent, and brother to sister. His uncle was a thoughtful, scholarly man, and Giles found plenty of books to read, with an occasional pamphlet and poem upon public matters, that kept him well posted up in what was going on around him. It was not until he came to London that Giles had formed any political views at all, and it would have been strange then if he had remained without any, when all was in a ferment of approaching reformation, 'musing, searching, revolving, new notions and ideas;'—'disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, ev'n to a rarity, and ad-

miration, things not before discourst or writt'n of,' as Milton tells us.*

But in his uncle's house he saw only one side represented—the side of royalty and right divino. At first charmed with enthusiasm for a king thus invested with divinity, he no sooner found himself following out his feelings into their resolution into principles, then he came to a stand still, and went straight into the heart of matters with his keen piercing intellect. He found his religion and his politics antagonistic; for, however much some good men may wish to see the two eternally disunited, it is pretty certain that the former will sooner or later determine the latter, and that together they are the obverse and reverse of human belief. Tell me a man's religion, and it will not be hard to find out what are his politics, if he has any, or what they will be, if he has not. Giles was a Puritan in religious matters, and when he came to run connecting lines between his duty to God, and his duty to the king and the church, he discovered the impossibility of ever effecting a healthy substantial union. He at once elected to be contrary, and like Copernicus, who, when he found he could not explain the movements of the heavenly bodies by assuming they moved round the spectator, made the spectator move round them—he came at once upon scientific and demonstrable ground. He had come to this ripeness some time before the little dialogue we have given, and as he had not ceased reading all he could on the other side, he had grown stalwart in his ethico-political belief. His uncle perceived the change without Giles ever forcing it upon his attention, although there was no perceptible alteration in their converse and courtesies.

And so the months wore away. Events elsewhere were hastening to a crisis, and men were rapidly declaring for one side or the other. Hazzlehurst was occasionally absent

* *Areopagitica*, p. 31 and 33. First Edition, 1644.

from his office for some hours in the middle of the day. Giles heard frequently from home, and now knew all we have given concerning his father's fortunes. Nathaniel was nursing at home yet, for his wound had proved more obstinate than he expected in the first blush of his patriotism. Still he did not complain, but bided his time in patience. He had brought home with him a 'pretty behaved young man, who was nigh unto death from a pistol wound in the chest,' Elijah said, 'although he hath wonderfully improved under the care of our mother and sister.'

'We do long to see you so,' wrote maidenly Keturah, 'and I, for one, would give very much could I put my hands in yours, and look up into your eyes, as I have often done at home. But I suppose you find Maggie a very pleasant companion?'

'Giles,' scrawled Nathaniel boldly at the bottom of Elijah's note, 'Do not forget your duty in these perilous times. Forget not to pray for the right, speak for it, and live for it; but do not let any hastiness bewray you into discourtesy or evil-speech. Do but get God's blessing, and I can leave the rest with you.'

Hazzlehurst at length began to grow fidgetty at every new turn in public affairs. This did not alarm Giles, who, conscious of his own serene innocence, went about his work as usual. Yet his master grew more nervous and even suspicious at all his movements, until he let fall unguarded expressions which Giles saw would lead to something painful if they were allowed to continue unnoticed.

'Uncle,' he said, entering the inner room with unusual boldness one morning, 'You are changed in your treatment of me, and very suspicious. I do not think I have given you any cause for it, but if I have, I can bear that you should tell it me, rather than be silent. But this harshness is so foreign to you, it almost alarms me. Do please tell me the cause of it.'

'You are a Puritan,' replied

Hazzlehurst, averting his glance and colouring deeply—'and you do not love the King as I do with all my heart. Your remaining with me now may put me in an unpleasant position with those who are disposed to babble, and—and—I have reason to think you love your cousin.'

'But uncle,' softly responded the youth, 'you knew my father's views long ago—I have not desired to hide mine even, so that you have no cause for alarm there. And as for my love for Maggie, for which I crave your pardon if in that I have offended, I do not feel it to be a sin, much less a reason why you should distrust me. For the rest, if you cannot keep me honourably, and I do think it may be unpleasant for us to be together should there be a siege or assault upon the city, let me go,—let me go to-morrow.'

'Nay, nay, boy; you are too fast. I don't want to part with you at all.'

'But you want me to part from you, I fancy,' returned Giles, with a smile.

'Humph,' the uncle continued, impassively,—'well, we'll see to-morrow, but it's rather too quick though. Ah, I'll write to Carlton first. But go to your desk now, there's a good man. I am sorry if I've hurt your feelings.'

'Sudden,' thought Giles as he made a huge *Whereas* on the top of a clean skin of parchment, 'but sure. I shall put one or two things up to-night anyhow.'

He then went on with his work as usual, until bed-time, when, in bidding Maggie good night, he whispered, 'I'm going away to-morrow—home.'

The young man was right in his surmise. Hazzlehurst gave him his indenture, and offered him some money, which he refused, and then left him to take a more leisurely farewell of the household.

'Good-bye, Maggie,' Giles said tremulously; 'we have spent many happy hours together by your fire-side, and we may perhaps spend more by our own. But,'—he could say no more. She drooped into his

arms for a moment, and then stood erect, and took his hand—'Never,' she said, 'Never!' 'For ever,' replied he, 'For ever!'

And they parted.

Here was a youth abroad in the world, with a Bible in his pocket, a few coins in his purse, and a honest might of manfulness in his heart. He made for the inn whence the Boston coach went, but was many hours too late, and so he walked round the outskirts to see the new fortifications, and catch the latest news from gossiping workmen. He felt a singular sense of buoyancy and elasticity, which made him trudge many miles before he was aware that he ought to be hungry. At length he established himself in a comfortable coffee-house and got refreshment, and, liking the looks of the people, he determined upon remaining there all night.

In his quiet corner he heard all the noise without being thought an eavesdropper, or an uncivil person. Fairly tired with so many platitudes, witticisms, and nimble displays of logic and word-fencing, as were plentiful about him, he took out his Bible, and tried to read.

The first words that caught his eyes were in Nehemiah. *Be not ye afraid of them: remember the Lord, great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives and your houses.*

They blended strangely with all he had seen and heard during the day, and seemed to express to him his own half-formed thoughts. Then there came upon him, boldly and vividly, like a flash of arrowy flame, his father's words, 'Do not forget your duty.'

He was much moved, and wrestled in solitary thought, alone, as in a very solitude of desert, amidst the babble and clatter around him. A heavy overwhelming burden seemed upon him, and the room grew hazy and whirled around him.

'O God,' he cried out wildly, 'guide me aright, and let me know my way and go in it bravely.' The company started.

'Some Puritan Roundhead in a frenzy,' they muttered.

Aye, it was a frenzy, and a fine frenzy too. God was in that room, working upon that young mind as he does not often work in these days. There was a mystery in it all, I confess.

Clearer and calmer, at length, a certain luminous influence seemed generated within him, and in that fine spiritual transparency of sight, he saw himself and his duty, in a way that words can never reveal.

He would have liked to have written to Maggie but he dared not, but the following letter home was very carefully penned, and then posted. It speaks for itself.

My dearly beloved Parents,
I desire to inform you, that I am no longer with our uncle, who could not well continue me in his service in these uncertain days, but I am in the Lord's hands and cannot suffer distress. I had intended to have come home at once, but I have had wonderful openings of the Holy Spirit, who hath put into my heart a new way whereby I may acquit myself of the duty God hath imposed upon our country at this hour. I would fain see you all in peace, but I abide in patience until God giveth me discharge of that service he hath put me to.

Send me a little money where I now am, and God will bless you. Be not alarmed at my conduct. God will bless me, as he will keep you.

In all sobriety and prayerfulness,
Ever your dutiful son,
GILES.

TRIAL OF JOSEPH ALLEINE AT TAUNTON CASTLE.*

[Two thousand ministers left their benefices and homes in 1662 rather than do violence to their consciences by subscribing to the Act of Uniformity. One of these noble confessors was Joseph Alleine. The following account of his trial before Sir Robert Foster, then Lord Chief Justice of England, is given by Alleine himself. The original manuscript is still preserved in Dr. William's library, London.]

Clerke.—Thou art here indicted by the name of Joseph Alleine, for that on the 17th day of May, 1663, thou with twenty others, to the jurors unknowne, did by force of armes, unlawfully, routously, riotously, and seditiously, assemble and segregate yourselves together, contrary to the peace of our sovereign lord the King, and to the great terrour of his subjects, and the evil example of all others.

What saist thou, Joseph Alleine, guilty or not guilty?

Alleine.—My lord, before I plead to this indictment, I desire to know upon what account I now stand as a prisoner here, for I have bin indicted for this very thing at the sessions, and was acquitted by my country, and yet (I know not by what law) returned to prison againe.

Judge.—If there were any such indictment, or proceeding, it would appeare. Where is any such thing to be found?

Note.—That my lord had, in court, long before this, called for a copy of Alleine's indictment at the sessions, and upon reading of it was very angry with the clerke, and said it was erroneous in omnibus, and fined him, and blamed the justices about Alleine's indictment, who put it off from one to another, and none would owne it; and moreover was heard to say, as it was thought in Alleine's case, that 'iff he were a divell he should have justice.'

Alleine.—My lord, I endeavoured for a copy of the indictment and could not obtaine it, but I shall be ready to prove before your lordship by the oathes of the grand jury, that I was acquitted; and I beseech your lordship, as you are counsell for the prisoner, to declare whether a man may be indicted for that of which he hath bin acquitted.

Judge.—If a man be acquitted for

* JOSEPH ALLEINE: *his Companions and Times*. A Memorial of Black Bartholemew, 1662. By CHARLES STANFORD. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

a fact committed yesterday and commit the same againe to-morrow, shall he expect any benefit by pleading his being acquitted for the former offence?

Alleine.—My lord, that is not the case; for this indictment was for the very same day, and is for the very same thing, for which I was acquitted at the sessions.

Judge.—That does not appeare.

Alleine.—My lord, I have offered to prove it by the oathes of the grand jury, if you would accept it; and I beseech your lordship to call for the records of the session, and there you shall find the indictment recorded, and the ignoramus entered.

But this was angrily rejected.

Alleine.—I beseech your lordship to enquire of M. Hunt, who was judge of the sessions, and he will be able to informe your lordship that the bill was not found.

But this would not be granted neither, but he required Alleine to plead presently guilty or not guilty, or else he would forthwith proceede to judgement againste him.

Alleine.—If I must plead to such an indictment, my answer is, that as for preaching and praying, which is the truth of the case, if this be to be guilty, I am guilty; but for riotous, routous, and seditious assemblies, I abhor them from my heart, and am a loyall subject of his Majesty.

Judge.—This is the manner of you and your brethren, you go for to cast dirt upon the Government, as if they were against preaching and praying. Sir, preaching and praying are good, but under pretence of these, you seduce the people, and gather proselytes, and it is against your rogueish meetings that we are.

Alleine.—My lord, I am humbly glad to heare your lordship declare that praying and preaching are not crimes.

Judge.—Sirrah! sirrah! what doe you goe for to catch me! I said not soe; but I tell you that it is not against praying and preaching that

we are, but against doing it in such a manner, in private conventicles, in a seditious way. If you will pray, there is the house of prayer for you.

Alleine.—My lord, I was expressly indicted for preaching and praying the last session.

Judge.—I cannot stand to hear you prate; plead guilty or not guilty.

Alleine.—Not guilty.

Clerke.—Then prepare for your answer to-morrow morning.

Thursday morning Alleine was sett again to the fellow's bar, and they proceeded to his tryall.

Alleine.—My lord, I make it my request to your honour that I may have liberty to enter my traverse* to prosecute it the next assizes.

Judge.—That you shall, but then you must provide me sureties to prosecute it next assizes, and get good security, that you will be of the good behaviour in the meantime.

Alleine.—As for securities to prosecute my traverse, I shall be ready to give them; but for the good behaviour, I desire your lordship to excuse me; for I understand that it is not usual in this case, and I beseech your lordship not to turne the water out of the constan course where it hath ever run.

Judge.—I must tell you that you are a fellow of such evill fame and I have received such information of you, as are sufficient grounds for my requiring the good behaviour.

Alleine.—Your lordship hath noe eyes to see, nor eares to heare, but what is brought here before you, in the public judicature; and if any will make it here appeare that I have broken the good behaviour, I shall be ready to give sureties.

Judge.—The grand-jury have found you guilty, and that is sufficient for me to require the good behaviour of you.

Alleine.—My lord, that is not sufficient ground, because I have bin already acquitted of that, for which they have prosecuted me; and I beseech your lordship will not

* Traverse,—to arrest judgment.

require the good behaviour of me for that of which I have bin already acquitted.

Judge.—Noe such matter.

Alleine.—My lord, I doe here offer your lordship in the face of the Court, and avow it before my countrey, that I am ready to bring the grand - jury now, to prove it upon their oathes, that I was acquitted; which *this* grand - jury might not know.

Judge.—Sirrah! will you charge such worthy gentlemen that they did they know not what?

Alleine.—My lord, I said not that they knew not my case at all, but that they might not know I had bin already acquitted of that for which they have now prosecuted me.

Judge.—I must have the good behaviour of you (*with much passion.*)

Alleine.—My lord, I have done nothing but what belonged to my duty as a minister.

Judge.—When were you made a minister?

Alleine.—Eight years since.

Judge.—By whom?

Alleine.—By the Presbytery.

Judge.—Who gave them power to ordaine?

Alleine.—My lord, they have that power by virtue of their office, as they are ministers of Christ.

Judge.—Your ordination is nothing worth; you are noe minister.

Alleine.—My lord, I hope you will not assert that which shall overthrow all the ministry of the whole Christian Protestant world, except here in England; for your lordship is not ignorant that they have no other ordination than by the hands of the Presbytery, just as I have. And for my ordination I shall be ready to maintain it before any whom your lordship may appoint.

Judge.—You are no minister of England, of the church of England.

Alleine.—I will undertake to show that in the judgment of many very many bishops and archbishops of the church of England ordination by the Presbytery is valid.

Judge.—I cannot stand here to heare you prate in your self-con-

fidence; you love to heare yourselve talke. Will you give me security for your good behaviour or not?

Alleine.—If you will have securities for my good behaviour I desire your lordship to explaine what you meane by this good behaviour.

Judge.—You sit to be a minister and not know what belongs to the good behaviour! How can you preach to others and not know what that means?

Alleine.—My lord, what is vulgarly understood by the good behaviour I know, and in that sense I shall be ready to give securities for it; but if your lordship by this intends to bind me from my duty, and that which belongs to my office as a minister, I cannot yeilde to it.

My lord being very angrie, the jaylour pulled M. Alleine away; but he desired, as he was being pulled backe, that if his lordship would not accept of his offers, he might put it upon present issue. But the clerke speaks softly to my lord, in the hearing of a friend, that the evidence was yet very short, and soe his lordship was not ready to heare Alleine. Whereupon he called out a second and a third time, that he desired to have it put upon present tryall. Then my lorde spake to the clerke, 'Let us then try it presently.' So Alleine was put to the barre againe. The first witness was John Lake.

J. Lake.—Once since Christmas, I went to M. Alleine's house to see one that had formerly liv'd with me; and when I came I heard him preach in his family.

Judge.—Where there none but his own family?

J. Lake.—I know not who were there, but there were many families that did live with him under the same roofe.

Alleine.—My lord, I desire that counsell may be heard in my case.

Judge.—With all my heart; where are your counsell?

Alleine.—I desire they may be called.

Judge.—Do you looke that I should call your counsell?

Alleine.—No, my lord, I desire the cryer.

Cryer.—I warrant you have Bampfield.

Alleine.—Call M. Sidderson and M. Bampfield.

It must be noted that the day before, M. Bampfield, being seen in the Court, Sir Hugh Windham, foreman of the grand-jury, spake in M. B.'s hearing to the judge—'We are informed that here is a counsellour in the towne, that is come to plead for the ministers, who is an excommunicated person, a Nonconformist, &c., &c. I desire to know of your lordship, whether we shall present him or indict him?' Judge—'Which you will, and God's blessing on your hearts.'—This was thought to be done to affright M. Bampfield from appearing; and he not coming, in a cause wherein he was expected (upon some weighty reasons,) it was said by some that they had frightened away Bampfield; but as soon as he came into the Court, the judge spake to him very angrily, 'M. Bampfield, I must tell you, before you plead for another—I must tell you that you had need answer for yourselfe. You are here presented to me, for being a Nonconformist to the church of the land, and an abettour of Nonconformists.' M. Bampfield answered, 'My lord, to that charge I shall answer in due time and place.'

Alleine.—I desire my first witness may be heard againe, before my counsell. He was heard, and afterwards another witness was called, by name George Tweagle.

Tweagle (*in a hurry*).—Upon the 17th day of May, I went to M. Alleine's house, and there I heard the singing of a psalme, and that was alle.

Judge.—Were there none there but of his own family?

Tweagle (*pulleth at his front hair, in sign of reverence*).—Yes.

Judge.—How many do you think?

Tweagle.—I thinke there might be twentie there.

Judge.—Were there not forty there?

Tweagle.—I think there were.

Judge.—Were not sixty there?

Tweagle (*looketh simple*).—I thinke there were sixty.

Judge (*mildly*).—Come, come, old man, speake the truth and shame the divell; never goe to helpe a lame dogge over a stile; were there not eighty there?

Tweagle (*in like mild manner*).—Sure, I thinke there might be eighty there.

Master Bampfield.—Upon the oath you have taken did you see M. Alleine there?

Tweagle (*thundereth out*).—NOE. (*a pause*).

Bampfield (*foolishly*).—Did you heare him there?

Tweagle.—I cannot swear I did, but I believe it was his voice.

Bampfield (*somewhat nervous*).—My lord, it will come to this point in law, whether it can be rout, riot, or unlawful assembly, according to the indictment, there being no appearance of any force, which the law determines to be necessary to every one of these—for a riot, I conceive—a riot is when three or more do meet—and by force—for some unlawful act. A riot I conceive—a riot is when they meet and move towards it—an unlawful act by force.

Judge (*measuring M. Bampfield with his eye*).—You conceive and conceive, but all the country knows that M. Bampfield's conceptions are none of the wisest. A meeting to do that which is not allowed by law, is an unlawful assembly.

Bampfield.—My lord, this is not my single opinion, but all the bookes that I can meet, do make a force to be necessary to that which in law is called an unlawful assembly. My Lord Cooke, Marrow, and many authors were now cited, and he repeated the evidence above mentioned to the jury, showing them that here was noe appearance of force, but only peaceable serving of God in instructing the family with others, and singing with them, and soe he should leave it upon their consciences whether they could find it according to the indictment, for an unlawful assembly.

Before the jury went out, the judge spake to them to this effect:—

Judge.—You have heard what the witnesses have sworn; and though the evidence be not so full, I desire you to remember, that the grand-jury have, partly upon the evidence, and partly on their own knowledge, found him guilty, and they are upon their oaths as well as you.

Retirement of Jury.—While the jury were out, it was confidently thought in the Court that Alliene would be found 'not guilty'; and the sheriffe said to a friend of Alliene's excusingly, 'However shorte these witnesses are now, they swore more to the purpose yesterday'

Verdict. — The jury quickly brought in Alleine *Guilty*. M. Bampfild asked, 'What! guilty according to the evidence of the indictment?' They answered '*Guilty of the indictment.*'

Clerke.—In the afternoon, Alleine being, set to the barre, was asked by the clerke what he had to say why judgment should not be pronounced? M. Alleine said that he desired his counsell might be hearde.

M. Bampfild.—Then M. Bampfild urged the invalidity of the indictment, for that in every good indictment of the kind, three or more of the rioters ought to be named, for want of which this was essentially erroneous. Many more things he urged, but was, with much passion overcome in all.

Clerke.—Then the clerke asked Alleine whether he had anything further to say.

Alleine.—My lord, I am glad that it hath appeared before my countrey, that whatever I am charged with, I am guilty of nothing but doing my duty, all that did appeare by the evidence being, that I had sung a psalme, and instructed my family, (others being there) and both in mine own house; and if nothing that hath been urged will satisfy, I shall with all cheerfulness and thankfulness accept whatsoever sentence your lordship shall pronounce upon me, for so good and righteous a cause.

Judge.—Inasmuch as you are the bell-wether of a naughtie flocke and a ring-leader of evil men; and this country, and especially this place, are noted for these seditious meetings, by reason whereof the King and the Counsell are in many fears and new warres like to be hatched, and as you doe instead of repenting, aggravate your fault by your obstinate carriage, the judgement of the Court is that you be fined a hundred marks, and he in jayle till you have paid it, and given security for the good behaviour.

Alleine.—Glory be to God, that hath accounted me worthy to suffer for His Gospel! and soe he drew off the barre.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

'And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.'—Deut. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.
That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth,
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes, when the night is done,
Or the crimson streak on ocean's cheek,
Fades in the setting sun.

The Burial of Moses.

Noiselessly as the spring-time,
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves ;
 So without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain's crown
 That grand procession swept.

Perchance some bald old eagle,
 On grey Beth-peor's height,
 Out of his rocky eyrie,
 Looked on the wondrous sight ;
 Perchance some lion, stalking,
 Still shuns the hallowed spot ;
 For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drums,
 Follow the funeral car ;
 They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won ;
 And after him lead his masterless steed,
 While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
 Men lay the sage to rest,
 And give the bard an honoured place,
 With costly marble drest ;
 In the great minster-transept,
 Where lights like glories fall ;
 And the choir sings and the organ rings
 Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the bravest warrior
 That ever buckled sword ;
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word ;
 And never earth's philosopher,
 Traced with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page words half so sage,
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour ?
 The hill-side for his pall,
 To lie in state while angels wait
 With stars for tapers tall ;
 And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
 O'er his bier to wave ;
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
 To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
 Whence his uncoffined clay,
 Shall break again, most wondrous thought !
 Before the judgment day ;
 And stand with glory wrapt around,
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life
 With Christ the Incarnate God.

O silent tomb in Moab's land,
 O dark Beth-peor's hill,
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still !
 God hath His mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell ;
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep,
 Of him He loved so well.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Biblical Notes and Queries.

NOTES.

The kingdom of God is like unto a merchant man seeking goodly pearls. Mat. xiii. 45. It will make much for the beauty of the parable, and the fitness of the image used to set forth the surpassing value of the kingdom of God, that we keep in mind the esteem in which pearls were held in antiquity, so that there is record of almost incredible sums having been given for single pearls, when perfect of their kind. There were many defects which materially diminished their value, as for instance, if they had a yellow or dusky tinge, or were not absolutely round or smooth. The skill and wariness which on this account the pearl merchant must have needed, least he should have a meaner thing put upon him in lieu of the best, will not be without its answer in the spiritual world. There are many pearls of an inferior quality, but this merchant is seeking *goodly pearls*; as he whom the merchant represents, has set before himself, not mean and poor, but noble and worthy, aims, even in times anterior to that in which he finds the pearl of price. He is not one living for sensual objects. He has not made pleasure, or the acquisition of money, or the winning of the high places of the world, the end of his labours. But he has been, it may be, a philanthropist, a seeker of wisdom, a worshipper of the beautiful in nature or art—one who has hoped to find his soul's satisfaction in some one of these things. But this pearl of price which he at length finds, what is it? Many answers have been given, which yet, diverging as they seem from one another, grow all out of one and the same root; all ultimately resolve themselves into one. Whether we say, the pearl is the kingdom of God within a man, or the knowledge of Christ, or Christ himself, we do

but in different ways express one and the same thing.—*Trench.*

A travelling jeweller is a still existing Oriental profession. In the course of their travels it frequently happens that jewellers meet with some rich and costly gem, for the sake of obtaining which they sell off all their existing stock, and every article of valuable property they may possess, in order to raise the purchase-money. The jewellers of the East are perhaps the greatest travellers in the world.—*Kitto.*

I, Tertius, who wrote this epistle. Romans xvi. 22. It was the usual custom of the apostle Paul to dictate his epistles to an amanuensis, and to add a few concluding lines which served to authenticate the letter to those for whom it was destined. This practice was common among men of business and learning then, and remains so still. Some think that Tertius is the Latin form of the word Silas. Silas was Paul's companion at the time this epistle was written.

For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point he is guilty of all. James ii. 10. It was the opinion of the Jews that the law was an entire thing, and that the whole was broken if any of its parts were so. They understand this in nearly the same sense in which a covenant is said to be broken when any one of its articles is infringed.

ANSWER TO QUERY NO. 2.

Ye see how large a letter, &c. Gal. vi. 2. The opinions of learned men are very much divided as to the true rendering of these words. Some of the early Greek commentators thought the word translated *large* referred to the *deformity* of the handwriting, and with them agree several modern English critics. Others think that our translators have given the right idea of the words, and that the allusion is to

Paul's deviation from his usual practice of employing an amanuensis. They contend that the word rendered *letters* is so used by Paul in Timothy (2 Tim. iii. 15) by Luke the historian in the Acts (xxviii. 21) and by John in his Gospel, (v. 27). And also urge that the letter is a long one, if we remember it was written by Paul, who usually dictated his letters, that it is long in comparison with letters generally, and especially with those which Paul had previously written. On the other hand, it is urged that the word which is rendered letters was generally used to signify characters (Luke xxiii. 38), that Paul uses the word rendered *epistles* sixteen times, and that the two Epistles to the Corinthians were written before the Epistle to the Galatians. Conybeare and Howson render the verse—*Observe the size of the characters in which I write to you with my own hand*, and what gives probability to this translation is the fact that at this time all Greek writing was in capital letters, so that the only way to give emphasis to any particular passage was to write those letters much larger than usual. The mystery of underscoring, with single or double lines, to denote italics or small capitals, was not then known.

ANSWER TO QUERY NO. 3.

If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you. Luke xvii. 6.

On several occasions the Saviour used the metaphor contained in this text, a grain of mustard seed, to illustrate the truths he taught. We think it is here used to shew a

particular kind of faith. We have another instance (Mat. xvii. 20.) where the Saviour, accusing his disciples of unbelief, makes use of nearly the same words. But it may be asked, what is there in a grain of mustard seed, that explains the nature of the faith Christ refers to? Does he allude to some particular property in the grain of mustard seed? If so it is necessary to determine what the property is to which the Saviour refers. Now in the parable of the 'grain of mustard seed' (Mat. xiii. 31, 32; Mark iv. 31, 32; Luke xiii. 18, 19.) the Saviour illustrates the nature of His kingdom, and speaks of the mustard seed, as being the *least of all seeds, but when it is grown as the greatest among herbs*. These may be the properties he refers to in the text before us. The disciples had just said to their Lord, 'Increase our faith,' meaning, very probably, not in a natural way, or by further evidence of His divinity, but by His supernatural power. The Lord tells them that this would not be necessary if their faith was of a similar nature to a 'grain of mustard seed.' The meaning appears here to be, that if the disciples had faith in the eternal power and Godhead of their Lord and Master, though it was weak when first they became acquainted with Him; if their faith was such that it should take the full benefit of all they saw and heard that was calculated to increase and strengthen it, of all their Master's teaching and miracles—that their faith would so influence the hand that moves the world, that they might be permitted to bring the laws of nature into subjection to their own will, and nothing would be impossible. J. F.

Notices of Books.

POEMS BY THE LATE MARIE J. E. FOTHERBY. Edited by her Husband. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co. This little volume of verse ought to

meet with a grateful and hearty welcome from all General Baptist readers who are conscious of any well-grounded claim to intellectual

culture and elevation of taste. For, if we are not misinformed, the author was born of a General Baptist family, and spent the larger part of her brief life within the religious associations and influences of our denomination: and the annals of the sect are not so profusely furnished with the graceful forms of literature that we can afford to ignore even the smallest contribution which anyone at all connected with us may make to the refined thought and fancy of the passing generation. We confess that we feel a peculiar difficulty in speaking with simple critical impartiality of the poems which lie before us, for besides being fortified in the sacred consideration we give the dead, they excite in us an indulgent admiration of the tenderness which has picked them out from the relics of the 'loved and lost,' and placed them a fair *immortelle* upon a wife's too early grave. Nevertheless, wanting as we must pronounce Mrs. Fotherby's compositions in the higher qualities of poetic art and in the *vis viva* of genius, they possess animation, fluency, grace, and sometimes a serious sweetness. The language is throughout unaffected and musical, and the spirit that of a womanly purity. We detect also indications of an undeveloped capacity for something far better than anything here accomplished. If Mrs. Fotherby had not, as we think, wasted her talent on translations and ballad skeletons that lack the antique soul, and in setting to rhyme objective themes when she had none of that power of dramatic identification which gives its wondrous charm to our great Laureate's Arthurian poetry—if she had discarded utterly the Mrs. Hemans kind of descriptive jingle, and written solely from conscience and personal emotion, her verses would have gained immensely alike in melody and thoughtful strength. For clearly her forte was lyrical, and the facts of her individual being deeply brooded over in the solitudes of memory and imagination would have forced their

way out of the inward crucible, into fit and intensified expression. There is considerable growth even in the limited experience reflected in these few fugitive pieces. As we proceed in the volume we find more concentration and a deeper insight, and we have no doubt that had not the hand of the artist ceased so prematurely from its cunning, the 'years which bring the philosophic mind,' would have brought likewise an enriched and ripened poetic utterance—less copiousness, but the terser felicity of a more fastidious style—more depth if not so much volubility; and the notes, soft and pure, but superficial, which she warbled in the sweetness of her spring, would have mellowed into a strain full-toned, clear, vigorous, and varied, such as might have befitted the maturity of her gifted and cultivated nature. We could make numerous quotations in confirmation of the opinions we have been urging, but we forbear, preferring to send our readers to the book to judge for themselves. They will find force and picturesqueness in the 'Dream' wherein she

'Walked by the shore mid the terror and glory
That brood o'er the infinite sea.'

—the music of pious composure in 'A Vigil'—and a tone of more transcendental significance in 'L'Ange Gardien.' Very touching too are the lines in which the fair and fading singer anticipates her end.

'It is the pleasant summer prime,
'The green is on the tree;
'Sweet are the blossoms of the lime,
'All things seem glad and free.

'Yet still I hear the solemn chime
'Of a dark and awful sea;—
'I would it were the autumn time
'When the reaper comes for me.'

'Her wish was granted,' says her husband. 'It was when the reaper's task was well-nigh done in the fields around, that the sickle was put in, and she was gathered into the garner.' And in that eternal treasure house, where heaven bestows the

riches of which it rifles earth her
 songful intellect, we doubt not, has
 found the freedom and fruition
 denied it here.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE REFORMERS IN
 FOREIGN LANDS. London: Re-
 ligious Tract Society, 1862.

No Sunday-school library should be
 without this beautiful volume. It
 contains very excellent coloured en-
 gravings of the Pulver Thurm in
 Prague, of Zurich, of Antwerp
 Cathedral, of Geneva and its charm-
 ing Lake, of Spire, of the Town
 Hall of Wittenberg and Luther's
 house, of Augsburg, and of La
 Tour. The nine chapters of the
 book present in an attractive form,
 sketches of John Huss, Ulrich
 Zwingle, William Tyndall, William
 Farel, John Calvin, Martin Luther,
 Melancthon, and the Christians of
 the Vandois valleys. Few readers,
 however familiar they may be with

the main facts of the histories this
 volume embraces, will begin to
 read it without desiring to read on
 to the end.

CONSOLATION. By JAMES W. ALEX-
 ANDER, D.D., New York. Edin-
 burgh: Andrew Elliott; London:
 Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1862.

THIS is one of those books that is
 sure to become a favorite with the
 afflicted and sorrowful Christian.
 It is full of consolation. God's
 everlasting mercy, providence, guid-
 ance, omnipotence, and goodness, are
 the themes dwelt upon in the earlier
 part of the volume; assurance, rest
 in God, Christian joy, the uses of
 chastisement, submission of Christ,
 God will not forsake, Christ's com-
 passion, the martyrs, the sleep of
 the dead, and God the consoler are
 dwelt upon in the latter part. All these
 are truly 'cordials of grace,' and
 very fragrant are their odours.

Correspondence.

HOW SHALL THE GENERAL BAPTISTS CELEBRATE THE BI-CENTENARY OF THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY?

*To the Editor of the General Baptist
 Magazine.*

DEAR BROTHER,—The near approach
 of the Bi-centenary has already led
 to much deliberation among the Non-
 conformists, as to the most proper
 method of observing it.

It is presumed that each minister
 will fully inform himself concerning
 the important event to be com-
 memorated, and then impart his
 knowledge to his own people. To
 trace the rise and progress of non-
 conformity, and to show the grounds
 of it, are exercises which are highly
 proper in ordinary times: but when
 these topics attain their epoch, not
 to speak about them would be a
 guilty silence. So seldom are our
 principles explained and enforced

that the members of our own churches
 and households are induced to regard
 them as of no importance: and
 rather than endure the slightest in-
 convenience to which nonconformity
 might subject them, they forsake
 its ranks and unite themselves with
 the National Church.

I embrace this opportunity of re-
 minding your readers that the last
 Association offered a prize for the
 Catechism on our religious principles
 and church polity. Several com-
 petitors have forwarded their manu-
 scripts for judgment, out of which
 the examiners will be able to select
 one for publication. It is hoped
 that the Bi-centenary will greatly
 increase the demand for the much
 needed manual; and that the docu-
 ment itself will be found worthy of
 the time at which it may appear,
 and of all the efforts which may be
 made to circulate it.

But while the approaching event
 is made the occasion of collecting
 and diffusing information on the

subject of nonconformity, I venture to enquire whether it cannot also be rendered subservient to another and a still more special purpose. One large section of the Dissenting body has avowed its intention to signalize the event by liberal pecuniary offerings. This intention is openly disapproved by some of our Baptist friends, including the conductors of our valuable organ the 'Freeman' newspaper. But so far from concurring in the animadversions on our Independent brethren I hope all General Baptists will imitate their wise policy. In reference to the system we have adopted, as well as to the persons affiliated under it, *Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.* Few and feeble as we are, let us employ our little power in one vigorous effort to *lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes.*

There is one enterprize in which we have already embarked, which has elicited the liberality of some—which has won the approbation of many, but which, in order to its complete success, requires the co-operation of all. The purchase of College premises is, to our denomination, the great undertaking of the passing era. To meet the costs of the purchase is the special effort in which it is needful to secure universal and immediate concurrence. Some of our wealthiest people have been the first to unite in it: their zeal hath provoked very many; but there are large numbers, including some nobles, who have not yet *put their necks to the work.* Why should any be eased and others burdened? *That there may be equality* among us, more particular appeals for help must be made, and more direct agencies must be employed. I therefore respectfully intreat the readers of the Magazine *to resolve on a simultaneous attempt to free from debt the property which is regarded as so great an acquisition to the Connexion.*

The best modes of accomplishing this object should at once be considered. Some advise the holding

of a bazaar on the new premises. Some think the issue of collecting cards among the younger members of our families might realize a handsome sum; an extra public collection in all our chapels would be very helpful.

A little experience has already proved the utility of personal canvass for subscription by some of the officers of the College, or by ministers and deacons in their own congregations. And there would be the utmost propriety in soliciting the pence of our Sunday scholars towards the establishment of our single school of the prophets.

Hoping that my present communication will be kindly regarded by your readers, and that it will be followed in your future numbers by something from other correspondents.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

W. UNDERWOOD.

The College, Chilwell.

ERROR IN ADAM TAYLOR'S
HISTORY OF THE GENERAL
BAPTISTS.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to correct an error in Adam Taylor's History of the General Baptists.

In Ivimey's history of the English Baptists, vol. 4, page 460, he says, in writing of Cambridgeshire, 'Churches at Fulbourne, Wilbraham, and Melbourne.'

'This was a General Baptist church, founded in 1675, by Mr. John Dennis, who preached in his own house.' Taylor's history was published before Ivimey's, but it is evident that Taylor refers to the same fact as Ivimey, when he says in vol. 1, page 223, 'It has generally been supposed that the churches at Great Wilbraham and Melbourne, were founded in the year 1675; the

former by Mr. John Denne, who is said to have opened a meeting at his own house in that town, and the latter by Mr. Benjamin Metcalf. But we have seen, in the last chapter, that they were societies of General Baptists at both places during the Protectorate: and it is plain, from the records of Warboys church, that Mr. J. Denne resided, in 1676, at St. Ives; and in 1684, was an elder of the church at Fen Stanton.'

Adam Taylor has confounded John Dennis, who lived at Great Wilbraham, Cambridgeshire, with J. Denne, who lived at St. Ives. John Dennis was an ancestor of my mother. The house in which I believe he preached, has been in the family ever since, and is mine at present. There is a burial ground belonging to it, in which several generations are interred, and it is still used as such. The tradition of the family says, that one of its members lies there who had his property much diminished by fines, and suffered imprisonment in Cambridge castle for his nonconformity.

Ivimey says, the united churches, in 1772, chose Mr. Thomas Barron. I well remember seeing an old minister of this name, (I suppose it was the same person,) at the house in the life time of my relative Mr. Thomas Dennis; and after him Mr. Robert Compton, of Isleham.

The church at Great Wilbraham is quite extinct. At Battisham, two miles distant, there is a chapel which was built in 1819, and put in trust for the Independent denomination. If this is not exactly the consequence of the preaching at Great Wilbraham, there is certainly a close affinity.

At Fulbourne, I believe the cause has been sustained to the present day. There is a flourishing Independent church of which Rev. A. F. Bennett, is the pastor. The church at Melbourne is Particular Baptist.

Yours truly,

THOMAS DENNIS PAUL.

Stonygate, Leicester, Feb. 12, 1862.

THE FREEMAN NEWSPAPER.

WE beg to call the special attention of our readers to the resolutions touching the *Freeman* newspaper which we subjoin.

At a Meeting of Gentlemen, held at the BAPTIST MISSION HOUSE, on Wednesday, January 15th, 1862, the REV. SAMUEL GREEN in the Chair, it was unanimously resolved:—

I. That this Meeting recognizes the importance to the Baptist body of a Paper conducted in accordance with its principles, and widely circulated both in the denomination itself and among the community at large; and that as *The Freeman* has now been established during a period of seven years, and has, by the breadth and completeness of its intelligence, by its able comments on denominational and public affairs, and by the Catholic spirit which it has displayed, established its claim to cordial support, this Meeting, without expressing concurrence in all the views put forth in its columns, rejoices in the efficiency with which it has hitherto been conducted, and in the high position which it has attained. Moved by the Rev. Dr. EVANS. Seconded by E. B. UNDERHILL, Esq.

II. That this Meeting regards the present circulation of the *The Freeman* as affording very gratifying evidence of public approval and confidence: that it is, however, much to be desired that this circulation should be greatly increased, not only to secure for the Paper a larger amount of support, but also, by augmenting its literary power, to promote the welfare of many in our churches and congregations, who, but for its existence, would probably be left without the advantage of such a medium of general and denominational information. Moved by the Rev. Dr. GOTCH. Seconded by the Rev. J. BLOOMFIELD.

III. That the occurrence of the BI-CENTENARY of the Ejection of the Two Thousand Ministers by the Act of the Uniformity renders it important that the great princi-

ples carried out and illustrated by that event, should be brought clearly and fully before the members of the Baptist community, and the Christian world at large.

That by the wider diffusion thus given to the principles and proceedings of the Baptist denomination, greater efficiency may be secured for its various evangelical associations, so that the great mission entrusted to this section of the Church of Christ may be more thoroughly fulfilled. Moved by the Rev. J. P. CHOWN. Seconded by the Rev. C. J. MIDDLEDITCH.

IV. That a committee be therefore formed, consisting of the gentlemen present, and of others who may approve of the object, to increase the circulation of *The Freeman*; and that the Pastors, Deacons, and Members of Baptist Churches be earnestly requested to aid the Committee, so as to secure for the Paper, during the present year, an extent of circulation thoroughly worthy of such an organ, and of the principles with which it is identified. Moved by the Rev. H. DOWSON. Seconded by the Rev. Dr. EVANS.

The Rev. F. TRESTRAIL and the Rev. C. J. MIDDLEDITCH were also requested to act as Honorary Secretaries to this Committee.

The names of the gentleman composing the committee will be found among our advertisements.

We are most heartily with our brethren in this matter, and shall rejoice to hear that through their efforts, the orbit of the *Freeman* has considerably widened. While not always approving the conclusions of the *Freeman*, we never take it up

without admiring its admirable spirit and liberality of view. We advise all our readers, whatever newspaper they neglect, not to neglect the *Freeman*. The only way to secure in the *Freeman* all that every reader can fairly expect, is to strengthen the hands of its conductors by largely increasing the circulation. We sincerely hope this will be done.

VALE CHAPEL, NEAR
TODMORDEN.

To the Editor of the General Baptist
Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—The readers of your Magazine are already aware that our esteemed minister, the Rev. T. Horsfield left us in June last, to take the oversight of the Walker-gate church, Louth. Since his departure, he has presented the church at the Vale, with a beautiful and valuable silver plated communion service. On the flagon is the following inscription: 'This communion service, consisting of flagon, two cups and plates was presented to the General Baptist church, at Todmorden Vale, by Rev. Thomas and Mrs. Horsfield, on the occasion of their removal, June, 1861.' The church at Vale received this with grateful thanks as a proof of the cordial feeling that existed between them and Rev. T. Horsfield and his partner. And we now desire to give their present a permanent record in the pages of your Magazine.

Yours on behalf of the church,
J. C.

Intelligence.

BAPTISMS.

LOUTH, *North-gate*.—Seven persons have recently been added to the church by baptism. Two were baptized August 28, 1861, after a sermon by the Rev. W. Orton; and

five others Jan. 2, 1862, after a suitable discourse from the Rev. W. Underwood, president of the College. On both occasions the ordinance was administered by the Rev. Thomas Burton.

HALIFAX.—Sep. 22, 1861, we baptized four persons on a profession of their faith in Christ; Oct. 6, six; Oct. 9, two; Dec. 8, six; Dec. 11, one, an aged female; Dec. 29, five; Jan. 12, 1862, three; and Jan. 26, four. May the Lord continue to add to the church such as are saved.

D. W.

BURNLEY.—On Lord's-day, Dec. 1, two persons were baptized; and on Lord's-day, Dec. 8, two others followed their Lord, three of them, with six others, were received into the fellowship of the church. R. P.

KILLINGHOLME.—Dec. 15, 1861, we baptized a young man who had been brought to Christ chiefly through hearing the Word at our services. At the Lord's supper, when the newly baptized were received to fellowship, we were favoured with a most refreshing season.

BIRMINGHAM.—On the first Sabbath in January, four persons were baptized and received into the church, two were teachers in our Sabbath-school; Feb. 2, eight others were baptized, four of these friends were teachers in our Sabbath-school. On both these occasions Mr. Harrison baptized. The congregations were large and attentive. J. S. C.

RIPLEY.—On the last Lord's-day in Jan. in the evening, seven friends were baptized, four of whom are scholars in the Sabbath-school. The service was very solemn and impressive. R. A.

GAMBLESIDE.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 2, eleven young men were baptized and added unto the church.

NOTTINGHAM, *Stoney-street*.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 2, we baptized twelve friends, and they were added to the church in the afternoon, with one from another church. B. Y.

LOUGHBOROUGH, *Baxter-gate*.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 2, after an appropriate discourse by Rev. E. Stevenson, from the words, *If ye love me, keep my commandments*, nine persons were baptized on a profession of their faith in Jesus; six of them being scholars, and two of them teachers in the Sunday-school. In the afternoon, the newly baptized

were received into the church, and a more affecting and hallowed season has seldom been experienced. S. T.

PETERBOROUGH.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 2, two candidates were baptized in Westgate chapel, Peterborough, one of whom was also received into the church, the other remains among the Independents.

LOUTH, *Walker-gate Chapel*.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 2, four persons were baptized during the evening service, after a sermon on baptism by the minister.

EAST LEAKE.—On Sunday, Feb. 9, 1862, four persons were baptized and added to the church. It was a good day.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 16, ten persons were baptized and added to the church, we have several more waiting for that ordinance. Our state and prospects are very encouraging. B. W. G.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HISTORY OF THE BRADFORD CHURCH.—Thirty years ago this day there was no General Baptist church in Bradford; although there were individual members of churches in this district, as well as from churches in the Midland Counties, who had removed into the town in search of employment. In these circumstances, by advice of the Yorkshire Conference, an attempt was made to introduce the cause into the town in the spring of 1831. The Rev. T. H. Hudson, of Queenshead, commenced preaching in a cottage not far from this place of worship. Afterwards a large room situated in the King's Arms yard, West-gate, was opened for divine service, by the Rev. R. Ingham, sen., of Hep-tonstall Slack, who preached two excellent sermons to large congregations. This room was found to be very uncomfortable; being contiguous to the public-house, the congregations were frequently annoyed by drunken men, horses, and pigs. Another room, much more eligibly situated, in Manor-row, or Skinner-lane, was obtained, which was opened

for divine worship, Oct. 16, 1831, by Rev. T. H. Hudson, of Queenshead, and the venerable Dr. Steadman, of Bradford. In this place numerous congregations were frequently gathered, especially when Rev. T. Hudson was the preacher, and considerable success attended the preaching of the Word. On Lord's-day, June 24, 1832, five persons were baptized by the Rev. T. H. Hudson in Dr. Steadman's chapel, which was lent with great cordiality for the occasion. These five persons, with six others from other churches, were the same day formed into a church in the presence of large congregations. About this time an effort was made by a young man, a member of the church, to establish a Sabbath-school, which was attended with great success. From these tokens of the divine favour and approval the conviction was made upon the minds of the friends, that there was only wanting a permanent place of worship to secure large success. Efforts were made to obtain a suitable plot of land on which to erect a commodious place of worship. After much thought and prayer for divine guidance, we were led to fix upon the site where we now stand; and 60 by 30 yards were purchased for £330. The situation, at that time, was upon the whole considered to be good, especially as it was at some distance from most of the other places of worship, and in the midst of a dense and increasing population. W. Tetley, Esq., the owner of the property, was anxious for the erection of a chapel upon the estate, and promised £24 towards the erection, and also that he would allow the purchase money for the land to remain at 4 per cent. per annum. The friends being few and poor this liberal offer was a strong inducement to them in effecting the purchase. In the midst of various difficulties and discouragements the building of the chapel was begun in the spring of 1836, and opened for divine worship on Friday and Sunday, 13th and 14th of January,

1837. The ministers engaged at the opening were the Revs. Dr. Steadman; Ely, of Leeds; Stevenson, of Loughborough; Butler, of Heptonstall Slack; J. G. Pike, of Derby; and T. Hudson. The cost of the building was £1,500. From the opening of the chapel the cause steadily, though slowly, increased. The Rev. R. Ingham, jun., of Heptonstall Slack, was invited to become the minister. He accepted the invitation, and became the pastor of the church. During the time of Mr. Ingham's pastorate the church enjoyed a large measure of prosperity, increasing from 30 to 230 members. Although Mr. Ingham was not what is popularly termed an eloquent preacher, yet the above result shows that he was both practical and useful, while by his gentlemanly and Christian conduct he won the respect and esteem of all classes of the community. In the year 1848 Mr. Ingham removed to Louth, in Lincolnshire, to the great regret of the church and all his friends. The next minister was Rev. H. Rose, of Northampton. Mr. Rose was in possession of eminent preaching abilities, but of delicate health. He eventually fell a prey to consumption in the bloom of his days. He died at the early age of 32. During Mr. Rose's ministry there was unhappily a division: a number of members retiring and organizing a distinct church, which we hope and pray will turn out to the furtherance of the Gospel. After the death of Mr. Rose, Rev. T. Horsfield, of Sheffield, became the minister; but at the expiration of four years he removed to Todmorden Vale. On the removal of Mr. Horsfield, the Rev. B. Wood, of Manchester, was invited to become the minister; and having accepted the invitation, he has during the last six years filled the pastoral office; labouring earnestly and devotedly for the establishment and extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. It has been stated already that the original cost of the chapel, including the ground, was

£1,500. To this should be added £100 more for pewing the body of the chapel. £110 more for the repairing of the roof, which had to be taken down in consequence of defects in some of the main timbers. Then two large school-rooms were erected at a cost of £500. These sums put together make a total of £2,200. During Mr. Ingham's ministry, this large sum was gradually reduced, so that at the time of his removal the debt was a little more than £500. The amount was further reduced £60 during Mr. Horsfield's residence at Bradford, leaving a balance of £462 10s. This was the amount of the debt in August, 1860. At this time, the impression gained upon the minds of a few friends that the time had arrived when an effort should be made for the removal of the entire debt remaining upon the chapel and school. A special meeting of the friends was convened to consider the propriety of such a step, when it was unanimously resolved that the attempt should be made. In accordance with the resolution, a subscription was at once opened, when more than £150 was promised. This sum has been increased by the proceeds of tea meetings, bazaars, and the liberal contributions of various friends. So that we now have the pleasing hope, nay, are confident, that the object of our desire will be fully attained before this meeting is concluded. In making this statement, we would not cherish any feelings of self-laudation, but rather with adoring gratitude we would exclaim, *Behold, what hath God wrought!* Yet we do think that the noble efforts of our own friends, and the assistance rendered by others, confirm the truth of that popular saying, 'God helps them that help themselves.' As a church, we are laid under deep obligations to all those friends who have so kindly and generously assisted us; especially T. Salt, Esq., Alderman Brow, H. Wickam, Esq., M.P., and last, though not least, Mr. Counsellor Robertshaw, who has

not only assisted us with his purse, but kindly consented to preside over our meeting this evening. The meeting at which these particulars were given, was then addressed by the Revs. J. Tunnicliffe, of Leeds; C. Springthorpe, Heptonstall Slack; J. H. Beevers, and B. Wood. Before the close of the meeting it was stated that the entire debt was removed, and that there was a surplus of more than £25. This announcement was received with every expression of joy. The doxology was sung, and the meeting separated, highly delighted with the proceedings.

SHORE, NEAR TODMORDEN.—*Welcome Tea Meeting.*—A public tea meeting was held in the above place, on Saturday, Jan. 18, to welcome the Rev. T. Gill, late of Melbourne, Derbyshire, to the pastorate of the General Baptist church at Shore. As Mr. Gill was well known and much respected in this district, having laboured eight years at Burnley before his removal to Melbourne, an unusual interest was manifested by neighbouring churches and friends in this gathering. 520 persons took tea in the school-room. The meeting in the chapel was crowded. Mr. Gill gave a brief sketch of his ministerial history, and of the circumstances that had led to his coming to Shore. The following ministers gave appropriate addresses, and in the name of the churches they represented, cordially welcomed Mr. Gill into the district: Revs. C. Springthorpe, Heptonstall Slack; W. Gray, Birchcliffe; D. Dearden; J. Finn; W. Salter; J. Dearden; W. H. Bastard (United Methodist); James Maden; and J. Alcorn. The addresses were interspersed with suitable pieces of sacred music. The interest continued unabated to the close. J. C.

REV. JOHN MCNAUGHTON.—The committee for the reception of ministers into the connexion have received from the Rev. J. McNaughton application for admission into our body, which has been considered and

approved. More than twelve months ago, his views underwent an entire change on Christian baptism, both with respect to the action and subjects thereof. He then was baptized by the Rev. F. Johnstone of Edinburgh. He communicated his change of sentiments and practice to the Independent church, Avonbridge, near Falkirk, of which he was pastor, and expressed his readiness to resign his charge in consequence of altered sentiments, if such was their pleasure. Their request was that he would not resign, but with his present sentiments and practice remain their pastor. The consequence has been the baptism of about forty of the members: but the views of Mr. N. on the universality of provision and design in the death of Christ for man's salvation, are so widely different from those generally entertained by the Baptists of Scotland, that he desires to come amongst those whose sentiments are accordant with his own. Nor do his views of communion accord with his present position. The record of his conversion, and the testimony to his piety and usefulness are of a pleasing character. He is now open to an invitation from any of our churches. R. J.

PRESENTATION SERVICE.—On Thursday, the 13th inst., a public tea meeting was held in the General Baptist chapel, Ford, Bucks., when upwards of 120 partook of tea, after which a public meeting was held, the chair was taken by J. Sluchberry, Esq. Mr. Walk, late of Derby, after an interesting and appropriate

address, presented to the Rev. W. Hood, on behalf of the church and friends a handsome purse containing £25 as a testimonial of their attachment and esteem. Mr. Hood responded in a spirit of grateful affection, expressing his solicitude for the best interests of the people amongst whom he had laboured for upwards of twenty-one years. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. W. Gates, Independent; A. Dyson, Baptist; and W. Ward, Esq., Wesleyan; and the meeting concluded by singing and prayer.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—The friends connected with the General Baptist chapel at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, have recently purchased an eligible site, and intend erecting a new chapel during the present year. A bazaar, for the sale of useful and ornamental articles, in aid of the funds for the above object, will be held in the month of July. Contributions will be thankfully received by Mrs. W. Orchard; Mrs. T. Orchard; Mrs. Goadby; and Mrs. John Salisbury.

CASH RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF
THE COLLEGE.

	£	s.	d.
Birchcliffe, Collection ...	4	0	0
„ Mr. J. Lister	1	1	0
„ Rev. W. Gray	0	10	6
Derby, Mary's-gate church	10	0	0
Kegworth, Rev. J. Taylor	0	10	0
London, Mr. J. M. Stubbs	1	1	0
Stoke, Collection ...	4	1	2
Quorndon ...	6	13	4
Wirksworth and Shottle	4	1	6
One of the Students ...	2	0	0

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

VISIONS again! The poor peasantry in every Romish chapel in the diocese of the Bishop of Tarbes,

(France), were assured, on the word of their bishop, that four years ago a young girl named Bernadette Soubirons had seen the Virgin Mary in a grotto at Lourdes at least

eight and twenty several times, and that she wore yellow roses in her shoes! The bishop calls on all the faithful to believe this trumpery tale, and has no doubt the pope will confirm it. We have had Papist chapels built to Our Lady of Salette—there is one at Rugby. We may now expect chapels to spring up to Our Lady of Lourdes. A different spirit is being awakened among the Italian priesthood. Naples can now boast of an association for the reformation of the Papist church. 4,000 Italian priests have joined the association, and priests in Germany, France, and England correspond with it. Sweeping changes are proposed: the surrender of the temporal sovereignty of the pope, the suppression of the monastic orders, of the worship of the Virgin and saints, and the celibacy of the clergy. The English church continues to furnish evidence of its mixed composition. What do our readers think of this request, printed on a black-edged hand-bill, and distributed to the congregation on its dismissal from an episcopal church at Newark, in Notts., on December 22? 'Good Christian people, pray of your charity for the soul of Prince Albert.' Rev. G. Brooks, vicar of Clavering, has turned a young girl out of the day-school because her parents persist in taking her with them to an Independent chapel. As a set-off to this, we may refer to the conduct of another clergyman, who hearing from his clerk that the villagers wished the church service in the afternoon to begin at two o'clock, instead of three, that they might get tea comfortably and attend the

Wesleyan chapel at night, not only complied with the request, but became himself a frequent hearer at the Wesleyan chapel. During 1860, the Episcopalians ordained 570 deacons and 584 priests. Rev. Hartwell Horne, whose *Introduction* is well-known, died recently in London, aged 82. The Church Defence Association is just now very busy. Mr. Hulme, Canon Stowell, and others are taking the lead in it. The Independents in London have recently held their thirteenth anniversary of the London Congregational chapel building society. One of the speakers said that during the thirteen years, twenty-three entirely new chapels had been built, and that eighteen had been built or enlarged which were connected with already existing churches. The income for 1861 was £3,800, and the expenditure, £4,426. The Welsh Congregationalists propose this year to raise £12,000, part of the sum to be spent on a college house. One of their educational institutes was founded by an ejected minister—Rev. Samuel Jones, of Brynelywrch. We are glad to hear that the Spanish government have awarded £1,500 to the Baptist Missionary Society as compensation for the losses sustained by its missionaries on their expulsion from Fernando Po.

GENERAL.

PARLIAMENT has been opened by royal commission. The Queen's speech referred to the irreparable and untimely loss of the nation in the death of the Prince Consort. Both houses devoted themselves to the

grateful work of eulogizing the Prince, and the government and the opposition were for once most cordially at one. The Earl of Derby, in his speech in the Lords, broke through that stately and passive reserve which is supposed to befit the Upper Chamber. His voice was choked with an emotion he tried in vain to suppress. The House of Commons has fairly begun its work. It appears that the *Trent* affair has not cost the country so much money as was at first announced. About two millions will cover the whole outlay. Mr. Bright, while eulogizing the temperate tone of the English dispatch, spoke very strongly against the warlike preparations. The Bill for legalizing Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister has gained a majority of eleven only on the second reading. Mr. Lowe has explained the new educational minute. The government appear anxious, according to Mr. Lowe's account, to retrace their steps in some instances. The schools of the Established church receive the lion's share, from the educational grant. The Hartley Colliery Accident, by which 214 men and boys were buried alive, has aroused the benevolent impulses of the whole country. £30,000 have been subscribed for the relief of the widows and orphans. The Queen, who has shown great anxiety throughout, headed the subscription list with £200. The disgraceful Windham case has ended in a verdict for the defendant. Messrs. Mason and Slidell arrived at Southampton early in February. We rejoice to know that not a single cheer greeted their ears. They

were received in silence. The Prince of Wales has started for Palestine. Dr. Stanley is his companion in travel. No selection could have been better. The doctor's book—*Sinai and Palestine*—has placed him in the highest rank as a writer on the Holy Land. Under his guidance, no point of interest will be forgotten; no lesson of value will the young Prince lose. France and the Pope have had a lengthy correspondence. The pope remains obstinate. To all the good advice given by the eldest son of the church, Pius simply replies—*Non possumus*, We are not able. He has refused to induct Abbe Momique as Bishop of Martinique, although appointed by Napoleon III. A dreadful wholesale murderer in France, Drumollard, has been brought to justice. He entrapped young servant girls, robbed, and murdered them. Eighteen cases have been verified. Events are ripening in the Italian peninsula. Rumour says the pope is again sick, that the Romans are looking out for their union with the Kingdom of Italy. The Austrian press varies. It is now warlike, and now writes as if Venetia must be given up. A great inundation in Vienna has thrown 80,000 people out of house and home. Foreign Bibles, according to a recent modification of an old decree, may now circulate in Austria, subject to the formalities and rules of the book-selling trade. The letters of Count Cavour, just published in Turin, have made no small stir. Russia is still perplexed. Her nobles are angry because the serf emancipation has lessened, and will still further lessen their incomes. The serfs are

angry because they have to pay rent for the land which, in their ignorance, they thought would be freehold. The merchants are angry because various restrictions still fetter the general trade. Alexander the Second has no bed of roses. Turkey is discharging some of her soldier's arrears. The slave-trade is just now very brisk on the Western Coast of Africa, from Quittah to Congo. Slavers hoist United States' flags, and so escape British cruisers. The Federalists have gained a decided victory over the South. Some men think that the wealth in the North is still enormous, and that the war can be carried on for many months. Others,

judging by Secretary Chase's financial statement, think the end of the conflict very near. The general destitution, not only in England, but in France, through this war, is becoming every day worse and worse. Eight thousand men are out of employ in Manchester alone. Other large centres of commerce suffer equally with the cotton metropolis. In one town in the Midland Counties every twelfth man is a pauper. Those to whom Providence has given enough and to spare have now abundant opportunity to taste the luxury of giving to the needy. May it please the Great Governor of nations so to order his Providence that trade may speedily revive.

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 9, at the General Baptist chapel, Gambleside, Mr. James Shelliwell, to Miss Jane Sutcliffe, of Hebden Bridge.

Feb. 11, at the Baptist chapel, Barrowden, by the Rev. George Dawson, of Birmingham, Mr. Davis Wainwright, of Hanley Heath, Worcester, to Rachel, third daughter of Mr. R. Craxford, of Barrowden.

Feb. 13, at the Baptist chapel, Lenton, Mr. James S. Staddon, of Ripley, to Emily, eldest daughter of Mr. Wilkinson, of Nottingham. On the same day, and at the same place, Mr. Edwin Adcock, of Nottingham, to Maria, second daughter of Mr. Wilkinson.

DEATHS.

Jan. 28, at Glasgow, Rev. Dr. Wm. Symington, professor of theology in the Reformed Presbyterian church. He was forty-three years in the ministry.

Feb. 5, at Oxford, Rev. James Hinton, aged 68. He was the second son of the late Rev. James Hinton, M.A. of that city.

Feb. 14, 1862, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. G. Bott, Market-place, Peterborough.

Feb. 15, at Blackheath, Rev. James Sherman, aged 65. He was for many years minister of Surrey chapel, London.

Feb. 15, in London, Rev. John Reynolds, formerly of Romsey and Chester, aged 79.

Feb. 17, at Nottingham, Mr. Robert Seals, aged 50. He was for many years a valuable teacher in the Broad-street Sunday-school and deacon of the Broad-street church.

Missionary Observer.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

LETTER FROM REV. THOMAS BAILEY TO THE SECRETARY.

Cuttack, December 31, 1861.

Now that I have fairly reached Cuttack I take an early opportunity of writing to you. And I cannot do so without in the first place expressing the devoutest gratitude to God for his watchful care over me. In the review of my various journeyings I feel that "mercy hath compassed me about."

As the shores of my native land gradually receded from view, and I began to realize the fact of my departure, it is scarcely necessary for me to say that some "natural tears" were shed, nor is it needful for me to repeat the old story of sea-sickness. The weather was delightful. We had a noble vessel, and made excellent speed. The Bay of Biscay was not rougher than usual; and in three days we were off the coast of Portugal. We kept pretty close in shore, so that the picturesque scenery of the mainland was distinctly visible; and the play of the white surf rushing and foaming over the rocks and in the creeks was also very beautiful.

In five days we reached Gibraltar. The appearance presented by this huge rock as we approached it was very striking. It is said to rise 1,400 feet out of the sea. British men-of-war, steamers, and merchantmen of all nations were riding at anchor in its bay. Its base is skirted by apparently impregnable fortifications, and to my own mind the scene was rendered still more imposing by a dark mass of cloud which moved heavily about the summit of the rock, while the sky in every other direction was perfectly clear; not a cloud or speck was visible.

Our vessel made a stoppage here of several hours, so that we had a good opportunity of going on shore and walking round the fortifications. We found cannons bristling everywhere. We ascended several terraces

of the rock, and as we did so, made numerous discoveries of concealed batteries with piles of cannon balls. In walking through the town we were also continually reminded that it was a military station. We had fine music from a military band, and were greeted at intervals by the booming of cannon, and the shrill bugle-call proceeding from troops of soldiers at drill. In crossing a small square we saw a pepper-tree in full bloom. I had never seen one before, and was anxious to possess a spray, but as I went up to it, for the purpose of gathering one, I was immediately cautioned by a friend who showed me the sentinel on guard with rifle and bayonet in position walking slowly on before. We only greeted one gentleman and he was a military officer, eager in his inquiries for American news, very suspicious of the Emperor of the French, and left us saying that Gibraltar was prepared at any hour to sustain a regular siege.

There were, however, some gardens very tastefully laid out, the shops were good, and many of the buildings were really elegant; but it was with a feeling of relief that I left the place and found myself again on board our gallant vessel.

From Gibraltar we proceeded down the Mediterranean direct for Malta; this brought us near the coast of Africa; for several days there was not the slightest sign of vegetation; and only one or two solitary fires to tell us that the country was inhabited; not even a hut was visible; nothing but a succession of dull, heavy-looking rocks and hills. It continued thus until we approached the city of Algiers; here the vineyards, gardens, and white villas of the French residents are very refreshing to the eye; they extend a considerable distance along the coast;

the city is well fortified, and boasts a spacious bay.

We reached Malta on Tuesday, October 29. Here again are immense military fortifications, among the most extensive in the world. We found that our time was too limited for us to visit the bay where Paul was wrecked, but we had a good opportunity of seeing the town of Valetta and some of the objects of interest it contains.

One of the most important of these is the cathedral of St. John. The exterior of the building is plain, but the interior is profusely decorated with the most elaborate carving and gilding. There were also some fine marble and bronze statues of the ancient knights of Malta. We afterwards visited the governor's palace. Proceeding through King Alfred's court, we ascended a flight of stairs and entered a spacious corridor, the floor was composed of rich marble mosaic, wrought in the most beautiful designs, and exquisitely polished; the ceiling corresponded in magnificence; while on either side were ranged numerous busts and military trophies. We also entered several rooms to see the tapestry and furniture, for which the palace is famous.

From the time we left Malta till we came in sight of the low sandy shore of Alexandria, no land was visible, and few incidents occurred worthy of note; but as we were rapidly approaching Egypt, and had not yet heard what was to be the method of our conveyance through that country, this gave rise to various conjectures. At the time we left England the most extravagant accounts of the overflow of the Nile had been circulated, and up to the present time no certain information had been gained as to the extent of the damage done, or whether the repairs had been executed, we only knew that some parts of the railway had been washed away, so that when we reached Alexandria we were in utter ignorance of the time or manner of our future progress.

We landed early on the morning of Saturday, November 2nd, amid

such a tumult of shouting, yelling, struggling, and fighting, as I had never witnessed. It appears that whenever the overland passengers reach the place, scores of donkey boys with their donkeys assemble at the pier, and as every boy is eager that his own donkey should be taken, and is not afraid of using either his voice or his stick, some idea may be formed of the uproar that ensues. I had made arrangements with some friends to accompany them to the Hotel de Europe, but lost sight of them almost immediately on landing. I took the first opportunity of jumping into an omnibus provided by the company, taking care that it was bound for the proper hotel, and made my way thither as quickly as possible.

Our first care now was to secure apartments, dispose of our luggage, and ascertain the time of departure for Cairo. The time stated was seven o'clock in the evening, so that we had the greater part of the day before us. While arrangements were being made for visiting the objects of interest in this ancient city, I took my stand on the balcony of the hotel, where I could overlook the great square, the most important part of the city. Here a scene presented itself which I shall not easily forget. The square is very large, and is surrounded by buildings, many of which are very elegant, and all are limewashed a yellowish white, so that they are very dazzling to the eyes as the sun glares upon them. Through this square were passing and repassing people of all nations, in every variety of costume, and of every shade of colour, from the fairest Saxon lady to the coal black Nubian; one of the latter especially attracted attention, he was said to be one of the Pasha's eunuchs, he wore a black satin dress, and his face was actually as black as the dress he wore.

Here I saw the peculiar dress of the Egyptian ladies. The first lady that attracted my attention rode past on a donkey, she wore a large black silk cloak, having a hood for the head, so that her whole person was

enveloped in it with the exception of the face, over this she wore a thick white veil suspended by a brass ornament from the hood of the cloak, in such a manner that it left only a pair of little holes for the eyes to peep through. Long strings of camels were patiently carrying heavy loads of merchandize, while now and then an Arab waterman might be seen carrying on his back a goatskin full of water, or else with the muzzle in his hand, and with a movement of his body at the same time making an outlet for the water he dexterously scattered it on the streets to lay the dust; this I afterwards found to be the common way of watering the streets.

Immediately after we had taken lunch I was again attracted to the balcony by what seemed to me the most dreadful cries and shrieks; here another very characteristic scene presented itself; the donkey boys who had been unusually troublesome were rapidly dispersing as a fierce-looking Turk belaboured them right and left with a terrible instrument, apparently a cowhide, some four feet long, about as thick at one end as a broomstail, and tapering to about the thickness of a little finger at the other, it was also very flexible. This is the way in which justice is administered.

As we proceeded through the town on our way to the Pasha's palace we found the streets very narrow and very dirty; the heat was becoming intense, and the flies were exceedingly troublesome, these latter were rendered still more disgusting by the filthy habits of the natives, who allow them to crowd about their faces without taking the trouble even to wipe them off, thus fostering if not producing a dreadful disease of the eyes, called ophthalmia, which is distressingly prevalent in Egypt.

In addition to the palace we visited the catacombs, Pompey's pillar, and Cleopatra's needles. I was most interested with the latter, they consist of two obelisks, each a single block of red granite, of these one is standing erect, the other lies prostrate, and is almost covered with

rubbish; the one that is prostrate was some years ago presented to the English Government by Mehemet Ali, but was not thought worth the cost of removing to England. It would be a very valuable addition to our antiquities. The cost was estimated at £15,000. The one that is standing is seven-and-a-half feet wide at the base, and seventy feet high. It is covered on three sides with hieroglyphics, and is said to bear the name of Thothmes III, one of the Pharaohs who oppressed the Israelites. It had more than almost anything I saw the tranquil look of antiquity about it. I could willingly have sat for hours musing at its base, and grieved that it had no tongue to tell me of the strange scenes it had witnessed in the many centuries of its history.

We also saw some of the ruins of ancient Alexandria, the emporium of ancient commerce, and the seat of ancient learning, the home of some of the most illustrious Christian fathers, and the hot-bed of schisms and heresies. The ruins may still be seen of the ancient library destroyed by the Saracens, said to have contained 700,000 volumes. It is related that when Omru, at the head of the Saracens, took the city, he wrote to Omar, his royal master, to ask what should be done with the books; the caliph replied, "If these books of the Greeks agree with the Koran—the Koran is sufficient without them; therefore they need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed. Let them be burnt." They were distributed for the purpose of heating the baths, and in six months were consumed.

We left Alexandria about the time appointed, and travelled by railway twelve or fourteen miles, when we alighted, and were shown the way to the Mahmoudi canal, a quarter of a mile away. Savage-looking Arabs, with swarthy skins and uncombed hair, ran on before to light us with pine splinter torches; it was now late at night, and the ground seemed half-alive with lizards, frogs, and bloodsuckers, their croaking was

anything but agreeable, and we were in danger every moment of treading upon them.

When we reached the canal we found that there was only one small river steamer waiting to receive us; this vessel contained two general cabins, one for the ladies and the other for the gentlemen. I made my way into the latter to stow away the little luggage I had brought with me, and then returned on deck to see the vessel leave the shore, this was a work of some time, owing to the rudeness of the apparatus employed. When we were fairly off, I returned to the cabin to ascertain more exactly the extent of accommodation afforded, but I had seen all, there was not a single berth for sleeping in, so that our prospects for the night were rather gloomy; cushioned seats ran along either side of the cabin, and a long table stood in the middle. I took a position on one of the former, placed my carpet-bag for a pillow, and being weary with the excitement of the day, laid myself down to sleep; just as I was about to realize that happy state, I was roused by a polite request to make more room, I immediately complied by sitting upright, the only possible way. As I looked around a curious scene presented itself; every foot of room that was available was occupied; gentlemen had spread their rugs on the table and under it; the seats were both crowded, and the floor was literally covered by would-be sleepers. Sleep was now to me an impossibility, for we were not only inconveniently crowded, but what I had before been too weary to observe, I now found most exciting. The canal is narrow for such vessels as the one we were occupying, and there were many other crafts plying in the opposite direction, so that great care was requisite in passing them; the Arab boatmen had no other way of signaling than by means of their voices, answering each other from the opposite ends of the vessel with the most peculiar intonations, and at the top of their voices, while every boat, great and small, was greeted as it passed by a long shrill whistle from the

engine. There was moreover the trampling of feet on the deck overhead, where many of the passengers were spending the night, as well as the constant hum of the mosquitoes, ravenous for their evening meal, nor were other creatures wanting of similar propensities, and even less agreeable name.

At three o'clock in the morning we emerged from the canal by means of a lock and entered the river Nile, this was a work of some nicety and occasioned more than a repetition of all the former hubbub; and as my confidence in the Arab officers of the vessel was but limited, I was not a little relieved when it was brought to a successful issue. I then returned to my former quarters and made a new attempt to sleep; this time with better success. I was awakened by cries for towels and water, and soon began to make other unwelcome discoveries; for the whole of the gentlemen on board only two washing basins had been provided, so that it was long before it came to my turn, and when it did I found that all the towels had been used up, but the Arab attendant, as a mark of favour showed me the corner of a clean one he had in his bosom, offering me the use of it for sixpence, but I had previously discovered a tolerably clean duster in a corner, and having all an Englishman's hatred of being imposed upon, I declined his hospitality, and used the duster, while a Roman catholic priest, a Portugese, who had washed without taking any precaution, stood by looking aghast with face and hands all dripping with wet.

We were now on the waters of the Nile, and I shall never forget the scene of almost fairy loveliness that presented itself, at times we gained glimpses of the pathless desert extending as far as the eye could reach, but for the most part our view was bounded by the beautiful valley of the Nile, decked with topes of graceful palms and stately acacias; there were fields of sugar canes and many other crops whose names I did not know; vegetation seemed to luxuriate, while here and there we

saw the Arab villages with flat-roofed houses, lofty minarets, and white-domed mausoleums of the Shieks.

But we were soon reminded of other things; since we had left Alexandria we had tasted nothing, and as the Arabs were in no hurry to prepare breakfast, by the time it was actually upon the table we were ready to do full justice to it; but this is not saying much, the viands were so ill prepared, that it was with difficulty, even then, that we partook of any; the meat was so tough and hard that I saw a gentleman try in vain to carve a turkey, the rice prepared for curry was so dark that nobody touched it, while a strong smell of garlic pervaded everything; for my own part I took a slice of bread, and after carefully removing the finger marks with a knife, ate it with a small piece of cheese which I purified in like manner. I had hitherto been able to obtain good water, and had much anticipated the privilege of tasting the 'sweetwaters of the Nile' but I found them to abound with so many living, active, and happy little creatures, that I thought it mercy to refrain, so I purchased a bottle of Allsopp's pale ale, though for several years I had abstained from taking intoxicating drinks.

The vessel, however, made good speed and we were beginning to forget our troubles in the enchanting scenes through which we passed, and the innumerable and intensely interesting associations connected with them; when a little before three o'clock in the afternoon a paddle-wheel broke, we happened to be near a village, so drew up to it while the wheel was repaired. Here I had an opportunity of seeing more distinctly the character of their village, and in this case, as in some others, found that it was "distance lent enchantment to the view." All the men came clustering about us, while only two women came, and they stood gazing at us from a distance. One of the youths was perfectly destitute of clothing. The men brought us sugar-canes from a field hard by; while just opposite was an apparatus for irrigating the

land. I noticed this particularly, it consisted in the first place, of a horizontal wheel turned by a bullock, this communicated with another wheel which worked perpendicularly, the axle of the latter, being connected with a third, the lower part of which was in the water of the river; to the rim of this earthen jars were attached in such a manner that when the wheel revolved they were filled in the river, and safely carried the water up, emptying themselves in a trough provided for the purpose, afterwards running along a channel between two small embankments of soil, which it is easy to open anywhere and thus 'water with the foot.' Deut. xi. 10.

The damage sustained to the paddle-wheel was not very serious, and happily was soon repaired, but we had not been on our way more than half-an-hour when we fairly ran aground. With the air, however, of people who have made up their minds to expect the worst, we sat quite still, there were no expressions of surprise, and scarcely any inquiries, nothing apparently but the most stoical indifference. About nine o'clock at night we reached Grand Cairo; found comfortable accommodation at Shephard's Hotel, and soon retired to rest. On the following morning it was announced that we should have two day's stoppage here, owing to the delay of the Marseilles passengers. This was grateful news to all; we were so fatigued with our previous journey, and its attendant privations, that we really needed rest, and there were so many strange and interesting objects to engage our attention, that the time could not fail to be profitably spent. Facilities for going out were close at hand, and in a short time we made up a party of three, a Swedish gentleman, an English clergyman, and myself; we engaged a Coptish dragoman, or guide, professedly a christian, and as soon as we showed our heads outside the door, a crowd of donkey boys made a rush, shouting as they did so, "Hea gentlemen, dis very good donkey, go like a steamer. Hea, hea!"

We secured one for our guide, and one each for ourselves, and then sallied forth. We found them very fine creatures, full of spirit, and in every respect very different from those in England. I especially admired a large white one, which was peculiarly graceful in all its movements, our only difficulty with them was not in urging them on, but in holding them back, as they seemed determined to race away as fast as they could gallop. We first went to the mosque of Mehemet Ali; as we entered the outer court, we were requested to put over our own shoes some cloth ones, provided for the purpose. I had previously heard that the Mahomedans considered their places of worship so sacred, that no one was allowed to enter without taking off his shoes, but those I saw here, evidently entertained no such exalted views, indeed I could not help contrasting their levity and apparent indifference with the state of my own mind. I was actually awed by the scene of magnificence that opened upon me; in front there was a spacious court, in the centre of which an alabaster fountain played, a colonnade surrounded it, supported by massive marble columns; turning to the left we entered the interior of the mosque, but I will not presume to attempt a description. The carving, gilding, and all the ornamentation are superb; the very walls of the interior are of exquisitely polished Egyptian alabaster. It was six years in building, and cost more than a million sterling. I sighed as I left the place, musing on the myriads of immortal souls fatally misled by the wiles of the false prophet. I had on my way met crowds of these deluded creatures on their pilgrimage to his idolatrous shrine.

From the mosque, we went to the citadel, which is only a few yards distant, this commands a fine view of the city, and a wide expanse of country beyond. A few miles away, and in full view on the left, stood the mighty pyramids, the wonder of many ages past, and promising to continue so for many

yet to come. On the right the ancient land of Goshen lay. The 'Father of waters' pursues his stately course through the valley he himself has beautified; while far away—far as the eye could reach—lay the boundless deserts of Lybia and Arabia. I could not help reflecting on the different feelings, the same scenes had excited in the minds of the Jews thousands of years ago, when they were sojourners in this strangeland, but everything was so strange, and appeared so plainly to bear the stamp of hoar antiquity upon it, that I should have been but little more surprised if I had actually found myself in the company of the patriarchs, or witnessing the heavy toil of the Hebrews, as they tried in vain to satisfy the demands of their cruel Egyptian taskmasters.

Immediately at our feet lay the city, like one mass of flat roofs, with surrounding parapets, balconies, domes, and towering minarets, while hard by where we stood was the very spot where the Mamelukes were slain.

The Mamelukes as is well known, were originally slaves, but succeeded in gaining the supreme power, and had governed the country for many years previous to the appointment of Mehemet Ali as Pasha. He afterwards gained their confidence, and by their means made himself independent of the Sultan. But Mehemet now began to fear the Mamelukes, and devised a plan for their extermination, he prepared a great banquet at the citadel, and invited all the Mamelukes to attend; 500 mounted on their best steeds accepted his hospitality. The banquet was over, and they rose to depart, when the dreadful command was given to kill; they rushed to the gates but found them closed, and all, with one solitary exception were slain. The Mameluke who escaped, leaped through a breach in the wall, down a frightful precipice, the horse was killed, but the rider escaped. The breach and the precipice still remain.

But these were not the only mementos we saw of the arbitrary character of Mehemet Ali. The Arabs

almost tremble at the sound of his name, and in our journey up the Nile we saw at least one old man who had cut off one of his thumbs to escape being pressed into the army. The Mahmoudie canal, up which we had come, was made by order of the same prince, 150,000 persons being pressed into the work, it was finished in seven months, but at the frightful cost, by pestilence and toil, of 35,000 men.

We afterwards visited his gardens and summer palaces. But I was more deeply interested with the scenes presented in the streets and bazaars; these I imagined were as they had been for thousands of years. On one hand we saw "two women grinding at a mill;" here also we saw the latticed windows which are several times referred to in the word of God; and there were not wanting instances in which we might have said, as is said "the beloved" "He looketh forth at the window, showing himself through the lattice." Solomon's Song ii. 9. These lattices are generally placed over the doors. The doors are many of them adorned with inscriptions in Arabic characters in much the same way the Israelites were taught to write the law of God upon the posts of their houses, and upon their gates. Many other illustrations of Scripture passages were presented as we rode along the streets. When we came near the bazaars, the masses of people became so dense, that we were obliged to dismount and go on foot, the streets became narrower than before. Pieces of matting, and in some places of board, were stretched from house-top to house-top across the street to exclude the rays of the sun. As we penetrated still further into the labyrinth of the streets, the pushing and squeezing were indescribable. We were on several occasions unable to move, and here, as I have observed in all gatherings of the orientals, there was the same vociferous shouting and yelling I have before referred to. In all matters of *doing* they are deliberate enough, but in *talking* they have surprising animation, nor do they ever seem to tire. The shops in the bazaars are very

small, indeed they look like recesses in the wall, or rather like large boxes with lids towards the street, the lids opening upwards, so that articles are suspended from them. They are generally about four feet square, and are raised from the street between two and three feet, on this raised floor the lordly merchant sits smoking his hookah from hour to hour; he has all his wares in arms reach so that he rarely rises even to serve a customer. It is in the bazaars that their talking propensities develop themselves to their full extent, they never seem to make a bargain without a long consultation. I noticed particularly, as I entered, a richly dressed native lady bargaining for a piece of silk, and found, to my surprise, when I passed the same place two hours afterwards, that she had in hand the same piece of silk, was sitting in the same position, and was talking apparently in the same strain. All kinds of fruits, jewellery, silks, and stuffs were exposed for sale, and many things which were peculiar, such as paper lanterns, and long Turkish pipes.

On the following day, it was proposed that we should visit the pyramids, which were only ten miles away, but we learnt that owing to the unusual overflow of the Nile the roads were impracticable; but had it been otherwise I could not have gone. Our party, the previous day had gradually increased in number, and some of the places we went to see were a considerable distance from the hotel; the consequence was, that the donkey racing was carried on a little too vigorously for me. I had the misfortune, moreover, on retiring to rest, to make a rent in the mosquito curtains attached to my bed, so that the little pests came swarming in upon me with impunity, and kept me awake the whole of the night; hence when I rose in the morning, it was to find myself so stiff that I could scarcely walk, and almost sick with weariness. I laid myself down upon a couch in one of the front rooms, in such a manner that I could overlook the street, and

soon found plenty of entertainment. In the first place, there came a serpent charmer, who "charmed never so wisely;" he had the most astonishing command over the creatures in his possession, but allowed them to take disgusting liberties with him. There were also jugglers, whose feats in sleight of hand surpassed anything I could have conceived, indeed, I found it difficult to resist the belief in supernatural agency. Goats, monkeys, and other animals were brought to play their little tricks, but as I felt sure they must have been subjected to great cruelty in the training they had received, I did not care to look at them. As the day advanced these all departed, and I was left to my own contemplations; the heat was becoming intense, not a leaf stirred in the grove of trees in front, and the hum of the city had gradually subsided. My reflections took a melancholy turn as I recalled to mind some of the last affecting scenes through which I had passed at home; a feeling of sadness was rapidly stealing o'er me, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the sweetest, the most delicate music I had ever heard; I could not see from whence it came, and could scarcely think it earthly, it was so very exquisite—"there were harpers, harping with their harps."

We left Cairo for Suez at nine o'clock the following morning, and soon found ourselves crossing the great desert. I had expected to find the desert an immense plain, with nothing but loose and fine sand, but in many places it is quite rugged, and has abundance of loose stones scattered about. The desert journey was very uninteresting, and the train as it moved along raised clouds of fine sand, which was most dangerous to the eyes; most of the passengers took the precaution of wearing muslin veils.

We had to wait several hours at Suez, but went on board the "Candia" the same evening. I had hoped to see Mount Sinai from this neighbourhood, but found the

atmosphere too hazy, though we could distinguish the range of hills in which it is situated. As we proceeded down the Red Sea the heat was peculiarly oppressive; every article of superfluous clothing was dispensed with, and even then we had at times to gasp for breath; this I believe was partly owing to the crowded state of the vessel. We found the "Candia" not only less than the "Ceylon," but as we had been joined by the Marseilles passengers, our numbers were increased, nor were the arrangements in any way so complete; there was considerable difficulty in finding places for us to dine. I, with some others, found myself located in the fore saloon, so far forward, that I was exactly under that part of the deck where the cows, sheep, pigs, turkeys, geese, and fowls were kept, so that we were treated every day to a kind of farm-yard concert, and occasionally a pig was squealing for dear life, just over head—unpleasantly suggestive of to-morrow's dinner. We had also many more passengers on board than were entered in the contract, in the shape of rats, cockroaches, and red ants—one of my cabin-companions on turning down the coverlet of his cot found a whole nest of the latter, whereupon he declared he would never sleep in it again, so he had his mattress laid in the saloon; it was incautiously placed just under one of the skylights, so that when the sailors washed the deck at day-break the following morning, he was effectually roused from his slumbers by a bucket of water being dashed right upon him; he came into the cabin, his clothes all dripping with wet, and in a state of the utmost indignation.

We soon found also that the speed we made was not what it should be. I afterwards ascertained that the vessel had been enlarged without any corresponding alteration being effected in the engines, so that the latter had not sufficient power, and a fresh head-wind or contrary current told materially on our progress. Nor was this all; on the

principle, I suppose, that "the miller awakes when his mill stops grinding," I was awakened near midnight of November 19, by the silence of the engines; I jumped up immediately and went to the engine-room; here I found several gentlemen had preceded me, who with gloomy countenances, and in suppressed tones, informed me that the engines were broken, but where, or to what extent, nobody at present knew. We were now far from land, the vessel was but ill-provided with sails, and the wind was against us, so that our prospects were rather gloomy, nor could we under any circumstances expect to make more than four miles an hour. Under these circumstances, as we were leaning over the rail of the engine-room, a gentleman gave me a long and dreadful account of the wreck of the "Alma," two years before, on one of the islands of the Red Sea; he had been one of the passengers, and gave a minute description of the sufferings they endured.

The engines were not so seriously damaged as was at first supposed, and were repaired in the course of a few hours. We had one or two other stoppages of a similar kind; during one of which a shark was caught by the sailors and occasioned a good deal of excitement on board; it was caught by means of a large iron hook, baited with a piece of meat, so that when the monster took the bait he was drawn up by a cord attached to the hook, it was not considered a large specimen. I took it to be eight feet long.

We took in coal both at Aden and at Galle, native dealers came on board at both these places with various articles for sale, they are all of them great cheats. I will give one or two illustrations of their dealings; among other things they brought ostrich feathers for sale, I asked the price of three rather large ones which were tied together, the man stated twelve shillings, these I ultimately secured for three shillings, and was afterwards told I had given a shilling too much. Another

passenger purchased a ring represented as gold, he was told to hold it in the sea for a few minutes, he did so, on taking it out again all the gold had vanished and nothing but lead remained.

This part of the voyage became very monotonous,—shoals of flying fish and gambolling porpoises—the splendours of sunrise and sunset—the singular brilliance of the moon and stars—the phosphorescent lights stirred up by the vessel in her progress, so that the waters near looked like floods of liquid fire—a lunar rainbow, and one or two squally days make up the chapter of incidents. The scenery at Galle was surpassingly beautiful. At Madras we lost many of our passengers, and in the afternoon of Saturday, November 30th, we cast anchor at Calcutta.

I succeeded in getting the whole of my luggage passed by the custom-house officers who came on board the vessel, thus saving considerable delay, and in a short time was enjoying the more than Indian hospitality of G. O. Beeby, Esq., here also I received affectionate letters of welcome from the missionaries. I was anxious to push on to Orissa as soon as possible, so that I only spent in Calcutta the few days that were necessary for making arrangement for the journey. These, however, gave me an opportunity of seeing the most important places in the "city of palaces." I also made an agreeable and interesting visit to Serampore, the place made sacred by the labours of the devoted trio Carey, Marshman, and Ward; there are many pleasing mementos of them. Here also I saw the idol temple where Henry Martyn and friends met for Christian prayer; it is rapidly falling to decay, rank weeds luxuriate on its roof, and only on one side are there any remains of its ancient splendour, the interior is wretched and filthy in the extreme. We went down to the banks of the Hooghly, the sacred river of the hindoos, and found them strewn with human skulls and bones, a man near by was

laying wood in order for a fire, and a little further on the corpse lay stretched upon the ground, in readiness to be burnt. In a subsequent walk I saw one of the cars of Juggernath. It is impossible for me to describe the feelings produced in my mind by these scenes. I earnestly pray that I may be faithful to the vows I made on the day of my ordination.

On the following Sunday, I preached in the morning at Lal Bazaar chapel for Rev. Mr. Kerry, and in the evening for Rev. Mr. Leslie, at Circular-road chapel. Early on Monday morning I left Calcutta for Cuttack, and with the exception of a day spent with the American missionaries at Balasore travelled night and day, reaching Cuttack at seven o'clock on Sunday morning, December 15th. Here every kindness has been shown me by the brethren and sisters. I am thankful to add that I am in the soundest of health, and am commencing the study of the language forthwith.

MRS. GOADBY'S RETURN.

THE following extracts from a letter written by Mrs. Goadby to a friend, though not intended for publication, will nevertheless be interesting to friends, and will lead many deeply to sympathize with her and her beloved husband under their painful separation, and earnestly to pray for her speedy recovery and safe arrival.

Calcutta Jany. 1862.

Here we are with our beloved and kind friends, thus far on our painful journey. I bore the journey far better than any one could have anticipated, or I dared to hope. Our path was smoothed the whole way, so that all along we have felt that we are walking in the appointed way.

Since coming here, I have improved again, until within the last two days many of my old feelings have returned. Still I am much stronger, and if my husband and the doctors would consent I would even now venture to remain. I am ordered to abstain from meat, fruit, or vegetables for four months to come, but am taking small quantities of each as I felt so low without. From the improvement that has already taken place some of my friends prophecy I shall get stout on the voyage, if such be the case I fear people will be asking what I have come for. I dread any one taking a wrong view of the subject, for it almost wrings my heart's blood. I have had constant examinations by the doctors, and all are astonished that I have kept up and about, and that I am out of my grave.

The tears stood on Dr. — eyes a few days before I left, when he made his last examination he said he felt so thankful for the decided improvement; still neither he nor Dr. — would hear of my remaining in this country even till the middle of February.

Oh! it is a fearfully agonizing thing, just when I feel more than ever fitted for usefulness—more than ever to love the work and people, thus to be laid aside and compelled to leave my honoured and precious husband to labour alone. Mr. Goadby keeps up well, he anticipates much, now that he thinks me improving and taking it in time. Myself and the children go on board "The Newcastle" (D.V.) next Friday.

Now I must say adieu for a time. The Lord give us to meet in peace and health, and as much happiness as can be ours while being thus chastened.

NOTE.—The "Observer" contains two additional pages this month, in order to make room for Mr. T. Bailey's interesting letter. For the same reason the Subscription Lists are deferred till next month.

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Treasurer, Derby; and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Secretary, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST
MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1862.

‘THEY NEED NOT DEPART.’

THEY need not depart *in order to be fed*; this is the simple meaning of Christ's words, as given by Matthew, (chap. xiv. 14,) and so considered they are full of sweet compassion. But men have souls as well as bodies, and our relations to Christ are rather spiritual than material; and as these multitudes could depart from Christ in body, that is outwardly; so may we in spirit, that is inwardly. Indeed, is not this our great temptation? Is not this the one besetting sin? To depart from Christ is the temptation of many, the actual folly of some, and should be the dread of all. We have seen men seeking salvation leave the fountain of living waters to repair to their own dry and broken cisterns. We have known men follow Christ ardently and profess Him boldly, and then go back and walk no more with Him. They have left His church, abandoned His ordinances, renounced His professions—departed from Him. But do not these words of our Lord express a deep and blessed truth, that men need not depart from Him; they

may depart from Him, but they need not. They *may* depart from Christ, but they gain nothing by so doing: it is for their interest, as it was for the interest of the multitude to remain with Him. We, Christian readers, and anxious enquirers, need not depart from Christ.

The relief of our necessities does not require our departure from Christ. Needy were the multitudes of the desert—needy are we: how needy in all respects. Not in body only, but in soul also, and much more. We need pardon, for we are guilty: but for this we need not depart, *for the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.* We are unholy in heart and conscience—we need sanctification, for this we need not depart—for *the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.* We are dark—need light: therefore we need not depart—for Christ is the Sun of Righteousness—the Light of the World. We are sufferers—we need a comforter: still we need not depart. Perhaps thou hast said to each earthly comforter—

'I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve—give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit
with mine.'

You need not depart—for such a comforter is nigh thee—is Jesus. Whatsoever thy wrongs are—His wrongs do suit with thine. Looking upon the necessitous multitudes which now surround Christ: counting all their needs—measuring their sorrows—how refreshing the thought—*They need not depart*—all can be helped: and He who can help all says, *They need not depart*.

We go a step farther, and remark that the gratification of our noblest desires does not require our departure from Christ. Our desires often run beyond the bounds of our necessities; and they may in some things do so without over-riding a holy precept, without leaping beyond the boundary of duty. A man may desire more than he may require, and yet not sin. Before we can ask great things we must desire them; and if it is not wrong to ask, it is not wrong to desire. A man may desire more knowledge than is absolutely essential to his soul's salvation; a man may desire social sympathy beyond his present experience. As a creature of necessity man need not depart from Christ, nor need he as a subject of desire; for He who can do for us according to our need, can do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we can either ask or think. Man is a creature of vast desires; and his aspirations indicate his greatness. And surely nothing can show the greatness of Jesus more than this, that he can as well fill up the depths of our need as crown the loftiest heights of our desires. Man's soul is a cracked and filthy vase. Not only can Christ repair and cleanse it: He can replenish also—fill it with flowers culled from the spicy beds of paradise. Not only can He remove the sunken granite of sin from the harbour of man's heart: He can also and does afterwards send

into it a wealthy fleet laden with the precious things of heaven above. It is a great thing to empty an evil nature of its evil; but it is a greater, having emptied it, to fill it with all good things. Ye empty, hungry souls, ye need not depart: hearken diligently unto Christ, and *eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness*.

Certainly we need not leave Christ in consequence of any repulsion in Him. How often do men depart from men because their character is vile, or their disposition misanthropic. To dwell with those that are evil is difficult to the good; to dwell long with those who are full of hate and malice is next to impossible. Now we would remind you of what you all know, that Christ is altogether lovely. We do not say that there is nothing in Christ which is not congenial with the heart of man; we do not affirm that men have not been repelled by Christ, but then we remind you that they have been repelled by Christ's *excellence*—they have been repelled by what ought to have attracted them. Men have indeed looked upon Him—the Vine and the Rose of Sharon—as having no form nor comeliness—as a root out of dry ground. But the fault has been subjective—not objective: in *them* not in *Him*. What moral beauty dwells in Him who is fairer than the children of men, and into whose lips grace is richly poured. Pilate said little indeed when he said, *I find no fault in this man*. No fault indeed, as if Christ had been a merely negative excellence. Had Pilate looked, he would have found something else in Him—all the excellence of which the purest minds have dreamed. To the poor in heart Christ is infinitely attractive—unspeakably lovely. Nor is Christ's a cold loveliness, like that of a frosty night, to be admired only; it is pervaded by a genial warmth—a delightful glowing sympathy; and His aspect is as charming as His attitude is inviting. Surely men need not depart from Him—for He invites them to *come*. His is an inviting

voice—the voice of wisdom. *Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars: she hath killed her beasts; she hath mingled her wine: she hath also furnished her table. She hath sent forth her maidens: she crieth upon the highest places of the city, whoso is simple let him turn in hither; as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him, Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled.* Men need not depart because Christ is not willing to receive them.

Our own weakness does not necessitate our leaving Christ. How many, who dread the thought of leaving Christ, look upon it nevertheless as a sort of moral necessity, arising from the infirmity of their nature, and their proneness to evil; and it must be admitted that even the strongest believer, if left to himself would flee from his Master in the hour of temptation. But the believer is not left to himself. *They need not depart* may be said of all believers, even the weakest; for Christ magnifies His strength by their weakness; and because He strengthens them: *when they are weak then are they strong.* Ye timorous sheep, living in perpetual slavish fear, lest you should be driven or torn away from the sacred fold, listen to the words of the Good and Great Shepherd, *My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.* Weak as we are, feeling around our hearts the binding cords of a Saviour's grace, and not in consequence of any inherent strength in our wills and affections, we can appropriate the bold language of an apostle, *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that hath loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither*

death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Since departure from Christ is opposed to our own happiness and welfare, to depart from Him must be foolish. Could it be shown that adherence to Christ would blight our happiness or militate against our highest interests, a reason would exist for what many alas! are guilty of—departure from Christ. But this excuse cannot be urged, for our happiness and our faithfulness to Christ are wedded together, and cannot be divided. Pitiably is their state who have never come unto Christ that they might have life, but far more wretched are they who having tasted that the Lord is gracious have left Him, deserted His cause, and are now living separate from Him their greatest Friend. Of all characters the backslider is the most to be pitied. Let those, then, who have not deserted their Lord cleave to Him more and more: let them be steadfast in their adherence to Christ—immovable from Him; and let those who have departed from Him—who feel that betwixt them and Him a moral distance has sprung up—let them return to Him at once. Yes, backsliders, come to Christ: come at once; and as He did receive you before, so will He receive you again. You need not depart further from Him.

Since to depart from Christ is not a necessary evil, to depart from Him must be sinful. A course which cannot be avoided can hardly be a sinful one, but this can be avoided: it ought to be avoided: it must be avoided if we would not incur the most tremendous guilt. Those who leave Christ, leave Him who has borne all their misery—carried their sorrows—who now blesses them with a thousand favours daily, whom they have promised to serve faithfully to the end of life. They trample on unexampled love, and violate the

most sacred covenant. O, let such beware—what punishment is too heavy for such guilt? Let them beware. I say, for if they depart from Christ now, when He says *They need not depart*: they will be com-

pelled to flee before His word, when unrequited and deserted love shall turn to anger; *Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.*

H. A.

STOCK'S HAND-BOOK OF REVEALED THEOLOGY.*

It is a new thing to buy a body of divinity for three shillings. Here is a manual containing as much as many a twelve shilling volume. A glance at the table of contents will shew that the author has gone into the depths of his subject, and has not shunned some of its most difficult problems. With much that is excellent, there is much in which we cannot agree. In articles already published we have given our sentiments upon several points of the Calvinistic controversy; in the work before us one or two points invite remark, particularly the responsibility of man and the nature of the Gospel message.

In the fourth chapter, 'On the responsibility of man' it is said, 'The fall has not destroyed man's responsibility. It is still a man's duty to do whatever God requires him to do, however indisposed he may be to do it.' We heartily believe it. If man owe no obedience to his Maker, and is not subject to His law, he cannot be guilty of disobedience, and he can need no forgiveness. The moral relationship between the Creator and the creature is annihilated, and there is no place for any system of religion. We do not dispute the truth of the principle, but we question the validity of the proof offered for its support. First, it is said 'Man still retains all his mental faculties.' We are not convinced by the texts quoted; not one of them contains a single word on the subject. We have no doubt that man retains all his mental faculties, but this is not conclusive; something more may be indispensable to prove his responsibility to do God's will as made known in His law and gospel.

Suppose a man to be required to work a miracle, or an ignorant man to construct a steam engine, or any man to be required to move a mountain by the exercise of his mental powers alone. The supposition is made to shew that man cannot justly be held responsible if his faculties are totally inadequate, or inadequate without some auxiliary advantages, or inapplicable by their very nature to the performance of the thing required.

It is said, secondly, 'Man is still a free agent. He is under no compulsion to sin. It is obvious that where pure compulsion commences, responsibility ends. He who is made to do a wrong thing by a force which, from the nature of the case he cannot possibly overcome, is no longer blame-worthy.' Fully admitting the truth of this axiom, we ask, does it or does it not apply to moral as well as physical acts? and if not, why not? Under some forms of government it may be desirable to shew that the subject has nothing to complain of, but it would be very inconvenient to prove his legal right to liberty of person and property. So upon the Calvinistic theory it is desirable to shew that man is free, so far as to make him responsible, and therefore guilty; but to prove that he is free in any sense that can be beneficial to himself is quite another thing, though it be only to accept the offer of mercy, with the divine aid which attends it. Our author feels this necessity for caution. 'The Scriptures,' he says 'always address man as a free agent; but such a freedom of the will as

* A HAND-BOOK OF REVEALED THEOLOGY. BY REV. JOHN STOCK. London, 1862.

Arminian divines contend for is an absurdity. Jonathan Edwards, "the greatest of the sons of men" as Robert Hall used to call him, 'long ago tore that dogma to tatters.' We have met with divines who adopt the conclusion of Jonathan Edwards, but we never yet met with the man who, if that be true, can show how it is possible for man to be responsible. It is the liberty to choose without the liberty to refuse. It is the infallible necessity to choose a certain thing and no other, and the liberty to act accordingly. It is the slavery of the mind, the freedom of the hand; the coercion of the governing power, the freedom of the powers which are governed by that which is coerced. We might quote at length from Jonathan Edwards, but the exposition will be better understood if given in the words of his great disciple, Dr. Chalmers. 'Every movement of this willing, and living, and spontaneous creature, the necessary result of certain antecedent influences, is held to be as rigorously and mathematically sure as are the courses or the aberrations of every planet and of every particle.' 'Man feels, and deliberates, and acts, and wills as a man; but all-sovereign and spontaneous, and self-moving as he looks, even he walks in the sure and undeviating path to which he has been carried and constrained by the principles of his nature.' Dr. Chalmers was aware that this looks very much like evidence against the accountability of man. He has attempted to shew that it is not so. He has devoted a chapter of more than twenty pages to 'The difficulties attendant on the doctrine of necessity, as if it overthrew moral distinctions, and destroyed all the activities of life.' 'If human actions be necessary, how, it may be asked, can they be subjects of moral designation? How are the epithets of virtue and vice at all applicable under the system of necessity; and if the deeds of a man be as strictly the result of certain antecedents as

are the deflections of a planet's orbit, how can the one admit any more than the other of being characterized either as morally good or as morally evil? For the sake of illustration, one can imagine a murder to be perpetrated, not by a weapon in the hands of its voluntary and therefore moral agent, but that he, by a refinement of cruelty, forced the instrument of death into the hand of a struggling friend, and so constrained him to the grasp, and so compelled the movement of his arm, that, by the dagger which he held, a mortal blow was inflicted on the man whom he loved. In the mental states of these two parties, you may read the distinction between one sort of necessity and another. The one is a necessity against the will—the other, according to the view that we have been contending for, is a necessity too, but a necessity in the will or with the will. The former has been denominated a physical necessity, against which the will strives; and the latter a moral necessity, which the will goes along with.' Chalmers' *Institutes of Theology*, 8vo., vol. 2. p. 308, 343, 320. With all deference to so great a man, we think Dr. C. has raised a ghost which he has not laid. He asks, 'Why is there one feeling in the heart of the spectator towards the real murderer, and another towards the ostensible or the constrained one—seeing that both, by the system of philosophical necessity, are under an absolute compulsion?' The obvious reply is this:—If the spectator sees the hand and the arm moved by brute force against which the man is struggling, the compulsion is evident beyond all doubt, but in the other case the compulsion is not seen, nor is it believed. Let there be the same conviction that the man acts under irresistible compulsion in the one case as there is in the other, and he who constrains the arm and the hand of the other will be held as guiltless as he who is constrained. The only difficulty in deciding the case in our own minds arises from the want of the full conviction of the presence

of irresistible compulsion. Suppose the case of an insane person whose reason is totally lost: if he rush upon his keeper and kill him in his rage, who holds the man accountable, who would have him tried and executed? If all the volitions of men are as strictly the result of certain antecedents, as the deflections of a planet's orbit, it is not yet shewn how they can be characterized as morally good or evil. Expose a weathercock to the wind; it moves as it is moved. Expose a man to temptation; he yields and disobeys the law of God. Is the man guilty, is he a sinner?—just as much as the weathercock, if his act is compelled by external forces, which he has not, and never had, and never could have the power to resist. No license more welcome can be offered to the depravity of man; no opiate more composing to a guilty conscience, than this doctrine of necessity.

In close connection with this, Dr. Chalmers teaches us that, 'Every man is a sinner, not alone through example, or education, or ought that was merely partial and incidental and contingent, but, apart from and independently of these, he is a sinner solely in virtue of his being a man, or because he partakes of a quality common to himself and all his progenitors.' 'The corruptible and the mortal are in fact commensurate the one with the other—so that because of Adam's sin all do sin, just as because of Adam's sin all must die.' Vol. 1. p. 417, 419. The inevitable conclusion from the teachings of Dr. C. is, that it is impossible that man should not be a sinner; it remained for Mr. Stock to teach us that this impossibility is the very thing which constitutes his guilt:—'Inability to do God's will as made known in his law and gospel must be homogeneous with the act to which it relates, to be *real and culpable* it must be moral inability.' *Revealed Theology*, p. 83. We are thankful for our eyesight, without it we could hardly believe that any man when attempting to enlighten the public by his writings could publish such a

sentence. But there it stands in all its absurdity. One of the noblest faculties God has bestowed upon man, if not the very noblest of them all, is the ability to judge of right and wrong, of vice and virtue. It is the sense to which all religious teaching is addressed, and in which all capacity for religion consists. It is the faculty by which we contemplate the adorable perfections of God, and with reverence it is said, to the judgment of this faculty God submits his perfections when he demands our praise and love. This moral sense is violated by the dogma we have quoted. The only effect of such advocacy of the Gospel is to expose it to contempt. They who make such affirmations as are contained in this book, invite from the enemies of evangelical truth, objections which they are unable to answer. Let Mr. Stock attempt a reply to Dr. Channing's 'Moral argument against Calvinism.'

The second topic on which we have a few words to say is, the nature of the gospel message, as it is presented in '*Revealed Theology*.' Is it the gospel according to Dr. Candlish,—God offering salvation to all for whom Christ has not died? Or the gospel according to Mr. Hinton,—God so loving the world as to redeem all men by the blood of His Son, yet not willing that all men come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved? Or is it the gospel of our Lord and Saviour,—Christ dying for all men, without exception, without distinction, and weeping over those who refuse to be saved? We fear it is not the latter. We ought to be in no doubt about it: there is a chapter on, 'The vicarious atonement and obedience of Christ' containing a section on 'The extent of this transaction.' A treatise on Theology fails in what ought to be its most important object, if it fail to make known the way of life. If a sinner should honestly and earnestly study the chapter whose title we have given, for the purpose of discovering in the Gospel some assurance of God's love and mercy on

which he might trust for salvation, he would search in vain. He must ascertain his election before he could ascertain God's willingness to save him, before he could ascertain that there is in the atonement of Christ a provision for his pardon. 'We believe in the universal aspect of Christ's death, but we regard it as only secondary to the special and immutable purpose of God respecting the redemption of the church. The controversy, however is an unprofitable one. It is sufficient to know that Christ died for the church in one sense, and for the world in another.' Page 164. That is to say, that if a number of criminals are under sentence of death, and a pardon is proclaimed, it is an unprofitable waste of their time to enquire whether all of them are included or only part.

It is said, 1st, 'The Father had a definite design to accomplish in the gift of His Son; and the Son had the same design in view in the gift of Himself.' Page 162.

By a definite design in the extent of the atonement, we can discover no meaning but this,—that it was designed to include certain persons, and that it was designed to exclude all others. How can it be definite without limitation; how can it be limited if none are excluded? Will Mr. Stock tell us what difference, except in words, there is between a definite design in the atonement, and a limited atonement; and between a limited atonement and the doctrine of the Westminster Confession? (iii. 6.) 'Wherefore they who are elected being fallen in Adam, are redeemed by Christ. . . . Neither are any other redeemed by Christ . . . but the elect only.' Will he explain how his assertion can be true 'The doctrine of election presents no positive obstacle to the salvation of any man?' (p. 25.) when it leaves the non-elect without interest in the atonement, like condemned criminals not included in a proclamation of pardon?

It is said, secondly, 'But in accomplishing this great and special

work our Lord presented a sacrifice valuable enough to have been the means of saving ten thousand worlds.' Page 164.

Then it is not for want of worth in the sacrifice if it do not reach the case of Satan and his angels, but for want of design on the part of God that it should reach their case. The author is writing expressly upon the extent of the transaction; what evidence does he give of any design in the Divine mind that the atonement should reach the case of any other among men than the elect, any more than the case of Satan and his legions? Is there not in the definiteness of the design evidence to the contrary.

It is said, thirdly, 'Hence every sinner may honestly and truthfully be called upon to trust in this infinite sacrifice. We can tell the nations as Paul did, *Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses*—and with the Apostle, *Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.*' p. 164. Thus we are brought face to face with the question, what is it to believe in Christ? In the faith demanded by the Gospel, what is the truth to be believed? What is the subject matter of saving faith? Mr. Stock has written upon 'the origin of souls.' Surely it was his duty to devote a page or two to the consideration and solution of this more important question. On this point Calvinistic theology is at fault. It saps the foundation of the Gospel by tampering with the great central truth, *God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved.* Thus it leaves the sinner seeking for salvation like Noah's dove when she found no rest for the sole of her foot. When a preacher, in the discharge of his commission to preach the Gospel to every creature, declares in the words of his Master and by His authority, *He that believeth shall be*

saved, he that believeth not shall be damned, what is it the hearer is required to believe? What is the truth on the belief or unbelief of which his salvation or his condemnation hangs? Is it not cruel to preach the Gospel to a man and not tell him this? Is it that Christ loved me and gave himself for me? We do not believe that Mr. Stock would teach his hearers to trust for salvation to anything less than this, or to anything else than this; but there is no testimony on which to rest such a faith in his exposition of the extent of the atonement. Yet what but this can give peace and joy to a trembling sinner, or declare the righteousness of God in justifying the ungodly? Can the truth that Christ died for some, without the assurance that he died for me, melt the heart in penitence and love? Is the belief that Christ died for the ungodly, as an abstract proposition in which no personal interest can be ascertained, the faith that works by love? It has been said the devils believe as much and are devils still.

The infinite sufficiency of the atonement, without any consideration of the extent of its design, is held by many to justify the universal invitations of the Gospel. We believe it is the basis of what is called the moderate Calvinistic theory. Notwithstanding the great names by which it is sanctioned, it seems to impute to God what would be dishonourable in a man. When we hear our Calvinistic brethren preaching the Gospel with all earnestness, freeness, and faithfulness, there appears to

be an inconsistency which we could no more defend than we could defend the subscription of an Evangelical clergyman. It is the philanthropy of their hearts rebelling against the stringency of their creed. Pharoah had bought up all the corn in the land of Egypt, and secured it in his store houses;—suppose, when the pressure of famine was felt, that he had issued a proclamation to his subjects assuring them that, at a vast sacrifice to himself, he had made ample provision for the wants of them all, and inviting them all to come to him without money, and eat and live. Suppose that the starving people come in their extremity, or that having no strength they are unable to come, and that Pharoah, with the keys in his pocket, calmly looks on, without giving them a grain, (except to certain favourites whose names he has in a book) and lets them perish at his feet. Who could question the sincerity of his invitation, or the benevolence of his heart? The provision is sufficient; that justifies the invitation; and the universality of the invitation proves his benevolence. The high Calvinist says the provision is limited, and it was all allotted long before the proclamation was issued; there is nothing to spare. The moderate Calvinist says the provision is infinite, but it never was designed for any others than the allottees.

This is the practical exposition of the text *God so loved the world*. What a mystery it is that the progress of the Gospel is not more rapid!!!

THE NEWBURYS: THEIR OPINIONS AND FORTUNES.

A GLIMPSE OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER IV.—THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

NEXT to the satisfaction of doing work well ourselves, is that of seeing others do it better. Nathaniel Newbury had done what seemed a part of his great life-duty as well as he was able, and now calmly re-

posed in the noble satisfaction of witnessing others leave him and his far behind in their victorious progress in the divine royalty of right. In the full swing of action every man is a hero and seems to touch the heaven with his

exalted head, but it is only the good man who is genuinely modest and magnanimously humble in the after-thoughts that follow hard upon the heels of his performances. The spuriously brave says, 'Have I not done wisely and well?' but the inscription written by the truly great over every achievement is, 'O that I had done more, and done better!' Our life is barred with these alternations of mood. The real and the ideal, the actual and the possible, the pride of activity and the graceful loveliness of repose, are the shine and shade, the azure and cloud, the hill and valley, the earth and heaven, the orb and system, that compose our human existence and foreshadow our divine exaltation. The sentimental humility of many men may be explained from their slavish passivity, and the intolerant pride of others from their perpetually doing a number of small things that bring with them no recovering balance of the mind. The wise man is he who is brave enough to do great things, and when he has done his best sees how infinitely much better the work might have been done.

So thought Nathaniel on his sick bed at the Grange. 'But for this *hack*' said he, 'I might have been a vain-glorious trumpeter of self, a prating boaster, and a proud-hearted warrior; whereas now I am simply a wounded man and a smitten soldier. Strange, how one good blow will alter our views of things, and one good tumble to mother-earth will make a man of us for the rest of our days!'

His wound healed slowly, and he had to endure considerable confinement before either his leg or his general health were much improved. We need not detail the history of his nursing and gradual convalescence; of his home prayer-meetings and preachments; his visits amongst the neighbours; his anabaptistical talk with old Midge; or his many in an out door conversations with the young friend he had met at the Boston rendezvous. Stephen

Pardoe was gradually recovering from a fracture of the clavicle, and had thoroughly insinuated himself into the good graces of every member of the household at Carlton Grange. He and Nathaniel reposed but were not idle. There was drilling and soldier-making going on in that quiet neighbourhood, and some half-a-score stalwart and godly men were ready to go back with the Colonel when he saw the first genuine opening in public affairs. His neighbours eyed him with curiosity, jealousy, and contempt. One said 'He's mad;' another said 'He's a fool;' and a third whispered that he was a suspicious demagogic incendiary. But words are very harmless things, and bad ones always shoot back upon the utterers; so Nathaniel went about his work in silence without praise, and without even so much as sympathy from some of his best friends. Their patriotism and their religion was of that intangible character which just makes a man grumble, find fault, and discover that all things are at sixes and sevens, but has not sufficient virtue in it to stir them up to activity and orderly endeavour.

'If I were doing a bad action, I might want praise to cover its enormity and colour over my own conscience,' whispered the Colonel, amidst these by-words and flutterings. 'But the fact of trying to do good seems to me its own reward. What do I want with *praise*? Good Sir! Fine fellow! Brave heart! bah!'

Away from Lincolnshire there was fighting, besieging, marching and counter-marching. The battle of Marston Moor had been fought and won, and Lieutenant-General Cromwell had boldly inculcated upon the House of Commons their duty in the matter of the self-denying ordinance, saying, 'This that I speak here to our own faces, is but what others do utter behind our backs.' The House of Lords, sapiently obstinate and grandly stupid, then as now, rejected the first ordinance but had to succumb to the second, and also to agree to the re-modelling of the

army, and the removal of the oath whereby many religious men were hindered from serving in its ranks.

Cromwell had virtually resigned his command, but was soon ordered to attack the military convoy sent by Prince Rupert to Oxford for the King. He appointed his rendezvous, sent out special messengers, and swooped down upon the enemy at Islip-Bridge, and thoroughly routed them.

Now was the time for Newbury and his Carlton band. He joined the army before unlucky Farringdon, and in many a small brush and skirmish saw more of military life than he had ever done before. Cromwell left them and returned to London, but there soon came news that changed the aspect of affairs. The King was in the Midland Counties, hunting, plundering, and braving. The black flag of Prince Rupert was flying over the ruined towers of Leicester: its walls were smitten down, its inhabitants plundered, its streets chaotic and bloody. So great a success had quite terrified the Puritans everywhere, and even London citizens vigorously petitioned the Parliament to stem this mighty torrent.

It was the last flickering flare of the lamp in the socket. A council of war was held, and although the Prince urged a northern movement, the King was induced to move towards Oxford, where Fairfax was present with a besieging force. Wantonly setting fire to Leicester Abbey, the residence of the Countess of Devonshire, where he had now been twice comfortably lodged, the King moved towards Harborough and Daventry, hunting and sporting by the way, as he was wont.

Cromwell was again put in command of the Parliamentarians, and Newbury who had been with Fairfax before Oxford, was glad of a chance of sterner duty and more active life. It was June 13, 1645. The King was at the Old Hall, at Lubbenham, near Harborough, and before supper he wrote a letter in cypher to Sir Edward Nicholas, which

is still extant; and although it is said, he dreamed that night for the second time that Strafford appeared to him, and warned him not to fight, he was unconscious of any danger. Prince Rupert slept at Harborough, and as Fairfax was reported to have retired from Oxford, the army reversed itself, and his life-guards were keeping the rear. They had an outpost at Naseby village. Here the Cavaliers kept high revel, and the old oaken table, dented and stained, around which they sat in their carousals, is still preserved. Hark! it is the bugle! 'To horse, to horse!' Ireton's troopers were upon them, and captured them nearly all without much slaughter. But a vidette escaped, hurried away to the King, and an hasty council was summoned. The Prince counselled retreat, and the King elated with his recent success, decided for war.

Meanwhile Colonel Newbury and his Anabaptist friends had been holding a great and solemn prayer-meeting, and there had been addresses and impromptu sermons of the primitive, apostolic, and missionary character, that showed of what stern stuff the new-modellers were made, and that their enemies would soon know to their sorrow that they had come out for other purposes than to let their hair grow, as they said of them with their wicked wit.

Newbury could not sleep. A shadow as of some indefinable future, overawed him with solemnity, and thrilled him with an oppressive sense of duty such as bowed him on his knees, made a tumult at his heart, and a wild whirl about his brain.

Day dawned. A royalist scout had been sent to reconnoitre and had seen nothing and heard nothing. Was it the blindness with which God sometimes paralyses men when He is about to crush them with His judgments, that made the King so obstinate before, and so obstinate now, and his counsellors so easy, careless, and comfortable? Prince Rupert must needs dally with what little danger there was, and so went out to see matters for himself, saw Fairfax

changing his position, getting to windward in fact; and knowing nothing of Cromwell's arrival, he made light of the enemy, and sent back for the King and the army. The order of battle was soon arranged on both sides. The Parliamentarians occupied Billsbitch Hill and had their front towards Harborough, with a wide reach of land between them and the Royalists, called Broad Moor. The Life Guards, Colonel Whalley, and General Fairfax formed the front rank of the extreme right wing; and General Ireton, Colonel Vermington, and Colonel Butler, the front rank of the extreme left wing. The Royalists occupied a parallel hill, called Dust Hill, with their back upon Harborough, Rupert, who now knew of Cromwell's arrival, placing himself erroneously as the event proved, on his own right near the Sulby Hedges, to meet him in combat and try the might of a furious and terrible onset. Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and Sir W. Blackstone, with the Northern Horse, were on the left wing of the Royalist forces.

Colonel Newbury and his *posse comitatis* were on the inner side of the Roundhead's right wing, with the Associated Horse under Cromwell, and therefore near the centre of the fight and exposed to the loose shots of the enemy's cannon.

It was ten o'clock, and the excitement was getting terrific—it was the sly crouch of the tiger and the lion ere they sprang for the death-struggle. Stately and gallantly as to a knightly feast, or hunting foray, the Royalists at length moved down the undulating slope, crying aloud, 'For God and Queen Mary!' The Parliamentarians flashed out their swords, spoke short words of counsel to each other, and, as Cromwell put himself at their head with his grim face wrought into a smiling impassioned sternness, they rang aloud their battle-word 'GOD WITH US!' and thundered down the valley. The wings met first in horrid carnage and whirlwind fierceness. Rupert swept all before him on

one side, and Cromwell on the other.

Newbury was calm and sat firmly on his horse, although to his left-hand there was the hiss and rattle of bullets. The force of the charge drove him out of the direct line of march, and every little indentation throwing them more and more awry, before they had mounted the opposite hill he and some forty more were thrust out amongst some of the Foot regiments in the royalist centre. Cromwell swept on, scattering and destroying.

The little company did their best. They closed together and poured upon the Foot regiments by whom they were in danger of being surrounded. Bullets rang around them and cannon balls over them, and vast curls of smoke settled about them and shut in the scene until they were centered in a little battlefield of their own and were ignorant of what was going on beyond it. The front men dropped from their saddles one by one, and the liberated horses were either struck down, or left to scamper away in fury, tossing and neighing with hideous glee. There was stern work amongst the gorse-bushes and the adjacent rabbit warrens, and no loophole of hope showed on any side.

Newbury was not to be daunted. He grew valorous, desperate, almost maniacal. Pushing through to the front he cried out:—

'Now my boys, close up once more. Reserve your pistols until they are needful, and remember what magic there is in our watchword!'

'God with us!' shouted they all again. To his left-hand, three stout pikemen stood ready and prompt to resist their movement. They must be cut down at all hazards. They were surrounded and fell fighting, Newbury getting a deep thrust in his left arm that splashed warm blood over his cheek and bridle-hand.

They were still wedged in, and unable to clear a course for more than a few minutes. Newbury was getting fearful and troubled,

but dashed on his men once more into the thick of the *mêlée*. He had now only about half his men left.

Ah, that tramping! What was it? Was it Rupert, returning and doubling upon them? or more blue regiments pouring down from the hill-top? The smoke and dust became denser, and they could see only a heaving mass of human beings, tossing their arms and weapons in the air. Their doom seemed now sealed, and they prayed aloud.

'Mercy on us, thou Leader of the Armies of Israel, and Protector of thy saints! Let not thy enemies mock and destroy us, thou Living God, who seest us amidst the cloud and canst hear us above this din!'

'Pray on!' screamed a swarthy fellow in their front, mowing about him with a huge halbert. 'Even the devils can't help you now, and you might as well say die for once.'

'May God have mercy on us all!' sighed Nathaniel, deeply. 'We are lost; but keep together, and use your bullets sparingly.'

Lost! The noise came 'nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.' A loose line of royalist infantry now swept round their extreme right, and hurried almost all ways at once: they were battered, smitten down, and compressed. The swash of swords and the thunder of horses' hoofs came noisily upon their right. The very air above them seemed crowded with the tumult of battle, as though the corrugated clouds had clashed in the clangour of a storm.

It was incomprehensible. Where were there? What was it? Death or victory? The King or Cromwell? Aha, that cry, 'God with us!' how it made their hearts clap and throb, and fresh valour pulsate through their wearied frames.

It was Cromwell and his Ironsides! They were returning from the chase, and charging the flank of the infantry wherein they had hitherto been inextricably entangled. Yet it seemed they must perish with deliverance so near at hand. Matters grew even more desperate than before, for they were now swept along the valley by

the combined force of the charging troops and the fleeing infantry. In a few minutes they must inevitably perish, or be crushed down and trodden beneath this living hurrying host!

Their situation at length caught the eye of some of the Ironsides, and a few bold hearts determined on the hazardous task of releasing them.

'Cut out those men there, and save them, or perish yourselves!' thundered a voice from the centre.

Away, away they dashed over the piled bodies, and through the mighty press; away, away, like men hastening for their lives. They were almost too late. Scarcely a horse that was not disabled, and the riders of the little band were nearly all pricked, faint, or sorely wounded, and now and then reeled, fell, and were seen no more.

Newbury was choked, gasping, and at length swooned and fell. There was a terrible clatter of weapons, a more terrible thumping of hearts. A pikeman near him shortened the grasp of his pike, and was just going to thrust Newbury through the heart, when the first man of the relief-party dashed up, smote him to the ground, and catching a glimpse of the face of the fallen horseman, blackened and seared with blood and dust and smoke, he turned pale and aghast. The new-comer leaped off his horse, bore up the prostrate form, and whilst his comrades made a circle of protection around, cleared their outskirts, and let the main body divide and charge past them, he wiped the poor man's face, and propped him against the side of his horse, whilst he loosened his clothes, and moistened his lips with a little water from a leathern bottle that was opportunely offered him. Heaving a heavy sigh, Nathaniel slowly and bewilderedly opened his eyes and stared about him.

'Where am I?' he gasped. 'Who are you? and what are you doing?'

'Father! father!' cried the trooper who had saved him. 'It is your son, your son, your son!' and he kissed

his cold brow in deep agony. 'Giles! —Giles!—Giles!' murmured the half-conscious man. 'Thank God I'm Saved! Saved! Sa—'

And they fell in each others' arms and wept.

But the fight was not over, although we need not concern ourselves with the details of its final consummation. The Royalists could not rally and were beaten: a courtier turned aside the King's horse when he was about to make 'one charge more,' and the battle became a chase, the conflict a rout, the rout a scene of plunder, terror, judgment, and affright. The Roundheads had proved themselves better soldiers for their Christian leaven and stern religious training; 'dogged and stern,' says one who writes on the other side, 'they rallied slowly but firmly after every defeat or triumph.*'

The two grand armies had met, and the two great Ideas had come to their terrible trial. That Chivalry, which had been at first a pure and holy thing, and had moved men to be brave for the royalty of truth, but was now ghostly, decrepit, and degenerate, and rallied round a man who was deemed higher and diviner than truth, because he had been set up as a King above his fellow-men—that honour and *gentillesse* and bright hardihood that had shook the world in terror, shattered the might of the tyrant, and shivered the fetters of the doomed, but was now cowed, shamed, and rotted to very

* Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers. By Eliot Warburton. Vol. iii. p.111.

rags—that withered beldame Idea of the past, with its ruddy life spent out, and its ruggiose skin be-mummied and de-humanized—here on this high moorland, had met a higher and nobler Idea, wherein was life, virtue, duty, God and Christ, and was swallowed up henceforth and for ever in a fiery and gigantic annihilation.

Could cant, humbug, and crafty unveracity have survived, and lived down until now, in a fervour of inspiration, and a pyramid of facts? Do good men of this honourable, mincing, impropriety-hating age, write home thus when they send news of a victory? 'Sir, this is none other but the hand of God; and to Him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with Him.' And then the brave man adds, '*Honest men* served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you in the name of God, not to discourage them.' These *honest men* are our Anabaptists, or schismatics and sectaries as they were called. Surely, there was a whisper of our own heroes in these plain, homely words? We have said that only the good man is humble after his heroisms. Just hear the concluding words of Cromwell's memorable letter: 'I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for.'

JOSEPH ALLEINE: HIS COMPANIONS AND TIMES.*

THE honours of chivalry were cheap enough in the days of the pedant debauchee James the First. Pay your twenty-five shillings annually, and you took your place as 'a gentleman.' Refuse to pay when a needy herald had stuck your

name in the list of 'gentry,' and you had to go through the very disagreeable task, at least to an Englishman, of making a declaration which was duly registered in the following obnoxious form: 'A. B. hath this * Jackson, Hodder, and Walford; London.

day appeared before me, Clarencieux king-at-arms, and taketh oath that he is no gentleman !”

It is conjectured, with some show of probability, that Tobie Alleine, the father of Joseph, did so declare on oath in the year of grace 1623. And yet his family had previously ranked with the Wiltshire gentry, and Tobie's name afterwards figures among the same tax-paying gentlemen. Tobie, however, in this ungentlemanly period of 1623, was a substantial burgess of Devizes, then the centre of the wool trade; took ‘the tolls of the beams and scales,’ that is, of whatever was weighed and sold in Devizes market; and two years later, like any other ‘gentleman,’ stood sponsor for the due appearance and equipment of a musketeer in the Devizes trainbands. Tobie Alleine was a Puritan, and had all a Puritan's hatred of everything that savoured of Popery. The mass of his countrymen, however, those with whom he transacted business, were sunk in superstition. They came, so they thought, from districts infested with witches. Their journeys over the downs were imperilled by fairies. They heard strange music in those dreary solitudes. They saw unearthly sights. Their hearts were a constant prey to superstitious fears. They called for protection every night and morning, in going and returning to their field work, on the tutelary saints to whom the neighbouring churches were dedicated. If their oxen strayed, they cried, ‘Good St. Catherine, stay my oxen!’ A drover prayed to St. Anthony, and men with pack-horses invoked the aid of St. Loy. Nay, even graven images were worshipped. ‘In 1631, Mr. Sherfield, a gentleman with whom Tobie Alleine was acquainted, having long observed many people pause and bow before a window in his parish church at Salisbury, asked them why they did so. ‘Because the Lord our God is there,’ was the reply. On looking more closely into the glass, “all diamonded with quaint device,” he found that

it contained seven representations of God the Father, in the form of a little old man, with a blue and red coat, with a pouch at his side.’ It was facts like these that made Alleine and the Puritans cling to opinions that some Anglicans may now esteem crotchets of morbid scrupulosity; that the surplice was a symbol of priestly character, and might lead men back to the doctrine of a merely human intercessor between God and man; that the cross in baptism and the consecrated font might recall the old Romish exorcisms with which that rite had been accompanied; that observances of saints' days might lead to adoration of saints; and that kneeling at the communion had its tacit reference to the consecrated wafer. The persecuting spirit of Popery was also kept before the mind of Tobie by the tales he had heard old men tell in his boyhood of the dying faces of martyrs, and of those who at Salisbury ‘had played the man in the fire.’ And now, in his riper years, the crushing tyranny of the church in her courts, her frowns on free thought, and the fervour with which by scourge, branding iron, and pillory, she asserted the religiousness of vestments, attitudes, signs, and a particular quarter of the sky, suggested the fear that scenes like those in the days of Mary might be repeated. The ignorance and superstition of the people Alleine well knew arose from the incompetence of the clergy. Within the memory of men then living the sovereign of England had said, and Tobie had not forgotten it, ‘It is good for the world to have few preachers—three or four may suffice for a county, and the reading of the homilies is enough.’ Of the clergy of this period, the grave and judicious Selden declares, ‘they were ignorant and indolent, and had nothing to support their credit but *beard, title, and habit.*’ Milton, also, lamenting the death of his friend Edward King, a pious young student of Christ's College, Cambridge, thus gives vent to his indignation at the

miserable condition of the clergy in the days of the First Charles :

'Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold.
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scurmlbe at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

And when they list, their lean and flashy
songs
Grate on the scrawnel pipes of wretched
straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist
they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.*

Richard Baxter paints an equally dark picture of the Shropshire clergy. Some were incompetent through age, some through ignorance, and many were grossly immoral. Before the Protectorate the Puritans sought to remedy this evil by obtaining men of learning and piety as lecturers, to whose maintenance they cheerfully subscribed. The men whom Cromwell and his Triers ousted from their livings were many of them of the class condemned by Selden, Milton, and Baxter.

But we are forgetting Joseph Alleine. Eleven years after his father is supposed to have declared on oath that he was no gentleman, Joseph was born. The conflict between Charles and his Parliament had now been transferred from the House of Commons to the battlefield ; and Joseph Alleine's childhood, instead of opening in a dream of pleasant wonders, was spent in the midst of alarms which that rupture created in Devizes. His father's house was half-hidden from the old grey castle across the street by a ring of elms round a broken cross which stood between the house and the castle. Twice before he was twelve years old the boy saw the siege of this castle, and its consequent change of masters. He also saw that castle levelled to the ground by orders from the Commons. There were other strange schools and schoolmasters for this

* Lycidas.

young Puritan. The Ironsides claimed 'exhortation' as one of their rights and part of their pay ; and one day when the Alleine family were at their quiet church, and the Presbyterian minister, Master Shepherd, was in the pulpit, one Captain Perry, did, 'with much incivilitie,' 'command the good man to leave the pulpit,' charging him with 'a disorderlie walk.' The pulpit was speedily vacated, and the congregation had no lecture that day. Baxter tells us of a dispute between himself and Pitchford's cornet in Agmondesham church, 'one in the reading desk, and the other in the gallery.' After Captain Perry's interruption, soldier preachers were often heard in Devizes church.

At the second siege of Devizes castle, in the year of the Naseby fight, when Joseph was only eleven years old, the great transition in his spiritual history took place. Jeremy Taylor says, some are at age at fifteen, some at twenty, and some never. Joseph, though only eleven, was now of age. He was naturally grave, and with such a childhood what wonder that his natural disposition should be fostered. He sought opportunities of being alone, and was known by the youths of his own age as the lad that would not play. His eldest brother, a promising young clergyman, died. Joseph earnestly asked to succeed his brother in the ministry. His father consented. Four years were spent with Mr. W. Spinage, of Poulshot, a fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Then he read logic for a time with a worthy minister of Devizes, and in April, 1649 he set out on horseback for what was now the Puritan university of Oxford. On the road might have been other Wiltshire youths — Christopher Wren, and Launcelot, the father of Joseph Addison. Joseph enters Corpus Christi College. A month has not elapsed before Oxford is all astir with excitement, for Oliver Cromwell is being made doctor of civil laws. The universities owed much to Oliver. His sagacity had selected

Dr. John Owen as Vice Chancellor of Oxford. No man could be better fitted to check the extravagances of the gowmsmen, and that love of coarse amusements and shameless vice which had made Oxford so notorious during the reign of James. It was Calvin after the reign of Belial. Many young scapegraces cracked jokes at the expense of poor Quakers, who had just then sprung into existence, and were not without their followers at Oxford. 'A Quaker has just been to Sir Harry Vane, to persuade him that he is the Lord's anointed, and poured a bottle of rancid oyle upon his head, which did make Sir Harry shake his ears: 'A Quaker debtor has just replied to his creditor, 'tis revealed to me that I owe thee nothing!' These were some of their commonest jokes. Others were less lenient, insulted the Quakers in their meetings, or parodied their services and exhortations. The demure youth from Devizes took no share in these freaks. He came to study—and to study all his energies were bent. He toiled terribly. From four in the morning to one the next—such were his hours. He was equally abstemious. A companion says of him that it was as usual for him to give away his commons at least once a day as it was for others to eat theirs twice a day. In 1653 he took his bachelor's degree, and young as he was, became tutor of his college. The next year he had offers of high preferment, but declined them. Twelve months before he left Oxford he accepted the post of chaplain to the College, although a fellowship was just within his reach. His time was divided between the duties of his post, preaching in the neighbouring villages, protracted seasons of devotion, and visiting and relieving the prisoners in the county gaol, to whom he not only preached once a fortnight, but gave a large allowance of bread. He was a Howard before Howard was born. His anxiety to devote himself to pastoral work led to his accepting a call to St. Mary Magdalene, Taunton, as co-labourer

with that worthy old man, Mr. George Newton. This occasioned his leaving Oxford before taking his Master's degree.

Taunton was a noted place at this period. It had been twice besieged by Goring, and twice defended by Robert Blake. The cavaliers called it 'the metropolis of faction;' the roundheads, 'of all places in that quarter most deserving of praise.' Taunton men were proud of their local histories and interests; proud of their heroism; proud of the fine old tower of St. Mary's, from which they had watched the progress of the siege and reconnoitred; proud of their fertile pastures and gardens; and proud of their Puritanism. Indeed, Puritanism was the glory of Taunton, and Mr. George Newton was the glory of its Puritanism. He was an M.A. of Oxford; was ordained by Laud; was formerly minister of Hill Bishop, near Taunton; then Vicar of Taunton Magdalene, and soon became a noted 'gospeller.' Newton, though naturally timid, was not timid in the assertion of his principles. He took a lead in the Sabbatarian controversy. When the *Book of Sports* came out in 1633, and was ordered to be read in all the churches, he read it, but said on closing it, 'These are the commandments of men;' and then read Exodus xx. and said, 'These are the commandments of God; *but whereas in this case the laws of God and the laws of man are of variance, choose ye which ye will obey.*'

Joseph Alliene settled at Taunton, and married. From 1655 to 1662 was the Sabbath of his life, not because of its rest, but because of its peaceful toil. During these seven years he was busy catechising, preaching, keeping school, studying hard, and yet finding time to visit the neighbouring villages. He soon came to have great power in Taunton. His high character; his conviction of his divine calling as a minister; the charm of his presence—tall, erect, sprightly, and yet serene; his known habits as a student and an early riser,—were the

great sources of his power. Alleine was at Taunton when the bells rang their merriest peal on the return of Charles 2nd. Charles, ever ready to promise, had assured one Mr. Arther Jackson, when he presented him with a Bible 'that he would make that blessed book the rule of his conduct,' and very soon began to show that this, with his Breda proclamation against debauchery and profaneness, and his promises to the dissenters, were never meant to be kept. There was the Act for the restoration of the sequestered clergy, in which it was decreed, 'that every sequestered minister who had not justified the late King's murder or declared against infant baptism shall be restored to his living.' Next followed an Act for the better regulation of corporations, which expelled all dissenters from the principal offices, and from the magistrates' bench. John Bunyan was watching all this, and has told us in his *Holy War* how Diabolus remodeled the captured town of Mansoul, turning out Mr. Conscience, the recorder, and bringing in a new set of aldermen and burgesses. The Independents and Baptists now petitioned for toleration; but the Presbyterians were in perpetual conference with men in power hoping by some modification still to remain within the pale of the state church. Then followed the Savoy Conference, which met March 25, 1661, and after four months ended in 'a conclusion in which nothing was concluded.' Then came the now notorious Act of Uniformity, which was to take effect on the 24th of August 1662. Two thousand men refused to give 'their unfeigned assent and consent to all and every thing' in a book which they had not yet seen. Some died broken-hearted; some left the country; some became physicians; others sank from comparative fame into obscurity as private tutors. Here and there gentlemen and scholars, to save themselves from starvation, became farm-servants and artisans. Many felt that they were not released from

their ordination vows, and still preached, and so subjected themselves to fines and imprisonment. Joseph Alleine was one of the latter class. 'Before the Act of Uniformity came forth,' writes his heroic wife, 'my husband was very earnest night and day, with God, that his way might be made plain to him, and that he might not desist from such advantages of saving souls with any scruple upon his spirit. He seemed so moderate, that both myself and others thought he would conform—he often saying, that he would not leave his work for small and dubious matters; but when he saw those clauses of *assent and consent*, and *renouncing the covenant*, he was fully satisfied.' He preached his last sermon in St. Mary Magdalene, from the words *Redeeming the time, because the days are evil*. The Sunday after the ejection divine service was performed in the parish church according to the restored ceremonial. Crowds came to witness. Many were eager to show that they had no sympathy with the Nonconformists. The exciting scene is thus described in a letter which was sent the next day to the *Mercurius Publicus*:—

'Taunton, Monday, Aug. 25, 1662.

The Parish of Taunton in Somersetshire, being destitute of a minister to preach, &c., by the nonconformity of Mr. Newton,* a very worthy gentleman, Mr. Thomas James, (late of All Soul's College, in Oxford,) yesterday being St. Bartholomew's day, supplied his place. The neighbours, gentry, purposely were there present, and Mr. James being furnished with the Book of Common Prayer, church vestments, &c., according to the late Act of Parliament, read the whole service for Morning and Evening Prayer, and christened two children accordingly, and (I cannot but acquaint you) the whole town was present, behaving themselves as if their minister had carried away with him all faction and nonconformity. The church was so very full that several persons swooned with the heat; and to the honour of this town, I cannot but mind you, that 'tis very observable that a people that have been so ill-taught as they have been,

* Mr. Alleine was only an assistant.

should now obey his majesty and the church according to the Act of Parliament without the least hesitation. The mayor and the aldermen were all in their formalities, and not a man in all the church had his hat on either at service or sermon, which gave the gentry of the county great satisfaction, who (to do them justice) deserve thanks for their care and vigilancy in settling the church and county according to the laws established.'

'Settled' they were; but the church was closed for many weeks together, public service was held at rare intervals, and for nine months the parish had no resident 'priest.' Mr. Newton was insulted by name in a lampoon published by Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, with a view to ridicule the pretensions of Englishmen to liberty of conscience. He lost heart, and hid himself in London. Alleine, the Thursday after the farewell services in St. Mary's, held a service in his own house. Many of the timorous grew bold, and flocked to meetings, whether by day or night. Alleine continued with vigour, preaching, visiting, and catechising from house to house. Justices threatened, but did nothing more for the nine months following his ejection. 'He preached fourteen times in eight days, ten often, and six or seven ordinarily,' writes Mrs. Alleine. The grandfather of John Wesley was his enthusiastic fellow labourer. He had been ejected from his benefice at Whitechurch, in Dorset. In May, 1663, Alleine was seized by a warrant from three justices and thrust in the Bridewell chamber over the common gaol. For four months in the same miserable apartment were fifty Quakers, seventeen Baptists, and thirteen ejected ministers, all taken, like himself for the high crimes of preaching and praying. The foul air, the want of privacy, the heat, the noise of curses and songs from the felons in the cell below, and the cavils and annoyances from the Quakers, who would come and work at their callings just by the ministers when they were preaching, praying,

or singing—made up the catalogue of their miseries. At Ilchester, besides the fifty in the ward with Mr. Alleine, thirty-one were confined in an old monastic building at the other end of the town; men taken from the highways, the plough, their houses,—'kicked, beaten, and wonderfully abused.' No provisions were allowed to be brought them by their friends, and even their wives and children were refused permission to see them. Alleine was more fortunate. He was permitted to curtain off a corner of his room; and as Mrs. Alleine had resolved to share his imprisonment, this was not a little luxury. After a few weeks he was allowed to walk for a mile or more into the country night and morning. His friends brought him money and plenty of wholesome provisions. His health continued to be good, and his spirit buoyant, and 'the voice of rejoicing' was often heard 'in the tabernacle of the righteous,'—Ilchester gaol.

We have already given in full Alleine's account of his trial at Taunton Castle. After 'he drew off from the barre' he was sent back to Ilchester, and to his old chamber. The ministers continued to preach as beforetime, generally through the window-grate. As winter drew on the cold of the Bridewell chamber became as hard to bear as had formerly been its stifling heat. There was no chimney, and chinks in the roof were likely to prove inlets for the drifting snow. The prisoners, after long petitioning, were removed by order of the magistrates into a more convenient ward. Alleine was now busy once more with his pen, wrote his *Call to Archippus*, an eloquent appeal to Nonconformist ministers, if free, to preach; if in prison, to send their scattered congregations pastoral epistles; *An Exposition of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism*; and *A Synopsis of the Covenant*. He and his companions held meetings every week, to which hundreds came. The gaol chaplain falling ill, Alleine dared to take his place, and until

prohibited continued in his new office. Every week he sent a letter to his people at Taunton. About forty letters have been preserved. Matthew Henry says these letters have 'a mighty tincture of peculiar prison comforts and enlargements;' and John Wesley has pointed out their resemblance to those of the eminent Rutherford, wanting perhaps in his picturesque-ness, but alive with the same holy love.

After an imprisonment of twelve months, Mr. Alleine was set free. He at once visits Taunton, and preaches to his congregation in his house four times on the first Sabbath after his release. Then came the Conventicle Act, by which it was decreed that any person above the age of sixteen attending any meeting under colour of a religious exercise not allowed by the liturgy or the practice of the Church of England, where five persons were present besides the household, should, for the first offence, suffer three months' imprisonment, or pay a sum not exceeding £5; for the second offence, six months' imprisonment, or a fine of £10; and for the third, banishment to certain specified plantations for seven years. From this time such scenes became common as Mr. Pepys thus describes:—'I saw several poor creatures carried by constables for being at conventicles. They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be catched!' Gaols were soon filled with Dissenters, and hundreds of families were brought to ruin by fines or seizures on property. The Quakers were the greatest sufferers. Even Mr. Alleine's brave people were so far dispersed that henceforth two services were deemed sufficient on the Sabbath instead of four. His health now began to give way. Imprisonment had made him an old and weary man. In August he travelled sixteen miles to visit a church deprived of its pastor, sank into such utter exhaustion after

preaching, that he could not be removed for four days, and was with difficulty taken back to Taunton. His strength failed so fast that his friends thought his end was near. He became as helpless as a child. About the beginning of his illness he received a letter from a clergyman thanking him for the religious good gained in former years from his preaching; but it was January before he was strong enough to dictate a reply. In April he left his chamber again, and persisted in preaching once or twice every Sunday. Again his strength declined, and at the advice of his friends visited Seend, a village near Devizes, celebrated then for a chalybeate spring. Vigour returned, and with vigour his hope. He now thinks of a missionary tour through Wales. By his influence several ministers were sent, and just when about to set out himself, his maladies returned, and at the entreaty of his friends he reluctantly gave up the journey.

Meanwhile the Plague was raging in London. Many eminent Non-conformists now secured the toleration denied by law, and preached in the vacant churches. Among these were Janeway, Dr. John Owen, Knowles, Vincent, Chester, Turner, Franklin, and Grimes.

In 1665 the infamous Five Mile Act, forged by Seldon, archbishop of Canterbury, Ward, bishop of Salisbury, and Lord Clarendon, received the royal assent. This Act set forth a certain oath, which every Nonconformist minister was to take, declaring his conviction that it was unlawful, under any pretence whatever, to take up arms against the sovereign, and promising not to attempt any alteration of the Government, either in church or state. Those who refused to take this oath were forbidden, under enormous penalties, to come within five miles of any corporate city or town, or within five miles of any place in which they had been previously settled, or in which they had preached. About thirty consented to take this

oath. Mr. Newton was one. One of the first objects of this Act was to make it impossible for any but Conformists to be recognized as ministers in England. The Act failed to secure the purpose of its framers. Nonconformist ministers waxed bolder. Alleine left Taunton, and lived in a house scarcely five miles from his old parish. The informers discover his retreat, and he, being unwilling to compromise his friend, goes back to Taunton; and as his health is again seriously impaired, thinks of visiting Devizes. A farewell meeting is held in his house. While ministering consolation to his friends, the door is shattered open, and in rush helter skelter a party of men brandishing drawn swords. The names of all present are taken down, and each one is charged to appear the next day before the justices assembled at Castle Tavern. They appear. Two days of tedious attendance elapse, and all are 'convicted of a conventicle,' and sentenced to £3 each, or imprisonment for sixty days. Some paid the fine, or allowed others to pay for them. Alleine, his wife, his aged father, seven ministers, and forty private persons, were committed to the prison at Ilchester. Again the old scenes were in part renewed. Members of his flock visited him; the rest he visited by letters.

Some time before the prisoners left Ilchester they heard of the great fire in London, in which more than 13,000 houses were laid in ashes. Many rumours were afloat as to the origin of the fire. Some said it was the work of Romanists; some, that the Baptists had done it; and as the last charge was actually reported in a letter from the court, how could it be doubted! Some thought it marked the displeasure of Heaven at the leniency shown by the state church to the Nonconformists; and others, among whom would be reckoned Alleine and his friends, declared it to be the terrible voice of God to the chiefs of the church and state, saying, *Let my*

people go, that they may serve me. However, the first thing Alleine and his fellow-prisoners did when set free was to join in making a collection for the sufferers in London. Mr. Alleine gave very liberally, as a stimulus to others; and it was afterwards discovered, gave more than as much in secret as publicly.

The weakness produced by his last imprisonment delayed his visit to Devizes till the June of the following year. Informers, constables, distraining officers, and other disreputable agents of the church by law established were less active here than elsewhere. The comparative quiet of the place and cheerful company revived him. Sacheverell,* formerly of Tarrant Hinton, a man held in great respect, even by his opponents; Flower, the ejected vicar of Cardiff, 'the apostle of Wiltshire dissenters;' Gough, formerly of Queen's College, Cambridge, who since the passing of the Five Mile Act, had been minister of a Baptist congregation at Earl Stoke, a village a little over five miles from Devizes; Ford, once one of the most famous tutors of Magdalen College, Oxford;—these were some of the men whose friendship Alleine now occasionally enjoyed.

A shade was cast over his bliss by the death of his father. He died 'suddenly, but sweetly.' He rose at four on the morning of his death. About ten or eleven he left his closet, and called for something to eat, but when the meal was prepared he could not touch it. His wife perceived a sudden change, and wished him to go to bed: 'No,' the old man answered: 'I will die in my chair.'

* Sacheverell, not long before his visit to Devizes, was kneeling one morning in prayer with his family. Several troopers rushed into the room; and one of them, holding a pistol at Sacheverell's back, commanded him in the King's name to stand up. Sacheverell still continued praying. When he had concluded, he rose and calmly asked the trooper how he durst thus pretend in the King's name to interrupt him while he and his family were presenting their petitions to the King of kings!

I am not afraid to die.' He sat down, and only said, *My life is hid with Christ in God*; and then closed his eyes with his own hands, and died immediately. 'Shut thine eyes a little, old man, and immediately thou shalt see the light of God!'^{*} So it was said of Ananias, the martyr, as he knelt to lay his white head upon the block; and so it may have been said of Tobie Alleine.

In January 1668, (O. S.) Alleine, while lying helpless in bed, had the news brought him that his brother Norman was dead. He now wishes to see old Taunton once more before he dies. He was borne thither in a horse litter, and the sight of friends flocking round him seemed to give him new strength. The result showed that this was deceptive. Bath was next tried; and again the journey was performed in a horse litter: the doctors were amazed he survived this journey of forty miles. Three weeks' stay here brought a marvellous restoration. It was but the last flicker of a dying flame; but its brilliance was undiminished. Every day, from five till seven o'clock in the morning, he was alone for prayer. At seven he was carried to the bath. Much grieved by 'the oaths, drinking, and ungodly carriage of the persons of quality there,' says his memorialist, 'he did always give his faithful rebukes. His way was first to converse of the things that might be taking with them, for, being furnished by his studies for any company, he did use his learning for such ends, and by such means hath caught many souls. There

^{*} Paulispèr O senex, oculos claudè; nam statim lumen Dei videbis'.—Sozomen, lib. ii., cap. xi.

was none but did most thankfully accept his reproofs, though close and plain, and showed him more respect after; the vilest one among them, as I was by several informed, saying of him that he never spoke with such a man in his life.' At three he was carried in a chair to visit the schools and almshouses. He had a school of sixty or seventy poor children at his lodgings on Sunday to receive Christian instruction—perhaps the first Sunday-school known in history. This last novelty excited alarm. Men were threatened to be cited before the bishop to give an account of their implication in it. This unfortunately led to its dissolution. John Howe, the greatest of Puritan divines, and Mr. Fairclough, the ejected rector of Mellis, a very popular preacher, were then at Bath—homeless fugitives. Between them they conducted services on the Sunday in Alleine's lodging. These men were Alleine's chief companions while staying at Bath. His end was fast approaching. A friend who lived five miles from Bath—Mr. Baynard, invited him over. While visiting with him, Alleine's strength drooped rapidly. He was taken back to Bath. A few days of great suffering ensued, borne with Christian meekness; and all was over. Howe and Fairclough were among the mourners who followed him to the grave in St. Mary's chancel, Taunton. Old George Newton, leaning on the top of his staff, conducted the service. 'Beloved,' said the old man, in his great grief, 'it is not rebellion for me to mourn. In Holy Writ you find an old prophet burying a prophet, and as he stood over his grave he melted and said, *Alas, my brother!*'

Biblical Notes and Queries.

NOTES.

I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love; and I was to them as they that take off the yoke on their

jaws, and laid meat unto them. Hosea xi. 4.—The lifting up the yoke was the method of giving rest to the heifer from the labour of ploughing during the heat of the day. It was

probably a preparatory step to giving the animal its food. The prophet here refers to God's treatment of the Israelites in the wilderness: how He would fain have led them on to obedience by His mercies; how He fed them with manna, and refreshed them when they were weary.—*Drake.*

They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for day. Acts xxvii. 29.—The ancient vessels did not carry, in general, so large anchors as those which we employ; and hence they had often a greater number of them. Athenæus mentions a ship which had eight iron anchors. Paul's ship, as we see from the next verse, had other anchors besides those which were dropped from the stern. One object in anchoring in that way was to arrest the progress of the ship more speedily. No time was to be lost, as they knew not that they might not founder the next moment upon the shoals where the breakers were dashing. Had they anchored by the bow, we are told, there was reason for apprehending that the vessel would swing round and strike upon the rocks. The ancient ships were so constructed that they could anchor readily by the prow or stern, as circumstances might require. Another advantage of the course here taken was, that the head of the vessel was turned towards the land, which was the best position for running her ashore. That purpose they had no doubt formed already. 'By cutting away the anchors, loosing the bands of the rudders, and hoisting the artemon, all of which could be done simultaneously, the ship was immediately under command, and could be directed with precision to any part of the shore which offered a prospect of safety.' The English ships of war were anchored by the stern at the battle of Copenhagen, and rendered very effective service in that position. Mr. Howson mentions the singular fact that Lord

Nelson stated after the battle that he was led to adopt that plan because he had just been reading this twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts.—*Hackett.*

A shadow . . . and not the very image. Heb. x. 1. Here is a beautiful allusion to the different states of a picture, the first faint sketch or outline being contrasted with the figure so filled up and finished, as to offer an exact portraiture of the represented objects.—*Kitto.*

I write unto young men because ye have overcome the wicked one. 1 John ii. 13. The word *νεανισκοι* here rendered 'young men,' denotes persons in the prime of life. The Septuagint uses it to denote persons fit and liable to bear arms. In like manner, *Romana juventus*, 'the Roman youth,' was put for the Roman army. We may therefore more particularly suppose it to refer to persons from twenty to fifty years of age. And if we suppose that the apostle employs the word with some reference to its use in describing the age of fitness for military service, there is a peculiar force and application in the address to them which should not be overlooked.—*Ibid.*

QUERIES.

No. 4. What is the best mode of explaining the genealogies of our Lord given by Matthew and Luke?
S.

No. 5. Has the meaning of the words *peculiar* in Titus ii. 14, and *heretic*, in Titus iii. 10, undergone any change since our translation was made? Do the popular notions now attached to those words convey the apostle's precise meaning?
C.

No. 6. Will one of your learned correspondents explain the various meanings of the word *world* used so frequently in the New Testament?
F.

Poetry.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Sow with a generous hand ;
 Pause not for toil or pain ;
 Weary not through the heat of summer,
 Weary not through the cold spring rain ;
 But wait till the autumn comes
 For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed and fear not,
 A table will be spread ;
 What matter if you are too weary
 To eat your hard-earned bread :
 Sow, while the earth is broken,
 For the hungry must be fed.

Sow ;—while the seeds are lying
 In the warm earth's bosom deep,
 And your warm tears fall upon it—
 They will stir in their quiet sleep ;
 And the green blades rise the quicker,
 Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow ;—for the hours are fleeting,
 And the seed must fall to day ;
 And care not what hands shall reap it,
 Or if you shall have passed away
 Before the waving corn-fields
 Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow ; and look onward, upward,
 Where the starry light appears—
 Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
 Or your own heart's trembling fears,
 You shall reap in joy the harvest
 You have sown to-day in tears.

— *Adelaide Ann Procter.*

Correspondence.

THE BICENTENARY AND THE GENERAL BAPTISTS.

*To the Editor of the General Baptist
 Magazine.*

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Our best thanks are due to the esteemed president of our College, for introducing before your readers the propriety of a denominational celebration of the Bicentenary of 1662. The two hundredth anniversary of the ejection from the Church of England, of the brave two thousand Nonconforming clergy,

ought not to be allowed to pass away, without some movement to mark the occasion on the part of the General Baptists. Our principles are the very essence of Nonconformity, 'the dissidence of dissent, the protestantism of the protestant religion;' and it will be unworthy of us not to make some effort to give them prominence and propagation on this memorable opportunity. The suggestions already offered respecting the circulation and use of the forthcoming manual, and the completion of the purchase of our College premises, are valuable; the latter

especially commending itself to our judgment and sympathy. It would mark a new era in our denomination, if our school of the prophets were placed once for all in a thoroughly sound and satisfactory financial position.

But I would venture to add that something more directly bearing upon the Bicentenary, and of a more commemorative character, is required. The year upon which we have entered is to be hallowed by the remembrance of the heroic men of two hundred years ago. Why not revive the memory of the General Baptists of that period by some suitable and authentic literary memorials? There is old Thomas Grantham, the redoubtable Lincolnshire General Baptist, the learned author of *Primitivus Christianismus*, who was in prison all the year 1662. Could not an edition of his works, carefully and judiciously revised, or at least the life of the man with selections from his writings be published? There are, also, the celebrated John Gosnold,—sometime scholar at Charterhouse, afterwards graduate of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and friend of Dr. Tillotson,—who preached in Paul's Alley, London in a 'play-house' chapel, capable of seating three thousand persons, and who often had half-a-dozen or more clergymen to hear him; and the brave John Griffith, of Dunning's Alley, Bishopgate-street, who was confined in Newgate for refusing to take the oath of allegiance; and the excellent William Pardoe, who used his pen to some purpose in Leicester and Worcester jails; and the distinguished Laurence Wise, formerly of Aldgate church, then of Chatham-dock, Kent,—ejected from his living at the Restoration, and henceforth pastor of a church in Goodman's fields, the General Baptist of 'eminence,' for whom with four others, King Charles sent when he wanted to 'sound,' as Adam Taylor puts it, the disposition of dissenters; and Jeremiah Ives, of Old Jewry, who disguised as a clergyman, held a

disputation with a priest before the most religious King aforementioned; and Du Veil, a 'grave and judicious divine,' sometime chaplain in the family of a nobleman, and afterwards pastor of a small congregation in Grace Church-street; and Samuel Loveday, of auspicious name, of the Tower Hill church—the old root out of which the church at Commercial-road has sprung: these and others, (of whom time would fail me to tell, the Dennes, Lambs, Smiths, Wrights, &c.) are distinguished in the ecclesiastical annals of the time, and as they are our remote denominational ancestors, why should we not 'stir up our pure minds' and the minds of others, 'by way of remembrance concerning them,' and make this Bicentenary the occasion of publishing their biographies to the world? There is no want, perhaps, which the young General Baptist suffers from more than the want of a denominational literature. Apart from our periodical, two short histories, one of which is out of print, and two biographies, of which the same may be said, what books of a denominational character have we now in circulation to put into the hands of strangers who come amongst us from without, or of our children who grow up in our midst? When the world asks, Who are you, and what is your special business on earth, and what are your distinctive traditions and principles, and why don't you die off at once and get yourselves decently buried, or, judiciously distributed amongst other bodies? we cannot take down from our shelves an armful of ably-written works, and say, 'Read and see.' We are a denomination almost without a literature;—the reading world well-nigh ignores us; and the coming generation is growing up to a large extent untaught to love the great principles of our faith, untrained to exhibit the noble spirit of loyalty to truth and conscience, and of patient self-sacrifice in Christ's service, which so pre-eminently distinguished our fathers.

Are we, Mr. Editor, to live on in this age of literary activity and make no public manifesto of ourselves? An occasion offers this year for some biographical sketches of our fathers; will no pen stir, and no spirit be moved? May not we also have Bicentenary memorials? Can no popular book of denominational interest be written about the General Baptists of 1662? The Centenary of the New Connexion will be upon us in a few years, a fitting opportunity would then offer itself for completing the work thus begun by the preparation of a popular history of our hundred years of toil, and of extensive biographical memorials of our founders. Other suggestions concerning a Bicentenary public meeting at the Association, and a Bicentenary General Home Mission Fund, I reserve for another opportunity, or until some expression of opinion has been elicited upon the subject of the present communication.

Yours, &c.,

THOMAS GOADBY.

London, March 17, 1862.

HOW SHALL THE GENERAL BAPTISTS CELEBRATE THE BICENTENARY OF THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY?

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Under the above heading your last number contained a letter from the esteemed president of our College, which letter seemed to me to ring with two interrogations: the first as to the mode of celebrating the thrilling events, the Bicentenary of which occurs in August of this year; and the other, as to *how* the requisite sum can be best realized to free our new College premises from debt. Since the respected writer of the letter referred to has requested that his communication may be followed by others, and especially since it seems desirable that in this

possibly very eventful movement every unit of the Nonconformist portion of the community should be expected to take an unusual interest. I venture to suggest whether it would not help us in the consideration of these questions if we first thoroughly satisfy ourselves as to the reason *why* we should observe the one and perform the other. When we are not only able to follow the Apostle's injunction, by giving a *reason for the faith which is within us*, but when we have the satisfaction of knowing that our consciences are loyal to the faith and principles we profess to hold, then Sir, I conceive the *mode* or method of our action will arise spontaneously with the occasion. Have we then, as General Baptist Nonconformists, this consciousness of loyalty at all times and seasons to the principles we hold? If the admission of our friend be correct, I should fear not; and I regret to feel that our daily experience proves its truth—that 'So seldom are our principles explained and enforced, that the members of our own churches and families are induced to regard them as of no importance: and rather than endure the slightest inconvenience to which Nonconformity might expose them, they forsake its ranks and unite themselves with the National Church.'

Herein, Sir, I venture to submit is a very urgent reason why we *should* look back, and why we should endeavour to get others to look back too, and study well the events of which this Bicentenary speaks. Let but the true spirit of the two thousand, who in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-two, dared, in God's name, to say 'No' to man's 'You must,' get possession of the denomination of which we form a part, and then rest assured we may anticipate that both our Nonconformity and our liberality will be enriched and consolidated thereby. It has been fitly said in reference to this commemoration by one of our ablest weekly journalists, 'If we turn to look back upon it at all, let us do so, for the sake of all

that is holy and true, with becoming reverence, and with a spirit suited to such a vision! If, we feel impelled to call the world's attention to it, let us see to it that we can *ourselves* discern and appreciate its proper significance. If we desire to improve it, let it be turned to some account fitly illustrative and commendatory of the special moral it enshrines. Let there be no petty or self-seeking in our plan, lest while we are groping

about in quest of little advantages for our denomination, we ourselves, and the country which we are called upon to enlighten and stimulate, should utterly miss the grandeur of the historical scene to which we invite it to look back.'

Humbly trusting we may have strength from heaven thus to do.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

G. D. C.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE NEXT MIDLAND CONFERENCE will be held at Beeston, near Nottingham, on Easter Tuesday, April 22nd. Rev. W. Taylor, of Castle Donington is appointed to preach; or in case of failure, Rev. W. Jarrom, of Kegworth. Service to commence at a quarter before eleven.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Holbeach, on Wednesday, March 12, 1862. Brother Dyson opened the morning service with reading and prayer, and brother Stenson preached from Proverbs, iv. 18.

In the afternoon, the reports from the churches were presented, from which it appeared that sixteen had been baptized since the last Conference, and that twenty-eight remained candidates for baptism.

Information having been given concerning the church at Yarmouth, the secretary was requested to assist the friends there in obtaining ministerial supplies during the next three months.

It was decided that the following cases be sent for consideration at the next Association:—

Case 1.—That we respectfully request the Association to recommend to the generous support of the Connexion the efforts of the friends

at Lincoln to erect a new chapel in that city.

Case 2.—That we think it would tend to promote the spiritual enjoyment and brotherly love, the dignity and the usefulness of our Association, if some portion of its time were set apart for the celebration of the Lord's supper. Other similar bodies celebrate it. To hundreds of our brethren and sisters this would afford an opportunity (the only probable or perhaps possible opportunity they may ever enjoy) of receiving on earth those tokens of the love of Christ and of their own mutual Christian love in communion with other hundreds, whom, nevertheless, they hope to dwell with in heaven. It seems therefore consistent with reason, if not even required by Christian duty; that the Lord's supper should be a part of the regular engagements of the Association.

It was also resolved:—

1.—That we recommend the ministers of our churches in this district, to arrange for the delivery of lectures, during the present year, in their several localities, illustrative of the Bartholomew Ejectment of 1662.

2.—That the next Conference be held at Peterborough, on Thursday, June 12, 1862, and that brother Wilson, of March, be requested to preach in the morning.

In the evening, an interesting Home Missionary meeting was held,

in which brethren May, Patterson, Fysh, Cotton, Chamberlain and the Secretary took part.

THOMAS BARRASS, *Secretary*.

N.B.—It is very desirable that all Home Mission monies for this district should be sent to Mr. Wherry, of Wisbech, before the next Conference.

BAPTISMS.

BURNLEY.—On Lord's-day, Dec. 15, we baptized one; and on Dec. 22, one, who, with two others, were received into the fellowship of the church on Lord's-day, Jan. 12. On Jan. 26, we baptized two; and on Feb. 23, two, all of whom were received into the fellowship of the church on Lord's-day, March 2.

COALVILLE.—On Lord's-day, Jan. 12, 1862, two persons were baptized; Feb. 9, six others; and March 9, two more. Since the opening of our new chapel the congregations have greatly increased, and our prospects generally have much improved.

QUEENSHEAD.—On Feb. 22, Mr. Hardy baptized seven persons, and on the 1st of March received them into the church.

SHEFFIELD.—On Sunday, Feb. 23, nine persons were baptized by our pastor, Rev. H. Ashbery, all of whom were from the school. These with two more were received into our fellowship on the following Sabbath, we trust that on both occasions much good was done. Congregations excellent. J. H. A.

PETERBOROUGH, *West-gate*.—On Lord's-day, March 2, one candidate was baptized, and was, with two others, received into the church.

LENTON.—On March 2, eight friends were baptized.

NOTTINGHAM, *Stoney-street*.—On Lord's-day, March 2, we baptized thirteen friends, and they were the same day added to the church. On the evening of Tuesday, March 18, we baptized nine others. We are glad to say there are others still coming forward to cast in their lot amongst us.

B. Y.

LONDON, *Commercial-road*.—On the 27th of February, our minister baptized six persons, four of whom were received into communion on the following Sabbath.

ANNIVERSARIES.

LEAKE AND WYMESWOLD.—The Rev. I. Stubbins preached the annual sermons on behalf of the General Baptist Foreign Missions, on Sunday, March 2, at Wymeswold in the afternoon, and at Leake in the evening. The Missionary meetings were held at Leake on the Monday evening, at Wymeswold on the Tuesday evening, and at Wysall on the Wednesday. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Stubbins, Brooks, Stevenson, Mason, and Staples. The attendance was good, and the collections were liberal. Brethren Stubbins and Brooks will return to India strong in the confidence, affection, sympathy, and prayers of not a few in this neighbourhood.

SHEFFIELD, *Cemetery-road*.—On Sunday, March 9, Mr. C. H. Clarke, of the Baptist College, Nottingham, delivered two sermons to crowded audiences, on behalf of the Sunday-school. In the evening, he selected Romans viii. 28, from which he spoke with great eloquence, the effect of which was enhanced by his extreme juvenility of appearance. The chapel was crammed, notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, and upwards of £22 were collected. There are more than 400 scholars in the school.—*Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*.

STALYBRIDGE.—The anniversary sermons for the liquidation of the chapel debt have this year been preached by our pastor, the Rev. J. Sutcliffe, and the Rev. A. Mursell, of Manchester, and notwithstanding the growing and unparalleled distress which exists throughout this district, we are thankful to be able to announce that the collections amounted to the handsome sum of £31 10s.

RECOGNITIONS, &c.

LONDON, *Commercial - road*.—The recognition services in connection with the settlement amongst us of the Rev. Thomas Goadby, B.A., as pastor of the church, took place on Tuesday, the 21st of January. The attendance throughout the day was exceedingly good, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, and the services were of a deeply interesting and impressive character. In the afternoon, the Rev. J. Illingworth, Wesleyan, opened the meeting with prayer, and the Rev. J. Batey, in the absence of the Rev. J. Harcourt, read suitable portions of Scripture. The Rev. C. Stovel, of Commercial-street chapel, delivered the introductory discourse from Rom. xii. 4, 5; *For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we being many are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.* At the commencement of his suggestive and characteristic remarks, Mr. Stovel spoke with much emotion of the predecessors of our pastor, with whom he had the pleasure of fraternal intercourse, and whom in the providence of God he had survived. He called to mind, he said, the form of the venerable Dan Taylor, who had fought many a hard battle for truth, and had gone long since to his reward; the late excellent tutor of the College, Mr. Wallis, whose talents were not such as to secure him great popularity, but whose piety was fervid, whose practical good sense was remarkable, and whose attainments were of no ordinary kind; and also that estimable young brother, Mr. Pegg, who was cut off in the midst of his usefulness, and borne amid deep lamentation to a premature grave. After a brief statement, by Mr. Pettit, on behalf of the church, of the circumstances which led to the invitation of Mr. Goadby, our newly-chosen minister, spoke of the reasons which had induced him to surrender his charge at Coventry, and accept the onerous responsibilities of the pas-

torate of a metropolitan church, and of the views and spirit with which he entered upon, and hoped by the grace of God, to prosecute his toil. The Rev. W. Underwood then addressed the minister in a brief and appropriate charge from Titus i. 7, 8, 9. A public meeting was held in the evening, at which the Rev. W. Underwood presided. Several ministers from neighbouring churches were present, and gave interesting and able addresses. The Rev. J. E. Richards, Independent, made a judicious opening speech, on 'the relation of the church to the pastor;' the Rev. J. Batey followed, on 'the duty of the church to the congregation.' The Rev. Dawson Burns, spoke on 'the connection of the church with the Sabbath-school;' the Rev. Hickman Smith, on 'the mirror of the church in the world;' the Rev. J. S. Stanion, on 'the dependence of the church on the Holy Spirit;' and the Rev. T. J. R. Temple, on 'the final triumphs of the church.' Letters of sympathy, and apology for absence, were received from the Rev. J. Burns, D.D.; Rev. J. Angus, D.D.; Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A.; Rev. J. Kennedy, M.A.; and other gentlemen.

REV. JOSEPH CHOLERTON. — On Thursday, Feb. 13, 1862, the Rev. Joseph Cholerton was publicly set apart to the pastorate of the General Baptist church at Sutterton. The afternoon service was opened by Rev. F. W. Fisher, of Boston. Rev. T. W. Mathews asked the usual questions of the pastor, and delivered the charge. The Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., of Spalding, addressed the church on their duty to the pastor, from 1. Thess. v. 14., and offered the recognition prayer. After tea, a public meeting was held in the chapel, Rev. Joseph Cholerton in the chair. Ministers of other denominations — Independents, Free Methodists, &c., were present, to rejoice with the church and the pastor on the union that day publicly ratified. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. C. Jones, on 'the leading

principles of dissent;’ by the Rev. F. W. Fisher, on ‘the influence exerted by Nonconformity;’ by Rev. R. Lyon, of Boston, ‘on the duty of dissenters in the present year;’ and by Rev. John Cholerton, of Coalville, on ‘individual influence.’ Mr Scott, the senior deacon, then, on behalf of the church, welcomed Mr. Joseph Cholerton as their pastor, elected by their unanimous vote; and as a small tribute of the church’s affection for their newly-recognized pastor, presented him with the proceeds of the tea, which were upwards of £9. Mr. Cholerton replied. Rev. J. Bevan, Independent, of Pinchbeck, and Rev. T. W. Mathews briefly addressed the meeting. Revs. A. Jones, Gosberton, and W. Dickenson, of Kirton, and others were present, but owing to the late hour, did not speak. The services will be long remembered at Sutterton.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTTINGHAM, *Broad-street.*—*Success of the Weekly Offering.*—If your readers refer to the Magazine for June, 1861, they will find an account of the introduction of this system into our church. I now write to give you the results of a ten months’ trial. Let me premise that during the whole of this period the staple trades of the town have been greatly depressed, so that many who would have cheerfully contributed, have been unable. 1st. result.—An increase in our income of above £90 in the ten months. 2nd.—A little increase also in our contributions towards other objects. 3rd.—Our Treasurer has always had money in hand to meet the demands of the church as they became due, and has a considerable balance in hand to commence the new year with. 4th.—A great saving of time, as the offerings are brought to the Lord’s treasury, and that with willing mind. 5th.—An increase of love and confidence amongst the brethren (for a faithful carrying out of the principle of giving as the Lord hath prospered us makes every one sharers in the

others’ prosperity). 6th.—One of the happiest annual church meetings which we have ever held. Nor is this all; the spiritual state of the church is improved. Our Lord’s-day and week-evening services are better attended, and more attention is manifested towards religious subjects. I can most confidently recommend the adoption of this system by all our churches. But let them pursue the plan inculcated by Mr. Ross, which is, to *Lay by in store, on the first day of the week, as God hath prospered them.* It is to the operation of this Scripture principle that I attribute our success. This makes any kind of giving easy and pleasant. Having now given you the results of our experience as a church, let me earnestly advise any churches who are hesitating about the matter, to send for Mr. Ross, and if there are two or three churches conveniently situated, they might join in the expense. But above all let our members commence the practice of laying by weekly for religious and charitable objects, as *God hath prospered them.* Then will their offerings be made not grudgingly, but with a willing mind. THOS. HILL.

DESFORD.—Some months ago the church at Barton opened a preaching place at Desford, a populous village about six miles South East of Barton, and have had preaching on the Lord’s-day ever since. After much deliberation and prayer, it has been determined to place an Evangelist there for two years, with a view to make an experiment, and in the event of encouraging success, to attempt the establishment of an independent cause. The work of such Evangelist would be to conduct two preaching services at Desford, and one at Newbold, a village two miles distant, on the Sabbath, to preach at each of these villages one evening during the week, and in other ways seek to promote the religious instruction and improvement of the people. The remuneration will be small until the cause becomes established. The church at Barton would feel obliged to any of our ministers who could direct

their attention to a brother who would be likely to be useful in such a sphere, and who would be willing to make the sacrifice requisite in thus commencing a new cause.

E. BOTT.

HOSE.—On Sunday, March 2, sermons were preached in the General Baptist chapels, Hose and Long Clawson, by the Rev. G. Staples, of Wymeswold, on behalf of the funds of the church; and on Shrove Tuesday, a public tea meeting was held in the chapel at Hose. The friends manifested their usual liberality; thirty trays were gratuitously and cheerfully provided. The meeting after was presided over by Mr. F. Mantle, and addressed by

Messrs. Silverwood (Primitive Methodist), Wileman, Cecil, Rouse (Wesleyan), Glenn, and Rev. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough. The speeches were interspersed with selections from Handel, &c., performed by the choir. The debt was paid, and a surplus of £5 11s. placed to the credit of the church.

F. M.

CASH RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE
COLLEGE.

Stoney-street, Nottingham	16	8	0
Ashby and Packington ...	8	12	9
J. Garrett, Esq., Chesham	10	0	0
Rev. W. R. Stevenson, Nottingham	10	0	0

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

CERTAIN Belgian Papists have been carrying the license of the carnival a little too far. They mobbed a funeral procession which was on its way to the English Cemetery in their town, hooted around the grave, and 'hustled' the officiating clergyman. Rome has also had its carnival, and the Roman populace 20,000 strong, assembled in one of the principal thoroughfares to protest against a holiday-making 'done to order' by the Papal government. Constitutional liberty is still imperfect in Tuscany. Gavazzi and others are now under prosecution in Leghorn for circulating anti-papal tracts and for evangelic preaching. The explanation of this is—that the Tuscan code has not yet been assimilated to the Piedmontese code, and the old officials, some of whom are favourable to the priestly party, have taken advantage of the Tuscan

code to vex Gavazzi and his friends. Protestantism is, nevertheless, on the increase. An advocate, one Vincezo Alberalla d'Affitto, and Marchese Cresi, belonging to the Italian Evangelists, are busy in Naples, the first with preaching, and the second with a school for girls. The Madiari and Signor Ferretti are similarly employed in Florence; and the Waldensian pastor, Ribitti, occupies Leghorn. Dr. Williams, of the *Essays and Reviews*, whom the Bishop of Salisbury is prosecuting in the Court of Arches, has resigned his offices at Lampeter. Dean Alford has commenced an afternoon service in the Canterbury Cathedral, and takes part in the choral service in the morning. Opinions are divided as to the question whether it is the greater privilege to hear the Dean chant the Litany in the morning, or preach in the afternoon. The Greek church is coquetting with the Eng-

lish church. Very recently the sisters of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, received an application from Moscow for the rules of their sisterhood, and such general information as would help to the establishment of a similar society in Russia. We are glad to hear that a nobler work is now in progress—the translation of the Bible into Russ. The Church Defence Association is reviving. The prospect of growing activity among the Dissenters during this bicentenary year has galvanized its sickly limbs. The Central United Bartholomew Committee find their work to grow on their hands. We greatly admire their clear, temperately, and judicious prospectus, and hope every minister of our churches who wants information as to the best mode of procedure in the forthcoming commemoration, will apply to this United Committee at once. The Congregational Union has thrown out a suggestion which may be taken up with advantage by General Baptists. The Union suggests that the Bicentenary should be brought before every County Association, and through that means impressed on every church in the Association. Let us do the same with our Conferences. The Independents are setting on foot a movement for the union of the Airedale and Rotherham colleges. W. B. Webster, Esq., of the Presbyterian church, has again shown his liberality. Not long ago he gave £5,000 for the endowment of a scholarship in the Free Church College of Edinburgh. He has now given £5,000 for the establishment of a lectureship similar to those in the Anglican church, well known as the Hulsean

and Bampton lectureships. This is to be named after the late professor Cunningham. Special services are already being devised for the visitors, both English and foreign, at the forthcoming Exhibition. Services in French and German are to be held in the Royal German chapel.

GENERAL.

THE Federalists have been recently gaining ground. Several victories are reported; and the other day England was startled by the news that President Lincoln had proposed to the House of Representatives the emancipation by purchase of all the slaves in the border states. Nothing would so certainly awaken the sympathies of England with the North as a good abolitionist programme. The French senate has been startled out of its propriety by the energetic speech of Prince Napoleon on the address. He advises the immediate withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, and says, that any delay in the settlement of the Roman question is 'bad for France, bad for Italy, and bad for Europe.' The vacancy in the French Academy made by the death of Father Lecordaire has been filled up by the election of Duke de Broglie. Italy has passed through a ministerial crisis. Ricasoli has resigned, and Rattazzi reigns in his stead. Rattazzi is thought to be more Gallic in his tendencies than Ricasoli. The recent inundations in Austria have reduced many to beggary. In some districts the Danube subsided so rapidly that great numbers of fish of the largest size were left in the fields. Prussia has at length

recognized the kingdom of Italy. The King of Prussia has dismissed the Chambers because, forsooth, they had the hardihood to ask for the particulars of the budget before its adoption! Greece is in partial insurrection. At home, affairs have not materially changed. In some parts there has been a partial revival of trade; but many thousands are sadly pinched. The Hartley Colliery Fund has reached £70,000. Parliament is dragging along, and Black Wednesdays have re-appeared. Sir Cornewall Lewis asks for sixteen millions and a quarter for our soldiers! The Miall testimonial does not advance so rapidly as it ought to do: not more

than £3,500 have been subscribed. The Queen has expressed a wish that the Prince's memorial should be a monolith, and that it should be erected near the spot on which the first Exhibition stood in Hyde Park. Her Majesty has just laid the foundation stone for the mausoleum of Albert the good at Frogmore. The Exhibition building, which occupies twenty acres, is still unfinished. Our French neighbours have already begun to unpack their cases within it, and not a single English exhibitor has yet sent anything. The Pope, rumour says, is to send for exhibition, his missal and crucifix!

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 22, at Hope chapel, Devonport, Mr. W. Babb, of Liverpool, to Amelia Nicholson Budd, daughter of the late Mr. W. Budd, of Devonport.

March 13, at Belvoir-street chapel, Leicester, by Rev. J. P. Mursell, John Manning, Esq., of Orlingbury, Northamptonshire, to Sarah, widow of the late John Robinson, Esq., surgeon, and sister-in-law of Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge.

DEATHS.

Feb. 17, at Stretford, near Manchester, aged 63, Mary, the beloved wife of Mr. John Hull, and sister of the late Dr. Yates of the Baptist Missionary Society.

Feb. 25, at Hackney, Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., aged 75.

Feb. 27, at Liverpool, aged 67, Rev. Dr. David Thom.

March 5, at Grosvenor-crescent, London, Catherine, widow of Dr.

Edward Stanley, late Bishop of Norwich, and mother of Rev. A. P. Stanley, in her 70th year.

March 7, at Blackheath, Professor Barlow, F.S.A., the distinguished mathematician.

March 8, at Burnley, Mrs. Jane Scott, aged 66. She had been in fellowship with the General Baptist church upwards of 40 years.

March 8, in London, Rev. John Hampden Gurney, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's Bryanstone-square, and Prebendary of St. Paul's.

March 9, at Cannock, Staffordshire, Rev. Daniel Griffiths, aged 82. He was for 39 years pastor of the Independent chapel, Long Buckby, Northamptonshire.

March 15, at Leicester, Charles Burt Robinson, Esq., in his 65th year. He had been a deacon of the Baptist church under the pastorate of Rev. J. P. Mursell for more than thirty-three years.

March 20, at York, Mr. Thomas Oswin, aged 35.

Missionary Observer.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF COMMITTEE MEETING, HELD AT NOTTINGHAM, MARCH 4, 1862.

THE Secretary stated that during the night of Feb. 12, his house, at Leicester, had been entered by thieves, who carried off his cash box, containing in one compartment, nearly £20 in gold and silver belonging to the Society, besides a smaller amount of his own money in the other compartments, and sundry other articles.

RESOLVED, that a subscription be commenced forthwith, to reimburse the Secretary the loss occasioned by the said robbery. The following sums were contributed at the meeting:—*

			£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
R. Pegg, Esq.	5	0	0	Mr. J. Prince	0	10	0
Mr. T. W. Marshall	0	10	0	Mr. Thos. Thirlby	0	10	0
Mr. W. Burchnall	0	10	0	Rev. I. Stubbins	1	0	0
Mr. J. Earp	1	0	0	Mr. W. Brooks	0	10	0
Rev. H. Hunter	0	10	0	Mr. Thos. Hill	1	0	0
Mr. J. Noble	0	10	0	Rev. W. Underwood	0	5	0

MISS BUTLER'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

THE Secretary reported that Miss Butler arrived in this country by the Overland Steamer on Feb. 18. Correspondence was read on the subject, and a Sub-Committee had an interview with Miss Butler. Further consideration of this case deferred till a future Meeting; the Secretary meanwhile to write to the Committee of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.

MRS. J. O. GOADBY'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

READ minute of special meeting for consultation at Cuttack, Nov. 30, 1861, at which all the brethren were present; also medical certificates; and extracts from letters by Mr. Goadby, all testifying to the necessity of Mrs. Goadby's return to England for a season.

RESOLVED, that we express our deep sympathy with our afflicted sister Mrs. Goadby; that we cordially welcome her to her native land, and hope that through the blessing of God the change may prove useful in re-establishing her health.

That we commend the decision of Mr. J. O. Goadby to remain in India, which we consider honourable to his character as a missionary, and pray that the God of all grace may abundantly comfort his heart, and watch over him and his beloved partner, during their long and distant separation from each other.

RETURN TO INDIA OF MESSRS. STUBBINS AND BROOKS.

BOTH the brethren expressed their readiness and desire to return to India during the present year.

RESOLVED, we are thankful to the providence and grace of God, that our brethren Stubbins and Brooks are able and desirous to return to their former scenes of labour, and that they be sent out early in August next; also that the expenses for the passage to India of such members of their families as may accompany them, be defrayed by the Society.

* The Secretary desires to express his sincere thanks to the esteemed friends who so generously and spontaneously offered their assistance in the above case.

THE JUGGERNATH FESTIVAL, 1861.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

ANOTHER car festival has passed away. The principal day, or the day on which the idols were brought from the temples and set up on the cars, was Wednesday, July 10th. On this occasion it is supposed they were present some fifty or sixty thousand people, but by far the greater part were from the town or neighbourhood. Of pilgrims the attendance was remarkably small, and, according to the superintendent of police, they did not exceed fifteen thousand. The enthusiasm, too, from what I heard, was much less than in days of yore, and though there was an outburst as soon as the idols were fixed in their position on the cars, it soon evaporated; and it was with considerable difficulty that a sufficient number of men were found to drag the ponderous cars along. To provide these men is the province of the rajah, and numbers of men in the district enjoy certain privileges, on the condition that they will perform certain duties in connection with the temple; but the magistrate told me that a complaint had been made to him, that the rajah had not furnished a sufficient number of men. Very properly, however, he informed them that he could not interfere by compelling men to assist; but this neutrality seems to have displeased some of the interested parties and given rise to ridiculous reports, as on my arrival at Cuttack, I heard that "the sahib had taken the ropes away, but that the car of its own mind, had moved down the great road." Again I heard that "the cars had moved on so rapidly, that the ropes were left in the rear, and dragged after the cars." Though this hateful, hellish superstition, still retains a mighty hold over millions of people, it seems to me that its power is not so great or extensive as it was years ago. Even the brahmins themselves admit that the pilgrims are not so numer-

ous as formerly, especially among the more wealthy classes, though they are of course unwilling to admit openly that it is owing to the decline of Juggernath's fame. One man accounted for the small attendance on the ground that the people had been so impoverished by the taxes that they had no money to come with. Another man assigned as a reason, and certainly a more plausible one, that "it was owing to the Government having forsaken Juggernath," and added, that "if the Government would again take the idol under its patronage, it would become as popular as before." Alas! alas! that this hideous idol, this body and soul destroying superstition should ever have been upheld and patronized by a Christian Government; and it will be a happy day for India, when the last link of the chain shall be severed which binds the Government to this monster of iniquity.

A new feature in connection with the present festival was the arrival by sea, in a screw steamer, of about 150 baboos from Calcutta. The ancestors of these gentlemen thought it a work of holiness to endure the privations and hardships of pilgrimage, but "young Bengal," seems to have discovered a more easy method of visiting the "lord of the world," and prefers a pleasant sea trip to a wearisome journey, along dusty, dirty roads. Their departure from the customs of their forefathers is well known among the heathen; and it was even reported that these baboos, not finding anything to suit their taste in the sacred city, went on board ship to have some beef-steaks. Be this as it may, it is well known in Calcutta, that these gentlemen *do* partake of beef-steaks, and that they very much relish the sacred cow, which their ancestors used to worship. The fare to Pooree and back, was a little over twenty rupees each, and no doubt the majority came more out of curiosity to see the place than to worship the idol.

Our preaching forces were toler-

nably strong. Owing to indisposition Mr. Taylor was not able to be present, but the three native brethren were, i.e., Damudar, Thoma, and Shem. From Cuttack there were Mr. Buckley, myself, Ghanushyam, and Dunai. As usual, we were honoured with not a few fiendish looks, and horrid cries of "Hurri Bol," and "Victory to Juggernath," but never do I remember the people generally to have listened with deeper attention. Another pleasing feature in the present festival, was the number of tracts that were asked for by *name*. On most of our preaching occasions there were youths present who attend the Government school and are learning English, and at their urgent request we supplied most of them with tracts. On one occasion when the people became rather noisy, I sang in English,

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun, &c."

and the novelty of the thing secured perfect silence. Upon my own mind too, the effect was cheering, and as I looked upon the idol cars, the ancient temple, and the crowds of idolaters, it was pleasing, yea, inspiring to think, that even in Pooree, wicked, hardened Pooree—"where satan's seat is"—Jesus should ultimately reign. At the close, I explained to the people in Oriya, what I had been singing in English, and not a few looked with an astonishment which seemed to say, "Can these things be?"

Our native brethren laboured with their accustomed zeal and ability. More than once, I was pleased with the appropriateness and telling characters of their remarks. On one occasion, Ghanushyam, when showing how men would reap the reward of their doings, pictured a man who had a magnificent house, abundance of wealth, and the gratification of every desire. At length he commits a breach of the law, for which his property is confiscated, and himself banished from his country to a solitary isle whither

he carries nothing save his crimes. Such exclaimed Ghanushyam, is your case; you may enjoy wealth, and honour, and pleasure *now*, but in a little while you must leave everything behind, and carry nothing with you, except your virtues, or your sins.

Tracts and books were distributed to the pilgrims as they were leaving Pooree, on their homeward journey. Even at the commencement of the journey, many of them were foot-sore and lame, though some of these poor creatures had to travel 500, 1,000, or 1,500 miles. The rains commencing, not a few would fall a prey to cholera, and perish by the way; thus shall their sorrows be multiplied that hasten after another god.

The evening on which we left Pooree, I wandered across the sand to the Protestant graveyard, and was pleased to find the walls and gates in excellent repair. With the exception of a few solitary pilgrims, who were wending their way to see an old dilapidated temple, or "hell's gate," as it is called, it seemed as if I were alone in the world. The silent tombs—the drifted sand—the barren shore—the ocean's roar—gave an indescribable solemnity to the scene—a solemnity which was increased as I thought of Charlotte Sutton, William Bampton, and others connected with the mission, who, on this dreary, lonely shore, have found their last resting place.

About midnight on Thursday, we left Pooree for Piplee, where we arrived early in the morning. As morning dawned, one and another might be seen down of cholera, lying on the wet, bare ground. To several I gave medicine, as the only medicine the poor creatures seemed to have was dirty water from the road-side pools. To see their sufferings in *this* life, is enough to make one's heart bleed; but oh! as we think of the future to which idolaters are appointed, how should we be affected, and how should we labour, and give, and pray, for the overthrow of the destructive system of

idolatry. After spending a very pleasant day with our friends at Piplee, as we did also on our way to Pooree, and leaving Mr. and Mrs. Buckley for a few days longer visit, (the latter having accompanied us for a change of air,) I returned to Cuttack in the evening, where, through mercy, I found loved ones well.

CONFERENCE AT CUTTACK.

BY THE REV. J. BUCKLEY.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

Cuttack, November 28, 1861.

IN resuming my notice of the Conference at Cuttack, I am reminded of the weighty words of the apostle Paul, in which he expresses the design of all his self-denying toil, "That I might by all means save some." The salvation of a soul from endless ruin, infinitely transcends the highest and noblest achievements of which the philosopher, or the statesman can boast. Philanthropic efforts to benefit our fellow-mortals, when bounded by the horizon of time, cannot be lightly spoken of by the disciples of Him who lingered on his way to Calvary, to relieve the sorrows and heal the diseases of the suffering sons and daughters of humanity; but to save a soul from death and hell, is an achievement which language fails to describe, and of which the brightest intellect is unable worthily to conceive. How impressive the words of the pious Doddridge, "To bring an immortal soul into the way to eternal life is a greater good than any merely temporal blessing which can be conferred upon the greatest number of men for the longest duration in the present world. And it is most certain, that the moment will at length come, when the sum of happiness which hath actually been enjoyed by every particular soul, that we have led into that blessed world, will be greater than what the most uninterrupted peace,

liberty, and plenty, could have given to the most numerous nations, in a hundred, or a thousand, or ten thousand years." How should this sublime thought animate us to labour for the salvation of souls, for the fruit of such labours will live, and will shine with ever increasing splendours, when time and all its shadowy scenes have passed away for ever.

Impressed with thoughts like these, and animated with the hope of furthering the Gospel of Christ, we considered whether it would not be practicable to increase the number of colporteurs. The resolution adopted, expressed our deep conviction of the importance and utility of this agency to spread abroad the knowledge of Christ, and our desire as suitable men may be presented to increase the number of these "helpers in Christ Jesus." We also decided if possible to secure a room in one of the principal thoroughfares of Cuttack, for the sale and distribution of tracts and scriptures, and where one or more of the native preachers may daily attend to make known the Gospel, and converse with inquirers. The desirableness of establishing an Oriya monthly periodical, (four pages, demy quarto) was strongly felt, and an application for help has been made to the Christian Vernacular Education Society. If we should be successful in obtaining the means for its establishment, Mr. Miller, will be the editor for the first year. Such a periodical could not fail of being instructive to our christian people, and might be of use to the heathen.

We had an interesting meeting with our beloved native preachers, and discussed with them various important subjects in which we have a common interest. There were present at this sitting, Gunga, Rama, Damudar, Ghanushyam, Kombo, Jagoo, Thoma, Makunda, Shem, Dunai, and from the Northern Orissa Mission, Silas, and Mahes. Rama Das, our colporteur at Cuttack, was also present. There was one drawback to the pleasure of our meeting;

the recent conduct of Kombho has been less satisfactory than heretofore, and he was suspended for three months. I trust it will have a salutary effect, and that he will be more humble and diligent in the future than he has been for some time past. It was decided that at our next Conference, Thoma and Matthew, should be fully set apart to do the work of an evangelist. Thoma, has for six years, faithfully and efficiently discharged the work of the ministry, and Matthew has done so for four. I need not tell you that every thing relating to the ability and efficiency of our native ministers is immensely important. An application was made for admission into the Mission Academy, by Samuel, a young man in the Berhampore district. Tama, his father, has been engaged in the work of the Lord, for twelve or thirteen years. It speaks well for the young man that he has declined secular employ, by which he might obtain three times as much as he could hope to receive as a native preacher. The Lord give us many, who touched with a live coal by the seraph spirit from the altar of sacrifice, shall cheerfully say, "Here am I, send me." The important question, "How can we best distribute our strength, European and native, so as most effectually to promote the kingdom of Christ in Orissa?" was the subject of a suggestive and thoroughly practical paper, read by Mr. Miller, which elicited an interesting disquisition.

I much regret that we were not favoured, as we hoped to be, with the presence of any of our American brethren, but a kind and brotherly epistle from their quarterly meeting, written by Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, was read, and I was deputed, as the representative of our Conference, to attend their next meeting at Balasore. The Rev. B. B. Smith, had intended to be present with us, but was prevented by the extremely unfavourable state of the weather. I am grieved to hear that our beloved brother and sister Smith, have been

obliged in consequence of his continued and severe indisposition, to decide on a speedy return to America. Thus the hands of our brethren are enfeebled, and their spirits bowed down by afflictive dispensations of providence. May the Lord of the harvest send forth more labourers into that important part of the field. While writing this, I have been rejoiced to hear of the safe arrival in Calcutta of Miss Crawford, and sincerely do I pray, that her self-denying and useful labours for the good of Orissa's daughters may be continued for many years to come. I am interested to see in a letter from her just received, that two days before leaving Boston, she spent a day very agreeably with dear Mrs. Sutton, who was in good health, and as all who know her will readily believe, with quiet earnestness doing all the good in her power.

And now will not every reader prayerfully ask, what more can I do for the salvation of the heathen? Let none say that he is too poor, or obscure to do any thing. If you have but one talent, use it for God.

A MISSIONARY'S FIRST DIFFICULTIES IN INDIA.

LETTER FROM REV. T. BAILEY, TO
REV. I. STUBBINS.

Piplee, Jan. 16, 1862.

I HAVE been anxious to write you from the time I landed in India, but everything has been so unsettled that I have found it difficult to discharge the most pressing duties. I have moreover been almost staggered by the successive shocks I have undergone, there having been so many changes and those of the most unexpected description. My first experience was to say the least of it very peculiar. When we anchored at Calcutta, I supposed I should receive a note from Mr. Carey, but

none came to hand. The day was rapidly advancing and I became anxious about lodgings for the night, so I got my trunks put on a gharry, and told the driver to go to 30, Lower Circular-road, this I did in the most mechanical way, without a moment's consideration. I was therefore taken aback when I found he did not understand a word of what I said, and I had to take the responsibility in my own hands. I told the man to *drive on*, and in the meantime took out a plan of Calcutta which I had in my Bradshaw. After a while I found we were threading such a maze of native streets that I felt a little uneasy, but what could I do? Not a European was to be seen, the man did not understand a word I said, and I had nothing but the book to guide me. I remembered that there was a vocabulary of Hindoo-stance words at the end of the book, and in my extremity I turned to it with the hope that I might be able to find something of use, but it was now too dark for that, so there was no help for it we came to a dead stand. A white face soon presented itself, I hailed the party, and was soon put right. I should have said that I waited on board till the bulk of the passengers had left the ship, and that the reason I did not receive Mr. C's note was that his servant had not heard or understood the signal. Arrived at Mr. Beeby's, all was well. But here I heard the news of Mrs. Goadby's furlough, and with deep regret, nevertheless I could not but regard it as an interposition of Providence that I arrived at that particular time. I am sure Mr. Goadby will feel it very much indeed.

In travelling from Calcutta to Cuttack I was most fortunate in having for a companion Miss Packer; had I been alone I am sure I should have experienced almost endless annoyance—and as it was, our commencement was not of the most auspicious kind. We travelled per river steamer to Oolobereah, and thence by dak. We had ordered the bearers to be at the bungalow by five o'clock, expecting ourselves to reach there

about mid-day; we found it two by the time we did so, and when five o'clock came there were no bearers save two sets who took off two sahibs from the other side of the bungalow. These we afterwards discovered were the very bearers we should have had. I shall never forget the night we spent there. I was just fresh in the country and knew little of the people save what I had learned from the disclosures made by the mutiny. I refer of course to the general dispositions of the natives to the English—and we seemed now to be so entirely thrown upon them—I thought it my duty to watch the bangeys, and so sat up in the bungalow writing to a late hour. I then threw my rug on the mattress and tried to compose myself to sleep, but the mosquitoes swarmed about me. I determined if possible to brave them, but was shortly aroused by the most unearthly wail I had ever heard; I knew it proceeded from the jackals, but it seemed so sepulchral and was suggestive of such horrid associations that I immediately snatched up my rug and made my way to the palke in the verandah with considerable expedition, and there I continued for the night, leaving the bangeys to take care of themselves. Miss P. had retired to her's at an earlier hour. We did not get off till ten o'clock the following morning—but once fairly started we made good speed and were soon at Cuttack.

Most of the missionaries were on their cold seasons tours, but the next week they came in, save Mr. Buckley who arrived later. I was located with Mr. Hill the first fortnight, and with Mr. Buckley after that. I have received every kindness, and hope to be happy and useful. I have cause to regret my ignorance of the language every day and almost every hour. I am now on a tour with Mr. Hill, and we expect Mr. Buckley will shortly join us. Of course there are hourly opportunities of usefulness if I did but know the language. I have already learnt a few sentences which I make do good service, but on the whole I

feel myself useless until I have acquired it.

I have been very highly gratified by what I have seen of the mission and mission work, and think a tour on this side will be very useful. We have visited a festival at Bhubaneswara, and one or two markets. The people are very clamorous for books, and not quite such docile hearers as I expected to find them. But when I see the eagerness with which they peruse the tracts given them, and remember all the efforts made from time to time, I feel sure a great work is going on, none the less great though characterized by few striking results.

The rapid decay of the idol temples is to me a striking fact. I pray that they may be utterly abolished, and that Messiah's Kingdom may be as speedily established.

NEW FOUNT OF ORIYA TYPE.

To the Editor of the Missionary Observer.

DEAR BROTHER,—It having been agreed, at a recent meeting of the Foreign Mission Committee, that Brother Stubbins, myself, and our families should return to Orissa in August next, will you allow me to recall the attention of the friends of

the mission to my appeal for a new and smaller fount of Oriya type, &c. Up to the present time only about £70 have been received towards the £250 required.

I beg to thank those friends who have already responded to the appeal; and as my stay in England will be so short, very respectfully request those friends in different parts of the Connexion who have promised to assist, or who may intend to do so, kindly to do it at their earliest convenience.

I would also call the attention of the readers of the Magazine, Secretaries of Juvenile Associations, and Superintendents and Teachers of Sabbath-schools to a letter from Mr. Hill in the *Observer* for November, in which he points out the great importance of the object; and would commend his suggestions to their serious consideration.

Another important reason which might be urged, as showing the necessity for at once procuring a smaller fount of type, is the fact that, at the last Conference held in Orissa, one of the Brethren was requested to revise the Oriya Old Testament previous to another edition being printed.

Yours very truly,
W. BROOKS.

12, Watts's Causeway, Leicester.

Foreign Letters Received.

ASSURESWARA.—J. Buckley, Dec. 13.
CALCUTTA.—J. O. Goadby, Jan. 8.
 —Mrs. Goadby, Jan. 8.
CUTTACK.—Thos. Bailey, Dec. 31.
 —J. Buckley, Dec. 30, Jan. 3, 13, Feb. 3.

CUTTACK.—Miss Butler, Dec. 4.
 —J. O. Goadby, Dec. 18.
 —W. Hill, Feb. 4.
NEALI.—G. Taylor, Dec. 11.
SUMBULPORE.—W. Miller, Feb. 3.

Contributions

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

From January 20th to March 20th, 1862.

ASTERBY AND DONINGTON.		BURTON-ON-TRENT.			
	£ s. d.			£	s. d.
Collections and Subscriptions	5 10 6	Collections and Subscriptions	22 13 3		
Less expenses	... 0 4 0	FLECKNEY.			
		Small sums	1	1 11

HUGGLESCOTE.				LONGFORD.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Cash on Account	9	0	0	Collections and Subscriptions	13	3	10
LEICESTER.				Less expenses	0	2	6
Rev. E. Foster	0	10	0	LOUTH.			
Friar-lane.				Proceeds of United Tea Meeting	6	16	6
Cash on Account	34	10	9	Less expenses	2	1	2
Archdeacon-lane.				North-gate.			
Collections and Subscriptions	38	4	6	Collections and Subscriptions	19	14	6
Ditto from the School	5	5	0	Walker-gate.			
Collection at United Meeting...	7	0	0	Collections and Subscriptions	15	0	2½
	<hr/>			MARKET HARBOROUGH.			
Less expenses	50	9	6	Collections and Subscriptions	8	14	10
Dover-street.				Less expenses	0	8	6
Collections and Subscriptions	18	15	2	MEASHAM AND NETHERSEAL.			
Carley-street.				Collections and Subscriptions	14	17	3¾
Public Collection	1	2	0	Less expenses	0	7	¾
LISNABRIN, IRELAND.				ROTHLEY AND SILEBY.			
Miss Ponsonby, Carew, for				Collection and Subscriptions	5	6	8
Orphan	5	0	0	SMEETON.			
LONDON.				Small sums	0	3	6
Major Charles Farran	1	0	0	THURLASTON.			
				Collections and Subscriptions	6	4	6

SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS & ORPHANS FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Coningsby	0	10	0	Lincoln	0	14	0
Crich	0	5	0	Loughborough, Wood-gate ...	1	5	0
Cropston	0	8	0	Louth, North-gate	2	10	0
Fleckney	0	2	7	Norwich	1	10	0
Halifax	1	0	4	Quorndon	0	14	0
Hathern	0	2	6	Ripley	0	18	0
Killingholme	0	10	0	Rocester	0	10	0
Kirkby	0	4	5	Sheffield	1	10	0
London, Borough-road	2	2	0	Stalybridge	1	0	0
Leicester, Friar-lane	1	4	1	Tarporley	1	3	6
„ Archdeacon-lane	2	3	2	Wheelock Heath	1	9	4
„ Dover-street	1	10	0				

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR NEW FOUNT OF ORIYA TYPE.

HALIFAX.							
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Jonathan Ingham	1	0	0	Mr. S. Pochin	0	10	0
Rev. R. Ingham	1	0	0	Friends to the Mission	0	10	0
Mr. M. Bottomley, Junr.	0	10	0	The Misses Haywood... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Hodgson	0	10	0	Mr. Johnson	0	5	0
Small Sums	0	4	2	Small sums	0	11	0
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	3	4	2		5	12	0
LEICESTER.				LOUTH.			
G. Stevenson, Esq.	1	1	0	Offerings after United Tea			
Mr. Rust	1	0	0	Meeting	2	15	7½
Mr. Roper	0	10	0	NORMANTON.			
A Friend	0	10	0	Mr. T. Thirby	0	10	0
Mrs. Stafford	0	10	0	ROTHLEY.			
				Mr. W. Boulter	0	5	0

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Treasurer, Derby; and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Secretary, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

THE

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1862.

THE TWO VERDICTS.

SOME people never tire of telling us that the world is daily waxing worse. It was never so sceptical, never so immoral, never so irreligious. Lot was not more vexed in his righteous soul with the men of Sodom than are they with the world in general, and with their own section of it in particular. Now without wishing to call sin anything but sin, by whomsoever practised, is it not fair to ask, whether the badness is all in the world, or some of it in one's way of judging it. Every shield has two sides. It is just possible one may look so curiously on one side, and consume so much time in our careful and almost microscopic examination as virtually to forget that there is another side that demands our attention. One may look with such a fixed gaze of astonishment at triumphant wickedness in the world as to ignore the fact that anything else triumphs; and one's judgment may be so warped by constitution, by prejudice, or by taste as really not to give the world its due. A bilious temperament, for instance, a cynical dislike of seeing

other people find pleasure where we cannot find any, a fear of all indulgences not prescribed by the traditions of the elders, an ascetic abhorrence of everything but dulness, a confirmed belief that well-nigh all the truth and all the piety are treasured up in our own small denominational reservoir, and an unhappy inexactness as to what the world has been and really is:—any one of these would be enough to account for a partial judgment about matters beyond our own line of things, and any two of them would be more than enough to explain how it is that some men speak of the growing degeneracy of the age. The world *does* seem worse to many; not because it *is* worse, but because now-a-days misdeeds are more speedily discovered and more rapidly known. The crimes of to-day will be chronicled for all England in to-morrow's paper, and the calamities and distress of one town and neighbourhood cease to be matters of local anxiety before twenty-four hours have elapsed.

Nor is it fair to Christianity to

speak of the world as fast returning to 'chaos and old night.' The Gospel of the grace of God has not been in the world nearly two thousand years without showing ineffable evidence of its power. Men can never be so dark as formerly since the light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world has shone upon them. It is no longer a merely sinful world; but a sinful world with a new clement introduced into it, by which before long the works of the devil shall be destroyed. Unless the numerous philanthropic institutions which exist in all Christian countries, and in them only, a swift sympathy with one's neighbour in distress, a lavish benevolence, an increasing respect for revealed truth among public men, a purer literature than England has ever known, and a growing regard for all direct and indirect religious agencies, are all to be reckoned as separate counts in the general charge of ungodliness, we cannot for the life of us see how the notion of the world's deepening corruption can be made out. Are there less opportunities of learning Christian truth with more teachers, and less evidences of love for it in every additional hearer of the Gospel? Does hypocrisy reign in Christendom, or pure religion? Is it true to say, or is it not most mischievously false, that godliness flourishes in inverse proportion to the number of men who avow themselves Christians?

However much our readers may differ from us in what we have already written—one thing they will not dispute: there were never more people brought directly or indirectly under Christian influence than in the present day. Apart from the influences of parents and teachers, the public exposition of Christian truth puts before every man who will hear the few, simple, notorious, and well-attested facts upon which the Gospel rests. One man believes, and confesses his belief; to his Father and Saviour, with a bounding and joyful heart; to his brother and fellow Christian, as part of honesty of pur-

pose, and sound policy too, for if his confession awakens opposition towards him in some of his former associates, it also ensures the countenance and help of his brethren in the Lord. We say nothing now about that mode of confession which we hold to be binding because it is scriptural. We would simply say, and this mainly for the purpose of correcting some mistakes about our view of baptism—that we do not regard confession of Christ as one act only which may be done once for all, but as embracing and covering the whole breadth of our earthly life; and that we never declare that baptism is the work of a mature Christian, but that it is the work of one who is to be a disciple all his days. Confession, we maintain, to be worth anything at all, will be persistent, and, on the whole, uniform. A miller, a wheelwright, or a smith do not cease to be millers, wheelwrights, and smiths because they turn their hand to amateur gardening; and a Christian does not cease to be a Christian because he occasionally trips in his walking and imperfections appear in his character. It is not the isolated act which determines what the man is; but that spirit which predominates in the chief energies of his life. No Christian can plead exemption from sin; but it is one thing to choose sin with the deliberate consent of the mind and conscience, and quite another to fall by the way. Peter's denial was a sudden weakness, not a settled and deliberate purpose of renunciation. His fall is as great a warning to self-confidence as his recovery is a great and blissful encouragement to the fallen.

Another result of preaching the Word is—that of belief which so shrinks from public confession in every form as to be very little short of actual denial of Christ. Men listen. It is God's fatherly compassion that is the theme. As the preacher dwells on its depth, or fulness, or freeness, the truth strikes home. Yearnings are awakened toward the good God such as had not

before existed. Or Christ's unsearchable riches of love, of power, of pardon are dwelt upon: and the eye brightens with new lustre, the heart throbs with a new joy. Deep religious intentions are aroused. 'I will live differently,' says the awakened soul. 'I will do my best towards making the world better. I will let Christ's spirit rule and govern me. But nobody shall know of it. I will never do any direct act by which men shall guess how it is with me.' The service ends. No sooner are they away from the sanctuary and among the crowds that are retiring than their talk is of other and foreign subjects. They speedily stifle the young life which is just growing up within them, and effectually lead off the minds of religious friends from direct religious conversation. And yet there is in the minds of such men actual belief in Christ as the world's Redeemer, and as their Redeemer, just as much as in those 'chief rulers' of whom the apostle John tells us. But the likeness does not end here. *They do not confess Him.* Nobody hears from their lips a single acknowledgement of their belief. They mask their real feelings until some revolution occurs. Many hide them for years. Some never betray them. Others speak with bitterness of their own cowardly hiding, but not till the end comes.

Upon both these classes our Lord's verdict is very emphatic. Hear Him declare it, with its universal and separating *whosoever, and him also. Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.* We have here, then, from the lips of the Great Teacher, the declaration that heroic avowal of belief in Himself is associated with the highest honour. To be confessed by Christ is to be approved by Christ. We estimate the good word of men, among other things, according to their discernment, or their impartiality, or their

relation to us. We are not indifferent to the good opinion of an enemy. But the approval of a friend is better. A favourable judgment from a partial companion, when every deduction has been made for his preference, is not without its value. And even the praise that is indiscriminative is praiseworthy. Here, however, is one who reads hearts, is no respecter of persons, and has given us the very best evidence of His good will towards us who solemnly declares that He will confess those who confess Him. We are often at great pains to earn the good word of a good man. It is worth striving for, and betters us for the having. He who is professedly good, and is yet indifferent to the good word of good men is not human. The praise of men is evil, if we make it our chief end in life. It is good, if we live to deserve it for our virtues. But here is the Son of the Highest—Jesus—Immanuel—God with us, proffering His good word. How shall we measure the value of that? Does not His smile make heaven? And what more can we wish? Wherever His smile rests, there is no darkness, no misery, no death; clouds disperse, misery flies away, death dies.

To be confessed by Christ is to be loved by Him. Love is more than acknowledgement, more than approval, more than admiration. We often admire what we do not love. Admiration is a cold emotion, and is but as moonbeams glinting on ice. Love is the day-spring from on high and the sunny noon. Admiration may be, and often is, little more than a critical judgment expressed with vivacity. It is an affair of the taste only, awakened by that which appeals to the ear or to the eye. Love is the gushing forth of the soul by every outlet of the senses. Jesus loves—loves deeply, completely, immeasurably. Would we seek some certain way by which to catch a glimpse of its fulness? Let us turn our eyes to the suffering, toiling, patient, meek, and blessed Life which Jewry saw and knew

not, and Galilee beheld and loved. Let us seek the outskirts of that crowd He is feeding as they sit by companies on the green grass, and feeding with deeply human and brotherly tenderness, lest on their return they faint by the way. Let us meet the mournful procession as it comes forth from Nain—the chief mourner a widow—the dead man her only son, and hear him breathe compassionate and sympathizing words, soft as the tones of a mellow flute, into the ears of that widowed and broken-hearted mother. Let us stand with Him by the grave of Lazarus, and, reverently look on the stone that covers it as His eyes rain kindly drops thereon for the man He loved. Let us take our place with the women who stood afar off beholding Him when the dark tragedy of the cross is approaching its last sad scene, and listen while even in His agony of body and soul He commends Mary to the beloved disciple and the beloved disciple to Mary. Let us drink eagerly in the words of pardon to the repenting robber, and words of sublimest prayer for the hardened men who thought they had compassed His destruction. Let us get nearer and still nearer to His heart, and how His love grows upon us, and deepens within us—stronger, purer, steadier, diviner, till it approaches, if only in far-off distance, to the fulness of his own. All this is possible for us now. But yonder, when before our Father's face, and in our Father's house—what increase of love shall we enjoy. With capacity for receiving it enlarged, and susceptibility for being touched with it increased—how shall we measure that blessedness? The steadiest hand on earth shakes some of the wine of His love from the golden chalice which His own affection proffers for our acceptance. The thirstiest spirit fails to drink more than a few drops from the cup that runneth over. But yonder! what joy unspeakable, and bliss beyond thought, to drink of the river of

His pleasures, and to drink yet again, and to drink for aye!

To be confessed by Christ is to have fellowship with Him; here, in work and suffering; there, in triumph and glory. Christ confesses men before his Father in heaven, not for one act of trust, but for a heart full of trust. Full-hearted trust makes full-handed labour. The Gospel we have received and wherein we stand becomes to such a soul something more than his own means of salvation. It is a precious gift to be taken to our hearts. It is also sacred capital to be put out upon interest—heavenly wealth to be scattered as largess among the teeming millions of men. The Gospel is no monopoly—no exclusive benefaction. Freely we have received: as freely must we give. Selfishness dies down to its very roots in the hearts where Christ dwells, and in its place there comes forth a fragrant and precious flower, whose beauty and perfume draw men to its own delightful neighbourhood. The first thought of every true disciple is, 'I will tell others my bliss. I will speak of Christ my Saviour, that men may find Him whom I have found.' The last thought of every true disciple is, 'I have done so little to make Him known whose love passeth knowledge. 'I have been, with all my efforts, but an unprofitable servant.'

Fellowship with Christ brings fellowship with His sufferings. Sympathy with the pure, and the true, and the invisible weakens our affection and relish for their opposites, and makes their very presence irksome. The more complete our resemblance to Christ, the more acute our misery at the sight of that which grieved His heart. And thus may we fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ: for it is given us in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer with Him. This great truth has been too commonly forgotten. But lay no false stress on these sufferings which as Christians you may endure. To suffer on

account of sin, as Christ did, is one thing. To suffer because of sin, as we do, is quite another. Christ's sufferings were expiatory. Ours are refining. Christ bore His for others. We bear ours for ourselves.

To be confessed by Christ is to share with Him now and hereafter in His triumph and glory. If there is union in work and suffering now, much more will there one day be union in blessedness. *If so be that we suffer with Him, we shall also be glorified together.* Christ's confession of our name before his Father in heaven is glory now: but it is only as the germ out of which shall spring the fruit-bearing tree. Confession now is to have glory in heaven; but confession hereafter will be an introduction to heaven. Now Christ's confession is unheard. Then it shall be sounded through the universe. But what is this glory? Simple emblazonment and fame, of which the earth can boast? Sounding titles, hollow pagentry, the pomp and circumstance of the proudest monarch of this or of any period? Far higher than this. To be glorified with Christ is to share in a higher work, a loftier truth, a purer love; to be where there will be no drawbacks, no hindrances, no cessations, no weariness—for ever. To be glorified with Christ is to enter a fair realm of labour, broader than earth has ever known; to ascend Alp after Alp of noble thought, and still find Alps rising beyond; and to expand beneath His hallowed friendship with all the ecstasy and bliss of the regenerated sons of God.

But turn now to the verdict which Christ pronounces on the other class. *But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.* Weak hiding of belief, we are taught by these words, leads to open disgrace both now and hereafter. This is the only possible issue. But alas: how fearful! To be disowned by a friend—who has not smarted under this? To be denied by a brother, or by a father—who would wish for the misery with which such denials

lacerate the sensitive heart? But to be denied by Christ, and so publicly! and in the very face of the Great Father of all!

One would think that a man who, while believing in Christ, did so act as virtually to deny Him, must buttress up his miserable refuge with what he considers strong and substantial excuses. When men act thus they must have some ingenious ways of palliating their conduct, and such as are deemed sufficient as well as ingenious. What are they? Let us note a few.

One says, '*I am so young.*' Would you plead that as an exemption from any pleasure the world has to give, and which is now within your reach? Would you plead it if the pleasure was such as exactly suited your individual taste? Your own selves shall be the judges. But mark: youth is not considered a sufficient excuse for sin in the highest court in the universe. '*I am so young,*' will never secure a verdict of acquittal. You are old enough to believe the truth. You *do* believe it. Why not, then, confess it? Being young you are in more need of every available help than elder Christians can render, and of every lawful barrier in the way of transgression. Your public avowal will prove such a barrier. Your fellowship with your brethren will secure you much wanted counsel and assistance. *Where should the lambs be but in the fold?*

Another says, '*I am so old.*' Men will deride me, call me fanatical, or drivelling, or a hypocrite. They will say, You have worn out your body in excesses, and now you offer the ashes to God, and crave a free passport to heaven.' Such words touch human pride to the quick; but if Christ saves to the uttermost, it is such only as *come to God by Him*; and who can come acceptably if he come not humbly? Old man, listen: the disenchantment has come. Thank God for it. Better far that the awakening hour of conscience should strike on this side of the grave than the other.

A third says, '*I can't defend the faith if it be assailed.* I know so little of what men call the evidences of Christianity; and I shall be certain to fall among men who will want to know why I believe. I will wait till I am better acquainted with the weapons of defence.' Now, while ready to acknowledge that every one should be *able to give a reason for the hope that is in him*, we are not willing to acknowledge that every Christian must be skilful in controversy before he confesses his faith in Christ. Are you a believer? With no power of speech to stir men's souls, no acquaintance with the weapons of controversial warfare, no knowledge of the thrice slain infidelity of the past, and no adroitness with which to parry the sophistries of sceptics in the present—you are not so defenceless as you seem. There is one sword which you have in your possession. *There is none like it*—in temper, in keenness of edge, or in certainty of execution. It is this—a pure and holy life. All your arguments will go for nothing without that. But with that the humblest may be victorious.

A fourth says, '*I am afraid of failure.*' This is an excuse that one cannot but treat with affection. If we understand what it means, it is this:—that they have such a lofty conception of what a Christian should be, or a man who declares by any public act that he is one, that they fear they should never live up to it; that they regard Christianity, not as a form, but as a divine reality giving value to all forms; and that love for Christ should not culminate in one act performed before men once, but should grow up in the soul daily and hourly, so that the closing scenes of a man's life should show ripeness for heaven. Now this is a noble ideal, and shows that men have not listened to the preaching of the word in vain. But let us look on the obverse side of the shield. Affection demands this here, as much as fairness demands such thorough examination in our attempts to gather the materials for a judgment of the

present condition of the world. What does the under surface show? Whose is the image and superscription? Their own, or their Saviour's? What, in other words, does such hiding of their faith in Christ imply? Why, to say nothing at all about their acting contrary to what they know to be right, is there not dishonour done to Christ, distrust of His power to help, and a notion that their lives are so exceptional as to stand altogether without a parallel? The first two they may shrink from in words, but in words only. The last is really the one upon which such men usually act. It is—to speak plainly—nothing less than *false pride*. *They love the praise of men more than the praise of God.* They fear the eye of their work-mates. They know that after a public profession all their actions will be closely scanned. They may have jibes to bear, and perhaps perpetual banter. Can they bear that glance, that scrutiny, that spiteful mocking? Like the chief rulers already mentioned, it is the ban and the frown that they fear. But suppose you do quail under that criticism and taunting; suppose you sometimes stumble, are you thenceforth to fall away? Why your very blunders may be rounds in the ladder of your upward climbing. Every victory may nerve you with strength for yet future conflicts; every act of trust in Christ, every devout prayer, every noble aspiration and endeavour—may tell in the long-run on your side, and will assuredly tell, in the building up of your character. Do you still hesitate? Remember the issue. If you are ashamed of Christ—he will be ashamed of you. If you hide your belief in Him so as to pass for one who does not believe, for one who denies Him before men—He will deny you before His Father in heaven. Which ban and frown will you fear at the judgment day?

Two other excuses of a totally different kind may also be glanced at. They are such as men make whose heads only have been convinced, but whose hearts, unlike the others

of which we have been writing, are still icy cold. One says, '*I will never become a church-member. It will curtail my liberty.* I shall be rebuked for doing many things which I can do now with impunity. I can get all the good out of the world I want, and all the good out of the chapel.' Now even here there may be a thorough assent of the judgment to the truth; and such men often say, when you press them closely about the value of a man's influence, and the duty of a man to confess what he believes, let the consequences be what they may—'True—very true; but—but—; I can't give up this; I can't part with that; I must have the other.' Readers, *Christ wants us to part with nothing but sin.* If you will not part with that for Christ, you can be none of His.

Another says, '*I am as good as any church-member I know, and my life will not suffer by comparison.* What does it matter? Isn't it better to do more and say less, than to say so much and do so little?' Very plausible, certainly, and what at once appeals to an English mind. But the whole excuse proceeds on a false assumption. It supposes that men become members of Christian churches because they are better than other people, and forgets that they join because they would be better, and are striving to be better. Church-membership does not indicate higher perfection, but only that men would be where surroundings are most favourable to the attainment of higher perfection. That members of churches are not better than many others who are not members, is only a confession which church-members are ready enough to make, and do constantly make with deepest sorrow. This, however, is only saying that the church on earth is not the church in heaven. The church is a school where men may learn, not a gallery of saints, gone to their reward;—a hospital, where many weak, feeble, and sickly patients find what they could never find in their own scanty homes and

in their own meagre resources; a nursery, in which for one who is amiable and docile, there may be found half a dozen that are refractory; but where—with guards on the fires, and wire-work on the windows, and all breakable and perishable things put out of the way—a knowledge of distances, sizes, weights, and qualities may gradually be acquired. It is nothing but pride that keeps many men out of Christ's church. Let such men beware lest they slide down with fearful facility from their proud pre-eminence into the bogs and marshes of scepticism and unbelief. Christ does not despise the humblest disciple. His ear is not closed to the faintest supplication, if it spring but from the heart. Beware then, how ye despise one of these little ones, be they churches or men.

Now what is the conclusion of the whole matter? This: that to be reckoned with the enemies of Christ because one hides one's belief, is virtually to deny Christ; and that weak hiding, whatever be our excuses, is equivalent to open denial. Christ foresaw it would be, and hence his verdict of condemnation. We put it to your own selves, is it not thus? Those chief rulers—with their belief—what became of them? Only two are ever heard of afterwards, and both had then got over their fear of man. Nicodemus protested against the unjust sentence of the Sanhedrin, and got plenty of sneers for his pains. Joseph of Arimathea boldly begged the body of Jesus from Pilate, and by his funeral rites declared his friendship and love, and took his place as an avowed disciple. But what of the rest? Not a word. Their darkness has now begun to thicken upon them; and standing on their graves one may say: 'Here lie the men whose future is declared in the words of Christ recorded in Matt. x. 33.'

Readers, let these things weigh with you. You have now belief in Christ. You will by and by meet Him face to face whom you believe. Which issue do you

desire? Confession? or denial? To be acknowledged before the serried ranks of cherubim and seraphim and a thronging universe? or to be disavowed? To be received into heaven? or to be cast into outer darkness? It is yours to determine which. You may shape your lives

to bring on the last issue, or the first. O Thou Strength of Israel, put Thy love with such power into all believing hearts, that they may overcome the fear of man, which worketh a snare, and possess Thy fear, which is the beginning of wisdom.

THE NEWBURYS: THEIR OPINIONS AND FORTUNES.

A GLIMPSE OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER V.—IN WHICH GILES MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A NEW FRIEND AND AN OLD PROBLEM.

THE civil war had reached its climax. Charles I. had done his part, perhaps his best, and was manifestly doubling, shifting, and bewildered. Boldly enough had he thundered forth the *Arma virumque cano* of that great Epic, wherein, poor man, he mistook himself for the hero; but when kings cannot see truth unless it be in flashes of steel, or feel the logic of facts unless thundered forth in powder and shot, there is little hope for their cause, and still less likelihood that they can sing themselves into glory or any such a terrible diapason as a battle-field.

Even his followers were getting lax and beginning to distrust him. The citizens of the metropolis, never very enthusiastic in his cause, were wonderfully enlightened by the results of the recent conflict we have detailed. The success of the Parliament was something but not all. Look at that hurrying crowd, pouring through its narrow streets and converging to a common centre. There is commoner and peer, alderman and merchant, Presbyterian and Puritan, Royalist and Parliamentarian, neutral, fanatic, and renegade. Whither are they bound? Follow them. They enter the archway of an ancient and noble building, pressing and murmuring, jolting and hurrying, until a large assembly fills its spacious hall, and makes its roof vibrate with their clamorous

agitation. It is the Guildhall, and there is evidently something unusual to be heard and witnessed. A man stands forth with papers in his hands, and before he can command silence, a dozen tongues have cried for him, 'Hear him! hear him!' The tumult within subsides, and now is heard the tumult without. The common folk have caught the infection. Presently it softens, and then the gentleman opens his papers and reads them aloud. Good order is preserved for some considerable time. A low hum is then perceptible everywhere. It deepens, widens, and grows distinct. 'Treachery! treachery!' bursts forth from agitated listeners. 'He has betrayed us! we cannot trust his word any more!'

He had betrayed them. He, Charles, the martyr who was to be, the weak king who was—to whom neither God nor man had given, or could give, any right to be hollow, dastardly, and despicable. These were his Cabinet of Private Letters that had been captured in the confusion of his flight from Naseby, wherein, put what charitable construction upon them we may, it was seen that his promises were lies—that he was intriguing with Papists whom he had pledged his people he would not countenance—that he was intriguing with foreign powers to bring their soldiers into his kingdom,

after an express declaration, 'I abhor to think of doing it'—and jocularly told his friends, that when in recent negotiations he had called the Parliament by name, he neither acknowledged their authority to or by the title, nor in anyway comprised his own position. Henceforth his favourite exclamation, 'on the word of a king,' was sure to become, as it did, a savage jest and a sceptical by-word.

There was one man, however, jostled and elbowed amongst the rest, who was not prepared to hear so much evidence in that direction, and was consequently surprised at first, then confounded, and subsequently almost inclined to shout out 'treachery' with the rest. In that cold agony that smites a man when old beliefs are violently upheaved, and points and persons formerly reposed on in confidence, slip from the grasp and sink for ever from the view, leaving a simoom about the head and an earthquake beneath the feet—he wrestled and writhed within, the new and the old coming to clangorous blows and piling their mountains in rivalry and defiance. 'Is this my king?' he asked himself. 'A theocratic symbol, or a smoothly-painted image of evil? A man of might and truth, or a bubble of weak, hollow, make-belief? On the word of a king indeed!'

He could listen no longer. The atmosphere grew hot and stifling. He forced his way out, although not without many a punch and many a hard word. He was in the street. At first he walked slowly, carefully, thoughtfully, then his pace grew faster, and his thoughts came thicker, until he positively ran. Yet was he not pursued but possessed. It was nothing less than the civil war *come home*. Bystanders stared at him, jested at him, dogs barked at him, and although he looked at nobody, everybody looked at him. 'Stop thief!' cried one loudly. 'Ah, there he goes,' added another, with more truth in his wit than he thought. 'That's him—the

man who sold his conscience to save his corporation!' He went on unheeding. He rushed down a narrow street, by a curiously-paned window, beneath a little signboard, into an inner office, and there threw himself on a stool, half weeping, and half laughing. Tragedy and comedy had found their centre-point in his life; furies and fairies joined hands, and witches and clowns held revelry together.

It was Richard Hazzlehurst, Scrivener, Royalist, and Believer in the Divine Right of Kings! No brown study for him now, one would think—no comfortable notions of the heaven born right inherent in a king's crown and of a celestial wisdom necessarily manifest in the head it was placed upon, simply because by no virtue or fault of his own the chance wearer might be the son of his own father—no clean fresh trust in an universal justice that moved only in royal commandments and synodical decrees—no hope in the notion that a good thing can *come out* of bad principles, or righteousness approve itself by the most sanctimonious double-dealing! Had Giles Newbury been with him now it had been his salvation. Would he not have said? 'Uncle, use your own understanding. Look at the men, and their causes, and doings, and then into your own heart and God's book. Did a lie ever deserve to live anywhere, anyhow? Will it not, must it not perish, like everything that is hateful and vile, though it come in a king's person and a country's noblest blood? And is not the man who sets himself against it, worthy of a good man's love, though he be plain-spoken, rugged, and fiercely stern? Verily I hold it is better to be a thousand worse things than a Puritan, than to hug an exploded falsehood with the hope that by so doing some life may come back to it.'

But Giles was not there.

Another scene was being acted elsewhere. Some few days after the events detailed in our last chapter, a group of men were seen, some

mounted and others on foot, conveying a wounded man in a litter in the direction of the town of Stamford, and singing psalms as they went. The habiliments of a soldier were eagerly watched for at every village end, and whenever a straggler arrived, he was at once pounced upon by parties interested in the state of current matters and anxious to hear his part of the gradually broadening story. Many a time as the little band we have mentioned came in sight, the village alehouse was emptied, doors flew open, heads were thrust from windows, gates and stiles were mounted, and a few boughs hastily broken to wave as the warriors went past. Rearing himself up, Nathaniel availed himself of such opportunities to speak a few homely words to the villagers, and would finish by singing a half extemporized hymn with more allusions to a military Christianity than would be considered orthodox now-a-days, and then march on again with quite a crowded train.

The old man had many wounds. There was a bullet wound in the left knee that threatened to stiffen the joint, if it did not eventually shrink the entire limb by inducing a disease of the bones, and a deep pike-thrust in his left arm, besides a dozen different bruises and scratches in various parts of his body, the result of close fighting and continued presence amongst the enemy. Giles was by his side wistful and consolatory. The old Corporal's* first words when he came to himself, and could thoroughly understand the nature of his position, were, 'Giles, my boy, take me home. It is for the lonely and the sorely-smitten to die on the battle-field: I would be amongst my own that they may see I can die in peace with all men, if I have lived in war with many.'

But such a request could not be immediately attended to, and some two or three days' residence at a

neighbouring farm-house were necessary before he could be removed. Here Giles had ample opportunity to tell his story; how he joined a troop in London, was drafted first to one place and then another, with no regular channel of communication anywhere save by a special courier; how he arrived at the main body of the army only the day before the fight, was totally ignorant of his father's resumption of military life, had fought on the outside of the Associated Horse, and was returning from the victorious charge, and pouring upon the flanks of the Royalists, when he saw a knot of his own fellows struggling in a very vortex of dangers, rushed to their assistance impelled by an inward and almost irresistible power, until he came to them and opportunely saved them from being swept away or trampled to death.

The cavalcade at length neared Carlton Grange. Giles hastened forward to apprise Deborah of what was coming.

'Is he alive?' she asked, with emotion, breaking away from him, as he tried to hold her by the hand.

'Why hark! that is father's voice.'

Yes, the good man was singing aloud. The sight of his homestead had touched his heart and flooded him with sunniness and joy. Sadly, yet tenderly, came the words to the household as they crowded to meet him.

My God be thanked, who to this day
Hath kept me through the fight,
Holpen me, cheered me, by His grace,
And made the darkness bright.

I sing His love who bore the Cross,
Endured the grief and shame,
Was man, was God, yet came for me—
Christ Jesus is His name!

To live for Him and die for Him—
His warrior to be—
Is my best duty and delight,
Since He did both for me.

The last words died away as they entered the house. And there we must leave them in sacred silence—their tears, their joys, their sweet

* By an error in our last chapter this was printed Colonel.

loves and intercourses, folded up silently, as one of those divine poems that can only find their words in heaven and their music in angels' harps.

The summer waned. Nathaniel was still on his sick bed, still happy, making his chamber a hall of joy rather than a place of mourning. All thought they had never seen the good man to such advantage before; for sickness shew'd the very core of a man's nature. To the good man it is a very *Lazarus, come forth!*—and all the petty circumstantialities, trifles, and glosses, yea the very ceremonies that bind the man, are stript away, and the resurrected soul stands out bright, lovely, and clear. Not only is the soul snatched from all accidents and superincumbencies, but it stands in its nearest earthly relation to that other world, where completeness of character and beautiful ideal harmony shall be manifest, and there are faint flushes and bright dawns of this perfected and divine manhood. A sick man without Christ is miserable and maddened, but when He is there the mad-house becomes the vestibule of Paradise, there is true love and peace, and Heaven itself lets down its golden ladders and sends its joy-bringers and incense-bearers. The influence of this sick room at the Grange was felt beyond the house. Neighbours felt it, and some jested, and others went home to their families and told them what they had heard, and thus sowed seed by the way side unawares. Strange, weary men went by, with heavy burdens and sad dim eyes, catching broken snatches of hymns and fervent gushes of prayer. Many a life-blessing has come through the open windows of a sick room; it is a pity we keep them so often closed, shutting out the sunlight, and keeping in the songbursts.

Giles now found time to write to Maggie, telling her of his adventures and his deep unalterable love. Weeks went by and no answer came. He wrote again. Still no answer. Yet once more, but with

the same result. He grew sad, and sauntered in the mellowing autumn amid the pleasant meadows, but found no pleasantness for his eyes and no balm for his heart. Could she be false to him? Never! It was impossible. And yet she was sometimes wayward, hasty, impulsive. Was she trying him, as young cruel girls sometimes boast they will, and sometimes still more cruelly do? It could not be. What was he to do? As yet he had not discovered his secret to any one at home, although Keturah, with a woman's keen instinct, had guessed it before he knew as much himself. Should he go to his father at once, tell him, and ask his counsel? Yes, that was the best, the only straight-forward course. And so he went. 'Father,' he began, timidly, 'we've heard nothing of the Hazzlehursts lately, and I'm getting rather concerned about them.'

'Naturally enough, my boy. But then, I suppose, they are all safe and too busy to think of you and me—poor Parliamentarians, eh boy?'

'Well, I don't know for that. I should think cousin Maggie might have written. I've written to her now thrice since we came home to know how they are getting on.'

'Written to her thrice!' rejoined the father, slowly and deliberately, with a quiet sustained emphasis on each word, and with a fuller meaning of them evidently gathering in his mind. 'Well; I should think she might have written, as you say, boy, unless she has taken your place since you left. But girls are tricky-some sprites. Deborah never wrote me but once I remember, although I had written some half dozen letters to her before on different occasions without ever getting a reply. And she said in her letter—"Nathaniel, if you want me to talk to you, you must come to me. If I have anything bad to say, I shall not like to commit it to writing—and you know I am but a poor pen-woman—and if I have anything good to say, why I had rather tell it you myself than leave a letter to be my spokesman."

Hadn't you better go and see for yourself, Giles? Take the coach to-morrow, and be sure you give my love to Maggie and the rest of them.'

Giles was surprised into the most perfect ease by such a kindly disclosure of himself as his father had found in his simple unstudied words. Had he waited to have done it until he could overcome a little hesitation he was sure to feel, he would not have found it so easy, and would have had to weigh his words and cull his phrases, and perhaps, like all procrastinators and crafty folk, have been tempted, though unlike them he might not have yielded, to resort to duplicity and chicanery to help him in his mischances.

He went to London. He mixed once more amongst its eager and excited crowds; he passed the gardens where he had drilled, and rested again in the same coffee-house where he had spent the memorable night that had commenced the more active portion of his life, and where he had been brought to the consciousness that he was a man in the universe and had a man's work to do. And had he not done it as well as he was able? He had helped to gain a victory for the right, and had saved the life of his own father, and now he had come back again, humble, sad, and solitary. The coffee-room was empty and silent, and fitly reflected his own state of mind. Partaking of hasty refreshment, and leaving his small stock of luggage in the hands of the hostess, he walked briskly towards well-remembered scenes, and in less than half-an-hour had passed down the narrow lane, and his eyes were on long before him, running over house-fronts that were to him as a well-thumbed picture-book from his seat before the octagonal-pained window. There was the old signboard, just the same as ever, and the little white dog that was always hopping and trotting about the lane all morning long. All things seemed as he had left them, and he vainly endeavoured to yield himself to the fancy that all

his new experiences were a dream, and he was merely returning from an errand. But look—the shutters are closed—the house is empty! He knocked and tried the door; it was locked. He knocked and knocked again. There was no answer, save the echo of the noise he made in the empty rooms.

A neighbour came out and stared at him for some moments in silence before she spoke. *

'You're Mr. Hazzlehurst's young man, I see,' she said. 'Don't you know what's happened? You look quite bewildered, man.'

'Is he dead? I've been left here a long time now, and want to see him very much.'

Giles was getting agitated, and the old woman's eyes opened wider than ever.

'Oh!' she said curiously. 'He may be dead for anything as I knows on. I haven't seen him for a many weeks. It appears as if he were kind of frightened.'

'But, my good woman, I want to know where he's gone. Can you tell me?'

'That's more nor me nor anybody else can do. As I said afore, I haven't seen him since—when was it Janie?' she asked, turning within and addressing a little woolly-headed girl of fourteen. 'Twas after we had news of a war, mother, and the king running away,' ejaculated the girl, coming to the door, and scratching her head. 'Yes,' continued the old woman, 'it was just after then I saw him call the newsman into his office, and—'

'But don't you know anything about him, when he went, and how he went?'

'Oh, no. I asked the man after he'd been, and he told me as how he told him, that he wasn't to bring him any more papers. That's all I knows on, Sir.'

Here was a dilemma.

'Has no one been to the house since?' asked Giles finally.

'Yes; a many folks has tried the door, but I never heard as one ever found out where he was gone to.'

Thanking the woman for her disjointed information, he next pushed his enquiries amongst other people close at hand, but with the same result. He then tried in vain to make out an old charwoman who was frequently in the habit of coming to the house. At different places of business where his uncle was well known he also made enquiry, but they could tell him nothing more than that they had done no business with him lately. He went back again to the coffee house, thinking of twenty schemes whereby he might find some clue to their whereabouts, and of twenty others whereby they might have so acted as to have left him no traces whatever. The more he looked at the matter the less he could make out of it, and the more he was determined that he would make something out of it. The moment he was at zero, hope sent him bounding up to blood-heat, where he no sooner began to feel comfortable than the old woman's words—'That's more nor me nor anybody else can do—' sent him running down again by summer-heat, temperate, and freezing, like a railway express by small stations. At length he came to two resolutions that may not seem to bear much upon the matter, but the truth is that in all perplexities, similar or dissimilar, the atmosphere begins to clear from the very moment a temperate resolution is come to about anything, be it the merest trifle. Here are the young man's resolves—first; a walk, that my body may get well-tired—second; a good night's rest, that I may be ready for hard work on the morrow. The walk made him cheerful, the sleep made him strong, and both were matters of considerable moment to him just then. It is always better to get rest when we find things do not go on as they should, and depend upon it a ten-hours' sleep has helped to solve many more problems than a restless twenty-four.

Immediately after breakfast Giles went out, and directed his steps to another part of the city. You could

see he had something definite in his head because there was a free movement in his eyes and an easy self-possession in his gait. He turned down a somewhat similar lane to what he had done the day before, and paused before a somewhat similar looking house. Over the door hung a diminutive signboard, upon which was painted in dingy yellow letters, 'Zachariah Lathwell, Conveyancer.'

'Ah,' he said, 'this must be the place. I have never seen this relative and quondam friend of my father's, and it was well I remembered his name this morning, for it is several years since I heard it mentioned. I hope he's at home.'

He knocked. Slowly, as though moved by a regular mechanical motion, the door opened, and a tall, thin, bony, wrinkled, bald-headed, severe-looking man confronted him, and pushed his spectacles above his eyes, as though he merely wore them for blinkers.

'Well, young man.'

'Are you Mr. Lathwell?'

'Oh, yes.'

'I want to speak with you a moment.'

'Come in then; I'm quite alone.'

'Do you know anything of the Hazzlehursts?' Giles began when he was well inside.

'Pray take a seat,' rejoined Mr. Lathwell, pulling down his blinkers, and taking up a sheet upon which he had been writing. 'Let me see—you mean Mr. Richard Hazzlehurst, of Fetter Lane. Yes, I do. He's a very estimable man—have known him distantly for many years. He's related to an old friend of mine down in Lincolnshire—a very worthy man is Mr. Hazzlehurst, Sir. Do you want my assistance in anything?'

'Why, yes; he's left London, and I want to find him—that is, he's not to be found where he used to live. My name is Newbury, Sir. I used to be his apprentice, and am, I think, your friend's son.'

'Dear me!' ejaculated the conveyancer, first taking off his spectacles, then looking at Giles, then

twisting a piece of red-tape round his fingers. 'You do surprise me. Nathaniel Newbury's son, and so much like him too! Dear me, I am very glad to see you, Sir. How is the old man? He must be getting into years now—very active, though, I remember as a young man.'

Mr. Lathwell had forgotten for the moment that he was some ten years Newbury's senior. However, ground being now well broken, Giles made short work of his business, and put him in rapid possession of that part of our narrative already given, which bore upon the matter in question, although he was perpetually being diverted from his course by the questions and inferences of his auditor.

'I am sorry I cannot help you,' answered Mr. Lathwell, finally. 'Were you long with Mr. Hazzlehurst, your uncle?'

'A little more than five years I think.'

'And you know the business pretty well.'

'I tried to do my best while I was there.'

'Now, I know nothing of the parties you seek for, but inasmuch as their absence has made you, by the Lord's direction, seek for me, so far am I well pleased. I loved your father much, very much; *too much*, I might say, but something sundered us. But then it was to be, and so I didn't mourn over it. Did you say you were in London purposely to seek these parties out?'

'Yes.'

'Just so. Do you think the old man could spare you to come and live with me? You should have part of my business—you know I like you very much—and I think we shouldn't be so very miserable together. I dare say my suddenness has surprised you, but you'll stay with me to night and we'll talk the matter over.'

Here was a new turn in the aspect of affairs. He scarcely knew what to say. He must fetch his bag and stay here the night over, that was certain; he must write home for

advice, that also was certain; but then there was Maggie and his friends still unaccounted for, and they might be in such straits as to require immediate assistance could he but find them. There was not much very prepossessing either about his new friend. His manners were civil even to a certain coldness, but he missed a geniality, a bland homeliness, and a strength of blunt honest force, that he seemed to expect in one who was to be in any way an associate, nor could he discover any compensating gifts that might strike an even balance. The conveyancer, however, was evidently a religious man, and that covered over a multitude of blank spaces. He looked him plump in the face.

'I'll fetch my things at once, Sir. You have been very kind to me. Your life and mine have had their points of approach, and hereafter may have common lines of converse and activity. Yet is your question a rather sudden one.'

'Do,' Lathwell answered in a tone that implied 'not just yet,' for something was evidently gathering in his mind. 'You see I'm an old man, but not so lonely as you would imagine. Perhaps you wouldn't like to come and live in this dull place with me. Do you know I always felt that your father and I were predestinated never to meet again after we parted this—let me see'—and he ran his finger down a soiled almanack on the wall—'Why, its just twenty-one years the 15th of January next.'

'The very day before I was born,' put in Giles.

The conveyancer stopped. That statement had confounded him. A curious hazy expression came over his face; he caught his breath, and clung for a few moments to the side of a desk. Shaking off his restraint, presently he looked up.

'Do you believe in predestination, young man? I do; and I find it a mighty comforting doctrine. It appears to me that all this has been fore-ordained.'

Here was an untutored youth

brought alongside a great problem in a moment and expected to answer like a catechism. Let us see how it struck him—we may learn something from it.

'Pre-destination?' he answered modestly. 'Do you mean fate?'

'Why; not exactly. I mean that these things were ordained to be as they happened.'

'Well; I should call that Fate. That is what the ancients mean by it, but it is certainly not what is meant by a Providence. But no matter; I'm not quite so sure after all. If I had not remembered yesterday that you were a relative of mine, living here somewhere, I should not have come to you; if father had not told me of it, I should not have known it at all; and if you hadn't been born you wouldn't have been a relative. Is that what you mean? It is true my being born was not the result either of your friendship or your surmises, and it is also true that if the Hazzlehursts had been here still I might not have come here to day, but then that didn't make you my relative.'

'True, true boy,—but perhaps I did wrong in perplexing you with matters that belong only to the elect. Come, fetch your things, and we will talk matters over.'

Once in the street, Giles turned over the curious problem anew, and set his brain working at it with such eagerness that he forgot he was now in a busy thoroughfare and ran plump against a fishwoman, who fetched him a slap with a fresh mackerel across his cheek, and gave him what is called a tongue-banging as well that lasted half the length of

the street. Giles did not deign to do more than apologize very courteously. 'I suppose my good friend would call that predestination. I call it my own fault for puzzling my head with a problem that hinders me from seeing what I am about, and which if in the end solved would only make me take every whim for a divine decree and every folly of my own for a divinely appointed and unalterable event. Here's for fact then for the future—I'm not foreordained to be fishwived. I'll mend my pace, or I shall predestine myself not to get my letter done in time for the mail.'

On his return the conversation was held. It was copious, discursive, even argumentative. In the end the letter was written home, and the answer was waited for with considerable anxiety by both parties. In the meanwhile Giles laboured hard and seemed to see a clue to the whereabouts of the Hazzlehursts, and was only hindered from putting it into immediate execution by the arrival of the following:—

Carlton Grange.

My beloved boy,

You'd better remain with Mr. Lathwell, if you feel satisfied. You've done enough fighting for the present. My wounds are better, but my health is feeble. Deborah, Elijah, and Keturah are well. You can come and be with us a brief while as you please, before you settle in your new duties. Think always kindly of your new friend: he has a good heart. Abide in simplicity, honesty, and God. Vex not your mind with crudities, Christ said 'whosoever will,' not whosoever 'I have willed.' Believe Him and so live.

Your loving and true Father.

BAPTIST CHAPEL ARCHITECTURE.*

OUR fathers it is well known, built very unsightly and inconvenient churches, in by-ways and hedges, frequently in the outskirts of towns and in places difficult of access. It is very easy to smile at this, and to ridicule their want of taste, and their selection of such strange

localities. But let us pause and ask, was there no other reason for all this, except an ignorance of the

* From the *Principles and Practices of Baptist churches*. By Dr. Wayland. [We insert the above extract in our Magazine, not because we sympathize with it, but to oblige our friend.—ED.]

beautiful, and a passion for discomfort? Let it be remembered that the builders of these houses were poor men, destitute of influence, a sect everywhere spoken against. In multitudes of cases they were unable to purchase more eligible sites, or if they had offered the full value of a lot, it would not have been sold to them for the erection of a Baptist meeting house. They preferred worship in a meeting house inconveniently situated, to a worship of which they conscientiously disapproved. They had no agents to scour the country and raise funds with which to erect a 'commanding edifice.' They could not afford to pay architects for plans of buildings. They had not learned to run in debt for churches. They laboured on their building with their own hands; and in the result, though we may not take their buildings for our models, we may surely respect the manly independence which governed their construction. That we should imitate their models when we are able to do better would be absurd. But in avoiding this, we have, by following other examples, verged very far towards the opposite error, and thus come in conflict with our own established principles.

For instance, we have no belief in holy places, or places in which God may especially be acceptably worshipped. We do not profess to build a shrine which, standing in a holy place, shall address the eye and overcome us by its magnificence. We have no *priesthood* who wait upon the altar and offer up in our behalf our sacrifices to God. Our views on this subject are summed up in a few words. We meet for worship, relying simply on the promise of Christ, *Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.* We assemble to offer spiritual sacrifice. We meet to hear the Word of God explained, and brought home to our consciences and our hearts, and to bring under the sound of the Gospel as many as we are able. Christ came to preach the Gospel to the

poor; and to the end of time, the evidence of the truth of His religion is that *to the poor the Gospel is preached.* Hence we need a neat convenient *audience room*, well ventilated, well warmed, and also perfectly adapted to the wants both of speaker and hearer. We want this to be provided at as small expense as possible, for two reasons: first, we wish to bring the Gospel within the reach of the poor, and those of moderate means; and secondly, we need a great many such houses, because, if we are faithful to Christ, we expect an abundant increase.

I regret, however, to say that in the building of meeting houses, we have acted at variance with all these principles. In this matter we have followed the example of our Episcopalian brethren. At the Reformation they entered into the possession of the Catholic cathedrals, and churches of the middle ages, and of course adopted this style of architecture. It is peculiarly unfitted for the purpose of an *audience room.* Who would think of erecting a Gothic building for a court house, a legislative hall, a lecture room, or for any purpose, (except a church,) when the object was to enable a large number of persons to *hear a speaker?* The Gothic is an enormously expensive style, and must, from its costliness, exclude from the sanctuary all but the rich. It may be endured where a denomination is small in numbers and abundant in wealth; but for a denomination made up mainly of the middling classes and the poor, (according to the apostolic model,) nothing could be more inappropriate.

In spite of all this, however, that style is coming into vogue among us. In our cities we have our Gothic temples, instead of Baptist meeting houses. The fashion is spreading from the cities to the towns and the country, and our brethren are everywhere beginning to rejoice in nave and transepts, and chancels, and altars, and oriel windows, and stained glass; shedding abroad as they tell us a *dim*

religious light. I have lately seen a Baptist meeting house, the windows of which were emblazoned with a strange variety of mystical symbols, that must have amused the children by their grotesqueness, and sorely puzzled any plain man like myself, not deeply learned in the researches of the ecclesiological society.

Now in all this it seems to me that we underrate ourselves, and do injustice to our principles. We are sacrificing our principles to architects, as in the former case, we sacrificed them to musicians. We are following examples at which the sound common sense of good men everywhere is beginning to revolt. We are certainly able to know what we want in a meeting house. We are able to devise, or caused to be devised for us, some chaste, simple, pleasing, and well proportioned form, which at a very moderate expense, shall furnish us with all that can be desired in a Christian place of worship. We should shew more respect for ourselves by carrying out our principles to their practical result, than by imitating examples emanating from principles which we have ever repudiated. If we could all unite upon some plain, neat, convenient, and economical model, for a meeting house, which might be used in city, and in country, for large houses, and for small, so that every one would know a Baptist meeting house as soon as he saw it, we might build two churches where we now build one, and attract to the worship of God thousands and tens of thousands whom the present prices of pews and pew rent exclude from any place in the sanctuary.

Can any reason be assigned why we should sacrifice these advantages for the sake of imitating the gorgeous structures of the Catholic church, with which are associated bigotry, persecution unto death, and the most soul destroying perversion of the doctrines of the cross?

We have an architect, one of our own brethren, at the head of his profession in this country, who

could not more effectually serve the cause of Christ, than by publishing a set of drawings and specifications by the aid of which we might all be enabled to construct church edifices on the principles which I have suggested. Such a consecration of his eminent abilities to the service of his brethren, would confer the most important benefit that architecture has ever rendered to the cause of Christianity.

Architecture has thus far shewn its power in diminishing the number of worshippers; by this means it would indefinitely increase it. The want of a model of a Baptist meeting house, which in future we all may adopt, so that we may have convenient, economical, and pleasing houses of worship, *and a great many of them!*

Dr. Wayland's suggestions respecting Baptist chapels might be very useful to our own body in the following manner:—

If some friend who has time at command would be at the trouble to collect information respecting General Baptist chapels and school rooms that have been built during the last twenty or thirty years, including a description of the buildings, with full particulars in each case of the expenditure, the amount of accommodation, and the cost per sitting for chapels and school rooms; if, in addition to this some liberal friend would offer a prize to architects, for the best set of plans and specifications for a neat, commodious, and economical Baptist chapel, suitable for towns, and another smaller one for villages, with full particulars of the probable cost, accommodation, &c., and how the cost would be affected by the different kinds of material used in building in different parts of the country, he would materially assist in rendering practicable Dr. Wayland's valuable suggestions.

Churches or Home Mission Committees intending to build chapels and school rooms, or to reconstruct old ones, might then see at one glance what many of our chapels

have cost per sitting, as well as what neat and commodious chapels can now be built for per sitting.

They might also be materially assisted in the selection of a good design and plan, that would be at once chaste, convenient, and economical. They might also be saved much trouble and expense into which some fall who adopt a plan

that has not been well matured, and then find that they need to make many deviations, alterations, or additions, which materially add to the intended outlay of the building.

Wishing that some spirited and liberal friend would take the matter in hand, I am, yours truly,

T. H.

Poetry.

THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank Thee Thou hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many noble things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that Earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Has given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast!

—*Adelaide Ann Procter.*

Notices of Books.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES: an *Exposition for English Readers, on the basis of Professor Hackett's Commentary on the Original Text.* By REV. SAMUEL G. GREEN, B.A., *Rawdon College. With a New and Literal Version.* Vol. I. (Bunyan Library, Vol. IV.) London: J. Heaton and Son, 21, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row, 1862.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of a thorough acquaintance with the Acts of the Apostles. They contain the earliest records of the church. They show what manner of men the primitive Christians were: the spirit with which they were animated, the principles they recognized, the constitution they adopted, the ordinances they observed, the authority to which they appealed, and the wise, self-denying, and persistent efforts by which they filled with their doctrine, not Jerusalem only, but the most thinking and influential part of the then known world. They therefore supply an antidote to errors now prevalent in the professedly Christian church, a touchstone by which ecclesiastical principles and practices may be tried, and just those arguments and facts which will give the emphasis of conviction to their advocacy who maintain whatever accords with the law and method of the apostolical church.

A thorough acquaintance with the Acts of the Apostles, is, moreover, the only adequate preparation for the study of the Pauline epistles. While it is perfectly true that the letters of the apostle Paul reflect the nicer shades of his character, no less than its broader and more distinctive features, it is equally true that to understand the letters themselves we must know something of his external history. The Acts of the Apostles furnishes the very information we need. Although the

uninspired and traditional title of the book might lead one ignorant of its contents to suppose that the doings of the whole college of apostles were recorded in it, everyone knows, who has read it even in the hastiest fashion—that the first part is mainly occupied with the doings of Peter, James, and John, but chiefly of Peter, and that the last and by far the larger part is devoted to the life, labours, hardships, and successes of the apostle Paul. The Acts and the Epistles mutually explain and illustrate one another. Events are mentioned in the Epistles to which we find no allusion in the Acts; and the details of some sections of the Acts are absolutely essential for a clear and comprehensive acquaintance with the Epistles. Of the undesigned agreements between the Epistles and the Acts, and the admirable use to which Paley has turned them as proofs of the genuineness of the writings and the reality of the transactions, every intelligent reader of the New Testament knows.

Such being some of those elements which give special value to the Acts of the Apostles, it is of the utmost importance that we apprehend with grammatical accuracy the meaning of every sentence, and honestly compare the statements and teachings of the several parts with other inspired books. Whoever helps men to do either deserves our warmest praise. The ripest scholarship of America, of England, and of Germany, has been devoted to this invaluable task; and many hard-working ministers, whose regular duties absorb nearly all their energies, and even infringe upon those very scanty moments they can command for critical studies, have rejoiced over the choice fruits of this learned toil. But such commentaries are neither designed nor adapted for popular use, and a good people's commentary on the Acts, containing the results of

latest criticism and researches, was still wanted. The present volume supplies that want. It gives precisely the degree and kind of information which all may apprehend and which will be instructive to every English reader. It is on the basis of Hackett, whose critical commentary has been long and deservedly held in high repute both in this country and in America, as at once exhaustive, clear, and generally accurate. Mr. Green has given so much of Hackett as can be made intelligible to those who are ignorant of Greek, and it is surprising how much he has contrived to include. He has also added several admirable notes of his own, duly bracketed, and four excellent supplemental ones at the end of the volume, on the law of baptism, on the supposed identity of Luke with Silas, on the undesigned coincidences of the Acts, and on the apostle Paul's special infirmity.

The main divisions adopted are those of Baumgarten, but the several sections or paragraphs under them are somewhat differently arranged. Mr. Green has disregarded the chapter and verse divisions altogether, except for purposes of reference, for which only, every reader ought to be told again and again, these divisions in the Bible were in the first instance invented. We have also an almost literal translation of the entire text, which will perhaps shed as much light upon its true meaning as the commentary itself. The Bible is its best interpreter, and he helps us most who clears away obstructions which hinder this self-interpretation. The commentary on the principal words in the section follows the literal translation of the section. In this way the volume carries us down to the end of Paul's first missionary journey, and the dispute on the Judaic requirements of conformity. Mr. Green deserves our heartiest thanks for the excellence and thoroughness of this instalment of his work, and Messrs. Heaton and Son for selecting such a book as one of the series to

comprise the now well-known Bunyan Library.

We should not be honest to our readers, however, if we were to stop here. There are some passages, and one in particular, in relation to which Mr. Green has, in our judgment, not cleared away, but opposed obstacles to the right understanding of the text. We refer to his note on the last clause of the forty-eighth verse of the thirteenth chapter of the Acts. This clause is often used as one of the passages from which predestination, in the Calvinistic sense, may be educed, and Calvin found in it predestination in its strongest form. Our readers will remember the passage. It occurs in the account of the visit of Paul and Barnabas to Antioch, in Pisidia, and in that part of it which describes the events connected with their second Sabbath in that place. The Jews manifest strong opposition to the apostolic messengers and message, and Paul and Barnabas then announce their intention of turning to the Gentiles. The historian adds: *And when the Gentiles heard this, they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord: and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed.* 'The doctrine in question lurks,' say some, 'in the word *ordained*. Clearly it means *fore-ordained*, or, what is the same thing, *predestined*. And if it does so, it carries our point; for you will observe that these Gentiles are said to be predestined to eternal life, and to have believed in consequence of that predestination.' We are sorry to say Mr. Green plays into the hands of this misrepresentation, and that the more fully because he does so by a brief and quasi-decisive sentence. In his note on the passage, he says:—

'The original word means literally, *ordered* by some external authority, as those who are set in battle array. To render it *disposed to*, in the sense of *inclined*, (*set upon*, marg.) seems to do violence to the usage of the words. On the whole the term *appointed*, or *ordained*, seems preferable, understanding it, not of God's eternal purpose, but of His present efficacious grace.'—p. 262.

Yet Mr. Green vacillates. In this note it will be seen that he prefers to leave the word *ordained* as it stands in the Authorized Version, or substitute *appointed*, which is made by Mr. Green's explanation its equivalent. In his marginal reading Mr. Green gives *disposed to, set upon*, (page 240). We ask, in all earnestness, which is Mr. Green's latest opinion—the note, or the marginal reading? For the marginal reading refers us to the note, and the note refers us to the marginal reading. If the marginal reading is to be taken as his latest opinion, the note is nullified. If the note is his latest opinion, the marginal reading is worse than useless. It is deceptive.

Nor, supposing the note to be Mr. Green's latest opinion, do we think anything is gained to the reader by making a distinction in such ambiguous terms. 'On the whole,' says Mr. Green, 'the term *appointed*, or *ordained* seems preferable, understanding it, not of God's eternal purpose, but of His present efficacious grace.' What does Mr. Green mean by 'efficacious grace?' The phrase has a particular sense among the disciples of that theological school with whom it originated; and except Mr. Green means us to understand this phrase in the particular sense of that school, he has spoken ambiguously. Efficacious grace, is, we believe, used by Calvinistic writers and speakers as synonymous with irresistible grace. Indeed in a book avowedly expressing Calvinistic opinions, we find the words *efficacious, irresistible*, and *victorious*, put together as expressing correlative ideas. Mr. Green's careful statement that the notion of external authority is in the verb rendered *ordained*, and his preference for that rendering lead us to the conclusion that he holds with the so-called doctrine of irresistible grace. He has, then, in his note apparently given up one point of Calvinism, while he avows another. If Mr. Green does *not* hold the notion intended to be conveyed when

men use that particular phraseology, he has, to say the very least, been inapt in his definition, and we would respectfully ask him to explain his explanation.

Taking his avowed preference for the word *ordained*, with the idea of external authority involved in it, we are certain that nine-tenths of his readers would be misled. We know indeed that the verb rendered in the Authorized Version *ordained* is a military term, and that it means 'to set in order,' 'to draw up in line,' 'to arrange;' but there is absolutely no evidence that its passive participle, either in the Scriptures or in classical usage, ever means *destined*. For this assertion we have the highest critical authority. We therefore protest against the rendering of the word in any new and popular version of the Acts as though it would bear such a construction.

But even if this word could, without violence to its grammatical sense, and in opposition to its general usage, whether in the Septuagint, in the New Testament, or in classical writers, be rendered pre-ordained, or anything equivalent to it—which, on the authority of greater scholars than Mr. Green we altogether deny—the context forbids such a translation; 'and the meaning of this word,' says Alford, 'must be determined by the context.' Mr. Green can scarcely in this instance charge Dean Alford with 'fondness for over-ingenuity, and love of the more difficult explanation,' (vide Mr. Green's preface.) Let us, then, turn to the context. Now what do we learn? Take the address delivered by Paul in the synagogue of Pisidian Antioch on the first Sabbath after his arrival. He is there speaking to the 'men of Israel, and those that feared God,' that is, the proselytes. He has come to Antioch at great personal inconvenience, has had perils of waters, and of robbers. Why has he come? Because the word of salvation was for them, and he was the bearer of glad tidings. (See verses 26 and 32.) But if Paul

had only to announce that whoever was appointed, or ordained to believe would believe, he had not brought a word of salvation, and anything but glad tidings. The very reverse of both these, as it seems to us. If those who believed did so because they were ordained, then those who did not believe did not because they were not ordained. In other words, they were shut out from salvation because they were not ordained to believe. Very strange glad tidings, truly. Paul need not have been at all the trouble to come from Cyprus to tell the Jews that there was no hope for them, and least of all, he need not have said when he did come that the fact that there was no hope was *glad tidings*. He also declares in the same address that through Jesus is preached unto all these gathered to listen *forgiveness of sins*. Could this have been so really? Did he not come to preach reprobation, and to declare that those who were not appointed need not expect forgiveness? He further announced that *all that believed were justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses*. He ought to have said—All that were appointed, or ordained to believe. Paul also used the language of earnest entreaty when speaking to the Jews, and spoke to them as if it was for them to repent and to believe, and that they would be blamed for their unbelief; when all the while, on the interpretation that Augustinians give, Paul knew that they could neither repent nor believe except they were ordained to eternal life. In other words, Paul told them to do what he knew they could not do: and said they would be blamed for that over which they really had no control, and Paul knew they had no control. And again, Paul declares on the second Sabbath, when the Jews created an uproar, and spoke against his words and the words of Barnabas: *It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken unto you: but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we return*

to the Gentiles. But on the notion that those believed who were appointed, Paul uses very strong language here, and language which cannot possibly be defended. Nor does he assign a sufficient reason for the alteration in his conduct. If there were no choice in either case, why blame one for rejecting, and turn to another who would receive his message? We cannot help thinking that the historian puts the two cases in moral antithesis; but where is the antithesis to be found if both acted as they were acted upon by some external authority? In fine, to bring in the notion of *ordination* in the previous part of the chapter, as we are warranted in doing, if it mean what Calvinists say, makes the apostle's conduct one series of blunders, contradictions, and absurdities; and if he really had acted in this way, and Festus had known he had so acted, there would have been some point in his slander—*Much learning hath made thee mad*.

We would this were the darkest side of this interpretation. But it is not. It makes the Author of the message which Paul and Barnabas carried guilty—we speak it with sorrow—of conduct unworthy of Himself. He sends His servants to preach to the Jews glad tidings, knowing that the preaching would be of no use because they were not ordained to eternal life. It charges God with intentionally devising a means for aggravating the misery of men. The most malicious enemy could do no more. The great tempter of mankind does no more. Is God, then, less merciful than man, less truthful, less loving? One's whole nature revolts from such questions: but such theories are certain to suggest them, and will as certainly show their absurdity.

We have said that the historian places the conduct of the Jews and the conduct of the Gentiles in apparent opposition. The one did not do what the other did. This is enough to solve the meaning of the word in dispute. The Jews judged

themselves unworthy of eternal life; that is, would not have it on the terms offered by the apostle—turned away, in fact, from the message altogether. The Gentiles, on the other hand, accepted the terms, and there and then set their faces toward the consummation of their hope. Men are ready enough to find ability to sin in the Jews; and are yet unwilling to acknowledge that there was ability enough in the Gentiles to believe: but how, on this theory any intelligent account can be given of responsibility we are utterly at a loss to conceive. But, some one may object, You do not maintain that the Gentiles believed of themselves? We do: or their belief would not have been their own, but another's. And, the objector may further ask, And do you still maintain that there was any Divine agency exerted? Unquestionably, we reply. We have no doubt of it. But Divine agency is one thing; Divine appointment, or ordination, or irresistible grace, is quite another. He has but a poor conception of the Great God who thinks of Him as the old Epicureans—making the world, and then letting all His creatures in it shift for themselves. God inclineth men's hearts to keep His law. He worketh in us the will to believe. The preparation of the heart is from Him. All this we must steadfastly believe. But to find in this text pre-ordination to life asserted is to force both the word and context to a meaning which they do not contain. Read the clause—*as many as were disposed to eternal life believed*,—and you are following the rendering adopted by such eminent scholars as Blomfield and Alford, and you give a translation which has the whole weight of the context to back it.

Although we have written thus frankly on Mr. Green's note, we would not be understood as detracting a single word from the commendation on the volume as a whole which we have already given. Mr. Green deserves all and more than all that has been said in eulogy

of his very able and very scholarly production; and to every one with whom any words of ours will have weight we say—Beg, borrow, or buy Green's Edition of Hackett's Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles.

THE FUGITIVE OF THE CEVENNES MOUNTAINS. *Adapted from the French of M. J. Prochat.* By REV. J. TUNSTALL, *Haverfield.* London: H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria-lane, Paternoster-row.

THE first French Revolution stands without a parallel in the history of the world. The massacres in the name of liberty, so numerous and revolting: the attempt to wipe out all remembrance of religion from the minds of Frenchmen: the recasting of the weeks into decades to obliterate Sunday; the re-naming of the months in a fantastical style, which some wag has thus parodied:

'Weazy, sneezy, breezy;
Slippy, drippy, nippy;
Showery, flowery, bowery;
Hoppy, croppy, poppy;—'

the ultimate destruction by the guillotine of Danton, and afterwards of Robespierre, and the reign of order established by the first Napoleon, will never fail to excite the astonishment of mankind. The book before us is a tale founded upon some of those striking and painful events. It is full of incident. The doctor who awakens the affection of two young Huguenots, and through whose sagacity and kindness his life was preserved from the bloodhounds of the revolution, does not fail to secure the affection of the reader before he has got far in the history. The thoroughly devout tone of the book will make it a welcome addition to any Sabbath-school library.

THE MARSDENS; *or Struggles in Life.*
By GEORGE E. SARGENT. London: H. J. Tresidder, Ave Maria-lane, Paternoster-row.

THE title describes the general character of this tale. Its purpose is good, and its spirit healthy. It is very well written, as all Mr.

Sargent's tales are. We cordially recommend it to those interested in the best welfare of the young.

HISTORICAL PAPERS. First Series.

The Congregational Martyrs.—**BLACK BARTHOLOMEW, AND THE TWELVE YEARS' CONFLICT.** By the same Author. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

In a recent article in the *Times*, which touched upon the Bicentenary of Black Bartholomew the writer says, 'All that one would ask of the Dissenters is, that their Bicentenary celebration shall be of some service

to the historical student; that they will not confine themselves to nursing the rivalries of sect, or pronouncing useless censures on a dead king and parliament, but will endeavour to illustrate accurately a subject but little known, the history and position of their co-religionists during the quarter of a century of persecution.' These books are a contribution of this kind; and if not likely to be put on library shelves for reference, will bring before the general public facts and names that possess an undying interest.

Correspondence.

THE EDITOR'S SERMON ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

OUR readers are aware that the sermon on the death of the late Prince Consort, printed in the February number, has been published in a separate form. A copy, suitably bound, was sent, at the request of an esteemed friend, to Lieut. Gen. the Hon. C. Grey for presentation to Her Majesty the Queen. That gentleman has very politely acknowledged the receipt of the sermon, and says 'that he will not fail to lay the sermon before Her Majesty the Queen.' Before this reaches the eye of our readers the presentation will have taken place.

The following is the correspondence:—

*Park Road Cottage,
New Lenton, Nottingham,
March 6, 1862.*

Sir,

May I request your kind assistance in presenting the accompanying sermon on the death of the late Prince Consort to her Majesty the Queen?

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
J. J. GOADBY.

*To Lieutenant General the
Hon. Charles Grey,
Windsor Castle.*

*Lieut. Gen. the Hon. C. Grey's
reply:—*

Lieutenant General Grey has to acknowledge the receipt of the sermon which the Rev. J. Goadby forwarded on the 6th inst., and which he will not fail to lay before Her Majesty the Queen.

*Windsor Castle,
12, March, 1862.*

HOW SHALL THE GENERAL BAPTISTS CELEBRATE THE BICENTENARY?

*To the Editor of the General Baptist
Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—I do not know a better way of celebrating the Bicentenary, than following the example of our Independent brethren in their Home Missionary efforts. There seems to be an unaccountable coldness among the General Baptists. We have all a little influence in the church for good or bad, and we shall have to give account of our stewardship to the Judge of all the earth. Let us try to provoke one another to love and good works. Could we not have ten new churches in the following places: Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Hull, Plymouth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Stockport, Wolverhampton, Preston, and Shrewsbury? Now Mr.

Editor I believe we are able to do this. Let our pastors, and deacons, and leading friends set their shoulders to the work, and it will be done. How many are perishing for lack of knowledge in these places? Shall we not put forth an effort *to try* to save them, when we think of the value of one soul, that time is flying, and that men are perishing? Let us go forth in the strength of the Lord.

Yours truly,

A FRIEND TO MISSIONS.

LETTER FROM THE FREE-WILL BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.

[The following letter has been received by our esteemed friend, R. Pegg, Esq., who has been acting as Treasurer for the General Baptist contributions towards the Free-Will Church in New York. We gladly give it a place in our Magazine. Ed.]

New York, February, 1862.

Robert Pegg,

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—At our last annual meeting, held in January, 1862, our church passed the following resolution, viz :

Resolved,—

‘That the grateful thanks of this church be and are hereby tendered to our brethren in England for the generous aid which they have extended to this the Free-will Baptist Church of New York city.’

This matter of Christian courtesy and obligation has been delayed for various reasons, perhaps more from simple neglect than anything else. Yet our hearts have not grown cold toward our brethren across the water, nor do we less appreciate the assistance they have rendered.

During even these times of disturbance in our country, (by which, perhaps, your own temporal interests are somewhat affected,) God has graciously granted success to this church, by opening the way for escape in its embarrassed temporalities, and by a constant revival interest, and the conversion and addition of a number of precious youth.

Though perhaps we have to depend more upon faith than sight in temporal things, we still cheerfully trust and believe that He who has guided and provided thus far will not forsake us. We were compelled to part with brother Graham as a mere matter of economy. We have been able to secure the services of a young man without a family, still pursuing his studies, and not attempting to discharge *all* the duties of a pastor, for half the salary paid to brother Graham, which was insufficient of itself for the support of his family. And yet we have every assurance that brother Graham’s interest in this church is unabated; and we still have the benefit of his influence, which is as potent with the denomination as when he was with us.

Dear brethren, you are remembered in all our prayers.

Yours in the bonds of Christian love and sympathy,

O. A. JARVIS, *Secretary.*

USEFUL ARTICLES FOR INDIA.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—The question has been frequently asked, What will be useful to send as presents to the Native Christians and Schools in India? In several cases, private lists have been given, and warm-hearted friends are preparing boxes to be sent in August next, and it has been requested that a list be published in the Magazine for the information of those who feel a pleasure in thus expressing their sympathy with Hindoo Christians.

For Native Christian women, nothing is so much prized as gingham and bright looking prints that will wash. They are used for jackets for themselves, and pinafores for their children. Knitting cotton for antimacassars, crotchet ditto, Nos. 12, 18, 20, 30, collars and gauntlets, with simple patterns traced* embroidery cotton for ditto,

* These articles are made by poor Christians for the support of their families.

scissors, knives, thimbles, bodkins, needles, pins, steel pens and holders, slates and pencils, black lead pencils, coloured pocket handkerchiefs for men and boys, railway rugs, rather showy colours, spectacles for the aged, writing paper, umbrellas, common bags, needle books and pincushions as rewards, scraps of cloth, velvet, silk, alpaca, for caps for little boys, infants, &c.

Yours truly,

E. STUBBINS.

Boxes or parcels for these objects should be forwarded *early* in July, to the care of the Rev. J. C. Pike, De Montfort-square, Leicester.

GENERAL HOME MISSION COMMITTEE.

*To the Editor of the General Baptist
Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you will permit me through the medium of the Magazine, to announce that it is decided that a meeting of the *General Home Mission Committee* shall be held at the vestry of Dover-street chapel, Leicester,

on Monday, May 19th, at three o'clock, p.m., to make arrangements for the annual meeting at the Association, and attend to other business.

I am, dear sir,

Yours most truly,

THOMAS BARRASS.

Peterborough, April 17, 1862.

THE NEXT ASSOCIATION.

*To the Editor of the General Baptist
Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—We shall be obliged by your insertion in the May Magazine the following respecting the Association. The church at Halifax will have pleasure in putting forth their best endeavours to obtain beds for all ministers, representatives, and friends coming to the Association, if such persons before the first of June will give information of their desire to *Mr. D. Wilson, Stationer, North-gate, Halifax.*

I am,

Dear brother,

Yours truly,

R. INGHAM.

Halifax, April 17, 1862.

Obituary.

MR. WILLIAM RENNOCKS, of Quorndon, Leicestershire, departed this life on Saturday, the 8th of March, 1862. Few men live so long and so well as Mr. Rennocks. He was brought to a knowledge of the truth under a sermon preached by the Rev. B. Pollard, from Is. iii. 10, 11. When about twenty-nine years of age he was baptized, and brought into the fellowship of the church, on Sep. 25, 1808. He possessed talents for usefulness, and for some years was in the habit of preaching in the neighbouring villages. In his early itinerant labours he was the companion of the late excellent missionary, Charles Lacey; and many of the aged friends in the surrounding village churches have not forgotten

the disinterested labours, and kind visits of our two sainted friends. Our departed friend was strongly attached to our demoninational principles and church order; but this was associated with a truly catholic and Christian spirit. He was remarkably observant of all the means of grace, not only the ministry of the word, but also the social means of grace.

There was no department of benevolent and Christian labour connected with the church at Quorndon which he did not sooner or later engage in. He was a constant and liberal supporter of the cause at home and of the institutions of the Connexion; and ever ready to respond to the appeals of distant

churches for assistance. For three or four years past his mental powers had considerably failed; but his attachment to the truth, and his love to the house of God were unabating. He was a truly cheerful and happy Christian. A few weeks ago he was not so well as usual, and a medical man was called in; from this attack he appeared to be recovering, until early on the morning of the 8th instant, when it was perceived that he was not so well, and in about half-an-hour he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. So calm!

'The nightly dew falls not more gently to the ground,

Nor weary worn-out winds expire more soft.'

He was greatly supported in the prospect of death, and would often repeat beautiful passages of Scripture

and verses of hymns to his Christian friends, with great emphasis and beautiful effect, showing that he was a shock fully ripe for the garner.

In the death of our friend we feel that one of the pillars of our church has been removed, but we adore the grace of God which preserved him in unbroken connection with it for more than half a century, during more than thirty years of which time he was an active and an efficient elder of the church.

His mortal remains were laid in the chapel burial ground, on Wednesday, the 12th, and the event was improved in a funeral sermon on the following Sunday night by his pastor, from the truly appropriate words, *An old disciple*.

J. S. Q.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCE.

THE CHESHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Tarporley, on Tuesday, the 8th of April. Mr. Cross, of the College, opened the morning service by reading and prayer, and the Secretary preached from Haggai ii. 4.

The Conference met for business at two o'clock in the afternoon, and in the absence of the Rev. J. B. Lockwood, through sickness, Mr. Charles Bate was called to occupy the chair. After reading the minutes of the last Conference, the reports of the churches were given, from which we learn that though we have not been so successful as we could desire, we have very much to be thankful for. Baptized since last Conference twenty-eight.

Moved 1.—That this Conference abandons for the present the idea of uniting with the general Home Mission.

2.—That we recommend our brethren at Nantwich to be formed into a church as soon as possible.

3.—That the deeds of the Nantwich chapel be enrolled immediately.

4.—That the thanks of this Con-

ference be given to Mr. Thomas Pedley, for his careful preservation of the Nantwich chapel deeds, and that we request him still to retain them in his possession.

5.—That when the brethren at Nantwich have been formed into a church, this Conference desires the Trustees to open the chapel for public worship, and promises to support them in case of any liability.

6.—That the Rev. R. Pedley, Messrs. Thomas and R. Pedley, R. Bate, form a Committee to carry these arrangements into effect.

7.—That the following gentlemen try to obtain collections for the Home Mission, Revs. C. E. Pratt, J. Maden, Messrs. R. Booth, R. Bate, and Joseph Hall.

8.—That the thanks of this Conference be given to the Secretary for his sermon in the morning.

9.—That the next Conference be held at Macclesfield, on the second Tuesday in October, and that the Rev. J. B. Lockwood, be the preacher, and in case of failure, the Rev. R. Pedley.

JAMES MADEN, *Secretary*.

BAPTISMS.

BURNLEY-LANE.—Since our last report our minister baptized eight persons on Lord's-day, Sep. 1, 1861, being the first baptism in our new chapel; and on Lord's-day, April 13, 1862, eleven others.

BRADFORD, *Tetley-street*.—On Lord's day, Nov. 3, 1861, we baptized five; and on March 2, 1862, four. One has since died a most happy death.

B. W. B.

LONDON, *Praed-street*.—Since our last report we have baptized and added to our fellowship on Nov. 27, 1861, seven; Jan. 29, 1862, nine; March 19, 1862, seven.

RIPLEY.—On Lord's-day, Feb. 23, three persons were baptized, one of them a teacher in our Sabbath-school, and the other two are scholars in the adult class.

FLEET.—On Lord's-day, March 2, two friends were baptized and added to the church; and on April 6, three others followed in the same path.

W. G. B.

TODMORDEN.—On Lord's-day, March 16, our minister baptized eight believers in Jesus, and they, with two others, were received into the fellowship of the church at the Lord's table.

LEEDS, *Call-lane*.—Seven persons were baptized by our dear pastor, on the 30th of March; two on the 6th instant.

C. A. T.

SMARDEN.—On Lord's-day, March 30, one believer was baptized and added to the church.

BURNLEY.—On Lord's-day, March 30, we baptized seven, who, with two others were received into the fellowship of the church on Lord's-day, April 6.

BIRMINGHAM.—On the last Wednesday evening in March, Mr. Harrison baptized five persons, and on the following Sabbath they were received into the church, three of these are in our Sabbath-school.

J. S. C.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—On Sunday, April 6, 1862, after a sermon by the pastor, fourteen were baptized, and the same day were added to the church;

seven of these were young men from eighteen to twenty years of age, who promise to be very useful. We have still many enquirers.

NOTTINGHAM, *Broad-street*.—On Lord's-day, April 6, we baptized twelve friends, most of whom were scholars from the Sabbath-school.

C. T. B.

DUFFIELD.—On Lord's-day, April 13, three young friends were baptized, two of them scholars in the Sabbath-school. The service was very solemn and impressive.

COALVILLE.—On Lord's-day, April 20, 1862, three persons were baptized and received into the General Baptist church in this village.

ANNIVERSARIES.

EYDESIDE, *Rossendale*.—On Lord's-day, April 13, 1862, we held the public services of our Sabbath-school in the Odd Fellows' Hall, New Church. In the morning Mr. Gladwell, our minister, gave an address to parents, teachers, and friends, and in the afternoon the Wesleyan minister, of Rathenstall, preached, and in the evening the Rev. J. Howe, Baptist, of Waterbarn. Collections were made for the school. A few years since we commenced preaching here, and hope soon to see a new General Baptist chapel in this populous district.

R. P.

RIPLEY.—On Sunday, March 30, Mr. J. Greenwood, of the Baptist College, Nottingham, preached morning and evening, on behalf of the Sabbath-school, and the Rev. H. H. Bourne, of Riddings, in the afternoon. Collections amounted to £18 3s. 10d. We have more than 400 scholars in our school.

R. A.

COALVILLE.—The annual sermons were preached on Lord's-day, April 6, 1862, by the Rev. T. Barrass, of Peterborough. The weather was very unfavourable, but the congregations were good, and the collections amounted to nearly £16.

OPENINGS, &c.

DERBY, *New Baptist chapel, Osmaston-road*.—On Thursday, April 3,

this place was opened for the worship of God, our esteemed pastor, giving out the beautiful and appropriate hymn, 'Come, King of Glory come.' After which the Rev. J. Stevenson, of St. Mary's-gate, read the Scriptures, and the Rev. I. Stubbins, missionary, from India, offered up a most earnest prayer, which was followed by a sermon, by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, the effect of which will be felt for many years. The collection was made before the sermon, and amounted to the handsome sum of £214 18s. In the evening of the same day the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of London, preached an admirable sermon from Gen. ii. 12, *The gold of that land is good*. The collection amounted to £105 9s. 9d., making a sum of £320 7s. 9d. for the first day. On the following Sunday, Dr. Burns preached morning and evening. The morning collection was £40 2s. 2d.; the evening £42 17s. 5d. On Tuesday, the 8th, the Rev. Dr. Ferguson, of London, preached from 1 Cor. ii. 9. The collection was £18 18s. And on Sunday morning, the 13th, the respected president of our College, and formerly the pastor of this church, preached. The collection was £31 9s. 11d. In the evening, our own pastor (Rev. W. Jones) preached from 2 Cor. v. 14-15-17. The collection was £83 12s. 7d. Several sums have since come to hand from persons who intended to be present; the amount therefore of this collection is nearly £100, making a total amount of about £559. On the evening of Good Friday, we had a public tea meeting, in the old chapel, now a school-room; about 280 sat down to tea. After the tea the friends adjourned to the new chapel. Several very suitable addresses were delivered by Mr. J. Hadfield, of St. Mary's-gate; the Revs. J. Merwood, and J. Walker, (Independents); the Rev. J. Stevenson; and by Mr. G. F. Cole, the secretary of the church, who gave a poetical address suggested by the occasion.

TODMORDEN.—After having our chapel closed for seven weeks, for the purpose of erecting a new gallery in it, we had the re-opening services on Lord's-day, Feb. 9, when the Rev. J. Tunnicliffe, of Leeds, preached morning and evening, and our beloved pastor, in the afternoon. The chapel was quite filled, both afternoon and evening. The collections amounted to £22. We have raised by subscription about £65. The divine blessing has been given us richly. We thank God and take courage.

REMOVAL.

The Rev. W. Chapman, of Longford, having resigned his pastorate after nearly twenty years successful ministry there, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church at Melbourne, and is expected to commence his labours on the first Lord's-day in June.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOSE.—On Monday, March 17, the Bible class connected with the General Baptist chapel, Hose, closed its services for the season by a tea meeting, attended by the members and a few friends. The chair was taken by the junior teacher, when the leading features of the discussions for the past winter were reviewed. General conversation upon the interests of the class followed, interspersed with singing and prayer. Christian sociality and affection pervaded the meeting. The above class commences its services in October and closes them in March. It is open to the neighbourhood, and is presided over alternately by Messrs. Smith, Glenn, and Fred. Mantle. God has honoured it, making it the means by which several have been introduced to Christ and salvation, and they are now united with us in fellowship. We have hope of others. F. M.

MELBOURNE.—A lecture was delivered in the General Baptist school-room, April the 1st, by Mr. Thomas Grice, of Melbourne, on Mr. Gregory Pike, of Derby; the

chair was occupied by Mr. H. Neale. The young lecturer spoke upwards of an hour and a half. The lecture was full of sound thought. The audience was greatly interested in the subject, and listened throughout with the deepest interest.

GENERAL BAPTIST COLLEGE.—The Treasurer begs to acknowledge the following sums, and will feel greatly obliged if the subscribers and

churches will kindly favour him with their subscriptions and collections as early as convenient, as the account must be closed in the early part of June:—

	£	s.	d.
Rents of Houses ...	10	10	3
Nottingham, Stoney-street	11	5	0
Christopher Dresser, Esq.	10	0	0
Loughborough, Wood-gate	6	0	0
Rev. I. Stubbins ...	3	0	0
Coventry ...	2	2	0

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

WHAT do our readers suppose the Catholic Archbishop of Toulouse considers 'a glorious deed?' The murder in cold blood of multitudes of French Protestants in May, 1562, who laid down their arms on the promise that they should leave the city in safety, and were then, on the principle that no faith should be kept with heretics, massacred in cold blood. This Catholic prelate proposes that the tri-centenary should be held as a jubilee, with solemn processions and plenary indulgences. The Emperor Napoleon has had the good sense to forbid the unseemly celebration. The Convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Belfast has been seized by the bailiffs for a debt of £2,000. The Evangelical clergy of the State church are getting sore on account of the Bicentenary agitation of the Dissenters. The Bardsleys are making themselves famous by their misrepresentations of modern Dissenters. Canon Miller, of Birmingham, has resigned his presidency of the Birmingham Bible Society, because of some supposed reflections on the evangelical clergy by Rev. R. W. Dale

in a recent lecture on the Bicentenary. It can scarcely be comforting to the laity of the Anglican church to be told, as they were told the other day, in the *Times* newspaper, 'that there is scarcely a form of religious imposture, and perhaps no set of religious or irreligious opinions that does not number among its adherents some priests or deacons of the English church.' The Mormons have just been holding a conference in London. More than 900 persons were present, and wondering 'Gentiles' crowded the streets to see the 'saints.' The Central United Bartholomew Committee is getting fairly under weigh. Two lectures have already been given in Willis's Rooms, one by Dr. M'Crie, a Presbyterian of London, and son of the historian, on the 'story of the ejection,' and a second by Maclaren, of Manchester, on 'fidelity to conscience.' We sincerely hope that the very modest appeal for pecuniary help of this committee will meet with a hearty response. In various parts of the country dissenters are bestirring themselves on the Bicentenary question. Religious addresses to the upper classes are being given

on Saturday afternoons in Willis's rooms. Captain Trotter and Mr. Blackwood are its chief supporters. Many 'carriage people' attend. It has been suggested that the May meetings should be put off till June, to afford an opportunity for visiting at a cheaper rate the great Exhibition. It does not seem very likely to be taken up. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, has recently immersed a convert in the font which is now a permanent institution in the Plymouth church.

GENERAL.

THE great Exhibition is to be opened this month. The ceremony will be very imposing. It is with some satisfaction that we learn that the English exhibitors have now outstripped our continental friends in their preparations. The Emperor of the French is announced as about to visit the Exhibition, and rumour says, that our beloved Queen has placed Buckingham Palace at his disposal, and that he has accepted the offer. Parliament has been unusually busy during the last month. We have had there debates, all very marked in their way, on the budget, on Poland, on Italy, and on the Clergy Relief Bill. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his budget does not propose many changes: the hop duty is repealed, a tax is imposed on private brewers in the shape of a license, and the wine duties have been simplified. Disraeli indulged in one of his most envenomed attacks during the debate; but Gladstone was more than a match for the unscrupulous member for Bucks. The debate on Poland brought out many disheartening facts about that unhappy country.

The only hope for her now seems in the avowed liberalism of the Emperor of all the Russias. Reforms in Russia may ultimately lead to reforms in Poland. The debate on Italy was decidedly the most interesting ever held. Sir George Bowyer, a bigoted Roman Catholic,—Knight of Malta, who has taken the vow of celibacy; made some very sweeping charges against the new kingdom of Italy. Pope Hennesey, and Maguire followed suit. The replies were absolutely crushing. Layard, Gladstone, and Palmerston, gave such answers to the absurd rumours retailed by the Papal party, and spoke so eulogistically of the steady advancement of Italy since the liberation as will assure the people of that country, if they ever doubted it, of England's moral support. There was as much bigotry shown on the Clergy Relief Bill as might be expected. 'Once a priest, always a priest,' will by and bye cease to be true in this country. The country has been full of talk on the merits of iron-clad ships, suggested by the conflict in Hampton roads between the 'Merrimac' and the 'Monitor.' The trial at Shoeburyness, has, however, made men hesitate about setting down iron-clad ships as invulnerable. 'Double your charge of powder,' says Sir W. Armstrong, 'and you will increase the velocity of your cannon balls.' The French seem to think that Palmerston's outspokenness about the evacuation of Rome by the French troops implies some understanding between the premier and the Emperor. Italy is being stirred up by the progresses of Garibaldi. Father

Passaglia has been nominated an officer of the order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus. Austrian finance is still in a sad embroglio. The insurrection in Greece is over. Japan has sent ambassadors to France and England. Lord Elgin, the new Governor-general of India, assumed his post last March. The Taepings have been guilty of unheard of atrocities. Shanghai has been running with the blood of their victims. The American conflict rages with greater fierceness. A recent victory is reported on the side of the Feder-

alists. The cotton dearth is spreading misery and pauperism in all the great centres of cotton manufacture. Lancashire is in a grievous condition. Many thousands are already thrown on the parish, and more will soon be added to their starving host. Can we not ask that British generosity which responded so nobly to the appeal for the sufferers by the Hartley Colliery accident will now look on the slow death which many thousands are enduring, and come liberally and heartily to the rescue?

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 7, at the residence of the Rev. Adam Thomson, Surrey Hills, Sydney, Frederic James Winks, of Leicester, England, second surviving son of Joseph Foulkes Winks, editor of the 'British Baptist Reporter,' to Jane, youngest daughter of William Lawson, Esq., of Greenock, Scotland.—*Sydney Herald*.

March 15, at Tetley-street, Bradford, by Rev. B. Wood, Mr. Joseph Midgely, to Amelia Jackson.

March 17, at Shackerston, Mr. R. Dummellow, to Sarah, relict of Mr. Morris Fox, of Ibstock, and only daughter of Thomas Smith, Esq., of Barton Fabis, Leicestershire.

March 23, at Peterborough General Baptist chapel, Mr. John Austin, to Miss H. Elderkin, both of Stilton, Hunts.

March 27, at Lancaster, James Henderson, Esq., M.D., of the London Mission, Shanghai, to Emily, second daughter of George Rawson, Esq., of Leeds.

March 27, at Burnley, by Rev. J. Alcorn, Mr. William Henry Geldhill, to Miss Charlotte Ann Horner, both of this town.

DEATHS.

Feb. 8, at Loughborough, very suddenly, Mr. Robert Lander, aged 74.

March 17, at Argoed Colliery, near Newport, Mr. John Williams, aged 64. He was a man of noble heart, high principle, and ardent piety. Wherever he resided he built an altar for God, founded Sunday-schools, and introduced the preaching of the Gospel.

March 29, at Burnley, Mr. Henry Geldhill, aged 59 years.

April 2, at 19, Queen's-terrace, St. Johns Wood, London, Emma, the beloved wife of J. M. Stubbs, aged 37, She died in peace.

April 3, at Aylesbury, Admiral Sir James Clark Ross, the celebrated Arctic voyager.

April 6, at March, aged 78, Miss Elizabeth Ewen, only daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Ewen, many years pastor of the General Baptist church, March. She had been a consistent and pious member for fifty-seven years.

April 14, at Louth, Rev. James Kiddall, 37 years minister of the church at Maltby, Alford, and Walker-gate, Louth, aged 66.

April 22, at 185, Piccadilly, after a few days' illness, Mr. Edward Swaine, aged 66.

Missionary Observer.

LETTER FROM REV. J. BUCKLEY
TO THE SECRETARY.

Cuttack, 4th March, 1862.

THE last three weeks I have had to pass through deep waters, and the floods have well-nigh overwhelmed me. Eighteen days ago Mrs. Buckley was attacked with fever. I did not, at first, think that it was serious, as fever was very common at Choga, where we had been spending a few days, I had two sharp attacks myself, from which, however, I soon recovered. It proved, however, to be an obstinate case of jungle fever, and she was soon brought down very low. I have many times during the seventeen years of our married life seen her very weak and ill, but never so prostrate as she has been this time. The medical treatment of the case was the more difficult as she could not bear quinine, and her extreme weakness disclosed another cause for anxiety, as the action of the heart was observed to be somewhat irregular, and this required separate treatment. We have been much favoured in the kind attendance of two doctors, in both of whom I have entire confidence. Five or six days ago I had but the faintest hope of her restoration, and my heart was sad indeed, but through God's blessing the unfavourable symptoms have, to a considerable extent at least, subsided, and our hopes have considerably revived. Still there is cause for anxiety, but I trust, that if it be the Lord's will, every day may diminish it. Lady Canning was cut down in ten days by a similar fever; and this is the eighteenth day since Mrs. Buckley's attack came on, but it must, under the most favourable circumstances, be a long time before she regains a moderate degree of health and vigour. What a comfort to feel that our times are in the

Lord's hands! The fever has been of a peculiar depressing character, but her heart has clung to the precious Saviour, and her confidence in Him has been strong.

I am thankful to say that I have kept up surprisingly well. I could scarcely have thought it possible that I should have had strength to go through what I have, but special strength is given when we most need it. I have done all the watching, giving food, medicine, &c., every night, with one exception only. We have found Miss Guignard exceedingly kind and attentive, and other dear friends, both in and out of the Mission, have been most ready to render all the help possible. I have deeply felt at this time of trial how much we need the prayers of our friends. Oh that this trial may be sanctified to the increase of our holiness and usefulness—that we may be fruitful branches in the Lord's vineyard.

I have mentioned Choga and the prevalence of fever there. I have never known anything like it before. In almost every house some one ill of fever, and in many several ill at one time. The rains last year were very heavy, the late rains especially so, and this it has been thought may be the immediate cause of this unusual sickness, but the Lord reigneth.

LETTER FROM THE REV. W.
BAILEY, TO THE SECRETARY.

Berhampore, February 17, 1862.

FOR some weeks past I have been hoping to secure a little leisure that I might give you an account of our late visit to Cuttack. It is not needful now for me to refer in detail to the important transactions of the Orissa Conference for 1861, as before this can reach England you will

have been thoroughly furnished by a pen that never tires with all the varied items of interest. I cannot, however, pass over in silence the fact, that every year we have clearer evidence of progress, and though this perhaps may not appear so prominent to friends in the distance, it certainly does to us who are in the field. Our stay in Cuttack was rather prolonged, and in consequence, we had more opportunities than usual to mingle with the native christians, and witness for ourselves the onward course of christianity in the capital of the province.

It seems only as yesterday since the missionaries were filled with anxious fears as to the course to be adopted, whereby those who had relinquished caste and idolatry as well as the youths in the asylum might obtain a livelihood. Since the mutiny in 1857, a marvellous change seems to have come over the minds of all Government officials, and appointments which prior to that period seemed reserved alone for hindoos and mohamedans are thrown open without let or hinderance to native christians; hence you may now see the once "despised ones" employed and respected in almost every department of the state.

The old men can tell us of the time when they looked forward with the deepest anxiety to the future, and wondered how and where their sons were to obtain wives, and their daughters husbands. But they have lived to see not only their children, but their children's children married and honourably located for life.

A few days before we left Cuttack, the third son of our dear old friend Gunga Dhor was married to the grand-daughter of Rama Chundra, and it may perhaps interest the readers of the *Observer* if I give a brief account of the wedding festivities. A day or two before the marriage, Gunga went round to the missionaries and with his accustomed politeness invited them to the feast. You are probably aware that in accordance with eastern custom these

feasts take place at night. As we drew near to the house, I was not a little surprised to see a triumphal archway erected, on which in large English letters was inscribed the appropriate motto, "WELCOME GUESTS." On either side of the entrance there was a profusion of lights, and in front of the door we perceived that a large canopy had been put up to protect the guests from the dew. Gunga came out to receive his European friends, and conducted them into what may be called the court yard, where there was a large table spread with many luxuries, we were really and truly most sumptuously entertained. After the repast the bridegroom brought an English Bible, with the request that one of the missionaries would supplicate the divine blessing upon the union that had that day been consummated. We then joined our native friends who were seated beneath the canopy in the front of the house, and listened with great pleasure to their songs of praise and gladness. We had no lack of native music, drums, cymbals, guitars, and four English violins! There could not have been less than three hundred native christians who had been bidden to the wedding, probably more. Old Gunga, who is a poet, and who has always prided himself with his vocal powers, resolved to sing a few of his favourite hymns, and though he is nearly seventy years of age, he fairly beat all the youngsters, and I am almost afraid to say how far his voice might have been heard. I know it will gratify all our friends at home to learn that Gunga is more vigorous now than he was ten years ago, his general health has very much improved, in fact, he says himself that, "like the eagles he has renewed his youth."

Cheered, however, as I was with all that I saw and heard in Cuttack, I was more especially so with our visit to Choga. I was delighted, not only with the numerical increase of the native christians, but also with the general improvement that

everywhere appeared visible. Choga now is certainly a very important sphere of missionary labour. The services of the Sabbath were well attended, and it was a time of much hallowed feeling and enjoyment.

My labours this cold season have been, I regret to say, somewhat curtailed owing to repeated attacks of fever. I am through mercy now restored, but the doctor has put his veto on my going out again for the present.

The Meriah agency is to be given up. The governor-general appears to think that the end for which it was organized has been accomplished. Is it not rather singular, that just as we are about to go up and possess the land, the civil authorities should be retiring from their work? A few days ago, I received a donation of a hundred rupees towards the Khond mission.

Miss Packer reached Berhampore on the 26th of December, and about a week after her arrival, she entered upon her duties in connection with the girls' school. She will be a great acquisition to us at Berhampore.

DEATH OF THE CHAPLAIN OF CUTTACK.

BY THE REV. J. BUCKLEY.

THE Rev. Hastings H. Harington, Chaplain of Cuttack, died here on the 13th of February, after several weeks of severe and painful illness. I visited him daily during his alarming illness, and our conversations were most free and unreserved. I have thought that what was very edifying and affecting to myself may be so to others, and have therefore resolved to give some particulars of my conversations with him in prospect of the great change.

The first interview I had with Mr. Harington after he became so alarmingly ill as to preclude the hope of recovery was a very affecting one. He had expressed a wish to see me, and I hastened to his side. Much sympathy was, I may

add, felt by the residents of Cuttack in his state, as none of his family could be with him to soothe him in his sickness, and to cheer by their attentions his last hours. His wife and all his family were in England; and as his own health had been for some time failing he had decided soon to join them. Preparations had been made for his departure from Cuttack, and his passage had been engaged in one of the steamers, when he became so much worse that his removal was impracticable. As soon as my friend saw me at his side, he expressed his pleasure; and one of the first remarks he made after I had entered his room was a very weighty one—"With all the consolations of the Gospel it is a serious thing to die." On this occasion he said with much feeling—Oh that we had walked together much more than we have! A few days later he referred again to this subject, and expressed his deep regret that during the four or five years he had been at Cuttack, our intercourse had not been much more close and intimate. He added that he was thankful that it had not been marred by a single unpleasant word or feeling. Still, he said, this does not satisfy me. I wish it had been much more intimate. He expressed in the most pleasing and satisfactory manner his simple dependence upon Christ for mercy and salvation. His language was, I cast myself on the tender mercy of God in Christ. None but Christ. He acknowledged his imperfections, felt that he had often come short, but said that in the main it had been his desire and endeavour to serve Christ. Lord, he said, Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee. That hymn, he added, was once a favourite; but why do I say once? It is so still: it is so now—

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;"

and he repeated a great part of the hymn with much emotion. He then said, Our works: what are they? they are nothing: it is Christ—the

mercy of God in Christ: still we must not forget that if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his. Religion, he went on to say, is love, but many do not distinguish between the animal fervour and the better feeling. In the fullest manner he assured me that there was not any person anywhere against whom he cherished any resentment. He forgave all who had in any way, or at any time injured him, and wished to die in peace with all mankind. He gave some directions with perfect calmness as to his interment, and intimated his wish that I would perform the last rites. This was an interview not to be forgotten. Many tears were shed.

Several times when I was with him he repeated with deep feeling and appropriate emphasis long pieces of devotional poetry. He especially admired some of Dale's poems. I remember his repeating one on the folly of seeking pleasure from the world, another on the resurrection of the widow of Nain's son, and another on Peter's sin and repentance. More than once he repeated—"Vital spark of heavenly flame;" remarking on one occasion on the phrase, "languish into life," as a peculiar one.

One evening he spoke with much interest of Isaiah lx. 19-20. "The sun shall be no more thy light by day," &c., in connection with the parallel text, Rev. xxi. 23. "And the city had no need of the sun," &c. It is indeed a glorious promise, and human language can but faintly express its full sweetness—"The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." He several times prayed—"Make haste O God to deliver me. Make haste unto me O God! Thou art my help and deliverer. O Lord make no tarrying." When I repeated the prayer—"Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save him for thy mercies sake," he said, That is what I want, to have Christ revealed to me, to be assured of His love.

Referring again to the ground of his hope, he said, "Other foundation

can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ;" adding, I look to Thee, Jesus. I trust in Thee, Jesus. I depend on Thee, Jesus. I have no other hope. Oh Jesus! let thy last look on me be a compassionate one, like thy look on Peter. Oh Thou blessed Saviour! take thy servant: he is ready for thy coming—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

When something had been said on prayer he repeated part of Hart's hymn,

"Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live."

Gunga Dhor called on me one day as I was going to see him and inquired very anxiously how he was; and when I told him how ill he was and that he could not continue many days, he said, "Give my loving salutation to him, and say that I hope for Christ's sake he will receive it." The kind interest manifested in his welfare by a native christian was very cheering to the suffering saint.

On the 7th of January I saw him at 7 a.m., and mentioned that the text for the day in Bogatzky was—"Christ is all and in all." He inquired if I used the book regularly. I said that I did not, but had that morning on getting out of bed found it on the table, and taking it up, saw that the text for the day was a very precious one. Our dear friend, Major Young, called shortly after, and he too was full of the text, "Christ is all and in all." The Major was that day leaving for England, and Mr. H. felt much satisfaction in conveying his dying love to his family by a friend who would so soon see them. Afterwards, he said, Jesus, I have none but Thee. I can no more doubt Thy love and mercy than doubt that I am suffering here. Dear Jesus! Blessed Jesus! I do trust in Thee.

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

He added, I shall soon be with Him.

Come Lord Jesus: come quickly. |
 Remarking on the compassion of
 Christ in saying to the widow of
 Nain, Weep not, he said, Oh that I
 could hear that voice! There were
 times when clouds obscured the
 brightness of his sun, and he sighed
 for clearer evidence of the love of
 God to him, but at such seasons he
 cast himself—and this is the only
 safe way—on the mercy of God
 through Christ, repeating the well-
 known verse,

“Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
 This is the total sum:
 For mercy, Lord is all my suit,
 O let Thy mercy come.”

He spoke with much interest of
 the tender and beautiful representa-
 tions of the mercy of God as given
 in Psalm ciii, 13, “Like as a *Father*
 pitieth his children,” &c., and
 Isaiah lxvi, 13, “As one whom his
mother comforteth,” &c. He once
 speculated on what would be the
 first feeling of the saint on entering
 heaven, would it be rapture or
 humility? I thought it probable
 that the transporting joy of that
 moment when we shall see our Lord,
 might be chastened by the recol-
 lection of our unfaithfulness in
 serving such a Friend, and that if
 regret was possible it might be felt
 in remembering how faint and cold
 our love to Him had been compared
 with His love to us. Oh, he said,
 that I had loved Him more.

During a part of his sickness
 his restlessness and suffering were
 extreme. Well might he say with
 the afflicted patriarch, “Wearisome
 nights are appointed to me. I am
 full of tossings to and fro unto the
 dawning of the day.” And when
 his mind wandered, as it sometimes
 did, he was distressed with the
 thought that he was abandoned by
 God and man. It appeared to me
 to be attributable to physical causes
 and to be not difficult of explanation,
 but in a subsequent conversation in
 reference to these days, or rather
 nights of darkness and sorrow, he
 referred much of his depression to
 our great adversary, and said the

wiles of Satan were not sufficiently
 thought of by many. He remarked
 that there had been times during
 this affliction when he seemed as if
 personally conscious of a foul spirit
 being near; when it appeared as if
 he could perceive the breath, and
 the venom of the foe, and when he
 was sure that the foul suggestion
 came directly from the fiend, “If He
 had loved you, would He have left
 you in this state to perish without
 help?” Satan, I told him, knew how
 to fish in troubled waters; and the
 promise, “When the enemy shall
 come in like a flood, the Spirit of the
 Lord shall lift up a standard against
 him” was happily present to his
 recollection.

On Sabbath-day, January 12, he
 was so ill that it seemed as if he
 could scarcely live to its close.
 Among other things he said, Father,
 into thy hands I commit my spirit,
 my affairs, my family, my friends,
 myself.

On the following Tuesday evening
 he said, I desire to be conformed in
 all things to the teachings of the
 Holy Bible, and I have been trying to
 consider “all the way in which the
 Lord has led me,” but the mind is
 so active that other thoughts obtrude,
 and I have not the comfort that I
 wish. He then asked me to comment
 a little on Deut. viii. 2, which I was
 of course ready to do. He him-
 self remarked on the words, “*All*
 the way,” All the mercies, I said.
 He added, yes, and all the chasten-
 ings, for without the chastenings we
 should not have been what we are.
 I encouraged him to believe that
 the Lord who had led him thus
 far would not forsake him at the
 last, and he remarked on the
 exhortation as addressed personally
 to each, “*Thou* shalt remember,” &c.

The day following I read to him
 one of Beddome’s hymns on death
 —a hymn, I think, not so much
 known as it deserves to be. Let me
 add, that I first heard it some thirty-
 eight years ago at the death bed of a
 disciple of Christ with whom it was
 a favourite, and have never for-
 gotten it.

"If I must die—Oh let me die,
Trusting in Jesus' blood;
That blood which full atonement made,
And reconciles to God.

If I must die—then let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures all refined.

If I must die—as die I must,
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing,
To my celestial home.

Of Canaan's land, from Pisgab's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks
I'll boldly venture through."

To the sentiments of this striking and impressive hymn he very heartily responded.

In the course of conversation one morning I told him that I had been reading the day before a very interesting account in one of the magazines of a Captain Hasting E. Harington, of the Bengal Artillery, and thought it probable that this young officer might be a relative of his. Yes, he said he was my nephew, and what is called amongst us, my godson. He was very anxious to hear the narrative and I promised to bring the magazine when I came again. The next morning I found him dozing, but his first words on waking were to ask if I had come, and on seeing me to ask if I had brought the magazine. I read to him the narrative. He was very deeply affected. The excitement was indeed too much for him. He mentioned having had a letter from his nephew written before Delhi at the time of that never-to-be-forgotten siege. When this young officer joined his appointment in the Artillery he had occasion to pass through Delhi, but it was on the Sabbath-day that he halted there, and he remarked in his journal that he could not on the Lord's-day go out to see the curiosities of the city, interesting as in other circumstances it would have been, but he hoped he should be able to examine Delhi on some future occasion. His hope was gratified in a way that he expected not. The next time he saw Delhi was to take part in the

operations of the siege. His bravery secured for him the decoration of the Victoria Cross; but by the grace of Christ he was counted worthy to receive that infinitely more substantial and enduring honour which cometh from God only. "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour," is a promise in which we may all share, though the perishable honours of stars and crosses be denied us. I have since heard that a separate memoir of Captain Harington will be published, when its publication in the "Christian Sentinel" shall be completed. I have no doubt that it will do good. It will belong to the Hedley Viccars class. This young officer died of cholera at Agra.

The last three or four days of Mr. Harington's life he was often unconscious and unable to bear much conversation. He could only articulate a word or two at a time. He once said to me, We shall not be fellow-pastors long. On another occasion when he was unable to recognize his friends, I said, "Peace be with you. The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit;" a sweet smile passed over his face and I was certain that he understood what was said. At length, God granted him that which he requested. He departed in peace, waiting for the salvation of the Lord. The Government did not permit the Missionary to perform the last rites, but directed, that, according to their usage in such cases, the Commandant of the station should read the burial service. I preached a funeral sermon at the Mission chapel, from Jude, part of 21st verse—"Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."

ERAMANGA.

THIS island, beyond all others visited by the "John Williams," has obtained a mournful notoriety from the barbarous murders perpetrated by its savage inhabitants upon WILLIAMS and HARRIS two and twenty years since, and very re-

cently upon Mr. and Mrs. GORDON, who had nobly ventured to settle on its blood-stained shores. But, notwithstanding the shadow of death has rested so heavily upon this island, the friends of missions will learn, from Mr. Murray's journal, that the prospects for the future are far from hopeless. It appears that the lamented death of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon was effected by a heathen chief, coming from a distance, and instigated to his murderous act by a wicked and abandoned stranger of the name of Rangī. Mr. G. had obviously cherished a misplaced confidence in his own security, and removed his residence a considerable distance from the people among whom he had previously lived, and by whom he was venerated and loved. These christian natives, had they been present when the fatal attack was made, would have proved themselves his defenders, and when he fell, they wept over his remains, and that of his beloved wife, as children weep over the ashes of a father.

"We found in Aneiteum seventeen refugees whose lives had been in danger after the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, and who on that account had left the island. Among these were our old friends Joe and Mana, through whom we succeeded in past years in introducing teachers to the island. They had been inmates of Mr. Gordon's family during the whole time of his residence in Eramanga, and besides, they are well acquainted with the Samoan language; hence it was important to have one of them in communicating with the Eramangans and in obtaining information relative to the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. Joe was considered eligible for our purpose, so we had him with us. As soon as we got to anchor, he was sent on shore to ascertain the state of things. We were soon cheered by Joe's return with a company of natives presenting a very different appearance from anything we had expected to see in Eramanga on the present occasion. They were all clothed, and had nothing in their

appearance indicative of the degradation and ferocity which we are wont to associate with the natives of this island. We found that they were parties who had been attached to Mr. Gordon, and as they gathered around us, and manifested the depth of their grief by silent tears, some of us were ready to mingle our tears with theirs, while we rejoiced to witness proofs that some rays of light and some traces of life are still found in this land of darkness and the shadow of death. We had thought that, except the seventeen refugees whom we found at Aneiteum, the Eramangans were still heathen idolaters. How surprised and delighted, therefore, were we to find that instead of this, there is a goodly number besides on whom the truth has manifestly made a considerable impression—who stand aloof from heathenism and keep up the worship of the true God on this dark and blood-stained shore, and who seem determined, at all hazards, to walk according to their light. The number of those who thus adhere to christianity it is impossible at present accurately to ascertain. After our interviews with those who came on board, Mr. Geddie and I went on shore and satisfied ourselves that there was no risk in landing, and in the afternoon our whole party landed. We pulled up the memorable stream, near which Williams and Harris fell, to the printing office built by Mr. Gordon. It was a mournful sight to look upon this, and the press, which a few months since promised to be an effective auxiliary in diffusing the light of truth and the blessings of christianity throughout this dark land. Years must pass before we again possess the facilities which existed a few months ago for the evangelization of Eramanga. While surveying the desolate-looking printing office, the sadness of the scene was heightened by women gathering round our female friends, grasping their hands, and manifesting the depth of their emotions by silent tears."—*Missionary Magazine*.

Foreign Letters Received.

BERHAMPORE.—W. Bailey, Feb. 17.
 BHUDDRUCK.—G. Taylor, Feb. 26.
 CHOGA.—W. Hill, Feb. 13.
 CUTTACK.—J. Buckley, March 4.

CUTTACK.—J. O. Goadby, Feb. 18.
 —————W. Hill, March 3.
 —————Mrs. Miller, Jan. 18.

Contributions

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

From March 20th to April 20th, 1862.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A Friend for Orphan boy ...	3	0	0	Rev. F. Trestrail ...	0	10	6
BARROWDEN AND MORCOTT.				Sir Morton Peto, Bart., M.P.	2	2	0
Collections and Subscriptions	7	7	8	LONG SUTTON.			
BIRMINGHAM.				Cash on Account ..	12	0	0
Collections and Subscriptions	31	19	0	MARCH.			
CONINGSBY.				Public Collections ...	8	0	6
Collections and Subscriptions	8	4	0	NEW LENTON.			
CROPSTONE.				Collections and Subscriptions	9	14	0
Public Collection ...	1	10	0	NOTTINGHAM.			
DERBY.— <i>Mary's-gate.</i>				Miss Butler ...	20	0	0
Public Collections ...	25	3	8	STOKE.			
FORNCETT AND MOULTON.				Collections and Subscriptions	14	16	4
Collections and Subscriptions	2	14	4	SUDBURY.			
HINCKLEY.				Miss Keen's Pupils ...	3	7	6
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THE
GENERAL BAPTIST
MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1862.

THE BLACK BARTHOLOMEW COMMEMORATION.

I.—THE PURITANS AND THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

By the common consent of all Evangelical Nonconformists the year now passing away is to be marked as a year of historical and religious commemoration. Two hundred years ago, ere the liberties we now possess were fully established, occurred one of the most memorable events in the history of this or any other land. On Sunday, the 24th of August, 1662, two thousand clergymen, many of them learned and distinguished men, and all of them devoted and useful servants of Christ, voluntarily threw up their livings, severed themselves from their spheres of ministerial toil, left their homes, and cast themselves with their families, roofless and penniless upon the world, because they could not do violence to conscience by giving their unfeigned assent and consent to modes of worship and formularies of faith which they deemed inconsistent with the teaching and spirit of God's Word. So noble and self-sacrificing

an act of conscientiousness is worthy of admiration in this and in every age. Moreover, the fruits of that self-sacrifice appear to-day in the liberty and spiritual vigour which the churches of our land now enjoy. The period in which these noble confessors lived was the closing scene of a long era of persecution and suffering for the truth. They were some of the last of the noble army by whose struggles the victories of Christ's spiritual kingdom have been won. As we value the privileges for which they fought and suffered, as we can appreciate moral heroism and unswerving loyalty to conscience, we shall be ready to do honour to the memory of these brave men, and join in the celebration by which the present year is to be distinguished.

The story of the brave two thousand of 1662, cannot be told with any degree of perspicuity and impressiveness unless we also tell the story of the rise and progress of

the Puritans. The origin of this well-known and much-abused party in the English church, is found in the events which immediately succeeded the Reformation. When Henry the Eighth threw off the Papal yoke, but remained all his life in doctrine and practice a thorough Papist at heart, it was not to be expected that a great national advancement would be made at once on the road of ecclesiastical reform. On the contrary, but that the King was the supreme head of the church, instead of Pope Clement the Seventh, the Church of England was as Romish as ever, and the spirit of intolerance and persecution prevailed. Roman Catholics who refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the king were executed as traitors; and Protestants who denied the doctrines of Romanism were burnt as heretics. But silently and surely was working amongst the people the leaven of a new spiritual life which the manuscript English Bible of Wycliffe, and the printed versions of Tyndale and Coverdale had infused into the nation. Not a few were desirous in the face of opposition and death to push the reformation to the farthest possible point from Rome, and to introduce scriptural simplicity and purity in the usages, worship, and faith of the church. One of these was Master John Hooper, who may be regarded as the father of English Puritanism. He had been trained in the cloisters, but doffed the black garb of the Cistercian friar for the gay costume of the courtier. Being converted to the Protestant faith, he endeavoured by a diligent search of the Scriptures to acquaint himself with divine truth. To aid him in his pursuit he returned to the university of Oxford. But persecution frowned on the very cradle of Puritanism. Hooper took his stand on God's Word. This was distasteful to the new head of the Anglican church. The 'bloody statute' of Henry VIII. enacted that whosoever denied the doctrine of transubstantiation should be immediately delivered over to the flames and not

allowed to recant. It enforced, among other things, the celibacy of the clergy, the celebration of masses, and the practice of auricular confession. By this 'whip of six cords,' as it was called, Master Hooper and others were driven into exile. On the death of Henry and the accession of the boy-king, Edward the Sixth, the wanderers returned to their native land. No sooner did Hooper reach London than he began to preach against the corruptions of the church and the sins of the people, mingling in his discourses with no unsparing hand the salt of sound evangelical doctrine. Several times did this eloquent divine preach before the king, and always was he faithful to his trust. Without hesitation or compromise he declared, as he apprehended it, the whole counsel of God. Especially did he denounce the mummeries and vanities of Romish ceremonialism. 'Great shame it is,' he said, 'for a noble king, emperor, or magistrate, contrary unto God's Word, to detain or keep from the devil or his ministers, any of their goods or treasure, as candles, vestments, crosses, altars!' The king took everything most kindly, and proffered the eloquent preacher the see of Gloucester. Master Hooper at first declined the honour. He could not take the oath which he deemed a 'shameful and impious form,' nor wear the habits which the bishops were expected to wear. Both, he considered, were without the sanction of the Word of God. Nor could he promise to observe, without any alteration whatever, the book of Common Prayer set forth by the bishops. The king yielded to his protests, but the bishops refused to consecrate him unless he appeared in the proper costume. When the king promised to secure them from all penalty or forfeiture for the irregularity, they still held out, and Ridley accused Hooper of insubordination, of setting at nought the royal supremacy, and rejecting the lawful authority of the king. On the 15th of January, 1551, 'Master

Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, was called to appear before the council at Greenwich, 'touching his old matter of denial to wear such apparel as other bishops wear.' The refractory bishop persevered, and was finally committed to Fleet prison. Here Master Hooper recanted. On being released from confinement he was duly consecrated to the see of Gloucester. But he looked back on his conformity with the deepest regret. John Fox, the martyrologist, says of him, 'This theological contention came to this end, that the bishops having the upper hand, Master Hooper was fain to agree to this condition, that sometimes he should in his sermons show himself appareled as the other bishops were. Wherefore, appointed to preach before the king, as a new player in strange apparel he cometh forth on the stage. His upper garment was a long scarlet chymese, down to the foot, and under that a white linen rochet that covered all his shoulders; upon his head he had a geometrical, that is a four-squared cap, albeit that his head was round. What cause of shame the strangeness hereof was that day to that good preacher, every man may easily judge. But this private contumely and reproach in respect of the public profit of the church which he only sought, he bore and suffered patiently. And I would to God in like manner they which took upon them the other part in that tragedy, had yielded their private cause, whatever it was, to the public concord and edifying of the church; for no man in the city was one hair better for that hot contention.'

No doubt 'they that took upon them the other part in this tragedy' regretted afterwards what they had done. On the death of Edward, Mary, of bloody memory, came to the throne, and though Hooper espoused her cause in preference to that of the unfortunate and accomplished lady Jane Grey—the ten days' queen—yet within two years after her accession to the crown, the Bishop of Gloucester was brought

to the stake, and Cranmer and Ridley, with simple-hearted and brave old Latimer, shared the fate of good Master Hooper. In their death they were not long divided. During the five years of Mary's reign, when not a week passed but a Protestant was brought to the flames, Puritanism fled for its life, or hid itself away in remote corners of the land. There was a great increase in its ranks, however, in the days of Elizabeth. The Puritans as an ecclesiastical party now became both numerous and influential. They had a majority in the House of Commons. They had a large number of supporters and friends in the Lords. They had considerable influence at Court. The parochial clergy, the students and fellows at the universities, the most eminent preachers in London, with one or two bishops at their head, were all favourable to Puritanism. Even Convocation rejected a proposal to abolish the use of organs, the observance of saint days, the signing of the cross in baptism, kneeling at communion, and the wearing of priestly vestments, by the bare majority of *one* only. But Elizabeth showed no favour to the Puritans. The 'theatrical dresses,' 'the relics of the Amorites,' the 'palls and mitres, and gold and gewgaws fetched from Aaron's old wardrobe or the flamin's vestry,' were not displeasing to her. She rather liked the pomps and ceremonies of Rome, though she disapproved its doctrine and discipline. After a short period of indulgence, acting under the influence and with the co-operation of Parker and Whitgift, an effort was made by the queen to enforce uniformity, and the Puritans were subjected to penalty, fine, imprisonment, and even death, for refusal to conform to the usages of the Established Church. Elizabeth now displayed the temper, and imitated the severity of her father. But the cause of conscience triumphed, and the more the Puritans were persecuted the more they multiplied and grew.

When the contemptible Scotch pedant, James I., ascended the throne, the hopes of the oppressed Nonconformists once more revived. But they were again doomed to disappointment. James had been accustomed to Presbyterianism in Scotland, he had spoken of English bishops as Papistical prelates, and of the Prayer Book as 'an evil said mass in English,' but at his first interview with the Puritans he exhibited no friendly spirit towards them. He assailed them in the coarsest language. 'If,' said the polite king, 'if you aim at Scottish presbytery it agrees as well with monarchy as God and the devil. Then Jack, and Tom, and Will, and Dick, shall meet, and at their pleasure censure me and my council. Stay I pray you seven years before you demand that of me, and then if you find me grow pury and fat, I may perchance hearken unto you, for that government will keep me in breath and give me work enough.' The Conference which took place at Hampton Court, and of which James was himself the moderator, was terminated abruptly by the king telling the Puritans that if they did not conform, he would 'harrie them out of the land, or else do worse, only hang them, that's all.' Sixteen years afterwards, the pilgrim fathers, harried out of England, sought a shelter and a refuge in the uncultivated wildernesses of the New World. The result of the persecution of this reign was what will always be the case. The persecuted were more numerous and powerful than ever when the persecutor, this 'British Solomon,' died.

In the time of his successor, the crisis, for which events had been so long preparing, came. Under the inspiration of Laud, the policy of Charles the First was even worse than that of his father. To repress Puritanism, irreligion was set up, Sunday sports were encouraged, the bishops and clergy in 'the shamefullest and ungodliest way pushed forward men to gaming, jigging, wassailing, and mixed dancing on

the day which God's law and man's reason hath consecrated,' and loyalty to church and state was made synonymous with all manner of impiety and ungodliness, with Sabbath desecration, drunkenness, profanity, and vice. In the meantime, a systematic attempt was made to assimilate the mode of worship in the parish churches to that of Rome, and to crush the Puritans by the most cruel and barbarous persecution. Pictures, images, crucifixes, candles, were patronized; the communion table received the name of the altar; showy dresses for officiating ministers were commended; auricular confession was insisted upon; clerical celibacy was viewed with favour, prayers for the dead were revived, monastic vows were defended, and unwonted reverence was demanded for ecclesiastical persons. There was evidently a reaction going on towards Rome, and no wonder that the Primate of all England was twice offered a cardinal's hat. When a daughter of the Earl of Devonshire became a Romanist, Laud asked her the reason. 'Tis chiefly,' she said, 'because I hate to travel in a crowd.' On the Primate's requesting an explanation, she replied, 'I perceive your grace and many others are making haste to Rome, and to prevent my being crowded, I have gone on before you.'

With this approximation to the doctrine and worship of the Romish church was also associated its fierce spirit of persecution. Fines of the most extravagant nature were imposed on all who ventured to disapprove or oppose the course and policies of the Primate. For preaching against the use of the crucifix, one Mr. Bernard had to pay £1,000; for having spoken ill of Laud, Williams, Bishop of Lincoln was fined £10,000; for similar offences others of the clergy had like penalties to pay. Moreover, to the whip, the prison, and the pillory, were added the most barbarous mutilations of the person. Alexander Leighton, a Scotch clergyman, father of the

excellent archbishop of that name, for a publication against the prelacy was sentenced to be publicly whipped at Westminster, in the Palace-yard, to stand in the pillory, to have one side of his nose slit, one ear cut off, and one cheek branded with a hot iron; to have the whole of this repeated the next week in Cheapside, and to undergo perpetual imprisonment in the Fleet. Three noted Puritans, Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton were subjected to similar indignities and barbarities. As if this were not enough, under the influence and inspiration of Laud, Convocation devised an oath to be taken by all clergymen and schoolmasters, binding them never to consent to alter the government of the church, by bishops, deans, archdeacons, &c., as it stood then established, and 'as by right,' so ran the oath, 'it ought to stand.' This was the last straw which broke the camel's back. The nation rose up against this unprecedented attempt to reduce all clergymen to intolerable slavery, the '*et cætera* oath' roused the indignation of all England, and Laud's doom was sealed.

The Long Parliament met. The obnoxious oath was pronounced illegal. The victims of Laud's malicious tyranny were released from prison. Laud himself was impeached of high treason, and brought to the block. The 'Directory for Public Worship' was substituted for the Prayer Book, Presbyterianism for Episcopacy; and a large number of the clergy of scandalous lives and immoral habits together with some whose only fault was that they held Arminian tenets, or were in favour of church and king, were forcibly ejected from their livings. Intolerance still prevailed. To the Presbyterians of the revolutionary period, Independents and Anabaptists were equally odious with Episcopalians and Papists. Notwithstanding Cromwell's known desire to grant religious liberty to all denominations, the Presbyterian party clamoured for the suppression of sects and schisms, spoke of the doctrines of toleration, liberty of

conscience as damnable heresies, and laboured to establish a spiritual tyranny as intolerable as that of Laud. A leading Presbyterian minister called toleration 'an innocent-looking devil;' he sought Parliament 'to consider the depths of Satan in this design of freedom of conscience, which was in truth his last plot and design, his masterpiece for England, and concluded an epistle with these words—'The Lord keep thee and all thine from all evil: and especially from noon-day devils which walk about in this place, and in these times; from the errors of Anabaptists, &c.; toleration of sects and schisms under pretence of liberty of conscience.' Another writer of the same school says—'To let men serve God according to the persuasion of their own conscience is to cast out one devil that seven more may enter.' The army that had fought at Edge Hill, Newbury, Marston Moor, and Naseby, 'for liberty to know, and to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience,' the sturdy Independents and Baptists that rallied so bravely round the unconquerable Ironside, were provoked by the narrow bigotry of the Presbyterians; and doubtful of the genuineness of their attachment to freedom, they soon expelled them from Parliament, beheaded the King, and established a republic. During the commonwealth, whatever may be said of the arbitrary acts of which Oliver Cromwell was occasionally guilty, a larger measure of religious liberty obtained in England than had ever before been known. To check the unbridled licence into which some parties rushed severe measures were found necessary, and the innocent and unoffending suffered with the guilty, but Cromwell's aim and purpose were partially carried out, and entire freedom of conscience was granted for the first time to Englishmen. Properly speaking there was no established church under the commonwealth. There was a *national* church, and its benefices were held by men of all evangelical denomina-

tions—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists.

On the death of Cromwell, and the abdication of his son, after a brief protectorate of seven months, the nation fell into anarchy. 'All was confusion, no government, no magistrate, the Parliament turned out by the army, and the soldiers quarrelling amongst themselves.' Monk and the Presbyterians paved the way, partly by secret and partly by open measures, for the restoration of the monarchy. 'Woe be to you, Presbyterians especially, said John Milton,' if ever any of Charles' race recovers the English sceptre! Believe me, you shall pay all the reckoning.' The Presbyterians regained their ascendancy, and the King was restored. The party which had been betrayed and harried by the first and second of the Stuarts, with marvellous innocence and simplicity sold itself for the same treatment to the third. A deputation of four Presbyterian divines waited upon Charles, in Holland. They were shown into a room where through a thin partition they might overhear the royal profligate at his devotions. In a prayer got up, like a stage play, for the purpose, this consummate hypocrite and abandoned voluptuary, adopting the cant phraseology of the Scotch, thanked God that he was a covenanted King, and besought the Lord to grant him a humble, meek, and forgiving spirit, that he might forgive his enemies as he hoped to be forgiven. The good Presbyterian divines were overcome, one of them lifted up his hands to heaven and blessed God that He had given them a praying king—and none of them could think of exacting promises from a prince so devout and tender-hearted. By the famous declaration of Breda, issued from that place on April 4, 1660, definite promises were, however, made to the English nation; and a wide measure of toleration was held out. One of the clauses of the manifesto ran thus;—'We do declare a liberty to tender consciences, and that no man shall be disquieted or called in question for differences of

opinion in matters of religion, which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom, and that we shall be ready to consent to such an Act of Parliament as upon mature deliberation shall be offered to us, for the full granting that indulgence.' Words could not be more plain and emphatic. The exiled prince was ready to promise anything, if only he might wear the English crown. We shall soon see how his promises were fulfilled.

On the 29th May, 1660, Charles II. rode into London, 'the bells ringing, the ways strewed with flowers, the streets hung with tapestry, the fountains running with wine, trumpets, music, and myriads of people shouting inexpressible joy.' 'I stood in the Strand and beheld it,' says Evelyn, 'and blessed God.' All the island began to grow mad, says Mrs. Hutchinson; some people, it is said, died from excessive joy. 'And are you sure he is restored,' said old William Oughtred, the mathematician, who was lying at the point of death. 'Then give me a glass of sack to drink his majesty's health.' He drank it, and died.

How far the character of the chief personage in this scene justified this wild rejoicing, may be gathered from some of the incidents of that festive day. The Presbyterian clergy presented his majesty with a richly adorned copy of the Scriptures; on receiving it he said, he should ever take that as the rule of his actions. Within twelve hours of this speech he commenced a connection with a profligate woman, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, who was only one of a herd of abandoned paramours. St. James's, Hampton Court, Whitehall, at once became scenes of the most disgraceful riot and iniquity.

With what fidelity, moreover, Charles kept his promise to the Presbyterians, and in what way he rewarded the men who mainly were the means of restoring him to the throne, subsequent events sufficiently declare. At first things went favourably with them. So long as it seemed necessary or prudent in order to

make good his position, Charles endeavoured to conciliate them. Ten of the leading Presbyterian ministers were placed on the list of the King's chaplains. Several prominent members of the party were nominated members of the privy council. An act was passed confirming and restoring ministers, by which Presbyterians, and Independents, in the first instance irregularly appointed, obtained legal recognition as ministers of the Church of England, and by which the ejected Episcopalians were re-admitted to their benefices. Baptists only, and clergymen who had declared in favour of the trial and execution of the late King, and who refused the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, or the like, were disqualified from holding livings in the Church. But in the course of a few months it was perceived that Presbyterianism was by no means popular in the nation, that the tide of public feeling was setting in strong against the Puritans, and that the newly-restored King might safely break faith with the party, to which above all others he was indebted for his return. The Presbyterians, calling to mind perhaps, in the calm moments of reflection that succeeded their joy at the restoration, how the father had given the cold shoulder to his friends when it suited him, began to be uneasy at the son's delay in 'settling' religious observances in the Church. Charles was once more pressed, and with great courtesy he replied that something must be given up by each party that so they might meet in the middle and effect a settlement. Old Mr. Ash wept tears of joy when he heard these gracious words. The 'healing declaration' appeared, which repeated the promises of the declaration of Breda, and added also the assurance that as the Prayer Book contained several things to which the Presbyterians objected, it should be reviewed. Baxter cried in the street when he heard of this new manifesto, and stepped into a coffee house to read it. The Presbyterian ministers of London, with Matthew Poole at their head, waited

upon the King, and presented an address of thanks. 'Gentlemen,' said Charles, 'I will endeavour to give you all satisfaction, and to make you as happy as myself.'

Meanwhile premonitions are given that treachery and deception are at work. About a month after the publication of the King's gracious declaration, the Bill in which it is embodied is thrown out of the Commons, after a long and adverse speech from a Secretary of State. It begins to be suspected, nay it is now plain, that the King's advisers, the Earl of Clarendon and his friends, disapprove the promised concessions, and are determined they shall not become law. But the projected conference of bishops and Presbyterians for the revision of the Book of Common Prayer is held. On the part of the bishops, Sheldon and Morley were the leaders; on the part of the Presbyterians, Baxter and Calamy. The Conference was to last four months, and they were to meet at the lodgings of the Bishop of London (Sheldon), in the Savoy; hence this is called the Savoy Conference. It proved a miserable failure. Sheldon acted throughout with the grossest unfairness. He showed on the first day of the meeting that he meant to make no concessions to his opponents, and no effort to promote union in the church. Moreover, Baxter and his friends were imprudent. They asked for too much, and allowed themselves to be caught in the trap which Sheldon laid for them. In the outset they agreed, after persuasion from their leader, to put down in writing all their objections to the Prayer Book, as well as the addition and alterations which they desired. The paper was completed in three weeks; the bishops were frightened at its length; but eventually drew up a reply, making no concessions. Papers go backwards and forwards; angry words are used on both sides; the Presbyterians urge the bishops to consider the words of the commission which appointed the Conference, and in obedience thereto to go over the

points in dispute 'and make such reasonable and necessary alterations, corrections, and amendments as shall be agreed upon for the giving satisfaction to tender consciences, and the restoring and continuance of peace and unity in the the churches under his majesty's protection and government.' The bishops are immovable; the time for the Conference expires, and nothing is done. The commission directed that some additional forms should be drawn up. Baxter, it is thought, seriously damaged the cause of the Presbyterians by drawing up instead an entirely new Prayer Book, which he called the 'Reformed Liturgy,' and presented to the bishops for their adoption. Of course they rejected it without examination, and were indignant at the presumption and insolence of the composer, who set up his judgment and ability against the wisdom and piety of many generations.

Another attempt is made by the Presbyterians to influence the King in their favour. Clarendon consents to present an address from them to his majesty. An account is given, in the address, of the proceedings of the Conference. The baffled ministers declare they took his majesty at his word in the issuing of the commission to the bishops and Presbyterians. 'When you comforted us,' so runs the address, 'with your resolution to draw us together, by yielding on both sides what we could, you meant not that we should be the boat, and they the bank that must not stir. And when your majesty commanded us by your letters patent to treat about such alterations as are needful or expedient for giving satisfaction to tender consciences, and the restoring and continuance of peace and unity, we rest assured that it was not your sense that those tender consciences were to be forced to practice all which they judged unlawful, and not so much as a ceremony abated them.'

Their representations are of no avail. The time is now come when the ladder by which the King

mounted the throne can be kicked away. The fate of the Presbyterians is already sealed. Before the Savoy Conference met, the Convention Parliament which restored the King, and in which the Presbyterians predominated, is dissolved. Before the Savoy Conference closed, a new Parliament, packed by Lord Clarendon with hirelings, and purged of the Presbyterians, has assembled. This Parliament is known as the Pensioned Parliament, and it proved itself the most bigoted, intolerant, and servile body that ever met for legislation in our land. Eight days after the opening, the Commons resolved that all members should take the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England, on pain of expulsion. In a few months was passed the famous 'Corporation Act,' expelling all Nonconformists from the magisterial bench, and from all civic employments and trusts—clean contrary to the King's promise that no man should be molested on account of his religion.

The zeal of the Pensioned Parliament was well matched by the zeal of Convocation. At the command of the King, the Upper House proceeded to revise the Book of Common Prayer, and make such additions and alterations as they thought necessary. The revision was completed in a month, and subscribed by the bishops and clergy of both Houses. Six hundred alterations were made, not a single concession was granted, and every care was taken to multiply everything that might prove distasteful to the Puritans. The only use that Sheldon seems to have made of the exceptions committed to writing at the Savoy Conference was as a help in giving to this new Prayer Book an offensive and anti-puritanic character. 'Now we know their minds,' said he to Lord Manchester, 'we will make them all knaves if they conform.' Everything that the Presbyterians objected to was deliberately imposed, matters conceded twenty years before were re-imposed, and the slight concessions of the

bishops at the Savoy revoked. Their mode of dealing with the Apocrypha is a fair specimen of the spirit of Convocation. The Presbyterians urged by petition that lessons from the Canonical books should be substituted for the lessons from the Apocryphal books. This request was not only denied, but additional Apocryphal lessons were inserted, such as the history of 'Bel and the Dragon,' 'Susannah and the Elders.' Andrew Marvell says, that after a long tug about the matter in Convocation, a jolly doctor came out, his face radiant with joy, and with exultation cried, 'We have carried it for "Bel and the Dragon."' "

Parliament re-assembled in the January of 1662. The revised Prayer Book was recommend to their adoption by a royal message. Several measures were meditated against the Puritans. To prepare the nation to acquiesce in their adoption, rumours were circulated, and sham plots were got up to give colour to the charges of Puritan conspiracies and treason now brought forward. The King told his faithful Commons to watch carefully those wicked people 'who labour day and night to disturb the public peace.' Country squires inflamed the House with accounts of sedition in Worcester-shire, and elsewhere. So effective was this policy that soon the common talk amongst the leading churchmen was, 'We will have an Act that shall reach every Puritan in the kingdom, and if any of the rogues stretch their consciences and try to remain in the church, we will insert other conditions and subscriptions.' That Act was found in the famous Act of Uniformity, passed in the spring of 1662. To it was annexed the newly-revised Book of Common Prayer, and the provisions of the Act were of such a nature as to make conformity impossible to every honest Puritan. First of all, it made Episcopal ordination indispensable for all officiating ministers in the church. This was a new feature in ecclesiastical law, and the Puritans,

who had been ordained by presbyters, could not consent to re-ordination. Further, it required all ministers and schoolmasters to declare that it is not lawful under any pretence whatever to take up arms against the King, and to renounce and abjure the Solemn League and Covenant, as an unlawful oath. No sturdy old Puritan of the Revolutionary period, who believed in the right of self-defence, and in the chartered liberties of Englishmen could make this declaration, and renounce the League and Covenant to which he had solemnly pledged himself. What was still more unreasonable, the Act required that all clergymen should declare their unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer, and should publicly read a formula to that effect on, or before the 24th of August, 1662, which in ecclesiastical calendars is the feast of St. Bartholomew. If any of these provisions were not complied with by any minister, ejection from his benefice was to follow; and heavy penalties were to be exacted from all who resisted the operation of the Act. Two things about this Act were especially cruel. The day when it should take effect was chosen for the malignant purpose of depriving the ministers who seceded of the year's income, as the tithes were due at Michaelmas, a month after St. Bartholomew's day. And again, the time was so short after the passing of the Act, short as things went in those days, that when the 24th of August came, the revised Prayer Book was not in the hands of the greater part of the officiating clergy. Few, except those in or near London, had seen the book with its six hundred alterations, to which they were required to declare their unfeigned assent and consent. It was so long being printed that it was not published until August the 6th, and the slow modes of conveyance of those days could not secure its distribution over the land in a fortnight. The design of the

Act was apparent. It was a measure of cruel retaliation and bitter revenge, and was intended to make the Puritans Nonconformists or knaves. When its provisions were being discussed, the Earl of Manchester said, 'I am afraid the terms are so hard that many of the ministers will not comply.' Sheldon, bishop of London, replied, 'I am afraid they will.' On another occasion, when Dr. Allen said, 'It is a pity the door of the church is so strait.' 'No pity at all,' answered Sheldon; 'if we had thought so many of them would have conformed we would have made it straiter still.'

So severe a measure as this could scarcely pass both Houses of Parliament without opposition. To their honour be it recorded, the Lords showed some slight concern for tender consciences, and some little sympathy with religious liberty. One nobleman said, 'I confess I could scarcely do so much for the Bible as they require for the Common Prayer.' Another lamented that the design of the Act was either to make the Puritans dishonest, or force them to leave their cures. The House agreed to mitigate the severity of the Act by exempting

schoolmasters from its operation, by allowing one fifth of the income of their benefices to the clergymen who could not conscientiously conform, and by empowering the King to dispense at will with the wearing of the surplice, and the use of the cross in baptism. Had these concessions been firmly insisted upon we might almost have joined in the famous ejaculation, 'Thank God, we have a House of Lords.' But their claims upon our gratitude are but small. The Commons were highly displeased with the alterations of the Bill; a conference between the two Houses followed; the Commons stood out stoutly against any mitigations or modifications of the measure; and after a brief resistance, the Lords gave way, allowing the original Bill to pass by a small majority. Within twelve days after, it received the royal assent; and this Act of Uniformity, inspired by the malice of a godless bishop, passed by the servility of a packed and pensioned Parliament, and made law by the sign manual of a profligate king, has determined for two hundred years the constitution and principles of the Anglican Church.

THE NEWBURYS: THEIR OPINIONS AND FORTUNES.

A GLIMPSE OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER VI.—MEETING AND PARTING.

PATIENCE is one of those virtues that every one feels called upon to praise, but very few ever think of cultivating for themselves. If in the golden age plenty beget pleasure, and pleasure singing, and singing poetry, and poetry pleasure again, surely in the Christian one patience should beget peace, and peace love, and love faith, and faith patience again. Little difficulties are magnified into great ones when we are impatient, and great ones round off into small

matters when we are sublimely patient, and as a consequence calm and cheerful. Yet it is sometimes very hard to be patient, to suffer in silence, work in silence, and wait in silence.

And so Giles found it. A battlefield was nothing to the solitude of an anxious expectancy in which there seemed so little that he could do that appeared to bear on the matter uppermost in his mind. Still he worked hard with his new com-

panion at his new duties, and fell into the round of business with singular ease and aptitude.

Mr. Lathwell, as we have seen, was a severe man. His great aim in life appeared to be exactness. He was a very planet for punctuality. There he was always wheeling round in the right place and at the right moment, as if heaven and earth would come together were he the least bit out, or behind time. He was a man who environed himself with as definite a body of law as any solar system. He always rose at the same hour in the morning, coming down stairs as the clock struck seven, and there was a tradition current at his death, and one I should not like to disturb, to the effect, that he was often known to stand with his watch in one hand and the other on the latch of his bedroom door for at least five minutes; in order not to be before his hour, which with him was as great a sin as to be behind it. There was reading and prayer, breakfast, business, and everything in like stately and solemn precision. At a quarter to ten at night, out came the old black-letter Bible again, which looked as though it had borne the smoke of past centuries and the thumbings of patriarchal generations, a few verses were read, a benediction was pronounced, and when the huge clock swung out the first stroke of ten, the stairs creaked, the door latch clinked, and the daily revolution of the Lathwell solariola were complete.

But this exactness received a singular perversion in his religious life and thought. He believed in predestination, but acted contrary to his belief continually, first girding himself with laws his own will had made, and then endeavouring to persuade himself that he was not free. He found it comforting to believe in election, and yet the solemn teachings of Christ were always combating such a special theory of salvation, and he had to fight many a sore spiritual battle with little foes in the shape of small words of uni-

versal significance. He admitted that the God of nature was no respecter of persons, and yet he could not carry out the same idea to indicate that all men were objects of his loving compassion. He firmly held to the doctrine of total depravity, and yet in his business he was continually meeting with unregenerate men whose honest disinterestedness, singular truthfulness, and moral insight were ever nibbling pieces out of the round of black totality, when they did not put even the elect to open shame. He clung like a limpet to the old curse of a broken law, whilst he was ever mindful that Christ had not only been a power unto salvation, but a power in all human life, thought, and history, since he walked our earth with love and blessings in His hands. He had in fact received his creed ready-made, and it was too tight for him. He had tried all sorts of letting out, patching, and piecing, but it would not do. It stifled his very soul and froze him into a religious automaton. It was like the poisoned garment Deianeira gave to Hercules—the more he strove to rend it, the more it clung to him, until it had made him a very Christian ghost, a four-limbed and truncated creed, a mummy with eyes and tongue dried up, limbs swathed, and nothing but a few hieroglyphic figures to tell who he was, what he was, and what business he had in the world. Nay, we might almost call him a huge religious placard, or a walking advertisement.

I know some will say that this is pure fiction, but I would have them look round their own circle of vision and see if men are not to be found now-a-days, when, if a Puritan is almost a byword a Calvinist is considered by many to be the highest flowering of Christian perfection, who have ceased to be men in becoming Christians, and whose godliness consists of little short of a softened Buddhistic Nirvana.

These things puzzled young Newbury, as well they might. He had seen but few Christian men,

and this was certainly a new type. Was it the best, the noblest, the only possible type? Some have endeavoured to persuade us that it is so, but then in all charity we must tell them that it cannot be. Christ did not come to degrade humanity, or crush out its best faculties, but to give them their sublimest perfection, their most ethereal expansion. If men are less manly,—by which we mean every good quality that is bound up in a man in every one of his possible relations, gifts, graces, and grandeur—in becoming Christians, then surely it is not Christianity but their misconception of it that makes them so, and those outsiders who sink aghast at the ‘black purgatorial rails,’ which are about such men as about the statues of the dead, would do well not to look at them and then at Christ, but first at Christ and then at them. Oh, if such dwarfed men did but know what havoc they make amongst those who are within, as well as just without the border-lands of Everlasting Truth, they would pray God, we think, to deliver them from themselves and make haste to be better Christians and so better men!

Very often Giles turned these matters over in his little bedroom after his retirement for the night. They made him many solitary, sorrowful hours. Was this the perfect Christianity? It was not Puritanism: it was something of quite a different kind, and he did not know what to call it, save that it seemed a species of half-mechanical fatalism and half-confused Pantheism. Was there nothing better to be seen than this *fear* and *form* frozen up together, and then called religion? It seemed to him that there was, and at least he felt strong feelings in his own heart that prophesied to him of something better. But he said little, only now and then endeavouring clearly to define what his new friend really did believe, and only now and then speaking out his own thought, boldly, but in love. Perhaps he did not think Mr. Lathwell a heretic, if Mr. Lathwell was sure

he was not one of the elect, but no matter. He had seen political fatalism, and was almost prepared to meet it in other forms. He had had two strange masters who both held extreme views. In the one case there was submission to be rendered to a tyrant and a coward, merely because he was divinely appointed to be king; and in the other, there was humiliation to be undergone, and humanity to be crushed and circumvested, merely because the fore-knowledge of God did not *seem* to harmonize with man's free-will and liberty. Was there no golden middle? At least he would try and find it. He would have no authority but God, in having which he saw divine mercy and love helping human expansiveness and glorifying human liberty. In patience had he wrestled and writhed, and in patience had he come to this conclusion after many a stirring of the dust, and chaff, and web, and mildew that makes such old problems venerable, unsolved, and never half-boldly enough confronted by men who are not afraid of their own conclusions.

His father had asked him to go home for a while after matters were settled, and he willingly complied with his request. There was much to make him sorrowful when he reached home. Nathaniel was evidently feebler, although now able to hobble about with a stick. The rest were all well, but the youth Stephen had disappeared. How he had gone and whither, was a mystery. Each looked in the others' face as if vainly trying to read an answer there. Keturah seemed very sad, but why, he could not tell. Did she love Stephen? And if so, why had he left them? Could Keturah have rejected him? It was not for him to ask her why, but such a possibility seemed to explain everything. One morning as he and Keturah strolled out in the fields, he noticed her pensiveness and silence.

‘What is the matter, sister?’ he asked.

‘You seem to miss *him*, brother, that is all.’

‘You mean Stephen?’—‘yes, I do.

He was always a pleasant companion. But why do you look so sad?’

‘I feel so. For he loved you almost as I love you, Giles, and he loved me too, brother;’—She stopped. Her feelings had proved stronger than she thought. It was like a tiny rill meeting a stone in its path—there was a gush, and threads of silver leaped up and over it, and then it rolled on more sweetly than before.

‘I refused him, brother,’ she continued after a few minutes’ pause. ‘It was hard for me to do it, and I was sorry to give him pain. He was liked by us all. I loved him for father’s sake, and for your’s, but, I fear, not for his own. If I did wrong, forgive me. Perhaps I was childish, and knew not what I said, but my heart was right. I called him “brother,” and took his hand to saunter as before along this pleasant path, and then he looked at me with such reproachful eyes that I wept, and as the tears fell upon his hand he was half-persuaded that I loved him after all, and when I answered to his brightening eyes—“it cannot be”—he looked me through once more and grasped my hand very tightly. I turned, as he loosened me, and behold, he was gone!’

The simple narrative touched the heart of Giles and brought back to him his own burden and grief.

‘Keturah, I do not blame you,’ he replied in low soft tones, ‘if you have been truthful with yourself and him. He has lost you, and I have lost *her*. Some day perchance you may love him, and I may find our cousin.’

There was a few moments’ silence.

‘Did you ever see Stephen’s handwriting,’ Giles asked, as Keturah tripped before him over the stones of a brook.

‘Well; I think he wrote a verse upon the garden well. Let us go round here to the left and then we can look at it.’

They went. It was a lover’s farewell in the usual style, promising

to come again when he hoped to meet a better fate.

‘Is it anything like this note, think you, sister?’ and Giles put a short note into her hand, simply signed a ‘Friend,’ in which it was hinted that certain parties had left the country, and that there was an old woman living in Wolston-street, who might give him further information.

‘It is indeed very like,’ said Keturah blushing as she spoke. ‘But have you been to see the person referred to?’

‘Oh, yes; I have tried to find her several times, but never could. He must have miswritten the name of the street. There is a Wolston-street, but I have asked at every house and alley in it without finding her.’

‘Well, that is strange. I remember his talking about a certain—I think it was Wolverton-street, several times, when we were referring to you, and he wondered whether it was anywhere near uncle Hazzlehurst’s.’ Perhaps that may be it.’

‘Certainly,’ returned Giles, rather vehemently. ‘That I, should never have thought of it! Why, the street is only ten minutes walk from Mr. Lathwell’s. But let us go in the house now; see, father is looking for us.’

New light had come upon Giles in many ways. It was not for him to say why Keturah should have accepted Stephen. Perhaps she might find after all that she did love him, and more than she had thought, and yet even had she foreseen its possibility—which she had not—it could not have justified her in dallying with him until her passiveness might have been misconstrued, and a conscientious refusal had been impossible. And the letter—it must be his, and could not have been written many days after his departure. He must be in London, and could he find him, or the person referred to, he might obtain decided information and discover his friends. He must go back at once.

But he hardly liked leaving his father in such a weak state, although there was no immediate danger in the case. Nathaniel had read his thoughts. He took him aside in the twilight, and they had a long and serious conversation, which we cannot detail.

'Never mind, boy,' said the brave sick man, as their conversation came to a close. 'I shan't live long, I know, and my duties are well nigh over. But your's are not; and be they pleasant or perilous, I can well spare you to go about them, and will not hinder you. Go then, and do them as God has given you power. You saved me once, but you cannot do so now, and you stay; and I would not that you should be hindered from saving others. There—take God's blessing and mine. If you find them, bring them here—it will do my heart good to see them. If you do not find them, be still trustful and patient; and—if you should miss me'—and his voice grew thick, and his thin hands trembled as they rested on the young man's brow—'If you should even miss me—you will meet me Yonder, and our Father will not forget *my* son. Good night, my boy—and never fear but that you will find them.'

The parting was solemn and impressive. Giles felt at least five years older, and so much the more a man. The dim struggling dawn saw him on the London coach, and once more its wild whirl of vehicles and men smote about his ears. He went to Mr. Lathwell's, told him how matters stood, and was soon off again, and this time towards Wolverton-street. A gentleman had called, so Lathwell told him, answering to the description of Stephen, but as he would not leave either name or address, conjecture was useless.

Giles found the old woman this time. It was the same charwoman he had seen so often at his uncle's, in Fetter-lane. She told him a variety of circumstances without any apparent connection, as garrulous old crones do still, and will as long as the world stands, and women are left

in it; and the only definite fact she could tell him to throw light or order into this jumble was, that she had heard Mr. Hazzleburst mention the word Paris several times, but whether on matters of business or not she could not tell; and whether it was a man's name, or a woman's, or the name of a country, were questions she freely confessed her inability to answer. But the hint was sufficient for any man with sharp wits, who could follow along a chain of possibilities from any little germ or nucleus of fact. He went to the coach-office, and after a good deal of half-legal cross-questioning he made out that a party of three had taken inside seats for Rochester about the time, when, according to the charwoman's oracular hints, and what he had previously learned, they must have left London.

He went on to Dover, where he gleaned nothing whatever, and thence by boat to Calais. In conversation with the captain, just as they were about to land, he gleaned a rather singular fact. A gentleman and two ladies had landed there some months ago—how many the narrator did not remember—and as soon as they were ashore, the gentleman burst out to his companions—

'There! we are safe now as far as our heads are concerned, and once in Paris we can look calmly on the struggle and see how it will end—at present, God only knows.'

Giles felt instinctively that it must have been his old master, and he pushed on at once, eager, and excited, through strange scenes and amongst strange faces and manners.

Yes, it was true. Richard Hazzleburst had saved his head, but in a very narrow sense and by a very mean kind of salvation. Had he remained and been honest to his own convictions he might have done nobler, and if he, and all like-minded, had but given assistance in the right direction, the end might have come sooner, and hundreds of brave men might have survived to carry down to posterity the truth they dared to fight for,

and declare in hamlet, village, and town what great things God had done for themselves, their country, and the world. The hesitation of one man in the face of the right is often the destruction of many, and the danger of all, and the timely decision of the humblest citizen has often changed the face of a conflict and the destiny of an empire. Let Dissenters—let Baptists remember this, as one of the many lessons to be learned from the lives of men who died in our defence and the struggles that won us our liberty.

A few weeks longer, and the London coach stopped near Carlton Grange, and there stepped out two ladies, and one gentleman, who were at once cordially met and welcomed, Nathaniel hobbling to the door and beaming blandly upon them all. It was Mrs. Hazzlehurst, Maggie, and Giles. Where was the uncle? was a question that trembled upon every lip, but no one ventured to ask.

Giles had worked like a hero and had been rewarded for his pain and long-suffering. He had met Maggie in a street in Paris, considerably altered and disguised, as she was one day issuing forth to purchase necessaries. She did not know him. But he followed her, met her face to face at the door of a shop as she came out, looked at her blue eyes and fair hair, and was certain, and whispered *Maggie!* It was enough. *Is it Giles?* she returned faintly, raising her deep blue eyes, and pouring around him, as he thought,

a very radiance of beauty that made dusty street, bystanders, and even Paris itself mere specks of space in some vast reach of infinite azure. How they each told their sad experiences, went home as if they had gone out together and never been parted, how his aunt was sad and attired in widow's weeds, how he dared not ask for what most he feared, and how there was once more sparkles in their life-cup, sunlight on its brim, and divine youth in their hearts,—are matters best left to be pictured out by each one's fancy and experience.

The truth was a sad one, and sent many a keen pang through their cheeriness and joy. Misfortune, solitude, and as it seemed, self-reproach, had broken the health and spirit of his old master and friend, and the helpless friendless pair had had to bury their dead out of their sight, in a strange city, amongst strange people, and with strange gloomy forebodings. But Maggie was not now a laughing, giddy girl, but a cheerful, trustful companion to her mother, and a warm sheltering angel in that dark house of mourning and lamentation. She had risen into a higher womanhood, and Giles had climbed into a nobler manhood; and as they looked out at each other, they measured each other's altitude, and found that even in misfortune God had passed by them, and touched out their lives and characters into a firmer boldness, a steadier lustre, a holier beauty.

CHAPTER VII.—IN PACEM.

THE great joys and sorrows of human life are often side by side—they touch and mingle, as the blue ether and the common earth, in every visible horizon. The angels of life and death cross wings on almost every threshold. As misfortunes brighten into joy, so joy will be hallowed into sadness, and still the feet of the holy ones tread very near our hearths, and the sweep of their wings breaks the dim silence of our dreams.

Giles was happy, very happy—who will doubt it? The busy streets of London were often transformed beneath his gaze into fairer pictures and brighter climes. His whole life had suddenly opened into blossom, and sweet odours were wafted out by every tiny breeze that stirred. He moved about as to softest un-syllabled music, and went through arduous duties as a strain of song winds along dim aisles and woods, leaving a little of its precious freight

in every bosky nook and corner. I know not whether he wrote any poetry, but most assuredly it welled up in his heart and gave a charm to his life. Men tell us the world is getting old and poets have lost their use and their power. They belie us, for true love makes the universe fresh and young for ever, and what a thousand can feel where only one can express, will never cease to interest and thrill as long as there are eyes that beam, hearts that feel, tongues that stammer, and lives that blend.

Giles was often at Carlton now, and many talks and rambles were had by all amongst its meadowy pleasantnesses and its songful copses. And Maggie told him how she had wanted to write but dare not, how she had suffered, and waited, and trusted, and how her dear father was in his latter days more than half a Puritan, and a thorough admirer of Cromwell. A very little thing, it seemed, would have decided him. 'O, if you had but been there,' said Maggie, many, many times, 'my father had not died.' And then Giles was sorrowful.

There were grief-shadows amidst this summer-wealth of sunniness and bloom. Life, free, full, and loving had renewed itself to some, and even others had caught its invisible impulsions, and were renewed and brightened. But in the deep chimney corner, above which hung his dinted armour, with his old Bible on his knee, was the figure of a man who was not long for this world, and who knew it and felt it without fear. It was no sudden change, but a gradual, stealthy, and certain approach. Long ago Nathaniel had seen to the end of the path, 'where sat the Shadow feared of man,' and went smiling on to meet him in the strength of God and the grace of prayer.

He seemed to be living on and waiting for something he scarcely knew what. There was, at times, so much energy in his mind and frame that his friends were disposed to chide him for his resignation, but wisely held their peace.

The event was coming. It was bringing with it excitement, debate, and contention. There were hard words, hard hits, and hard arguments. Never before had England seemed so shaken from the deep slumber of a religious and political sloth. Commonest men became heroes, and veriest rogues put to blush the saints of a quieter period. Three years had passed since Naseby fight, and numerous events had brought on the foreseen conclusion. What was to be done with the king? He must be tried. By whom? By commissioners appointed by Parliament.

January 20, 1648, old style, and 1649, new style, was the beginning of the end. On that day the king was brought to trial. The charge was read, 'all being bareheaded, but the commissioners and the king who sat in his chayre;' and, when pressed for his answer, the king denied their authority, affirming that he was to give answer to no power but the supreme power above. 'The Lord President told him that they sate by the authority of the Commons of England, in Parliament assembled, who had chosen him to be their king, and to whom he must give an account. The king denied that he was chosen by the people. But that he had by inheritance, and said that it had been hereditary above a thousand years. He said moreover that if they did not show a more lawful authority for sitting there, he would not give them any answer. He was again told by whose authority he was tried, and what would be the issue if he did not give an answer; and he replied, that if he did know they were warranted by the Scriptures, he would then deliver his answer, but else he will give no answer. The Lord President told him that if he would give no further answer, the court knew how to proceed legally against him. And (in the meantime) those that brought him thither, should take charge of him back againe. Then the king pleaded an appeal to the God of

heaven, and that he was entrusted with the government of the kingdom, saying that it was as great a sin to lay downe that power where-with he was entrusted as to commit a crime. However, if he were satisfied that the authority of the court to be lawful he would give his answer. Then the soldiers and people cried out *Justice! Justice! Justice!* The king turned about thereat, and looked towards them, but said nothing.*

The issue is a matter of common history and need not concern us here. Giles was in London during the execution, but did not see it, but he sent home particulars, and in a few weeks also a short pamphlet for the old man to read bearing upon it. The title ran, '*The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* ; proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so through all ages, for any who have the power to call to account a tyrant or wicked king, and, after due conviction, to dispose and put him to death, if the ordinary magistrate have neglected or denied to do it; and that they who of late so much blame deposing (meaning the Presbyterians) are the men that did it themselves.'

'It is written,' said Giles, 'by one John Milton, who lives in Holborn, and hath written divers other tracts, and also poems. He is a noted scholar, a quick discerner, and very subtle in argument. Some one pointed him out to me the other day, as we met him in the street, as being a likely man in our future councils, and I shall not be surprised thereat, for he is of pleasant benign visage, and seemeth shaped for no common things. God grant it may be so.'

The old man read it carefully, as Giles had done before him. He was sorry for the king to die, but he did not see how any other course was possible; for life-long imprisonment would have been as cruel, and

banishment would only have made him the centre and the nursery for every evil element in the kingdom. It was a stern action. Few can love it, few even admire it, but it was not the less a right and a duty, grand even in its terror. If Lucius Brutus spared not his own sons when they conspired against the state, but stood by, heard them condemned, and saw them executed, surely England might see a weak, cowardly, canting, and tyrannous king lose his head without tirades of vehemence and raptures of sentimentality. For after all he was but a man, and as much a man D. G., as a king D. G.; and it surely cannot be that God judges kings by a lower law than that by which he judges the veriest hedger of a farm and pavier of a road.

Nathaniel was excited by these events. For several months he felt renewed strength. And yet he thought he could die now in peace. 'I see new light,' he said to Giles, in one of his brief visits at the Grange. 'They must make Cromwell head over all—not as a king, but as one who having shown how he can fight for our weal must needs have the heart and the will to keep what he has gained. I see that it must come so, and I can die now, my boy, in peace. I have fought and you shall enjoy, and England, my dear old land, will reap the sweets of peace. Be brave, my boy, in all things. Struggles may come upon you, but meet them like a man, with firm faith in God, and brave trust in honesty and right. I say these things to you because I may not see you again, and I would you should enter into your labours as I enter into my rest.'

Giles remained rather long during his next visit, and the old man seemed about as usual. The warm breath of spring was wooing and coaxing the leaves and the flowers into beauty and fragrance, and the wounded warrior saw the flying skirts of winter as her forces drew off. 'It will not be long,' he thought. 'Let it be gently, O Lord!' The

* The Kingdoms Weekly Intelligencer, sent abroad to prevent mis-information. From Tuesday, January 16, to Tuesday, the 23, 1648. (A reprint, by J. H. Fennel.)

household went about their various duties as usual, and bestirred themselves with careful thrift from morn to eve. There was much to be done, and old Midge the armourer had fallen sick of a fever, and had to be visited and have little delicacies provided for him, so that without knowing it, they almost forgot Nathaniel. But he was still there, with his pale pensive face and spiritual eyes.

One day he said, 'Let me sit out in the warm sunshine,' and they placed him just without the door, amidst

the hum of bees, the whir of wings, and the carols of birds. It seemed like a foretaste of heaven. 'Let it be gently! and now,' he whispered once more. There was no one near, but God heard him. He bowed his face in his hands, and the warm sun kissed his brow, and the soft breeze played in his hair as he lapsed into the sweet slumber of the blest to wake in his Father's house. See, a lark has shot heavenwards and rains down its wild bursts of melody, its touching *theodicee* upon the earth!

Poetry.

ESTO QUOD ESSE VIDERIS.

Is praise so sweet
 From man our fellow-man, that we
 So careful of our acts should be,
 That nought but good works they may see,
 When dark's the soul?
 'Bless'd are the pure,' that Saviour said,
 Whose tears and blood for us were shed
 To purify the whole.

Oh! cast it off,
 That cloak of seeming,—and rather pray
 God give thee grace, and take away
 All dark within,
 That so thou may, in this thy day,
 Be washed and clean.

Ah! who can tell
 What motives stir our actions bright,
 What power within if brought to light,
 Would pure and holy shine?
 The heart of man so prone to sin,
 Oft could not bear that light within,
 Though actions seem sublime.

Great God, Thou knowest
 Thine eye alone canst pierce
 Our inmost thoughts,
 Our motives see.
 We could not if we would
 Hide aught from Thee.

Father, forgive,
 And help us, thro' Thy grace, to grow
 Pure and unsullied as the snow—
 So white and fair;—
 That near the throne, we may be one
 With those the Father gives the Son,
 His love to share.

M. PIERZ.

Correspondence.

THE ASSOCIATION AND RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—The distance to Halifax, and consequently the expence, may deter many zealous General Baptists from the east, south, and centre of our churches going to the annual gathering. In order to simplify the journey for occasional travellers, I have presumed to send to you for their use, a few general hints about quick trains and cheap fares.

First, London passengers, King's Cross, book 3rd class to Halifax by the 7-20 a.m., Midland, change into the Express at Trent, and arrive 4-5 p.m. By Great Northern 7-40 a.m., and arrive 4-30 p.m.

Second, Passengers from stations south of Derby, book to Wakefield only, 3rd class, by train leaving Leicester 11-33 a.m., change into the Express at Trent or Derby, and arrive at Wakefield 3-10; rebook at Wakefield 2nd class, and arrive at Halifax 4-5 p.m.

Third, Lincolnshire passengers wanting 3rd class must leave Peterborough 6-0 a.m., or 2-10 p.m., and Retford 8-26 a.m., or 4-30 p.m.

Fourth, For return to Lincolnshire the 6-10 a.m., will be found the best.

Fifth, London return by Midland 9-35 a.m., or 12-10. Great Northern 11-30 a.m. All are 3rd class.

Sixth, To south of Derby where trains usually stop, passengers must book 2nd class to Wakefield by the 9-35 a.m., or 12-10 noon; rebook 3rd class by either train to their destination.

Seventh, Birmingham district. Passengers must adopt the same trains and observe same rules as those quoted for south of Derby.

Any further information by sending stamp for reply to, dear sir,

Yours truly,
J. ROPER.

13, West Street, Leicester.

THE CREED OF THE CHILWELL COLLEGE TRUST-DEED.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—I regret to hear that the draft trust-deed approved by the committee of the College, and now, I believe, engrossed, contains a statement of doctrine drawn out in the form of a creed, which creed it is made necessary that every tutor and every student in the College should personally sign. I say I regret this, and I do so for several reasons.

First: I am not aware that the Association delegated to the committee any authority to compose a formula of doctrine for the body. If this had been desirable, no doubt it would have been done, but I feel sure that the Association had no idea of vesting such a responsibility in those who were appointed to secure the property. The committee seems to me, therefore, to have exceeded its functions.

Secondly: I object to the compulsory signature of any form of creed extraneous to the Scriptures. I can see no necessity for including a creed in the trust-deed, but I will admit for the sake of argument that in that place it might have its uses. Still, this is widely different from demanding signature to the creed itself, a proceeding which pledges the subscriber to words which he has not chosen, and which, as I think, no man has a right to force upon him. In this year especially, when we are celebrating the heroism of illustrious non-subscribers, it is wondrously out of taste to fabricate a little 'Thirty-nine Articles' of our own.

Thirdly: If the tutors and students are bound by a creed at all, I ask, in the name of common fairness, that it be one deliberately adopted by the Association for the purpose, and not one carried in a

small committee meeting, and then (as in this case) only by the casting vote of the chairman.

I have the greatest respect for the friends who have been concerned in drawing up this document. The officers of the College and the chairman of the committee I value as among my personal friends; and I hope in calling attention to this subject, I shall be understood as acting on public grounds alone. I could I have no doubt adopt the creed as it stands, but this does not reconcile me to the propriety of forcing it on any man.

Yours truly,
J. F. S.

CALL-LANE CHAPEL, LEEDS,
AND THE BICENTENARY.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I should be glad to see some suitable object selected by the General Baptist body, by which we could unitedly and harmoniously celebrate the Bicentenary, and which would leave a memorial alike useful to the future, and honourable to the past. It is not my intention, however, to propose any new scheme, nor yet to discuss those already suggested. It will no doubt be difficult to devise a plan that will suit all parties. Perhaps it may not be out of place to mention that a course of lectures is being delivered in the Music Hall in this town, to large audiences, by various ministers, which elicit much interest, and diffuse valuable information respecting the epoch of 1662. The first lecture was on 'The Exodus of 1662,' by the Rev. George William Condor, (Independent). The second was by Rev. Dr. Brewer, (Baptist) on 'The men of Exodus of 1662.' And the third is to be (in a few days) by the Rev. Samuel G. Green, of Rawden College, on 'Clerical subscription and national morality.' And others will shortly follow.

So far as the church at Call-lane, Leeds, is concerned, we are fairly committed to a local effort, which is for the time being quite absorbing. There are certain features about our chapel which may probably interest your readers, which leads me to intrude myself and our chapel upon your notice.

The General Baptist chapel in Call-lane, Leeds, is intimately connected with the Bicentenary, having been erected in the troublous times of the latter part of the seventeenth century. Among the ejected clergy of 1662, was Rev. Christopher Nesse, M.A., lecturer at the parish church, Leeds, whose friends clung round him and persisted in meeting at his house in spite of the difficulties, and fines, and penalties, which they incurred by so doing. He was led to form them into a church, but was subsequently compelled to leave the town and his flock, on the passing of 'The Five Mile Act.' He was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Whitaker, M.A., who in the early part of his ministry was committed to York Castle for eighteen months for preaching the gospel contrary to law, and who wrote sermons in gaol for his people who met weekly to hear them read. About the time of the revolution they purchased some land in Call-lane, and built the chapel we now occupy, and Mr. Whitaker laboured here successfully for many years. In course of time the congregation became Arian in sentiment, and so remained until the year 1850, when the occupancy of the premises were offered to and accepted by our present pastor, Rev. J. Tunnicliff.

Consequent upon the troublous times in which the chapel was built, and the risk and difficulty of Non-conformists meeting together for religious worship, a *secret chamber* was made in the roof of the chapel, where a number of the congregation might meet unobserved and unapproachable. On making a baptistry in the chapel a few years since a subterranean passage was discovered, with steps under the

pulpit, leading, it is supposed, to some outlet in the yard behind the chapel for the escape of the minister if detected preaching. The chapel is now from its age and other causes in a dilapidated condition, and requires extensive repairs. And the church and congregation have determined to attempt a thorough repair and suitable alterations of the premises, and to place this ancient sanctuary in such a condition as shall be appropriate to the sacred charge committed to our care, and worthy of its self-denying, conscientious, and heroic founders. It will be evident that no more suitable time could be selected for this purpose than this Bicentenary; and as the congregation is not large, nor possessed of much wealth, we shall be obliged to seek the assistance both of our fellow-townsmen and those at a distance, who sympathize with our object and cause, and who may be the more willing to do so *at this time*. It is proposed to make the alterations this summer, and to re-open the chapel on the memorable 24th of August.

Apologizing for occupying so much of your space,

I remain,

Yours truly,

C. A. THORP.

Leeds, 15th May, 1862.

HOW TO CELEBRATE THE BICENTENARY.—BUILDING FUND.

*To the Editor of the General Baptist
Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—It appears to me that the best manner of celebrating the Bicentenary would be by raising a Building Fund of £2,000 to be lent *without* interest to churches engaged in chapel building, and to be repaid by yearly instalments. A project of this kind would gather around it the sympathies of the churches, and especially so if they were made to understand that they could reap the benefits it sought to confer *whenever*

required. It would also embrace the present needs of the College Committee, and to a large extent the plans of the General Home Mission Committee, in connection with the establishment of new interests in our large towns.

Hoping that this suggestion may lead to a decision in its favour at our next Association.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

W. SHARMAN.

Coningsby, Boston, May 10, 1862.

BAPTIST CHAPEL ARCHITECTURE.—BUILDING FUND.

*To the Editor of the General Baptist
Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—In reading over the Magazine for May, I find that T. H. recommends some friend who has time at command to be at the trouble to collect information respecting General Baptist chapels and school-rooms that have been built during the last twenty or thirty years, including a description of the building, with full particulars in each case of the expenditure, the amount of accommodation, and the cost per sitting for chapels and school-rooms. Now, Mr. Editor, I do not see what use this would be. If, as he recommends, the Connexion would offer a prize to architects for the best set of plans and specifications for a neat commodious and economical Baptist chapel, suitable for towns, and another smaller one suitable for villages, with full particulars of the probable cost, accommodation, &c., much trouble and loss would be saved. It would render our chapels more sightly and commodious. Could not some plan be hit upon by which we as a body could render assistance to our poor churches in erecting new chapels and enlarging old ones? It would be very useful to our home missions and the Connexion, if such a plan could be adopted. The Association, which is

near at hand, might appoint a committee on the subject:—1st, to raise a fund by collections and subscriptions to be lent without interest; 2nd, the fund to be available for churches who are intending to erect new chapels, or enlarging old ones; 3rd, the committee to approve the site and plans of the chapels to be erected or enlarged; 4th, the churches who borrow to pay back the sum borrowed by yearly instalments; 5th, the churches obtaining the loan to make an annual public collection for the general fund.

Yours truly,
R. P., B.

NON-ATTENDANCE OF SISTERS AT THE CHURCH MEETINGS.

*To the Editor of the General Baptist
Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—Sometimes a sister has said to me, ‘Oh it is only a Church Meeting. I don’t think I shall go. They can do as well without me, as with me.’ I judge this must be a widely prevalent feeling in many places; and in some it has prevailed so far and so long, that non-attendance has become the rule, and a sister at a Church Meeting would be deemed eccentric, and would feel herself almost an intruder. This practice comes, I fear, of evil, and leads to more. Allow me, dear Sir, a few lines on this matter; which, I hope, may conduce to correct this abuse. I am somewhat more concerned for the perfection of our churches at this particular juncture, when, on occasion of the Bicentenary commemoration of our noble conscientious Nonconformist forefathers, we are necessitated to view Christianity as exhibited among ourselves, in contrast to that exhibited elsewhere.

1.—It is certain that the sisters were present at the Church Meetings in primitive times. They were members; and the ‘whole church’

is supposed to be ‘come together;’ many are prophesying but the women are to be silent; silent indeed but *present*. It was not supposed that they would say, ‘Oh the church can get on as well without us as with us. 1 Cor. xiv. 23, 31, 34. In 1 Cor. xi. 16, Paul tells us that the churches of God had not the custom of having women in their assemblies with heads uncovered; but that implies something very different from the modern custom of their not being at the Church Meeting at all.

That women were customarily present, may be inferred from the entrance of Sapphira into the meeting. Acts v. 7. This was no doubt a Church Meeting, for money matters were being managed at it, which could scarcely have been brought into public worship, or any assemblage of unbelievers. A similar inference may be drawn from Acts i. 14., and 1 Tim. ii. 11. If the sisters be the ear of the church, and the brethren be the tongue; still let not the tongue say to the ear, ‘I have no need of thee;’ nor the ear say, ‘I am not the eye, I am not of the body; they can do as well without me, as with me.’

2.—The non-attendance of sisters is unreasonable, as well as unscriptural. Are they not of the church? Are they not as capable of feeling an interest in all its concerns as the brethren are? And how can they feel that interest, if they be not present? In the reception of candidates, is it not of importance that they should concur as well as the men? How else is the fellowship of the spirit to be maintained in the body? And are not women subject to the discipline of the church, as truly as the men?

3.—Would it not be criminal to deprive the sisters of whatever *edification* is to be found in the meetings of the body of Christ? And are they not blamable if they thus deprive themselves, and by their example discourage others?

4.—But I fear, dear Sir, here is just the sore point. *There is no*

edification at the Church Meetings. The tongue of the church has nothing to say, that is worth listening to by the ear. Though it be just then, that they are pre-eminently assembled in the name of Jesus; Matt. xviii. 20; to do work for Him; to bind and loose on earth, what is to be bound and loosed in heaven; there is nothing edifying. It is like a club settling accounts; not a church acting in the name and spirit of Jesus. Nay, it is well, if there be not an occasional manifestation of self-will by some Diotrephes, or other human passion.

If this be the case no wonder the sisters keep away. Worse than this,—

'The spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife.'

I would respectfully urge all churches to invite the restored presence both of the One and of the other.

Without them the church is chilled.

I am, dear Sir, always yours, for
Jesus' sake. M. B.

THE SECRET OF GOOD MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Occasionally it has been our privilege to be present in different parts of our Connexion at the Annual Missionary Meetings, and I have been much impressed with the difference in the general aspect of affairs presented at such seasons. Sometimes the anniversary services are regarded as a matter of course affair; little effort being made to excite public interest or increase the congregation. I cannot better describe it than as exactly opposite to those busy preparations, excited feelings, and prayerful aspirations, witnessed in some of our village churches in reference to their Sunday-school sermons; and yet in the one case, an average of £20 per annum is suf-

ficient; while in the other, hundreds are requisite to supply the wants of a whole province, literally perishing for the bread of life.

The bright side of the subject is more agreeable than the dark. I will therefore give your readers an instance of the former. On the occasion referred to, the weather was on the whole propitious, though on the Sabbath evening the rain fell heavily. The pressure of the times was also severely felt in that neighbourhood, and it was feared there would be a falling off in the collections. All the services were well attended, especially the Missionary Meeting on Monday evening. On the Tuesday evening, a delightful tea meeting was held, at which 250 sat down to tea, the profits of which amounted to nearly £7, besides a nice little sum for the Oriya fount of type. Not only were the meetings well attended and the collections several pounds in advance of last year, but there was so much good feeling, such a hearty good will in all that was said and done, that it was good to be there. Both speakers and hearers were constrained to confess 'the Lord is in our midst.'

The inquiry naturally arose in one's mind, What has contributed to make these meetings good ones? Throughout the year there had been a steady co-operation of the people who 'had a mind to work.' The collectors had been diligent, and the missionary spirit had been kept alive by earnest prayer in the pulpit, the prayer meeting, and at the family altar. A number of ladies had, through the year, met once a month to make up articles for a missionary box, the contents of which were disposed of for the benefit of the Mission. Between the services on the Sabbath I was requested to visit a poor woman, confined to her bed and suffering from paralysis. With a countenance beaming with love to Christ and His cause, she said, 'I have been so reckoning upon this Missionary Anniversary. I should love to have been there; but my Heavenly Father has willed

otherwise, and I know it's best.' On the following day, I called on another old lady, residing in a very humble cottage. To the friend who accompanied me, she said, 'I cannot get to the chapel this year, but I want you to put this sovereign on the plate to-night, as my mite to the good cause.' Coming away I incidentally heard that the Sabbath morning prayer meeting was set apart to ask for the divine blessing on the coming Missionary Services, and it was remarked that these prayers were characterized by a holy fervour.

As I bade adieu to these warm-hearted and zealous friends, it was with the conviction more than ever testing on our minds, 'verily the Lord is a prayer-hearing God.'

Yours truly,
S. E. N.

SUPPORT OF DENOMINATION INSTITUTIONS.

*To the Editor of the General Baptist
Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—I beg, through you, to

remind the churches of the resolutions passed at the last Association in reference to the support of our denominational institutions, viz :

1st, That there be added to the statistics in the minutes a tabular statement of the sum contributed by each church to the support of each institution.

2nd, That the resolution of the Wisbech Association, 'That the Association regards it as the duty of all the churches in the body to support the three recognized institutions of the denomination, be printed in connection with the statistics year by year.'

It is hoped the different secretaries of our institutions will assist in carrying out the above decisions by having their accounts in readiness to present to the Association.

As a considerable number of our churches have adopted the weekly offering system, a word or two as to the success or failure of the plan in their annual report might be very serviceable.

Yours affectionately,
J. E.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE NORTH DERBYSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Milford, on Good Friday. There being no minister at Milford, the Rev. T. Yates, of Wirksworth, was requested to preside.

After the minutes of the last Conference were read, the reports of the churches were given, from which it was ascertained that twenty had been baptized, and twenty-four remain as candidates.

Moved 1.—That we accept the resignation of our late secretary, and regret that he should so far have changed his sentiments as to necessitate his removal from us.

2.—That we appoint the Rev. T.

Yates, of Wirksworth, to be the secretary of the Conference.

3.—That in reply to the Duffield case, the Conference deems it more orderly for one church not to receive a member from another without the usual form of dismission.

4.—That we recommend the church at Tagg Hill for admission into the Association.

5.—That we deeply sympathize with our friends at Crich under the painful circumstances through which they have passed, and recommend them still to adhere to the doctrines assuredly believed among us.

6.—That a committee consisting of brethren Yates, Watts, Taylor, Argile, Pike, and Jennens, investigate the case respecting the Belper chapel deeds.

7.—That brother Yates be requested to attend the Midland Conference in behalf of the same.

8.—That we appoint a committee to confer with the churches at Belper, Milford, and Duffield, as to the desirableness of uniting in maintaining a minister, and that it consist of brethren Yates, Stevenson, Watts, and Pike.

9.—That the next Conference be held at Langley Mill, on August 4, 1862, and that brother Needham, of Ripley, preach in the evening.

A revival meeting was held in the evening, in which the following friends took part, viz: Yates, Renwick, Needham, Taylor, and Woolley. Both the Conference and evening meeting were better attended than usual, and a very excellent spirit prevailed throughout.

GEO. NEEDHAM, *Sec. pro. tem.*

THE YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE assembled at Lineholme, on Good Friday, April 18, 1862. In the morning Rev. T. Gill, of Shore, read the Scriptures and prayed, and Rev. Mr. Finn, of Todmorden, preached from 2 Cor. v. 20.

In the afternoon the Conference met for business. Rev. W. Salter, minister of the place presided, and Rev. John Sutcliff opened the proceedings by prayer. The attendance was large and the reports of the churches were very good.

Baptized since the last Conference, at Birchcliffe 24; Bradford, Tetley-street, 6; Bradford, Infirmary-street, 2; Burnley, Enon chapel, 12; Burnley, Ebenezer chapel, 11; Clayton, 3; Gambleside, 16; Halifax, 21; Lineholme, 2; Queenshead, 7; Rochdale, 5; Staly-bridge, 3; Todmorden, 8; in all 120. The number of candidates reported was indefinite. After singing the doxology and the reading of the minutes of the previous Conference it was resolved:—

1.—That the minutes of the last Conference, after substituting the word Bacup for Todmorden in the second minute, be accepted.

2.—That we most cordially welcome the Rev. T. Gill into this Conference and district. To this resolution Mr. Gill replied in very feeling and affectionate terms, referring to his ministry at Burnley, his connection with the Conference about fifteen years ago, and to the many affecting changes which had transpired during that period.

3.—That we thankfully accept of the £50 generously resigned by the Bradford second church, in order to enable the Conference to help the friends at Rochdale.

4.—That the £50 resigned by the friends at Bradford be given to the church at Rochdale as follows: Whitsuntide 1863, £20; 1864, £15; 1865, £10; 1866, £5.

5.—That the Dewsbury case be referred to the next Conference.

6.—That we recommend the ministers of this district to bring before their churches and congregations with more than usual prominence during this year, the secession of about 2,000 ministers from the Established Church of England, in 1662, and that we recommend the distribution of such treatises and tracts as may be published which are deemed appropriate and likely to be useful.

7.—That as the church at North Allerton has sent no report to this Conference for sometime, we request the secretary to write to them a letter of inquiry.

8.—That the church at Edgeside be received into this Conference.

9.—That the next Conference be held at Heptonstall Slack, on Whit-Tuesday, and that the Rev. T. Gill preach in the morning.

O. HARGREAVES, *Sec.*

THE MIDLAND CONFERENCE was held at Beeston, on Easter Tuesday, April 22, 1862. The Rev. R. Kenny, of Burton-on-Trent, read and prayed, and Rev. W. Taylor, of Castle Donington, preached from 2 Thess. iii. 1. *Brethren pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified.* At the afternoon meeting, Rev. T. Lovekin, of Old Basford,

prayed, and Rev. W. Underwood, president of the Chilwell College, presided. From written or oral reports it appeared that 172 had been baptized since the last Conference, that there were 181 candidates for baptism, and that six had been restored to fellowship. After singing the doxology and reading the minutes of the previous meeting, Rev. J. F. Stevenson, of Nottingham, acknowledged with deep feeling the vote of the last Conference in regard to himself. The following is a summary of the business:—

1. *Case from Knipton.*—In answer to a letter asking advice as to the renewal of the trust-deed, the Conference agreed: That the old committee on the Knipton case, with the addition of Mr. W. Booker, Nottingham, be re-appointed, namely, Messrs. Aldridge, Mallett, and W. Bennett; and that the trust-deed be prepared as soon as possible.

2. *Case from Carley-street, Leicester.*—A letter was read from the deacons of the church at Carley-street, asking advice on the calling in of £150 borrowed on their school-rooms and cottage. After some discussion it was agreed: That brethren B. Gray, of Leicester, Noble, of Belgrave, Hawley, Harding, Harvey, and J. C. Pike, of Leicester, be requested to act as a committee of advice on this case, and as the case is urgent, to meet together as soon as practicable.

3. *Coalville, and the Bicentenary.*—Shall the evening meeting of the next Conference, to be held at Coalville, be devoted to some commemoration of the Bicentenary? It was agreed: That as the arrangement of the evening meeting at the Conference is always left with the church where the Conference is held, we recommend the friends at Coalville to use their own discretion in this matter.

4. *Case from Grantham.*—The friends at Grantham asked to have their case recommended to the Lincolnshire or Midland Home Mission for pecuniary help. The Conference felt that but little would result from such recommendation,

and thought that help might be rendered to our brethren at Grantham in another way. It was therefore agreed: That brethren T. Hill, E. Barwick, and G. Truman be requested to advise with the Grantham church, and to assist them in obtaining ministerial aid for their pulpit.

5. *The Freeman Newspaper.*—Approving generally of the principles advocated in the *Freeman* newspaper, and of the spirit in which it is conducted, and desiring for it a wider circulation: Resolved, that we strongly recommend it to the churches comprised in this Conference.

The next Conference will be held at Coalville, on Whit-Tuesday, June 10, Rev. Giles Hester, of Loughborough, to preach; or in case of failure, Rev. W. Chapman.

Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A., of Nottingham, preached in the evening.

J. J. GOADBY, *Secretary.*

THE WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Walsall, on Monday, May 12, 1862. At the morning service brother Harrison, of Birmingham, read the Scriptures and prayed, and brother James Goadby, of Ashby, preached from 2 Cor. x. 4, 5. *The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, &c.* Brother Cheatle concluded with prayer.

In the afternoon brother Lees presided, and brethren Derry, of Austrey, and Marshall, of Walsall, conducted the devotional exercises. The condition of the churches was in some respects peculiar. Of the nine churches composing the Conference, in a short time, only three will have over them a settled minister. The additions by baptism were, however, very encouraging. There were reported as baptized at Austrey seven, and nine candidates; Birmingham fifteen, and ten candidates; Longford thirteen, and three candidates; Union-place, Longford three, and three candidates; Nuneaton twelve, and ten candidates; Walsall nine, and six candidates. Total baptized fifty-nine; candidates forty-four.

Mr. Marshall made some remarks in regard to the chapel at Cradley Heath, from which it appeared that, unless something could be done for supplying the place with ministerial aid, the chapel must be sold. It was moved therefore that the state of the Cradley Heath church and chapel be laid before the Association, and that its opinion be taken in regard to any future arrangements.

It was resolved: That the best thanks of this Conference be presented to our dear friend Chapman for his deep, and long continued interest in, and efforts for the prosperity of the Warwickshire Conference, and his constant labour to promote the well-being of the individual churches of which it is composed; and we earnestly pray that the blessing of the Great Head of the church may attend him in his removal to his new sphere of labour, and that abundant success may attend his ministry there.

In consequence of the small number of ministers in the district, and because most of them had had but a limited experience in Conference matters, the Secretary was urgently requested to continue his services for the present.

A vote of thanks was given to brother Goadby for his admirable sermon in the morning.

The next Conference is to be held at Union-place, Longford, on the second Monday in September. Brother Lees, of Walsall is appointed to preach. Brother Harrison preached in the evening.

W. CHAPMAN, *Secretary.*

BAPTISMS.

ROCHDALE.—Since our last report we have baptized as follows: Dec. 29, three candidates; Feb. 23, two; and April 27, three. J. N.

LOUTH, *Walker-gate.*—We are thankful to report accessions to our number by baptism. On the 24th of February, we baptized four candidates; on the 6th of April, two; and on the 21st of April, four others. May they all prove faithful unto death.

FORNCETT.—April 6, we baptized two; April 10, one, who continues to worship with her Wesleyan friends; May 4, two, who have long heard the gospel among us. G. M.

SHEEPSHED.—On the 13th of April, Mr. Lacey, of Loughborough, baptized two candidates. In the afternoon they were received into the fellowship of the church.

SHORE, *near Todmorden.*—On Saturday, April 19, 1862, twenty-four believers were baptized by our pastor, the Rev. T. Gill, all of whom, with five others restored, were received into the church the following day. J. C.

LEEDS BAPTIST MISSION TO THE UN-CONVERTED.—On Thursday evening, April 24, seventeen believers were baptized on a profession of faith, in South-parade chapel, by the Rev. J. Stutterd. They will unite with the different churches in the town.

LOUGHBOROUGH, *Baxter-gate.*—On Lord's-day, May 4, our pastor baptized eight; seven of them being scholars in the Sunday-school. In the afternoon they were received into the church. S. T.

NOTTINGHAM, *Stoney-street.*—On Lord's-day, May 4, we baptized twenty-one candidates, all of whom were from the adjoining village of Carrington. These are the first fruits of a great revival in that village. B. Y.

LEICESTER, *Friar-lane.*—On the first Sabbath in May, the ordinance of believers' baptism was administered to four friends, one was the daughter of our long tried friend, Mr. Winks. Our minister preached and baptized. In the afternoon the newly baptized were received into the fellowship of the church.

ILKESTON.—On Sunday, May 11, we baptized thirteen candidates, a greater part of whom were from our Sabbath-school; some others formerly ranked with the reprobates of our town. We have many more inquirers.

BARROWDEN.—Seven believers were baptized on Sunday, May 11th, after an address by our pastor from Exodus xii. 26. The chapel was

crowded and several were unable to find even standing room.

OLD BASFORD.—On Sabbath morning, May 11, we baptized six believers, all of whom have entered into fellowship with us. We have never been in such a prosperous and healthy condition as we are now.

BOSTON.—We baptized sixteen in May. There are as many more candidates.

ANNIVERSARIES.

BEESTON.—On Lord's-day, April 20, two sermons were preached in the General Baptist chapel, Beeston, by Mr. T. W. Marshall, Loughborough, on behalf of the Sabbath-school. The services were well attended. Collections £13 15s. 2d.

T. N.

LONG EATON.—Twelve months ago the General Baptists, of Sawley, engaged a room at Long Eaton, and commenced public worship. On Lord's-day, April the 27th, they held their first anniversary, when two sermons were preached by Mr. C. H. Clarke, of the General Baptist College, Chilwell. Collections £6 3s. 10d. On the Monday following, a public tea meeting was held, rather more than 100 sat down. W. Bennet, Esq., of Sawley, was called to preside, and the meeting was addressed by W. Newstead, of Chilwell; J. Stenson, and T. Poxon, Junr., of Sawley; J. Kilbourne, of Long Eaton; and the Rev. W. Taylor. We hope that before another anniversary our friends will have erected a chapel.

T. P.

LOUGHBOROUGH, *Baxter-gate*.—On May 11, the annual sermons on behalf of our Sunday-school were preached by Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A. The collections amounted to the handsome sum of £34 0s. 3½d.

S. T.

ROCHDALE.—On Lord's-day, May 11, our School sermons were preached by our minister, in the afternoon and evening; and notwithstanding the serious depression in trade, the collections for the day amounted to £15 3s. 5½d., being somewhat in advance of last year.

J. N.

SNEEPSHED.—On Lord's-day, May 18, the claims of the Sabbath-school were advocated by Mr. Evans, of the College. Collections £11 8s. 3d.

LEICESTER, *Friar-lane*.—On Lord's-day, May 18, 1862, the annual sermons in support of the school, were preached by Mr. C. H. Clarke, of the Chilwell College. Collections over £27.

REMOVALS, &c.

REV. J. SUTCLIFF has resigned his pastorate of the General Baptist church, Stalybridge, after more than eighteen years of very successful labour. We hear that his friends are extremely anxious that he should reconsider his decision, and sincerely hope that they may be successful in their urgent solicitations.

REV. J. J. GOADBY has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Doverstreet church, Leicester, and commences his labours on the first Sabbath in July.

REV. E. FOSTER.—We understand that the Rev. E. Foster, late a student of the General Baptist College, who, with the sanction of the College Committee undertook the management of the Leicester Young Men's Christian Association, and has held that office nearly six years, being anxious to obtain some pastoral charge, has resigned his appointment. His resignation has been very reluctantly received by the Committee of that Institution. He leaves with the highest testimonials as to character and efficiency.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KNIPTON.—On Monday, April 21, a public tea meeting was held in this place, to procure funds to defray the cost of the renewal of the trust deed. Special interest attached to the tea meeting, it being the first ever held in connection with the church. It was well attended, upwards of twenty from Hose, and several from

Grantham being present. The night meeting was presided over by Rev. R. Pike, and addressed by Messrs. Smith, Kemp, E. Stubbs, Goodacre, (Free Methodist) and F. Mantle. The proceeds of tea and collection were £2 16s. 4d., and by the Christian liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Clare, and Mr. Clay, that amount has been increased and made sufficient to meet every expence incurred in the matter referred to. Mr. Clare also added much to the enjoyment of the friends, by very kindly permitting them to visit his beautiful garden. The friends at Knipton are making an effort to revive the cause. For many years past this chapel has been nearly closed, many months intervening between the services held in it; now fortnightly services are held, and numbers attend. May God make the *small one a strong one*, and beneath the shadow of Belvoir's princely towers may we, the despised Baptists, be enabled again to raise a heritage to the Almighty. F. M.

CONINGSBY.—*The foundation stone of the new General Baptist chapel* was laid on Thursday, the 24th of April, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Although there was a gentle fall of rain during the whole of the proceedings, it did not prevent a large number of persons being present. The Rev. W. Sharman commenced the ceremony, by giving out a hymn, several verses of which were sung, and the Rev. D. Jones, of Horncastle, then implored the Divine blessing upon the undertaking. The father of the pastor, Mr. T. Sharman, of Spalding, then placed a box in a cavity under the stone, containing a copy of the General Baptist Magazine, the Church, the Freeman Newspaper, a statement on parchment, of which the following is a copy, and which was read to the spectators:—'The foundation stone of this chapel was laid by W. Lane, Esq., of Tattershall-Thorpe, on the 24th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1862, being the twenty-fifth year of the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. H. Slight, Architect. Messrs. Lee

and Johnson, builders. Minister, the Rev. W. Sharman. Deacons, John Wells and Samuel Sellars. Number of members forty-four.' This being done, Mr. Johnson, builder, presented a trowel to Mr. Lane, who spread the mortar, and lowered the stone to its place, and made a most eloquent speech by placing upon it a five pound note. Several others also laid sums upon the stone; the total amount of these offerings was £7. 6s. 6d. The Rev. T. W. Mathews, of Boston, followed with a telling address to the spectators, on 'Religious Liberty.' Another hymn being sung, the Rev. J. Ruff, of Boston, pronounced the benediction, and the company adjourned to the school-room, and partook of an excellent tea. After tea the room was well filled, and speeches were delivered by the Revs. T. W. Mathews, D. Jones, J. Ruff, W. Lee, (Primitive Methodist), W. Sharman, and Mr. T. Sharman. The services gave general satisfaction, and have left behind a hallowed influence. Our new chapel will cost £450.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—*Memorial stone of the New Chapel.*—On Tuesday, April 29th, the memorial stone of the new chapel was laid by Richard Harris, Esq., of Leicester. The friends met at the old chapel at two o'clock. A hymn was sung, and prayer offered by the Rev. T. Mays. A paper was then read by the Rev. J. Salisbury, of Hugglescote, containing a concise and deeply interesting history of the Baptist church at Ashby. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. J. Godden (Wesleyan), and the friends adjourned to the site of the new chapel, where a large concourse of people had assembled. A hymn was sung, and the Rev. W. Howell prayed, after which the stone was laid by R. Harris, Esq., who then ascended it, and delivered an appropriate address, full of Christian sentiment and feeling. The Sunday scholars, for whom a platform had been prepared, then sang part of the beautiful hymn commencing 'There is a spot sur-

passing sweet.' Excellent addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Mays, J. J. Goadby, and W. Howell. The Rev. J. J. Goadby then gave out part of the Nation's Prayer for the Queen, by the Rev. Newman Hall (which was very nicely sung by the children), and concluded the meeting by pronouncing the benediction. The day was beautifully fine. The services throughout were deeply interesting, and the contributions of the friends present, in connection with a very liberal donation by R. Harris, Esq., amounted to the sum of £26.

LEEDS, *Call - lane*.—On Easter Monday, a public tea meeting was held in connection with the proposed alteration and improvement of this ancient sanctuary, when upwards of 300 persons sat down to tea. The *secret chamber* in the roof of the chapel was then opened for inspection, and much curiosity and interest was manifested in examining it. Several hymns were sung in it, under the touching influence of its sacred associations. A public meeting was afterwards held in the chapel, under the presidency of the pastor, Rev. J. Tunncliffe, and spirited addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Brewer, and several other ministers and friends.

PORTSEA, *Clarence - street*.—The friends connected with this place of worship are getting up a large bazaar, the proceeds of which are to be devoted, partly to the reduction of the debt upon their school-rooms, and partly to the liquidation of the expence incurred in repairing and beautifying the chapel last autumn. The time for holding the bazaar is the third week in June. This will be about the usual time for holding services and making collections on behalf of the Foreign Mission; but the committee trust that the Mission will not suffer in consequence of an arrangement which is quite unavoidable. The new debt added to the old one, is a serious burden, and materially hinders the church in its desire to co-operate with benevolent institutions of a public and denom-

inational character. The congregation of Clarence-street chapel, though numerous, is made up *entirely* of the working classes, a large portion being young people; and as their pecuniary means for current and extra expences are at present taxed to the very utmost of prudential limits, we should be glad of extraneous help in our present effort.

BAZAAR FOR THE NEW CHAPEL AT ASHBY.—We are glad to hear that our friends at Ashby are about to hold a bazaar for their new chapel. The committee of ladies, whose names are mentioned in the advertisement, will very thankfully receive any contributions from their friends and sympathizers. We sincerely hope that their own zealous efforts will be warmly supported by our lady friends in every part of the Connexion. The bazaar is to be held in the Ashby Market Hall, on Monday, the 1st of July.

LOUTH, *Walker-gate*.—During the winter months, in accordance with former custom, we have had four social tea meetings, which have been much enjoyed, and evidently productive of good.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. E. MIALL.—A very handsome testimonial has recently been presented to Mr. E. Miall, consisting of £5,000 and a handsome silver tea and coffee service and salver, the latter bearing the following inscription: 'To Edward Miall, Esq., presented by his friends, in testimony of their appreciation of his public efforts, during twenty-one years, to promote the extension of civil and religious freedom.—May 8, 1862.'

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND DESCRIBED BY A FRIEND.—It is a thing patent, and not to be denied, that at the present moment we have among the clergy of the Church of England the representatives of almost every opinion under heaven. That at least is my opinion. The varieties are so great and so notorious, as to range to the very verge of the precipice of open infidelity on the one hand, to the very verge of Romish

superstition on the other, and, of course, includes all the colours and complexions and shades of opinion between one extreme and the other. —*Dean Close at the Meeting of the Pastoral Aid Society, May 8, 1862.*

ROBERT HALL ON CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS. — Turn a Christian Society into an Established Church, and it is no longer a voluntary assembly for the worship of God; it is a powerful corporation full of such sentiments and passions as usually distinguished those bodies: a dread of innovation, an attachment to abuses, a propensity to tyranny and oppression. . . . To this alliance of Christianity with civil power it is owing that Ecclesiastical History presents a chaos of crimes, and that the progress of religious opinion, which, left to itself, had been calm and silent, may be traced in blood. — *Miscellaneous Works, p. 210.*

FOREIGN PREACHING AT THE ROYAL GERMAN CHAPEL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE. — On Sunday, May 11th, by her Majesty's royal license, the Queen's German Chapel at St. James's was opened for divine service, by the celebrated historian of the Reformation, the Rev. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, of Geneva. The service was commenced at three o'clock, by the rev. preacher reading in French the commencement of the English Church Service, a portion of the Psalms and 3rd chapter of 1st Corinthians. Extempore prayer was also offered, and two French hymns were sung at intervals, from a selection made by the Foreign Conference and Evangelization Committee. These hymns are chiefly from the 'Cantiques' of Dr. Malan, of Geneva. The sermon occupied nearly three quarters of an hour, from the words closing the 21st verse of the 3rd chapter of Corinthians to the end of the chapter. The service concluded about half-past four o'clock. All the pews of the chapel were occupied except the Royal gallery, and many were seated on benches; but the chapel does not hold above 250 or 300 people. The sermon next

Sunday is to be preached by Dr. Grandpierre, of Paris, at three o'clock, in the same chapel. Dr. Krummacher, the well-known author of 'Elijah the Tishbite,' will preach in German, at 6.30 p.m., and Dr. Merle D'Aubigné will also preach in French on the same day, at 6.30 p.m., in the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks.

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVERY BY HOLLAND. — The abolition of slavery in the American colonies of Holland has been decreed. A Dutch paper announces that on the 1st of July, 1863, all slaves in the colonies of Holland will be emancipated on terms not unlike those which accompanied the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies. An indemnity of £75 will be paid to the slave-owners for each slave, without distinction of age or sex, and the slaves will undergo a system of apprenticeship upon the plantations for three years, during which period one-half of their earnings will be paid to Government.

THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL. — It is gratifying to learn that her Majesty seems to be enjoying and benefiting by her sojourn at her favourite Highland home. Though more retired than was wont to be the case in former times, the Queen takes daily out door exercise, and has visited most of the residents upon the estate of Balmoral, and also a few of those upon the estate of Abergeldie. It is expected that her Majesty will leave Balmoral on her return South about the 28th of May.

DEATH OF DR. WOLFF. — The death of the Rev. Joseph Wolff is announced. His name has been frequently before the public, and he is fairly entitled to be considered as a man of mark. He was born of Jewish parents, but, on his conversion to the Christian faith, he studied at Rome, and afterwards became a Protestant. His journey to Bokhara, partly in search of the ten tribes, and partly in search of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, who had been taken prisoners by the Affghans, formed the subject of

considerable discussion some years since.

THE STATE OF ROME.—Excitement prevails in Rome. Reports of the withdrawal of the French troops fill the dependents of the Vatican with alarm. The conviction is deepening, in certain influential circles, that the solution of the Papal Problem is very near. The moral state of city is deplorable. A correspondent says that 'It has become the Eldorado of all the vagabonds of the country. The thieves carry on their operations in open day with arms in their hands.' Still the sacred influence increases. Bishops and their suites are arriving daily. America has contributed another batch of the Episcopal order.

NEW WORK BY DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNE.—Our readers will be interested to learn, that the eminent historian of the Reformation has in preparation a new work, the subject being the Reformation under Calvin. It will be published in England by Messrs. Longman, it is hoped towards the close of the year.

FRENCH ENGLISH.—Theophile Gautier, one of the foremost literary men of France, is in London 'doing' the Exhibition for the *Moniteur*. In

his description of the opening day, he offers to his readers the following amazing sentence as a copy of the pious English inscription:—'Power and might and ine thine hand it to make great o Lord booth riches and honour come of thee thou reignest over all and ine thine hand is.'

GENERAL BAPTIST COLLEGE.

The Treasurer has pleasure in acknowledging the following sums, and begs to remind the friends that the accounts must be closed on the 16th of June, so that an audited balance sheet may be presented to the Association, and respectfully requests the churches and subscribers will favour him with their collections, &c., before that time, otherwise they will be too late to appear in the annual report.

	£	s.	d.
Nottingham, Broad-street	27	0	0
Ditto, Mansfield-road	10	14	0
Derby, Osmaston-road	20	0	0
Barton, Balston, &c.	11	10	3
Loughborough, Wood-gate	6	7	6
Denholme	1	5	0
Coningsby	2	9	0
John Poole, Esq.	2	2	0

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

April 30, at Cambridge, E. Rawlings, Esq., of Champion-hill, near London, to Agnes Elizabeth, only daughter of G. E. Foster, Esq., of Brooklands, Cambridge.

May 1, at Union chapel, Manchester, by Rev. A. M'Laren, B.A., Joseph Nall, Esq., Charlton-upon-Medlock, to Cordelia Maria Beardsall, of Manchester.

DEATHS.

Jan. 29, at Wolvey, the Rev. Joseph Knight, aged 74 years.

Feb. 17, at Montreal, Canada East, Emma, wife of the Rev. John Goadby.

April 21, at Leamington, very

suddenly, John Ryle, Esq., formerly M.P. for Macclesfield, and father of Rev. J. C. Ryle, of Stradbroke, aged 77.

April 24, Mr. William Hanson, in the 30th year of his age. His end was peace.

May 5, Captain T. Hughes, aged 97. He was one of the two that commenced the Welsh Calvinistic services in Liverpool, and who held their prayer-meetings in an old stone quarry.

May 19, Mr. R. Slaney, M.P. for Shrewsbury, a great friend of the working classes.

Recently, at Neroi, near Genoa, Guglielmina, the second and beloved daughter of M. Kossuth.

Missionary Observer.

THE Annual Meeting of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be held in the North Parade chapel, Halifax, on the evening of Wednesday, June 25.

John Crossley, Esq., Mayor of Halifax, has kindly engaged to take the chair. The following gentlemen are expected to address the meeting:—Rev. W. Roberts, Independent minister of Halifax, late of Southampton; Rev. I. Stubbins and Mr. W. Brooks, from India; Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A., of Nottingham; Rev. Giles Hester, of Loughborough; and Rev. Charles Clarke, of Halifax.

SPECIAL NOTICE AS TO FUNDS.—All monies to be acknowledged in the forthcoming Report should be in the hands of the Treasurer or Secretary not later than Saturday, June 7, after which date the books will be closed for the Annual Audit.

THE MISSION LIBRARY AT CUTTACK.

APPEAL FOR BOOKS.

OUR Mission Library is very scantily supplied with useful standard works, and donations of valuable books would be much appreciated. I will indicate the kind of books that seem to me to be required. Works on India, its history, its government, and especially its missionary operations are much needed. Ward's 3 vols. on the Hindoos, would be very acceptable, and if several copies could be obtained, so much the better, as after placing one in the Library, the others might be given to brethren who have come more recently into the field, and have not been able to procure it. Formerly the Society made a present of this work to its missionaries, and it was well to do so. It is a work of immense research, and is exceedingly useful to missionaries, but cannot be very interesting to others. Such a work as "Carey, Marshman, and Ward," (albeit there is sadly too much in the 2nd vol. about the Serampore disputes,) and the life of General Havelock would be acceptable. Works on missionary operations in other parts of the world would be prized, and the Memoirs of devoted and

useful missionaries could not fail of being quickening and profitable. Should any friend have a spare copy of the *Missionary Observer* as published separately, and before it was incorporated with the Repository, it would be useful for reference.

Presents of books required in biblical translation would be welcome. A copy of the Septuagint, Vulgate, Arias Montanus's version, Castalio's, and Beza's, including of course Junius and Tremellius's translation of the Old Testament, which is usually bound with it, ought surely to have a place in our Library. Doddridge remarks of the last named translation that he regarded it as "the best he had ever met with;" and after a frequent use of it for now more than twenty years, I must say that it is a version of uncommon excellence. Copies of our old English translations would be much prized. Let me add, that our Mission Library contains no Hebrew, Greek, Latin, or even English Lexicon. Gesenius's Hebrew and English Lexicon, and Robinson's Greek Lexicon would be highly acceptable.

Approved critical and theological works should have a place in a Mission Library; but in this heathen land we do not want the "dry bones" of criticism; we want something

for the soul to feed upon, something by which the understanding may be enlightened, and the heart warmed. We would not, in our private studies, be indifferent to the varied phases in which the seductive errors of the present day are presented to the minds of the unwary, but works presented to a Library should be of acknowledged excellence and useful for reference. They should contain "the sincere milk of the word."

Any friend presenting any book to the Library will confer an additional favour if it be well bound, as books indifferently bound are soon destroyed in India.

I may add that since commencing this appeal a gentleman at Cuttack has sent to the Library five folio volumes; and I trust this will encourage our own dear friends favourably to regard what I have written. The works sent are Stackhouse's History of the Bible in 2 vols., an Exposition of Colossians, Usher's System of Divinity, and the choice old works of "Maister Richard Greenham," printed in 1661, which as Dr. Williams says are "full of unction."

I have another appeal to make on my own account. The gratuitous distribution of English books, such as Persuasives, Anxious Inquirer, Rise and Progress, Guide to Young Disciples, Immanuel, Christian Professor, Pilgrim's Progress, &c., has long appeared to me highly desirable in this country when judiciously done. My heart aches over many in this land who speak our language but are destitute of our most common religious books. Not long ago I heard of a gentleman at Cuttack who knew nothing of the "Pilgrim," except through the medium of that vile Puseyite perversion of it which was so notorious a few years ago. We must do what we can to remedy this state of things. How helpful is a good book to a pilgrim to eternity! I have twice before asked help for this important object, and the Lord stirred up the hearts of friends to give even more than was asked for. Blessed be His holy name. I may add for the encouragement of

these dear friends that I have been much gratified by the distribution of the books thus intrusted to my care, though it would not be proper to enter into details. In some cases they have been placed in the hands of those who reside at isolated stations far away from the means of grace, and in other instances I know they have been much prized. I cannot doubt that in this way fruit will be gathered unto life eternal. Two or three pounds expended in this way would now be very useful, and the books might be sent with the baggage of my dear missionary brethren, on their return. Any one whose heart the Lord may stir up to help in this good work will please communicate with our beloved Secretary, Rev. J. C. Pike, who will kindly purchase and forward the books. J. BUCKLEY.

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSION AT NINGPO.

LETTER FROM MR. KNOWLTON.

Ningpo, Dec. 4, 1861.

In my last, I communicated the information that the rebels were approaching Ningpo, and that the people were fleeing. Their progress has not been interrupted; and now they have approached to within about six miles of the city on the south, and about three miles on the north. The people are in great trepidation; trade is suspended; labourers are thrown out of employment, and the poor in crowds flock to the houses of the rich and demand rice. Most of our native christians have taken refuge in our houses, so that our work of instruction goes on daily. The heathen, many of them, have more time and more inclination to listen to our message, than when they were absorbed in business, and feared no danger. We may, I think, pray and expect that the judgments that are upon this people, will be sanctified to the spiritual good of many. We may hope, too, that

when the "Taipings" get possession of Ningpo and the surrounding country, as they undoubtedly soon will, our missionary work, instead of being curtailed, will be enlarged; that doors of usefulness will be opened, instead of being closed. Indeed, it is a very important practical question, how the destruction of idols and idol-temples, and the recognition of but one true and living God, may be best improved by the missionaries of the gospel.

HOW SHALL THE OPENING BE IMPROVED?

How may this germ of Christianity be so nourished as to flourish, and idolatry be supplanted by the worship of the true God, throughout vast sections of country? My inquiry does not relate to what are the means to be employed in the work of evangelization; but how these means may be most effectively employed for the evangelization of extensive fields, by a small number of labourers, and in the shortest possible time. Is it by extensive itineration by the missionary; or, by collecting around him, at his own house and chapel, classes of the most intelligent and religiously inclined Taipings, and instructing them daily for a few months, and sending forth those that give evidence of conversion and repentance, to impart to others, as they may be able, a knowledge of the worship of God and the plan of redemption through Christ? Would it be advisable to receive monied aid from the Taipings, for building chapels and supporting teachers? The power, of course, that is to render any mode of labour effectual to the regeneration and salvation of men, must come from above. It is the special work of the Holy Spirit to make the gospel effectual to the conversion and salvation of men, by whatever mode proclaimed; still, very much depends upon the efforts of human agents,—the "co-labourers with Christ,"—God's "chosen vessels" to bear the "treasure." Divine and human agency must be united; and, where

the latter is faithfully employed, we have the promise of God that the former shall not be wanting.

The fact that the idols of more than one hundred millions of idolaters in this land, have already been destroyed, will give some idea of the magnitude and importance of the question to which I have called attention.

THE WORK ON THE ISLAND OF CHUSAN.

In my last, some mention was made of the native prayer meeting at Reed Bridge, on the island of Chusan. I will now give some further particulars respecting the work of God at that place. About five years ago, a man about sixty years of age, with a pale, sad face, came into our little chapel, and listened for the first time to the gospel. He was impressed by the glad tidings of salvation, and remained longer than others to listen and ask questions. I soon learned that he was in deep affliction for the loss of his only son, his only staff and hope in his old age, as his wife and his other children were already dead. His greatest trouble seemed to be, as is usual with Chinese in similar circumstances, that his posterity was cut off, and he would have no one to present the quarterly offerings to his manes. The hopes presented in the gospel were a cordial to his soul. He came again and again, and drank in the truth like water. The result was that he became a sincere christian, and was baptized. Salvation by Christ became the theme on which he was constantly discoursing. Whether at home among his neighbours, or abroad among travellers and shopkeepers, the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, such as the existence and unity of God, his requirements, the sins of men, their lost state, and the way of salvation, as far as he understood them, constituted the topics upon which he was ever conversing. His instructions and exhortations were not lost upon his neighbours at Reed Bridge. Some five or six were converted through

his instrumentality, and their subsequent lives have attested the reality of the work. They have been regular in their attendance on the Sabbath and other meetings of the church, have been faithful in exhorting their relatives and friends; and, with one exception, have been, so far as I have been able to learn, without reproach in their conduct.

Some four or five months since, of their own accord, without any suggestion on my part, they commenced a prayer meeting. It is held on every fifth evening, at the houses of the different members in rotation, and is conducted entirely by themselves, with the aid of a brother from the city, who is able to read better than any of their own number. The exercises consist in prayers, reading of some portion of Scripture or of a tract, and exhortations. Several of the unconverted neighbours attend regularly, and eight or ten profess to believe. Three or four are requesting baptism. Their well filled meetings show that considerable interest has been awakened, which I trust is produced by the Spirit of God. The fact that this movement is entirely voluntary, is a very encouraging feature. The little personal interest manifested by the native converts hitherto, in religious meetings and efforts of all kinds, unless led on by the missionary and directed in everything, has been very discouraging. They have seemed to regard Christianity as an exotic, to be cultivated only by a foreigner. When the native christians come to feel that Christianity is not a foreign religion, but their own, and belonging to their own country, and that upon them devolves the chief responsibility of maintaining and propagating it, great progress may soon be expected in the mission work.

NINGPO IN THE HANDS OF THE INSURGENTS.

Dec. 18.—The "rebels" have arrived, and already been in full possession of Ningpo for ten days. On the 7th they arrived in the plain

outside the west gate, and commenced plundering, though none were killed. The people were thrown into great terror, and ran wildly about, not knowing whither to go, as the rebels were scattered all over the plain. Multitudes, however, in the vicinity of the hills, fled to them. Most of them still remain there in the open air among the bushes, where for the last three days they have been exposed to a cold rain storm. Many infants have been smothered to death, to prevent their cries leading to a discovery of their place of retreat.

On Sunday, the 8th, they attacked the city, but nothing was effected, as they had but few guns of any kind, and no cannon. Dec. 9, early in the morning, they swam the moat near the south gate, and scaled the wall. The imperial soldiers fled in confusion, threw off their uniforms, and sought concealment in their houses, or escaped over the wall on the opposite side of the city. The city was now in possession of the rebels, who proceeded with the utmost haste to sack every house and room in it. Some of the imperial officers fled, and the rest were put to death instantly.

The people had suffered greatly, both in the city and in the adjoining country, before the rebels arrived. But aside from the burning of their houses, which mostly occurred before, they have suffered much more since.

HOW THE LIVES OF THE PEOPLE WERE PROTECTED.

But few of the people were killed.—This was owing to the mediation of foreign powers here. A few days previous to their arrival, the officials of the American, English and French governments, proceeded in a steamer to a neighbouring city where they had possession, and had an interview with the rebel general. An agreement was made, to the effect that the rebel force should not visit or molest in any way, the suburbs on the north bank of the river, where most of the foreigners reside; the chapels

and dwellings of foreigners in the city, and on the south bank of the river, were not to be molested or entered; and as a safeguard, the general sent placards, stamped with his official seal, to be posted upon the doors, making it death to any of his soldiers to enter for the purpose of plundering; the city was not to be protected by foreigners; and the people were to be shown mercy and not ruthlessly butchered, as in most other places. The same arrangement was subsequently made with the general of another wing of the rebel army, which approached the city from the south west. They have carried out their agreement thus far, better than we had expected: still, dead bodies are scattered here and there about the city. The Presbyterians and Episcopalians failed to post up their placards from the rebel generals in time, and their chapels were entered and a few things stolen, and a few men taken captive. Though my placard was up in time, still the robbers entered our chapel and took a few garments belonging to the native christians, but no men were taken. My house, which is on the south bank of the river, just under the wall of the city, was not molested. Br. Lord had a donkey stolen, and an attempt was made to rob his house, and to take his hired boat; but the thief, on being handed over to the general, paid the penalty by the loss of his head. Mr. Russel, in the city, had a horse stolen, which was afterwards returned. The men who were taken captive from the chapels, have also all been returned.

UNIVERSAL PILLAGE OF THE CITY.

The city and neighbourhood have been wholly given up to pillage. I have been about a good deal, both in the city and out of it, and I have not yet seen a single house that has escaped their ravages.—Foreigners' houses on the city side of the river have, several of them, been entered. For two or three days I had to stand guard almost day and night. Things

are more quiet now, but I still sleep on my arms.

The poor people in the neighbourhood ran to me for protection; and for nearly a week I had from a hundred to a hundred and fifty refugees in my house, to protect as well as myself. My family had been sent over the river, where it was understood the rebels would not be allowed to go.

What effect this new state of things will have in regard to our mission work, I cannot yet say. Around my own house, I have yet abundant opportunities for labour, and the people seem more inclined to hear than they did before their troubles commenced.

SUFFERINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

But while foreigners have not, as yet, been made to suffer much, and not a large number of people have been killed, still there is great suffering among the people, and the city presents a scene of most wanton destruction of property and desolation. Families have been robbed of everything, even to the last cash, and the last grain of rice. A great multitude of young men and women have been taken captive. Old people are bewailing the loss of their sons and daughters; husbands the loss of wives; wives the loss of husbands; little children are left in their homes to die of starvation, and the same is true of the very aged and the blind, or otherwise disabled; tables and other furniture are thrown into the streets, or in confusion about the houses and yards, and are often cut up for wood; aged and middle aged people, that were formerly in good circumstances, are now obliged to go about the streets and beg a little rice, to prevent starving; fresh corpses, with their heads entirely cut off, or split open, or their throats cut, are seen lying at intervals along the streets. Trade, of course, is at an end. The things asked for by the rebels, are, first of all, guns and pistols; there is also a demand for opium, and horses, and foreign umbrellas. Their male captives are at

once put to hard service in carrying burdens: and if it is too hard for them, and they fall exhausted, under their loads, they are severely beaten, or cut with swords, or killed on the spot.

Aid Afforded by the Missionaries.

Hundreds of people, besides the native converts and their families, who have taken refuge in our various chapels and missionaries' houses in the city, have been brought out by the missionaries, and safely landed on the north bank of the river. It has given the poor people a tangible proof of our good will and kindness towards them; and their thanks (a new thing to witness here) are numerous and sincere. As my house is upon the bank of the river, and boats can come to the steps at the back door of my yard, it has been the thoroughfare for this exodus; and daily the truth has been impressed upon my mind, that this great trial of the people is already yielding some fruit, in the gratitude which it has wrung from hitherto unfeeling and ungrateful hearts. Besides, while they, with tears of gratitude, thank us for saving them from the terrible death that seemed to await them, we have not let the precious opportunity pass, of pointing them to Him to whom all thanks belong, and of exhorting them to seek protection of their heavenly Father, and eternal salvation through Jesus Christ.

As multitudes have been left without a home or any subsistence, a large building has been appropriated for such, where rice for the time being, until they will be able to make some shift for themselves, is provided gratuitously, by subscriptions chiefly from foreigners, and distributed under the superintendence of a committee of missionaries. This again is a substantial proof of our benevolence toward them and does not fail to elicit gratitude.—May we not with confidence expect, that the fallow ground in many a hard and stony heart is being broken up, prepara-

tory to the reception of the saving truths of the gospel. At present it is a dark and terrible time with this poor people, and our hearts ache for them. The judgments of heaven are upon them, and they deserve them for their great wickedness; still we may expect that mercy will at length be extended; and their very afflictions may be a preparation for more abundant blessings than they have ever before received.

Friendship to Foreigners.

What facilities we shall have for missionary labours under the "Taiping" rule, remains still to be seen. At present we are permitted to enter the city daily and go wherever we choose. From the generals down, all the Taipings seem well disposed towards foreigners; still it is rumored that there is great danger that foreign powers will come in collision with them.

Character of the Insurgents.

The character and conduct of the rebels thus far, abundantly show that they were not dreaded too much. They have been called christians. They are as deserving the name as the most desperate and cruel band of robbers that ever infested the earth. They are, as a mass, wholly destitute of christian principle and wholly destitute of christian knowledge. I have been mixed up with them a good deal since they arrived at Ningpo, and have seen a good many of their leaders; but I have scarcely heard them refer to any religion, except when questioned on the subject; and then they could give no intelligent account, either of what they believe or what they practise. In regard to the latter, however, one needs not to ask many questions. They lie, they steal, they rob, they murder, and do everything wicked that one can think of. They are miserably murderous hordes of marauders. Their swarthy complexion, long black flowing hair, fantastic dress and equipage, and barbarous murders, give them the appearance and

character of North American savages. The mass of them know nothing of Jesus or the true God, beyond, perhaps, the name. Some of the better informed can repeat the christian doxology, confession of sin, and praise to Jesus as the Saviour of the world, which Teen Wong, the rebel chief, learned of the Baptist missionaries at Canton. They have brought with them no books for distribution, but one of the generals informed me the other day, that he intended to send for some soon.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

Choga, Feb 13, 1862.

UNWELCOME visitors in the shape of wild elephants, entered the rice fields a few weeks ago, and in many instances did considerable damage to the crops. One of our christians told me the other day, that in one of his fields the crop had been entirely destroyed. Passing over the fields I saw some elephant foot-prints, and judging from the size of these, the size of the elephants must have been enormous. To learn the exact number, young and old, is difficult, but an officer from Cuttack, who came over to try to shoot them, says that he saw a herd consisting of about eighty. One of our native christians fired at them twice but without effect. The rice being cut, the brutes have retreated to the jungle, and for a week or two have not been seen. It has been thought probable by some, that the elephant is not indigenous to the province, and that these originated in tame elephants which escaped from their keepers in former ages. Many years ago, the adjacent jungles were infested by wild elephants, which did considerable damage. To get rid of them many expedients were tried, but without success. Poisoning being suggested to the rajah, by a religious mendicant, this remedy he determined to try. Balls of rice, in which poison was concealed, were

strewn about the haunts frequented by the elephants, and in a short time eighty carcasses were found. The survivors, it is said, became alarmed, and fled from the district.

W. HILL.

NEW FOUNT OF ORIYA TYPE.

To the Editor of the Missionary Observer.

DEAR BROTHER,—Our expected departure for Orissa being so near at hand, it has been felt that no time should be lost in taking active measures towards procuring a smaller fount of Oriya type, the importance of which is so universally acknowledged. Will you therefore allow me to inform your readers that I went to London last week, and made definite arrangements with an Oriental type founder of some eminence; and that there is every guarantee that the work will be correctly executed. There remains *but one* difficulty in the way of the realization of my wishes, and that is the want of sufficient funds to pay for the type when ready.

According to suggestions offered in a previous number of the *Observer*, the teachers of the Archdeacon-lane Sabbath-school, Leicester, determined to make a collection for the new type, on the first Sabbath in May, when £1. 2s. 4d. was collected, teachers and children uniting.

May I beg permission to commend the example of the Archdeacon-lane Sunday-school to the teachers of our Sunday-schools generally, and to suggest that a collection be made in each school *on the first Sabbath in July*. Should this suggestion be acted upon, it is hoped that, in addition to the sums which may be reasonably expected from friends in different places, the required amount will be realized.

Yours very truly,

W. BROOKS.

12, *Watt's Causeway, Leicester.*
May 20th, 1862.

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND OF MRS. J. O. GOADBY.—This esteemed sister and her two children reached England safely on April 23rd. It is hoped that the voyage has proved beneficial to the health of Mrs. Goadby, although she is not yet

fully restored. Medical testimony since her arrival is decisive as to the necessity of the change. It is believed that Mrs. Goadby could not have survived till now, had she remained in India.

Foreign Letters Received.

BERHAMPORE.—J. O. Goadby, March 17, April 3.	CUTTACK.—J. Buckley, March 18, 28, April 1.
—————T. Bailey, March 17, 31.	—————W. Hill, March 17, April 1.
—————W. Bailey, March 29.	—————W. Miller, April 1.
	PIPLEE.—G Taylor, April 2.

Contributions

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

From April 20th to May 20th, 1862.

ALFORD.		LONDON, Commercial-road.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. & Mrs. Kemp, for Orphan	2 10 0	Collections and Subscriptions	37 12 2
AUDLEM.		<i>Præd-street.</i>	
Mr. J. Hall, junr. ...	1 0 0	Cash on Account ...	33 12 3
BACUP.		MAGDALEN AND STOW BRIDGE.	
Jas. Sutcliffe, Esq., donation	0 10 0	Collections ...	4 0 0
BILLEDON.		NORWICH.	
Collections and Subscriptions	11 11 0	Collections and Subscriptions	28 4 10
BIRMINGHAM.		NOTTINGHAM.	
Collected by the Misses Hawkes	20 0 0	John Heard, Esq. ...	100 0 0
CHATTERIS.		<i>Stoney-street.</i>	
Collections and Subscriptions	13 0 6	Cash on Account ...	14 1 3
FORD.		TRING.	
Collections and Subscriptions	15 0 0	Collection and Subscriptions	2 12 3
KEGWORTH.		WENDOVER.	
Collections and Subscriptions	13 7 6	Collections and Subscriptions	5 18 5
KNIPTON.			
H. Clare, Esq. ...	5 0 0		

SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS & ORPHANS FUND.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Birmingham ...	0 10 0	Old Basford ...	0 12 0
Longford, Union Place ...	0 7 6		

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR NEW FOUNT OF ORIYA TYPE.

Amount previously acknowledged...	90 7 4½		
LEICESTER.		NOTTINGHAM.	
Mr. W. Gray and family ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Baldwin, Senr. ...	2 0 0
Mrs. Case ...	0 10 0	Mr. E. Barwick ...	0 10 0
Mr. Cobley, per Miss Haywood	0 5 0	LOUGHBOROUGH.	
A Friend ...	0 5 0	Mr. J. Lacey ...	0 10 0
Archdeacon-lane Sunday-school	1 2 4	LONDON.	
		A Friend ...	0 2 6

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Treasurer, Derby; and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Secretary, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST
MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1862.

THE BLACK BARTHOLOMEW COMMEMORATION.

II.—THE STORY OF THE TWO THOUSAND.

As the tidings of the passing of the Act of Uniformity spread over the land, the Puritans prepared themselves for the solemnity and greatness of the impending crisis. Days were set apart for fasting and prayer; conferences were held where conferences were possible; letters of counsel and sympathy passed to and fro between anxious and alarmed clergymen; and fervent petitions ascended day and night to heaven that the path of duty might plainly appear to faithful and conscientious servants of Christ. With devout spirit and firm unflinching trust did the brave Puritans nerve themselves for the hour of trial. 'News from London,' wrote Philip Henry, when the first rumours of the proposed measure reached him, 'of speedy severity intended against the Non-conformists. The Lord can yet, if he will, break the snare. If not, welcome the will of God.' 'The Lord keep me in this critical time,'

wrote the same pen afterwards, 'Lord, lead me not into temptation.'

Ignorant of the intentions of the framers of the Act, there were some worthy pastors who hoped that conformity would not be impossible, and they resolved to stretch a point, if it could be done with a good conscience, rather than sever themselves from the beloved people of their charge. As the measure became known it was found to leave no way open for the honest Puritan to remain in the church. Three clergymen in the north rode to York 'with their cloak-bags full of distinctions, hoping they might get over it, and keep their places; but having read the Act, although they were men of Catholic temper no less than prudence and learning, they returned with a resolution to quit all rather than comply.' 'Before the Act of Uniformity came out,' wrote Mrs. Alleine, 'my husband was very earnest day and

night with God that his way might be made plain to him, and that he might not desist from such advantages of saving souls, with any scruple upon his spirit. He seemed so moderate that both myself and others thought he would have conformed; he often saying, that he would not leave his work for small and dubious matters. But when he saw those clauses of assent and consent, and renouncing the covenant, he was satisfied.' There was some reason to hope, even at the very last, that the king would not allow the Act to take effect. He assured a deputation of leading Puritans that 'he had great compassion for them, and was heartily sorry that Parliament had been so severe towards them;' and on the Friday before the fatal Sunday, a council was called to deliberate on the suspension of the Act. Sheldon, though not belonging to the privy council, presented himself at Hampton Court, where the council was held, and opposed the meditated course 'with such sharpness of wit, copiousness of eloquence, and weight of reason,' that the immediate execution of the law was resolved upon. Charles again broke his word, and returned with befitting self-complacency to the society of fascinating courtesans.

The twenty-fourth of August arrived. It was already famous in the calendar of the Reformed Church as the day of the terrible massacre of Protestants in France: it received in the Puritan calendar one black memory more. On that day, in that year of grace 1662, two thousand congregations were deprived of their pastors, by the operation of a cruel and revengeful Act, and two thousand godly men, for conscience sake, surrendered their livings and threw themselves with their families upon the providence of God. On the preceding Sunday, when most of the farewell sermons were preached, many a parish church was a place of lamentation and tears. Early in the morning the people flocked to the doors; the seats, aisles, and even pulpit

steps were soon filled, and many crowded in the porches, or clung to the windows, or stood in groups in the church-yards, unable to gain admission, to hear the last words of these noble men. It was a hard thing for zealous and God-fearing pastors to take leave of the people whom they loved and by whom they were beloved, and difficult at times to suppress unseemly emotion. 'What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?' cried out one of the preachers, as the sobs of the congregation broke forth. Yet no attempt was made to excite sympathy or to call forth a display of feeling. The last sermons of the ejected ministers are remarkable for the calmness of their tone, the catholicity of their spirit, the fulness of their expositions of scriptural truth, and the earnestness with which they enforce the simple message of the gospel.

But though silent about their enemies, not the less did the seceding clergymen seek to vindicate themselves from the accusations of their friends. They were charged with over-scrupulousness, and too great zeal for little things. The grounds upon which they left the Established Church were undoubtedly various, some more especially objecting to one thing and some to another. But the grand reason of their secession was one and the same, and most clearly and emphatically is it set forth. They could not make the required declaration, or take the prescribed oath, or yield the enforced assent and consent without being false to conscience, and disloyal to God and his truth. This with them was no small matter. It was a most solemn and momentous thing. They had not learned to trifle with conscience, to tamper with honest conviction, or sit loosely to a faith to which they subscribed. With them the voice of conscience was next in majesty to the voice of God. So they cast themselves with sublime trust upon God's providence, believing that He whom they sought to honour

would not forsake them in the hour of need.

'There is a greater judge than you,' said Dr. Jacomb in his farewell discourse, 'must judge us all at the great day, and to this judge we can appeal before angels and men, that it is not this thing or that thing that puts us upon this dissent, but it is conscience towards God, and fear of offending him.' 'Brethren,' said Mr. Lye, 'I could do very much for the love I bear you, but I dare not sin. I know they will tell you this is pride and peevishness in us, and are tender of our reputation, and we would fain all be bishops, and forty things more, but the Lord be witness between them and us in this. Beloved, I prefer my wife and children before a blast of air of people's talk. I am very sensible what it is to be reduced to a morsel of bread. Let the God of heaven and earth do what he will with me, if I could have subscribed with a good conscience I would. I would do anything to keep myself in the work of God, but to sin against my God I dare not do it.' 'My dear people,' said Mr. Seddon, of Langley, 'the time of my departure seemeth now at hand. Could I find the things which are shutting the mouths of many learned and conscientious ministers expressed in, or by good consequence drawn from the Scriptures, (which I am sure are sufficient to furnish the man of God thoroughly to every good work) I would not for a world divest myself of the liberty of my ministry, nor bereave myself, my wife and little ones of our livelihood. I this day appeal to the Most High with the prophet, "As for me, I have not hastened from being a pastor to follow Thee, O Lord, Thou knowest." Most gladly would I have continued preaching Christ Jesus the Lord, furthering your faith and joy; but sure I am my Lord needeth not my sinning to carry on His work amongst you.' 'And now beloved hearers,' said Mr. Gaspine, 'give me leave to trespass a little more

upon your patience, seeing this is like to be the last opportunity that I shall have to speak to you from this place, being prohibited to preach unless upon such terms as I confess my conscience dares not submit unto. Being therefore enforced to lay down my ministry, I thought good to let you know that it is neither out of singularity nor stubbornness in opinion, which many, it may be, may conjecture, but because the things required are such as my conscience cannot close withal. Could I see a sufficient warrant from the word of God for those ceremonies and other things that are enjoined, I should readily submit unto them; for I can take the great God to witness with my conscience that nothing in the world grieveth me a hundredth part so much as to be hindered from the work of the ministry, and to be disabled from serving my Great Master in that employment. But seeing I cannot find my warrant thence, I dare not go against my conscience, and so do evil that good may come.' 'I dare not give my assent nor consent to anything in God's worship which is not warranted from His word. But I think it the lesser evil of the two to expose myself to sufferings in this world, rather than to undergo the checks and reproaches of a grieved and wounded conscience.' 'I solemnly profess in the presence of the great God before whom I must shortly give an account of my words and actions,' said the rector of Great Bolas in Shropshire, 'that in my most impartial judgment, after all the light that I can get by reading, praying, thinking, and discoursing with above twenty judicious and solid divines of both persuasions, I look upon it as my duty not to conform; and whatever becomes either of myself or family, as I cannot force my judgment, so I will not dare to force my conscience.' 'The sun is setting upon not a few of the prophets,' said Mr. Richard Alleine. 'The shadows of evening are stretched forth upon us; our work seems to be at an end; our

pulpits and our places must know us no more. * * It is not a light thing for me, brethren, to be laid aside from the work, and cast out from the vineyard of the Lord. * * I know that some will add to the affliction of the afflicted by telling the world it is their own fault, and that they might prevent it if they would. Whether this be so or no, God knoweth, and let the Lord be judge. * * I must profess before God, and angels, and men, that my non-submission is not from any disloyalty to authority, nor from pride, humour, nor factious disposition; but because I dare not contradict my light, nor do anything concerning which my heart tells me the Lord says, "Do it not." After all my most impartial inquiries, after all my seeking counsel of the Lord, I find that I am plainly put to this choice—to part with my ministry, or my conscience. I dare not lie before God and the world, nor tell you that I approve, I allow, I heartily consent to what I neither do nor can; but must choose rather that my ministry be sealed up by my sufferings than lengthened out by a lie.' 'Ay Mr. Heywood,' said an Ormskirk man to his vicar, 'we would gladly have you still preach in the church.' 'Yes,' said the vicar, 'I would as gladly preach if I could do it with a safe conscience.' 'Oh, Sir,' replied the man, 'many a one makes a great gash in his conscience, cannot you make a little nick in yours?'

The struggle was sharp with those who loved their flocks, but it was doubly keen with those who had also to provide for families, but the same noble determination was displayed. 'Mother,' said one good man when pressed to conform and keep his living, 'if I want bread you can help me; but if I go against my oath and have a guilty conscience you cannot.' 'How then shall you maintain your family,' said his friends. 'They must live on the sixth of Matthew,' he replied. 'Should I have as many children,' said John Hicks, 'as that hen has chickens, I should not question but

God would provide for them all.' 'Satisfy God and your conscience,' said the brave wife of one who feared for his family should he refuse to conform, 'though you expose me to bread and water.' 'God feeds the young ravens,' said another; 'He will feed my children.'

God was faithful to these brave confessors, but the sufferings to which they were exposed on their ejection were severe and humiliating. They rejoiced and were exceeding glad that they were counted worthy to suffer, and they were mercifully sustained amid their trials. But many of them found no quiet resting place until they were laid in the grave. They were reviled in the churches, ridiculed and scorned in places of public resort, and insulted in the streets. Oppressive and iniquitous legislative enactments harassed and pursued them even within the sacred precincts of home. First came the 'Conventicle Act,' which aimed at breaking up the social worship of the ejected clergymen, for it enacted that if any person above the age of sixteen attended any meeting under colour of a religious exercise not allowed by the Liturgy or practice of the Church of England, where five or more persons were present beside the household, he should for the first offence suffer three months' imprisonment, or pay a sum not exceeding five pounds; for the second, six months' imprisonment, or pay ten pounds; for the third be banished to certain specified plantations for seven years; and further, if he returned to his own country before the expiration of his term of exile he should be liable to capital punishment. Thus followed by wicked laws the brave men met as they could, in the silence of the forest, on the wild heath, or under shelter of rock or hill, or, in the dead of night, in those strangely built synagogues full of secret doors leading to the roofs of the adjoining houses by which at the signal of the informer's approach, the whole congregation could escape in a

moment, and leave the astonished constable to gaze on empty pews. But frequently they were arrested, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Pepys, the ubiquitous and quaint chronicler of the times, says, writing in August, 1664, 'I saw several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle. They go like lambs without any resistance. I would to God, they would either conform or be more wise and not be caught!' The year after, when the Plague raged in London, and some of the Non-conforming clergy, moved with compassion for poor perishing souls, filled the pulpits vacated by the flight of the Conformists, the Five Mile Act was passed. By this Act the ejected ministers were rendered incapable of teaching schools, and of residing within five miles of any city or town sending members to Parliament, or any place where they had exercised their ministry, without danger of the heaviest penalties. Hunted and harried in this manner by the legislation of a malignant Parliament, the brave two thousand endured a living martyrdom. Forbidden to preach, forbidden to keep schools, forbidden to reside in or near large towns, they were driven to obscure villages, where they had no friends and no means of subsistence. Many lived verily like the raven-fed Elijah, having neither house nor bread. Some were forced to beg or starve. Others had means so scanty that bread and water was their only food for weeks together, while others toiled at the plough, the spinning-wheel, or the hard labour of the most humble occupations. The story of one of the sufferers has been often told. A Wiltshire gentleman, whose wife lay dangerously ill, sent for the clergyman of the parish. When the messenger reached the parsonage, he met the incumbent just going out with the hounds. The cassocked Nimrod sends word that he will come when the hunt is over. Impatient of delay for such a cause, the gentleman expressed

his indignation at the message, when the servant said, 'Sir, our shepherd, if you will send for him, can pray very well; we have often heard him at prayer in the field.' The shepherd was sent for and asked if he did or could pray, to which he replied, 'God forbid, Sir, that I should live one day without prayer;' upon which he was desired to pray for the sick lady. The gentleman was so struck with his language that when they rose from their knees he asked him what he had been. The shepherd confessed that he was one of the ejected ministers, and had been obliged to have recourse to this employment for a living. 'Then you shall be my shepherd,' said the gentleman. A chapel was built on the estate, and there the minister preached. He was a graduate of Oxford, and was known throughout the University as a good Hebrew scholar. His name was Peter Ince.

Such were the occupations, and such the sufferings to which the ejected clergymen were driven. What, in the meantime, was taking place elsewhere? While they of whom the world was not worthy wandered about destitute, afflicted, tormented, what is going on amongst their persecutors? Charles, who was indebted to some of them for his crown, was living in godlessness and profligacy in a court filled 'with women of no virtue and men of no religion, with Barbara Palmers and Nell Gwynns, with Buckhursts and Sedleys.' Sheldon, their great and implacable foe, was faring sumptuously every day at Lambeth, and wearing the high dignity of Primate of all England. A picture of his palace and its festivities given by that historian of gossip, Samuel Pepys, shows what manner of man was this newly-elevated Archbishop of Canterbury. He says, recording how he once dined at Lambeth, 'A noble house, and well furnished with good pictures and furniture, and noble attendance and good order; and a great deal of company though an ordinary day; and exceeding great

cheer, nowhere better, or so much, that ever I think I saw for an ordinary table. Most of the company gone, I going, I heard by a gentleman of a sermon that was to be there, and so I stayed to hear it thinking it serious, till by and by the gentleman told me it was mockery, by one Cornet Bolton, a very gentlemanlike man, that behind a chair did pray and preach like a Presbyter Scot, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and voice, and his text about the hanging up harps upon the willows; and serious good sermon too, exclaiming against the bishops till it made us all burst. But I did wonder to have the Bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind; but I perceive it was shown him as a rarity, and he took care to have the room door shut; but there were about twenty gentlemen there.' This was a curious scene in an archbishop's palace; even Pepys was shocked, and no wonder. Nothing more need be said of Sheldon.

As to the church itself, it received a most fatal blow. The ejected ministers carried out of its pale the piety, the spirituality, the religious life of the nation. Men in every way inferior filled their places. Learning was neglected. Drunken riots prevailed at the Universities. Piety was unpopular everywhere. The few good bishops and clergymen who discountenanced the godless reaction that set in during the 'reign of strumpets' were powerless in the presence of so much iniquity. Holders of fat benefices idled away their time in London, snatched at every piece of preferment that fell vacant, and left the drudgery of praying and preaching to curates hired at the smallest wages. 'All promotions,' writes Andrew Marvell, 'spiritual and temporal pass under the cognizance of the Duchess of Cleveland.' Yet Charles himself complained of the conduct of the clergy. He said they were ambitious, scandalous, covetous; they thought of nothing but to get good benefices, and to keep a good table;

and so Dissent flourished. The people, too, however corrupted they might be with the corruption of the times, could not be insensible to the arrogance and inconsistencies of their spiritual advisers. At the close of 1663, Pepys writes, 'M. Blackburne told me how highly the present clergy carry themselves everywhere so that they are hated and laughed at by everybody. And I am convinced in my judgment not only from his discourse, but my thoughts in general, that the present clergy will never heartily go down with the generality of the commons of England; they have been so used to liberty and freedom, and are so acquainted with the pride and debauchery of the present clergy. He did give me many stories of the effronts which the clergy receive in all places of England, from the gentry, and ordinary persons of the parish.'

The ejection of the two thousand Puritans from the Church of England was a most disastrous and calamitous event for that church, but it gave new life and importance to Dissent. Never perhaps before or since has there been in England a body of ministers of so much learning, so much Scriptural knowledge, so much eloquence, so much fervent piety combined. By the blind enmity of the persecutor all this was thrown into the ranks of Nonconformity. 'For some hundred and fifty years,' says the Rev. Isaac Taylor, 'the church was unable to recover the fervour, the earnestness, the unction which had been so ruthlessly winnowed out.' She will never recover her hold on the national heart. 'The ejected clergymen,' said Lord Ebury, a few days ago, in his place in Parliament, 'ought to have been the pride and ornament of the Church of England.' They became the pride and ornament of Dissent, the spiritual light of the church universal. Their influence is felt to this day, and their works shall never die. Where else in our history shines a more splendid galaxy of men of God? To mention them is to

write our English eleventh of Hebrews. There are the pious Philip Henry, the wise John Owen, the excellent Stephen Charnock. There is the genial Manton, of clear judgment, rich fancy, and happy elocution; and the silver-tongued Bates, of profound learning, deep spirituality, and rapt and fervid utterance. There is the plodding Matthew Poole, with his judicious 'Synopsis,' and the earnest Matthew Mead, with his 'Almost Christian.' There are Samuel Annesley and John Wesley, grandfathers of the men whom God raised up a century afterwards to lead the way in the revival of pure religion in our land. There is the stout old covenanter, Calamy, more followed than any London minister of his time, and who when preaching before General Monk on the love of money, threw his white handkerchief into the General's pew, saying, 'Aye, and there are some who would betray three kingdoms for filthy lucre's sake.' There is the eccentric Thomas Gouge, vicar of St. Sepulchres, who though refusing to subscribe to all and everything in the Book of Common Prayer, and throwing up his living rather than go against his conscience, yet caused eight thousand copies of the Bible and Prayer Book to be printed in the Welsh language, and travelled once a year in the Principality to distribute them, and was excommunicated for preaching occasionally, though he went constantly to the parish churches to commune. There are Joseph Caryl, afterwards minister of a church near London bridge; and William Jenkyn, who died in Newgate, where he was thrown for conscience sake; and Thomas Brooks, a quaint and useful preacher; and John Collins, and Dr. Seaman, and Dr. Gale. There is the good Joseph Alleine, martyred by cruel imprisonments in the full bloom of life, whose *Alarm to the Unconverted* has pealed the note of warning through many a sinner's soul. There is the judicious and excellent John Doddridge, grandfather of that devoted man whose *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* has guided many an inquirer to Christ, and whose *Family Expositor* has instructed many a household in the deep things of God. There is the fervent and holy Richard Baxter, of feeble frame, but of rare and noble spirit, who led the van in the secession of 1662, whose success as a pastor has rarely been equalled, perhaps never surpassed, and whose *Saints' Everlasting Rest* still breathes its holy quiet into Christian hearts. And last, though perhaps greatest of all, a star of the first magnitude in the glorious galaxy, there is the philosophic John Howe, of noble presence, of vast erudition, of tender heart, on the page of whose *Redeemer's Tears over Lost Souls* the dim eyes of the penitent may yet trace a Saviour's compassion, and into whose *Living Temple*, of magnificent proportions, and celestial splendour and grace, the devout Christian may still enter to worship. These men, and a host of others, all of them legally instituted as clergymen of the Established Church, all of them eminently useful and devoted in their work, and some of them unrivalled in genius, eloquence, and zeal, were suddenly and ruthlessly cast out of their livings and driven from their flocks by the Act of Uniformity of 1662. No wonder, then, that for about a century and a half afterwards, the lamp of godliness flickered faintly in our national church, nor that the right hand of her priests lost its cunning, and their tongue clave to the roof of the mouth!

THE NEWBURYS: THEIR OPINIONS AND FORTUNES.

A GLIMPSE OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER VIII.—AN HISTORICAL EPISODE.

GREAT events crowd upon us and claim our attention, but we must hurry on. Cromwell has reigned, not as a king, but as a prince and a prophet. A new kingdom has been set up in our land, and old elements long crushed beneath the weight of authority and drugged into inactivity by the popped administrations of superstition, have burst forth into the vigour of youth and the newness of spiritual life. *Pax queritur bello* was the motto of his life, as of his coins, and well did it prove itself an oracular truth, a very message from heaven. He was no natural man, and he ruled in no natural way. It was not Fate that made him what he was but Faith—faith in a divine Ruler of the universe, in His love, goodness, mercy, and power—faith in himself, as receiving his commission from Him, and faith in man, as the offspring and image of Him, to be brought through the changeful whirl of time, the crash of dynasties and the tumult of nations, safe and pure, and Godlike, to a state in which kings and nobles will be but men and every man may be, in Christ, a priest, a prophet, and a king.

It was the old old war of Eternity with Time, in which the issue is always the same although the circumstances and the characters are different. It secured both a seed-time and a harvest. For a while men were once more free to do good and worship righteously. Religion was not patronized but honoured, not made a matter of high-breeding and etiquette, but of solemn steadfast belief to be wrought out into the living lineaments of human life. It did not hover about rank and grandeur like a native coruscation or a special aureole, but it penetrated dark hearts and dark homes, like the holy light of day, which is not the less divine because it is so common. Numerous sects arose, as

they will when once a strong faith holds men in its grasp, and they have neither the calmness nor the capacity to view many truths or many aspects.

Baptists were not idle. They walked, talked, befriended and baptized. River banks were the scene of imposing ceremonies and holy vows. In quiet country villages churches were formed, ministers appointed, messengers delegated, and sanctuaries built. Everywhere there was new life, vivid, glancing, impetuous, and persuasive. From being so long unbelieving and forbidden to think for themselves, men became full of fervour, fanaticism, and curious doctrine. In the consciousness of a new and rightful power and in the sweet thrills of its unhindered exercise, they were ready to believe anything, prove anything, do anything, and dare anything. Argumentations were held with wise men, witty men, reverent men, and irreverent men, wheresoever, whensoever, and howsoever they could. The country was full of *scholastici vagantes*—if any Baptists could ever be called wandering scholars—who argued before magistrates, nobles, and common folk, proved Scripture truths by theses and antitheses, established baptism by syllogisms, and attacked the quinqueticular points, as they were then called, of the Calvinistic brethren of their own persuasion, by logical distinctions, metaphysical facts, and gravelling arguments. They printed books, wrote pamphlets, with titles such as 'Baby Baptism mere Babyism,' and refuted those who condemned them as schismatics, soul-sleepers, and house-creeper, who called baptism, with Baxter, *plain murder* and a breach of the sixth and seventh commandments, who styled liberty of conscience the last heresy of hell, and toler-

ation 'a city of refuge in men's consciences for the devil to fly to.' In fine, they came to themselves, arrived at a complete philosophical and religious consciousness, and feeling their power, importance, and scriptural authority, they waxed valiant, scornful, almost hierarchical, boasting that the words of Daniel, *many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased*, were fulfilled in their own lives and labours.

These procedures were very necessary. They had much opposition to encounter and enmity to suffer from all parties, but from no parties more than their fellow-religionists, the Quakers and Independents, the latter especially. Nearly all the hard sayings and pious lyings against them were uttered by men who imagined that they did service to truth and to Dissent by striving to crush the dearest belief of their fellows on the one hand, whilst unconsciously, but not the less absurdly, they annihilated their own darling principle on the other. So that if Baptists became disputatious and jangling it need not be very much a matter of surprise, seeing what they had to endure and to strike home against even from those who assumed towards them the holy garb of religious fraternity. They were not without witnesses of the Holy Spirit. Many who blasphemed them were struck down dumb, or dead, and revilers were often forced to exclaim, 'These are the people of God.' Spiritual gifts were by no means uncommon, and many strange narratives are extant in which what we cannot call less than a miracle was evidently performed.

One of these occurred in the neighbourhood of Carlton Grange. Since the day in which our Gospeller in Armour went forth to fight for his country and his God, and the meek and earnest dreamer also left his quiet home at Drayton on his mission of enduring privation and persecution for the light born within him from Christ, there had been, as George Fox himself tells us, many great 'convincements' in Lincolnshire,

and Quakers were abundant. Many of them were more zealous than discreet, and so were their opponents. The influence Nathaniel Newbury had disseminated by his war-posturings, as they styled them, was considerable. His friends had no notion of religious passivity, and having fought for the liberty of their consciences exercised them as men should, but in love. Nathaniel had warred against error and brought home peace. And in many instances it is to be feared, and we write it in all catholicity, the meek leader of Quakerism had sown in peace what turned out to be the seeds of dissension and war. From the first he had called Baptists hard names, and it was not to be wondered at that in the end some of his followers should prove themselves more vehement and irascible than he, and certainly less tender-hearted. At any rate it was so in the present instance, in which we use real facts with only such trivial changes as serve to embrace it in our narrative.

As the result of Newbury's ministrations a cluster of Christian believers had organized themselves into a church and elected a pastor. This led to many discussions with neighbouring folk in which the pastor took an active part, discussing the peculiar tenets of the Quakers, and submitting to be controverted in his turn with the heartiest and cheeriest good-will, but with heroic firmness and stalwart defence. An opponent arose in a neighbouring village, claiming to be a prophet sent of God, and in His name, and in the pastor's presence violently denounced him, and declared that for his opposition he should become a leper from head to foot, and the same penalty, he avowed, should come upon his own body and his own family if he were deceived. The latter fact actually came to pass, and in his extremity the poor Quaker prophet besought the minister to pray for him and his family that they might be released from their sorrow and suffering. The Carlton pastor did so, and with prayer and fasting, as our authority

vouches, God was graciously pleased to restore them. The Quaker afterwards joined the little church at Carlton, giving thanks and praise for his most merciful deliverance.

By both Baptist and Quaker, indeed, were wrought many marvels in those days, and when historical research shall have gathered the choice treasures now lying up and down, disjointed, forgotten, and unused, it will be seen that Nonconformity has a glorious past, a point of departure whose beginning was in God, and that its quickening influences still live for us along a line of unnamed heroes and tender Christ-men.

But I will be candid. There is one thing I cannot and ought not to pass over, whether it can be forgiven our forefathers or not—and that is their abusive and indiscriminate tirade against learning, which has cramped our energies and fettered our progress as a body ever since, laying our ministers and churches open to error, unbelief, bigotry, supreme self-complacent narrow-mindedness, and slavish religious conservatism. To be book-learned and irreligious were one and the same thing; to know Latin was a terrible crime, and to know Greek, a sin against the Holy Ghost. In spite of their affectations in argument, like Jack Cade, they would have abolished almost everything but the score and the tally, burnt all books but the Bible, and held, as a secret tenet, with the men of Chelmsford, that 'learning had always been an enemy to the Gospel,' and with George Fox, that 'the languages began at Babel,' and were therefore significantly 'set a-top of Christ' when His enemies crucified Him. Here is part of a catch commonly

sung by illiterate religionists, Baptists and others amongst them:—

'We'll down with all the 'versities,
Where learning is profest,
Because they practice and maintain
The language of the Beast :
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
And parts whate'er they be,
We'll cry all parts and learning down,
And heigh then up go we.'

I hope it is not necessary for me to explode this and similar jingling nonsense. If any are still of a like opinion—and I have good reason to believe a great many are—I would suggest to them that they should read their Bibles a little more attentively, and try to discover, what it is evident they do not yet know,—WHO it is that created man and gave him his wonderful faculties, using them as the means of the revelation of His own nature, will, and love, and the manifestation of all that is noble, beautiful, truthful, and inspiring in this wide universe of created being.

But Cromwell was a man, like even Moses, and must die. A short sickness of fourteen days, and all was over. He lay in state, and various ceremonies, duly recorded in the current newspapers,* testified of the deep affection in which he was held by the nation. A short administration of a few months on the part of his son Richard, and Charles II. was proclaimed, and impudently considered himself to have been virtually reigning ever since the death of his father, so that the year of his accession or restoration was called the twelfth of his reign!

* See, particularly, 'The Commonwealth Mercury,' Sept 2, to Sept. 9, and Nov. 18, to Nov. 25, 1658.

CHAPTER IX.—'FOUND IN A CONVENTICLE,' AND PUNISHED ACCORDINGLY.

A NEW king once established on the throne, old measures are re-enacted. Persecution grows rampant. There is plenty of work for lawyers, magistrates, and jailors. There is hailing

to prison, indictments at sessions, fines, writs, &c. Old cobwebby statutes are dragged from their happy limbos to frighten Dissenters, like so many toothless skeletons and

ghastly gibbets. But very wisely men will not be scared into church and scowled into episcopacy, but pay their fines, submit to impositions, and go joyfully to prison for conscience' sake. Baptists had so wonderfully increased as now to number about twenty thousand, so that there was plenty of room to persecute, and breadth enough upon which every wiseacre on a magistrate's bench could employ his punitive powers and practice his diabolical principles.

Lincolnshire was harassed beyond measure. Preachers and hearers were served alike, fined, imprisoned, and otherwise maltreated. The household at Carlton Grange had several times been pounced upon for levies, and paid £20 a month for staying away from church sooner than do despite to their consciences. It had fallen very hard upon them many times, but Elijah was stern and immovable.

'You'll be ruined,' whispered wise neighbours as he passed. 'It's a great pity such a fine young man as you should be so foolish as to be an Anabaptist.'

'Shall I be ruined?' thought Elijah, growing in manliness with his dangers and responsibilities—'then I will. I am but a blunt farmer, but I can face a worse thing than that. Ruined,—yes, in estate, but not in health, peace of mind, or love of truth. I believe in God, and not in chance, or such a puny thing as kingship. *Lay up for yourself treasures in heaven!* Ah, that is the grand duty, and I'll do it—I'll try at any rate. It seems to me that there is a reality now about the future, since father died. Treasure, indeed, if I can but get to him.'

And so he thought and strove.

Old Midge, the Armourer, was rendered completely houseless, by continued fines and the like, and although always welcome at the Grange he very much preferred to go about preaching in his homely rugged way rather than be an idler anywhere.

The famous petition of the Lincolnshire Baptists, which we should

transcribe had we space, had also been very recently drawn up by Mr. Grantham, of Boston, and Elijah Newbury, with others, presented it to the king, who, as usual, made a plausible reply and a beautifully indefinite promise, and thought no more about the matter. The absurd insurrection, if it can be called so, of Venner and his Fifth-Monarchy-men, who expected a veritable descent and reign of Christ upon earth for a period of a thousand years, had formed a good pretext for hunting-down, harassing, and scattering Anabaptists, Quakers, and the like, who were forbidden by royal proclamation from assembling for worship under severe penalties. It fell very hard upon the Baptists, who were everywhere getting tidy chapels and meeting-houses, notwithstanding that Venner is reported to have stated 'that he believed there was not one Baptist among his adherents.'

Let us see how they fared in London.

It is a quiet Autumn evening, and in the hush of busy noises sounds of worship are heard. A little meeting-house much hidden by surrounding houses, with windows inserted in the oddest possible places, and a generally unassuming exterior, is filled with men and women of the middle and lower classes, the women occupying forms on one side of the room, and the men occupying the other. A plain man, somewhat closely cropped and shaven, it is true, is plainly expounding the Scriptures, and all eyes are upon him, watching his movements, catching his words, and treasuring up his sayings. The whole congregation has a look of prim decorum and earnest sobriety.

But, hark! What is that?

All eyes are turned round at once, and various shades of expression flit from face to face and side to side of the building, like the light and shade on the far-off corn-fields without. It is the uproar of a loose rabble outside, and the patter of stoues flung at door and window by small

mischievous boys, hanging like wicked imps on the skirts of every fanatical movement. The preacher heeds it not, but proceeds, endeavouring to re-assure his audience, in deep but quivering tones.

'Fear not, little flock! When priests and kings pounce upon you to do mischief, God is nigh and marks well their doing. If not a sparrow falls without His knowledge, surely His people are very precious, and the hairs of their heads—are they not all numbered? Christ, I was saying my brethren, demands your allegiance—'

'Treason! Treason!' bawled a gruff voice in the doorway, and a heavy blow on the thick oaken door pealed amongst the astonished audience.

'We are humble worshippers of our Lord, and why do you disturb us?' spake the plain man mildly from the desk where he still quietly remained.

'You're a set of canting hypocrites, all of ye!' bawled the voice in reply, as the speaker entered the place. 'And I'm the Constable; and if you don't come out there I'll soon make you, that's all.'

'Let us sing a hymn, and then quietly depart,' again put in the plain man, giving out an uneven-footed verse, and starting the tune himself.

'I'll sing ye—ye snivelling idiots!' roared the constable, and giving another swashing blow with his staff.

The noise outside now became tremendous, and the clatter of stones not a little alarming. The constable advanced towards the preacher, saying to himself with an imperial Jovian nod—'He's no prize!' and looking boldly round upon the audience for one who would be good game. His eye fell upon a man who had risen from his seat and was about to speak.

'Surrender there, in the king's name! You! who ought to teach these poor pagans better.'

'Teach them to obey God rather than man, I will—I know no better than that.'

'Silence, impious fool! I'll spoil your pretty speeches though. Here; my handcuffs.'

There was a simultaneous rush of the audience, as if to withhold the constable, and that functionary was for the moment a little bit alarmed, but soon recovered his burly swagger.

'Now, my boys, do your work.'

'Father shan't go to prison,' pleaded a little child's voice from the opposite side of the room. 'Naughty man, to take him away.'

'See!' yelled the official, 'even your infants blaspheme. Do your work, boys!'

And they did. It was a perfect scramble both in and out. Loose blue-frocked butcher-boys and street idlers, ready for anything from thieving to murder, and from murder back to religious zealotry and braying for the state, rushed forward impetuously, overturned the forms, upset the people, hurled the hymn-books aloft at wall and window, and danced about in the hideous glee of a combined carnival and pandemonium.

The plain preacher still remained in the desk, notwithstanding the constable's threat, and with uplifted hands would have stayed their violence.

'Pitch him down!' growled a sturdy villain, smashing the forms, and scampering up to him like one mad. 'There; down with ye! You'll preach against the king again, I'll warrant ye.'

The poor man half insensible and bleeding, lay gasping upon the floor. The Bible was then seized and swung out over the broken forms, the women that still remained and shrieked, terror-stricken, were set upon and beaten, and what with noise within and noise without, as various articles were broken and destroyed, it was enough to set any one thinking of terrible things, and wondering why the most High did not send down His bolts of judgment and thunders of denunciation.

Presently there came a calm, and those who still remained were quietly

allowed to depart. There were many sad homes and sad hearts that night, many touching scenes, tender prayers, and trustful trembling plaints. The clamour of earth had yet brought heaven's peace with it, and as the quiet stars burned overhead, like the altar-fires of the saints, a brooding soothing calm stole over the hearts of many sorrowing and suffering believers. The noisome cells of a cramped prison were even hallowed into dwelling-places of the Most High. But even there cruelty was not suffered to rest, and as the faithful few worshipped at midnight, a lot of thieves were let loose upon them to disturb them and turn their heaven into hell. Believe me, for I write plain facts.

On the morrow each of the constable's prisoners, and he had taken several, the plain preacher among them after all, were brought up and judged, receiving various sentences all characterized by that ambiguity

which left the prisoner at every one's mercy, and delivered him over to indefinite imprisonment. Here is the document that more immediately concerns us here.

To the Keeper of the Gaol of Newgate, or his Deputy, Middlesex.

These are in the King's name to require of you to receive into your custody the body of Giles Newbury, whom we send you herewith; being taken yesterday at a Conventicle, or private meeting in the parish of Whitechapel; and there speaking in the audience of people, and one of His Majesty's officers, as hindering him in his duty, TREASONABLE WORDS against His Majesty's Royal Person.

You shall, therefore, keep him close prisoner until further order; and this shall be your warrant.

Given under our hands this 12th day of September, 1661.

JOHN ROBINSON, Lieutenant of the Tower.
THOMAS BIDE.
EDWARD CHARD.
THOMAS SWALLOW.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ASHBY AND PACKINGTON CHURCH.*

MEMORY links us with the past. It summons again before the mind the events of days and years which have irrevocably fled. Often the occasion of our deepest sorrows, it is often also the helper of our joys. Among the various classes of our reminiscences, none are so deeply interesting, and none, perhaps, are so fondly cherished as those connected with the sanctuary. When the builders laid the foundation of the second temple, we read that *all the people shouted with a great shout*. But among that great and joyous concourse there were some who wept. Venerable men were seen in the throng, down whose cheeks the tears rapidly fell, till they yielded at length to uncontrolled weeping. Why these tears, amid such general

demonstrations of joy? Their thoughts, notwithstanding the joyousness of the present *would* flow back unto the past. They had seen the first house, and busy meddling memory revived the hallowed associations connected with years never again to return.

We now meet together under most auspicious circumstances. The church and congregation who are wont to worship here, are, we believe, divinely prompted 'to arise and build.' They proceed to the work in faith, conscious that the blessing cometh only from the Lord. They know that *except the Lord build the city they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain*. But they would devoutly connect the obligations of the present with the remembrances of the past, and regard the stone to be laid this day as a stone of memorial, gratefully

* Read on the day of the laying of the memorial stone of the New Chapel, at Ashby, April 29, 1862.

designating it Ebenezer, because *Hitherto the Lord hath helped them.*

Let us rapidly glance over the past history of this church, that remembering all the way in which you have been led, you may *Thank God and take courage.* Incidents may be reviewed which, to some, still possess a thrilling interest, and grounds of encouragement suggested which may sustain you in your future labours and conflicts as the witnesses of Christ. The assurance of His continued presence and love to His church, will, I trust, revive your hearts this day, and induce you to go forward with joy to the work with which you are intrusted.

The General Baptists at Ashby and Packington, previous to their formation into a distinct church, constituted a branch of the church at Melbourne. Preaching was maintained at Packington, in the house of Richard Thompson, some years before 1760, and was continued there until the year 1797, when Mr. Joseph Goadby was invited to labour among them. When Mr. Goadby removed to Ashby, in 1799, there was no place of worship belonging to this section of the Melbourne Church, except an old barn at Packington which had been engaged on a lease. In 1800 an upper room in the Malt Shovel yard in this town was licensed for preaching, and in the year 1802, a house was purchased and fitted up in Mill Lane, and on this spot the public worship of God has ever since been regularly maintained with encouraging success. This small meeting-house was opened by the Rev. Benjamin Pollard, of Quorndon, on Lord's-day, April 22nd. 'This was a day,' says Mr. Goadby, in a communication to the *Denominational Magazine*, 'of great thankfulness and joy to our friends at Ashby and the vicinity, who had long wished to see the General Baptist cause established at that place. Although we have had preaching more than forty years at Packington, yet, until now, we have never obtained a respectable footing at Ashby, nor

enjoyed so flattering a prospect of success.' In the same year (1802) Mr. Goadby visited Austrey, where, through his exertions, the preaching of the gospel was commenced, and several persons connected themselves with the church. At length their connection with Ashby and Packington was severed by their formation, in the year 1810, into a distinct community. In the year 1807, a friendly separation was effected between Melbourne and the Ashby and Packington branches. Mr. Goadby was ordained to the pastoral office, September 26, 1808. In the year 1811, a new meeting-house was erected at Measham, where, for many years, preaching had been maintained in a dwelling. The Measham branch continued in connection with this church until the year 1840, when an amicable separation took place. In 1817, the chapel in Mill Lane, was entirely taken down and rebuilt with considerable enlargements, and was re-opened on Lord's-day, November 9. On that occasion the Revs. Robert Smith, of Nottingham, and J. Preston, of London, preached appropriate discourses, the place being crowded with attentive hearers. This chapel was enlarged in 1832, by the addition of school-rooms, the site of the adjoining dwelling-house (previously occupied by Mr. Joseph Salisbury, for sixty years a consistent and devoted member of this church) being united with the chapel premises. The Revs. J. Gilbert, of Nottingham, and T. Rogers, of Fleet, preached at the opening services, as some who are now present well remember. Mr. Goadby entered into his rest, August 4, 1841. His labours during his protracted ministry were arduous and successful, and the church continued peaceful and prosperous. He toiled in his Master's work with the greatest assiduity, taking his usual engagements at Ashby, Packington, and Measham, almost without intermission for the space of more than forty years. Many faithful and devoted Christians who have long

passed into heaven were united with the church during the term of his ministry. It would be easy to make mention of not a few, who, whilst in fellowship with the church on earth, continued *through evil and through good report*, warmly attached to the principles they had espoused, *adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things*. An interesting incident connected with the labours of Mr. Goadby is worthy of especial mention. Among the prisoners taken by the English during the French war, were Hyacinthe de Serre, and Honoré le Jeune, two French officers, who were sent on parole to Ashby. In 1808, M. de Serre began to attend the ministry of Mr. Goadby, and was soon convinced of the truth of Divine Revelation which he had previously doubted. The prejudices of Popery, in which he had been educated, fettered his mind for some time, but he was at length brought to the enjoyment of gospel liberty, and was baptized November 27, 1808. M. le Jeune was also baptized at Ashby during his captivity. After their return to France, a letter was received from M. de Serre, in which, after stating that he had regularly maintained preaching and worship in his family, he says,—‘By the blessing of the Lord, I have been called to baptize and to receive into the house of my God, an English lady, my eldest daughter, her husband, the mother of her husband, my niece, the governess of my children, my present wife, my youngest daughter and her husband. I feel that the favour the Lord has so granted to me, shall be a source of eternal praise. I sometimes hear from Honoré le Jeune: he is very zealous and faithful, but has very little success.’ These French converts have doubtless long ago, gone to their reward, but it is interesting to know that through the reception of the truth here, they were prepared, when peace returned, to go back to their fellow-countrymen to declare to them *the unsearchable riches of Christ*. Who can pre-

sume to estimate the importance of this interesting event? The day alone will declare it.

Mr. Goadby preached his last sermon at Ashby, on Lord’s-day, May 16, 1841, from Romans viii. 28. *All things work together for good to them that love God, &c.* The following Lord’s-day, the ordinance of baptism was administered at Ashby, and the venerable pastor had only just strength sufficient to enable him to preside at the Lord’s table. His appearance presented such evidence of his approaching end, that his affectionate people burst into a simultaneous flood of tears. No one who was present will ever forget the scene then witnessed in this place. From this period he rapidly declined, and tranquilly expired in the 67th year of his age. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. J. G. Pike, of Derby. The writer of our denominational history gives the following delineation of his character. ‘Mr. Goadby was eminently pious; he was instant in prayer, and ever seemed to carry about with him a high sense of religion and an habitual reverence for God. Frank, open, and ingenuous in his nature, artifice had no part in his conduct; he was a man of stern integrity and uprightness. He was habitually modest and unassuming in the social circle, “cheerful, but not light, sober but not sad.” He was mighty in the Scriptures; his manner of preaching was solemn, affectionate, and faithful; a rich vein of evangelical sentiments, combined with a luxuriance of appropriate Scripture quotations, were well known characteristics of his sermons. He cherished a zealous concern for every institution which tended to advance the kingdom of Christ, and as a Christian and a Christian minister, was highly and deservedly esteemed.’ As Mr. Goadby, in connection with the little band of faithful Christians with whom he was identified, may be regarded as the founder of the General Baptist interest at Ashby, we believe this lengthy reference to

his labours will not be regarded as inappropriate on the present occasion. The various special incidents and ministerial changes which have transpired since the decease of Mr. Goadby are known to most persons now present. We shall, therefore, simply allude to them. Mr. Evans, from Horton College, Bradford, entered upon the pastorate, April, 1842, and resigned in August, 1843. In 1845, the Rev. T. Yates, of Fleet, in Lincolnshire, accepted an invitation to become the pastor and resigned his charge in 1849. The Rev. I. Preston, of the Baptist College, Leicester, entered upon the pastorate in 1850, and relinquished it in 1857. In the year 1852, the chapel was again enlarged and improved by the addition of side galleries and other important alterations. Mr. Preston was succeeded in 1858, by the Rev. W. Gray, of Ripley, who resigned in 1860. Since that time the church has been without a pastor. Though these leading events are soon stated, many hallowed and delightful associations are connected with this place. Some are still living, though the number is gradually decreasing, who well remember the ministry of Mr. Goadby, who were introduced by him into the fold of the redeemed, and who still regard him with deep affection as their beloved father in Christ. Others can gratefully recall the efforts made for their spiritual welfare by those who succeeded him, and will have reason eternally to thank God that they heard from their lips the word of life. Here our fathers worshipped. Here relatives and friends who have now finished their course, were wont to mingle their prayers and praises with our own, and to listen with solemn interest to the message of salvation. We could point to one spot and another in this house where they once sat and enjoyed communion with us in one spirit. But the most cheering thought to us all must surely be, that the purposes of redeeming mercy connected with the preaching of the Gospel have here

been fulfilled. God by His Holy Spirit has graciously blessed the instrumentality employed for the promotion of the truth. Many have been converted to God through the preaching of the Word. Not merely individuals, but in some instances, families have been trained for glory; the believer has been strengthened and confirmed in the faith, and the discouraged and tempted have received that true consolation which the gospel of Christ alone can impart. Several who are or have been engaged in the work of the Christian ministry, here first received into their minds the seed of heavenly truth, or put forth their first efforts to declare the Word of Life. We may also trustfully affirm of the Sabbath School, that since its establishment it has been the means of effecting great spiritual good, as many now present can fully testify, and has never perhaps been so prosperous as at the present time. All these considerations tend to strengthen the attachment of the members of this church and congregation to their present house of worship.

But valuable and hallowed as these associations are, the friends here have for some time felt the importance of securing another place of worship more capacious and convenient. Through the good providence of God, they have succeeded in obtaining for the new building a site both eligible and easy of access from all parts of the town. An appeal for help having been made to the religious public, that appeal has met with a most cheerful and hearty response, the assistance already rendered exceeding the most sanguine expectations. For such assistance they wish me now to present their most grateful acknowledgements. They rejoice also to have the presence and sympathies of ministers and members of other Christian denominations, on the inauguration of this great and good work.

On this the day of the laying of the first stone of the New Chapel,

we not only take a grateful view of the past, acknowledging the power and grace of the Redeemer who, as the Great Shepherd of the sheep, has hitherto guarded and blessed his people, but we look forward to the future with hope still confiding in His divine protection. His promise, *Lo, I am with you always, and changeth not.* The aspect of His church on earth, or the aspect of the material buildings in which His followers worship may greatly change with changing time, but, *Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.* We confidently hope, therefore, that during the earthly history of many now present, the wonders of His saving grace will be wrought in connection with the prayers offered and the efforts put forth in the new sanctuary, and that His chosen people will be *built up as lively stones, a spiritual house, a holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God.* We also confidently hope and pray that when death shall have swept us away, instead of the fathers may rise up the children, a seed to serve Him.

The members of this church are encouraged to proceed with the work on the accomplishment of which their hearts are set, by the conviction that the doctrines taught among them are in harmony with the inspired Word. Without prominently referring to any distinctive denominational peculiarities, we may say that the main principles of the creed of the New Connexion of General Baptists accord with those held by other sections of Evangelical Dissenters. We believe with them in the Divine inspiration, authority and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures, and the right of private judgment in the interpretation of them, the unity and tri-personality of the Godhead, the depravity of human nature through the fall; the incarnation

of the Son of God, His work of atonement made for sinners, and His mediatorial intercession and reign at the right hand of God; the justification of the sinner before God by faith alone, in the merits of Christ; the work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner; the divine authority of the Christian ministry; the immortality of the soul; the resurrection of the body; the eternal judgment; and the never ending blessedness of the righteous, and punishment of the impenitent. We desire also to observe the ordinances of the church—baptism, and the Lord's Supper, as we conceive they have been delivered to us, and ever to keep in view the importance of the proclamation of an unfettered Gospel to the lost and perishing children of men. Whilst our friends connected with this church firmly hold the peculiar tenets for which they are distinguished as a section of the Christian church, they are also anxious to cultivate the spirit of true Christian unity, and to cooperate cordially with other denominations in this town, ever remembering that all true believers are one body in Christ, redeemed by the same precious blood, called by the same grace, and heirs of the same inheritance.

May this day on which we are met to celebrate the commencement of a new house for God be the harbinger of many seasons of future blessings. May the God of all grace manifest His abundant love to this church in coming years by giving, (in answer to our earnest prayers) continued and ever increasing prosperity. *Let thy work, O Lord, appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children, and let the beauty of the Lord God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea the work of our hands, establish thou it.*

J. S., H.

THE DAY OF DEATH.

BY THOMAS GOADBY, B.A.

I.

Two years have withered with the leaf,
 Since that dark year that laid him low;
 The day returns, the day of woe,
 When fell the strong sharp stroke of grief.

Again, by mystic impulse led,
 The dreaming heart of sorrow goes
 Where sire and sister both repose
 In the still city of the dead.

'To-day,' thus speaks the voice within,
 'Keep with the tomb thy sacred trust,'
 'Go, learn, upon a father's dust,'
 'How near to dust thou art akin.'

'Draw nigh to that green freshening sod,'
 'Hang o'er the plain, gray, chiseled stone,'
 'Tis well sometimes to muse alone'
 'By the dark door that leads to God.'
 'For musing there, perchance 'twill be,'
 'A preacher wise thy grief shall grow,'
 'The lesson of thy life to show'
 'Ere slowly opes that door for thee.'

II.

I tread the path he often trod,
 I view the scenes he loved to view;
 Yon hills and woodlands well he knew,
 And heard therein the voice of God.

He threaded oft the bowery lane, [flock;
 He climbed the height where hangs the cloud
 He held high converse on the rock,
 And worshipped in great Nature's fane.

The sunny sky, the babbling brook,
 The landscape spreading to the sight,
 The rolling storm, the changing light,—
 God's autographs in His own book,—

He saw and read and pondered well;
 Nor deemed fair Nature stern as fate,
 Nor yonder heavens a scroll of hate,
 Nor earth a monogram of hell.

To him the better faith was given;
 With tongue of love and wisdom taught
 Old Nature; and each season brought
 Gospels and parables of heaven.

III.

The dead still live around, above,
 Felt though not seen by fleshly ken;
 A father lost returns again,
 'Mid the great Father's works of love.

Dear is each spot to him endeared,
 The moss-grown seat beside the hill,
 The shady nook by tinkling rill,
 The mound of granite thousand-yeared.

Time was when Memory's mystic glass
 Gave back a glimpse of golden hours,
 When through the wild heath pranked with flower
 The steps of boyhood bounding pass.

But in the track of youth there lie
 Still other foot prints, and to day
 Death and the lost ones pass that way;
 The dead live where the living die.

And thoughts of him while musing there
 Shall mix with Autumn's fading glow,
 Shall brood above the Winter snow,
 And haunt the hush of summer air.

IV.

This way they bore him, from the home
 Where now when evening shadows fall,
 Sits the lone widow, knowing all,
 Yet wondering that he does not come.

For one brief hour, upon the way,
 They rested in that hallowed place,
 Where from his lips thrilled words of grace,
 Whose echoes scarce have died away.

The coffined form, the quiet breath,
 Spoke in that hour a sad farewell,
 And held all hearts beneath the spell
 Of the calm eloquence of death.

This way they bore him, and the tread
 Of many feet in mournful march
 Beat time with grief, till by yon arch
 The earth stood open for the dead.

This way with pilgrim steps I turn,
 The tomb becomes a sacred shrine;
 And, kindled there by fire divine,
 Faith's golden censers swing and burn.

V.

'Tis well no flattery marks his dust,
 He needs not praise from human lips;
 The stone that o'er the grave-sod dips,
 Tells only of his solemn trust.

Of Christ a faithful minister,
 Of Christ, the cross-uplifted Lord;
 Of God's imperishable word,
 For the soul's weal, interpreter.

'Tis this he was, or aimed to be,
 Herald to man of life and light;
 What boots it, then, of him to write
 The gilded words of eulogy.

Vainly to his cold ear who waits
 The palm and crown from Christ's own hand,
 Fame's trumpet peals, at man's command,
 Before Death's shadow-circled gates.

Not marble forms with beauty blent
The sculptor's cunning art may trace,
But souls immortal, saved by grace,
Are his eternal monument.

VI.

As one who stands beside the door
Of the great palace of the king, [ring
And hears the unanswered summons
Along the empty corridor;—

But knows that in the bannered hall
The crystal lamps flash overhead,
Soft music flows, the feast is spread,
And king and court keep festival;—

So stand I here, and may not pass
The dark and silent porch, until
The Lord of the Invisible
Unbars the triple gates of brass.

But, as I muse, the visioned soul
Beholds the throne by rainbow spanned,
And hears above the circling band
The swell of hallelujahs roll.

And in the soft and amber light,
I greet him with the festive throng,
And, 'mid Heaven's sweetest gush of song
Two radiant spirits robed in white.

VII.

Of his emboldened prayer sublime
Who led the marshalled host of God,
Who smote the earth with wondrous rod,
And dared the fire-girt peak to climb;—

The last request, the pledge of grace,
When Israel saw the cloud descend,
And as man speaketh with his friend,
God spake with Moses face to face;

Of that deep yearning fervent cry,
One morn he spoke, like raptured seer
Who feels the Eternal drawing near,—
'Show me Thy glory, O Most High!'

Two Sabbaths passed. The word divine
Flowed from his tongue no more; and ere
They breathed again the Sabbath prayer
He saw that dazzling glory shine.

But some day, by Life's limpid stream,
In whose clear depths the sapphire throne
Stands mirrored,—with seraphic tone
He shall renew the ecstatic theme.*

VIII.

Not from the tranced mountain height,
Not in the fiery chariot's blaze,
Nor yet fore-tuning songs of praise,
He passed to the All-Blessed light.

With noiseless step the Angel came,
No footfall sounded through the gloom;
Alone he lay in that still room,
As flickered faintly life's dull flame.

* "God did, as far as might be, and in a wonderful and gracious way, answer the prayer of Moses. The development of this we reserve for another exercise." G. B., Mag. 1859 p. 363.

Swift-winged the sudden tidings flee,
Swift-winged the homeward way is sped,
And grief brings back the early dead,
And him who toils beyond the sea.

To clasp the chill cold hand, to hear
The last fond blessing as it fell,
To catch the trembling faint 'farewell,'
Hope lures us, as we hasten near.

But vainly. For the Angel trod,
Outstripping thought, the viewless way:
Speechless he bowed his head, and lay
Silent upon the arm of God.

IX.

Gray shadows fall adown the sky,
The sun drops rayless in the west,
No glory gilds the mountain crest,
No purple splendours fill the eye.

The wind is hushed, the brooklet still,
The robin's chant has died away,
Slow beats the faltering pulse of day,
And twilight darkens vale and hill.

But o'er some rich and tropic scene
That rayless sun is rising clear,
And Eden vistas far and near
Shine glorious 'mid the glittering sheen.

Light glances o'er the glancing palm,
Light sparkles from the sparkling springs,
And earth, like Memnon's statue sings,
Sun-smitten her glad morning psalm.

So hid in shade, of glory shorn,
Closed still and gray his day of strife;
So 'mid the thrill of harps of life,
Broke o'er his soul the Eternal morn.

X.

The landscape saddens to my sight,
At every step I start, and see
The shadow and the mystery
That bar with darkness Life's gay light.

But dead he speaks, and speaks aloud:—
'Deem not thy sorrow for the worse,'
'For God's own hand takes back the curse'
'And paints His bow upon the cloud.'

'There is no frown to those who trust.'
'Tis love that blights the summer leaf,'
'That wangs the storm of early grief,'
'And bends the strong oak to the dust.'

'The tried and suffering heart shall know'
'A deeper faith, a holier love,'
'And saintly light from God above,'
'Around the brow of grief shall glow.'

'As, in the faithful days of old,'
'The crown of thorns to martyrs given,
'Touched by the alchemy of Heaven,
'Shone forth a fadeless crown of gold.'

Correspondence.

A WARM DAY IN AUSTRALIA.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

Hawthorne, Victoria,
Australia, Jan. 1862.

DEAR SIR,—I fancy I hear some one say, when he reads the heading of this letter;—‘Ah, that is just what we have been wanting here in this old England of ours. You there are enjoying almost a tropical sun, while we here have been pinched with the frost, bad trade, empty pockets, (and pray who has any full ones?) and are scarcely able to maintain our ministers. To tell us of a warm day in New Holland only tends to add bitterness to our feelings. You are in God’s beautiful sunshine, while we have been compelled to remain under the black clouds that so frequently hang over Albion’s Isle.’

Now this may all be true. I most heartily sympathize with you, and pray to my loving Father that he may usher in better times for you. But, my good brother or sister, I must beg to apprise you that if you think we in this part of the southern hemisphere have enjoyed the very reverse of what you have suffered, you are most decidedly in error, as will presently be seen. You who have never been out from home don’t know what a warm day is. Let us suppose that you could instantaneously make your exit from England and entrance into Australia, what would you see and feel on a warm day? Why such languour of body and mind, that you would scarcely care to move about. You would see a rather dusky atmosphere although the sun was shining. Now stand with your face full to the north, and I warn you, you will not stand in need of being gently reminded to take care of your whiskers. ‘But you don’t mean to say that the

hot winds come like that?’ I do; and if on some mild day in the winter at home you could be immediately transferred here you would lose the skin of your face; that is, if you fairly faced the wind.

I don’t think I can describe it better than by comparing it to a hot current of air, issuing with great force out of a heated oven, the ashes and dust coming with it. Its effects on the animals are fearful. See, how their tongues hang out of their mouths. Of course I don’t profess to know how they manage to put them out. They of course know that best themselves. The poor fowl seems to suffer the most. It would excite your commiseration to see them lie about, gasping for breath, and when they attempt to walk dragging their wings on the ground after them. In the bush, a circumference of about two hundred miles was on fire, the origin of which is generally traced to unthinking fellows who light their pipes and then carelessly fling down the matches anywhere. You may think how the poor cattle would feel the heat of the hot current when it was impossible for them to get out of the wind. And now just come with me into the garden. Look at those apples. ‘What makes them go like this, you ask? They look as though they were all going rotten on one side!’ Oh it was the *hot* wind yesterday. Look at that one which lay under the tree all day. It is gone just as though it were roasted. That is just how the hot winds serve them. Look again at these marrows. ‘Why you have not been scalding these vegetable marrow plants, have you?’ Oh no; we have something better to do. It is the hot wind, to be sure, and you see it has served the cucumber plants the same, and the French beans and lots of other things too. ‘Well, and how did you stand it yourself?’ I must say I felt very sickly, but that was not

owing to the hot wind altogether. I have since heard that some fell victims to its hot blasts; but you know that if they were prepared to go to that loving large hearted Saviour it would be all right for them. Not much to marvel at was it that it should strike down some. Only think of the thermometer standing 130o, and they say at Adelaide it was above 170o! Now, my good

man, you can go back 'home' and tell what you have seen, and may my God bless you and save your immortal soul, and O may my loving Jesus feed and take care of every one of my brethren and sisters of the General Baptist Denomination which I love.

Yours respectfully,
A LABOURER.

Obituary.

REV. J. KNIGHT.

THIS venerable and devoted servant of God finished his earthly career on Wednesday morning, January 29, 1862, in the 74th year of his age. 'Full of years and honours,' *he fell asleep in Jesus*; and his spirit winged its flight to the rest that remaineth for all who are faithful unto death,—to receive the *Well done, good and faithful servant*; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

Although self-educated, Mr. Knight manifested a most thorough fitness and adaptation for his holy calling, and sustained his position, as the pastor of the Baptist church at Wolvey, with remarkable vigour and freshness of thought, through the long period of thirty-five years. He was *mighty in the Scriptures*; and his preaching was faithful, practical, and earnest; and his *labours of love* were eminently owned and blessed by the *Great Bishop and Shepherd of souls*. He was a true and faithful embodiment of the 'Country Pastor,' described by Goldsmith in his 'Deserted Village.'

'He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.'

He was faithful as a man, and feared God above many. His amiable and gentle disposition, his unassuming manner, and his unblemished character, gained for him the esteem and affection of all the inhabitants of the village; whilst not a few looked up to him as a counsellor and friend in times of trial or perplexity. His name is inseparably connected with all efforts to improve the village, and elevate and bless his friends. *The memory of the just is blessed; they live in everlasting remembrance*. His memory is enshrined in many hearts; his life invested with a perpetuity that will never die.

'The good die not;
When their dark earthly course is run,
'Tis death that dies, and they live on.'

As a father he was affectionate but very faithful. He desired the temporal welfare of his children, but his soul yearned unceasingly for their spiritual prosperity, and daily growth in grace. He delighted to see and know that *all his children were walking in the truth*. Happy and honoured such children possessing such a father! But—

'Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the falling tear,
It is,—that thou art FREE!'

During the last twelve months, Mr. Knight was prevented by infirmity from taking any part in the

public services of the sanctuary. Still the sanctifying and blessed truths of the Gospel, which for so many years he had earnestly and affectionately proclaimed with the lip,—and which had perfumed his life with the beauties of holiness,—shone forth with clearer and intenser light, to life's latest hour: and the words of the inspired penman became in his case words of verity and truth—*Hoary heads are a crown of glory, if found in the way of righteousness.* To the last, Mr. Knight was conscious; and surrounded by all his children, the 'vital spark' fled to its permanent home and rest. *Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit; they rest from their labour and their works do follow them.*

On Monday, Feb. 3, Mr. Knight's remains were committed to their final resting-place, in the burial-ground, adjoining the chapel. At two o'clock a procession was formed to the chapel, headed by Dr. Parsons, of Shilton, and the deacons of the church over which Mr. Knight had presided. Immediately after the corpse were the relatives of the departed, followed by a large number of the members of the church and congregation,—nearly all of whom were in mourning,—and a number of friends from Bulkington, Withybrook, Coventry, and other places. After reading a suitable portion of Scripture, the Rev. W. Chapman, of Longford, delivered a solemn and impressive oration over the body. It was then removed to the grave, where a hymn was sung, commencing—

'Unveil thy bosom faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to Thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
Awhile to slumber in the dust.'

and a short address delivered by Mr. Chapman to the vast concourse of spectators who had assembled to show their appreciation and high regard for one who had for so many years laboured amongst them.

'Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle's fought, the victory's won,—
Enter thy Master's joy!'

On Sunday, the 9th of February, the Rev. T. Stevenson, of Leicester, preached Mr. Knight's funeral sermon to a crowded congregation. The preacher selected as his text the 7th and 8th verses of the 13th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, *Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God, &c.*; and in the course of a solemn discourse gave a true delineation of Mr. Knight's character as a minister of the Gospel. The crowd then assembled was an evidence they had met to do honour to one who was brought up, who lived and died amongst them. On the great cardinal truths of the Gospel, his discourses were marked by clearness, soundness, and elegance; whilst the fact that he had been a scholar, and then a teacher in the Sabbath-school; then a member, afterwards a deacon, and finally for thirty-five years pastor of the same church, was the strongest possible proof that he possessed extraordinary natural gifts—was endowed with eminent piety.

MR. J. KEMP, JUNR., *Thurlby Grange, near Alford, Lincolnshire.*—When quite a child this friend was taken by his honoured parents to the General Baptist Chapel, Northgate, Louth, the church being then under the pastoral care of the late Rev. F. Cameron; and from early life he gave evidence of very sincere attachment to the General Baptist Denomination. In the year 1846, the family removed to Thurlby Grange, and his parents became members of the ancient General Baptist Church at Maltby-le-Marsh, then under the ministry of the Rev. J. Kiddall. Jesse, who was the third child, and second son, was taken to Maltby regularly until the year 1854, when an attempt was made to revive the cause at Alford which was reunited to Maltby as one of its branches. From this time our young friend attended the Alford chapel occasionally. He took great interest in the singing, was the means of

procuring a harmonium, and, up to the time of his last illness, presided over the choir. When the cause began to improve, a few friends felt that a Sabbath-school might be collected and carried on, and the attempt had his hearty approval and vigorous help. The school was opened on Lord's-day, April 11th, 1858. He was one of its first teachers; and during the remainder of his short career, he was connected with it as teacher, superintendent, treasurer, and secretary.

Notwithstanding his zeal, however, he was not yet a member of the church: but in the winter of 1859, our church was visited with a very gracious manifestation of the presence of our Great Master, and among those who felt the effect of His merciful visitation was the subject of this sketch; and he and four others were baptized on the evening of Christmas-day of that year. The following entry respecting the service appears in the church book:—The evening was anticipated with the greatest interest. Long before the time for commencing the service the chapel was crowded to excess, and many were unable to enter the building. The subject of the sermon was the baptism of the Redeemer; at the close of which five dear friends were baptized. The second name is that of Jesse Kemp, Junr., Thurlby Grange. From this time until the beginning of his last illness his zeal and energy continued. His Sabbaths, as a rule, were spent at Alford. To attend a prayer meeting, or a meeting of the teachers, he regularly came three miles, often on foot. Nor was it in his zeal alone that the warmth of his heart was seen; his purse was ever ready when the interests of the cause seemed to call for pecuniary help. He was in his place for the last time on the evening of Lord's-day, December 8th, 1861, when he complained of a slight cold, but came to the prayer meeting the following evening. He returned home, and for some weeks his life seemed to hang upon a

thread; but it was not until the last week that serious apprehensions were felt, and even then, almost to the last day his friends cherished the hope that his life might be spared. On the Thursday, however, his reason failed. The utmost anxiety respecting him was felt in the town and neighbourhood, as all knew him, and the great majority highly esteemed him. All that medical skill and human kindness could devise was tried in vain. It was remarked that those around him seemed like persons engaged in some deadly conflict and vanquished at every point, or, like those who are engaged in some great game of chance; but defeated at every move, and at length, after a most determined struggle, disease and death triumphed, and he sank to rest, surrounded by weeping, but helpless friends, a few minutes past twelve on Sabbath morning, January 12th, 1862, aged 28 years. The state of his mind in the near prospect of death could not be ascertained as he was quite insensible. During his last illness, however, he was asked by his mother as to his hope for a future world, when he expressed his entire confidence in the Saviour. His remains were interred in the Maltby grave yard, near to those of an only and beloved sister, who died nearly eight years since. Sermons having reference to his death were preached on the following Lord's-day. The chapel was filled to overflowing, and the deep solemnity of the scene will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

J. C. S.

MRS. STEVENSON, SENR.—The subject of this obituary was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Butt, of Stanton-on-the-Wolds, in the county of Nottingham. She was born in the year 1779, and was one of ten children. Though feeble as a child she survived all her brothers and sisters, and lived to the advanced age of 82. She was blessed with a

pious mother, who was a member of the General Baptist church, then embracing Leake and Wymeswold, Hose and Broughton. From her childhood she accompanied her mother to the Wymeswold Baptist chapel, and there her early instructions ripened in her conversion to God. She was brought to realize her own interest in the Saviour's merits and to rejoice in His pardoning mercy. That sanctuary was embalmed in her memory as her spiritual birth place. She was baptized in the year 1795, when sixteen years of age. From the time of her union to the church she was very hearty in the Saviour's cause. She frequently attended the chapel twice on the Sunday, and as Wymeswold is four miles from Stanton, she would walk sixteen miles to and from the services in the same day. In the year 1801 she was married to Mr. William Stevenson, by whom she had eight children. In 1817 they removed to a farm called the 'Turn Post Farm,' situated about a mile from Wymeswold. They continued to reside here till 1846, when they retired from business and removed to Wymeswold, where they both ended their days. Mr. Stevenson died Feb. 14, 1857; Mrs. Stevenson died August 2, 1861, leaving behind her three sons and two daughters, all of whom are in Christian fellowship. Mrs. Stevenson was buried by the side of her husband in the grave yard adjoining the General Baptist chapel, Wymeswold; and her death was improved from Psalm xlv. 10.

Mrs. Stevenson was a plain unassuming Christian, cheerful and well disposed. She took pleasure in making all around her happy. She was an affectionate wife, an indulgent mother, a kind mistress, and a faithful friend. She was a liberal supporter of the Saviour's cause, and what she did was done with promptitude and cheerfulness. Amidst many mercies Mrs. Stevenson had her trials. She lost two children in infancy and one at maturity. She survived all her own family con-

nections. She often spoke of this very plaintively to the writer reminding him of David's words, *I am like a pelican of the wilderness. I am like an owl of the desert. I watch and am as a sparrow alone upon the house top.* Her death was hastened by a serious fall which produced violent and protracted pain. Her trials, however, were borne with exemplary patience and fortitude. She never murmured or complained. She loved to see her Christian friends and warmly responded to their prayers. On one occasion when almost distracted with pain she said to the writer, 'I am very full of pain, but I shall be better off soon,' and after pausing a moment she added, 'I love the Lord with all my heart.' So this old disciple lived and died leaving behind her a good report concerning her faith.

G. S.

MATILDA HULL died February 7, 1862, aged 18 years; beloved and esteemed by all who knew her. While very young, the influences of divine grace unfolded her heart, and, when about fifteen years of age, she publicly avowed her faith in Christ, by joining the church at Archdeacon-lane. Although her life was so short, she has left behind her those indelible marks of sterling piety, and unassuming benevolence, which

'Will shrine her name in mem'ry's light,
And these blest seeds of virtue bloom
A hundredfold in years to come.'

Her brief existence seemed a beautiful answer to the query—

'What is our duty here? To tend
From good to better, thence to best,
Grateful to drink life's cup, then bend
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering their fragrance as we go.'

J. U.

JOSEPH ENGLAND.—On March 12th, there occurred in one of the coal mines, near Ripley what colliers call a 'slip,' when our brother Joseph

England was crushed beneath a mass of stone nearly two tons in weight. He remained in this position for about fifteen minutes before he could be extricated. In these circumstances, he not only retained his consciousness, but calmly expressed his trust in Christ. He was quickly brought home, but medical skill was of no avail, severe internal injuries having been received, and in about four hours he breathed his last. He had been a member of the church nearly two years, and found his religion to be a source of solace and support in the hour of trial, and in the immediate prospect of eternity.

While we deplore the sudden and painful removal of our brother, we are pleased by the recollection that he spent the last three evenings of his life at religious services, and that

before he left home in the morning he commended himself and family to God, especially praying that *his lamp might be trimmed and his light burning*; and at the time the 'bind' fell upon him he was singing that beautiful hymn, the last verse of which is—

'And when my latest breath
Shall rend this veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.'

The weekly offering has recently been established at Ripley, and judging from the first three months, a period of great commercial depression, we hope will work well. Our departed brother was a most pleasing illustration of its adaptation and efficiency.

G. N.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE MIDLAND CONFERENCE met at Coalville, on Whit-Tuesday, June 10, 1862. Rev. T. Stevenson, of Leicester, read and prayed, and Rev. Giles Hester, of Loughborough, preached from Gal. ii. 11-16. Rev. Carey Pike, of Leicester, opened the afternoon meeting with prayer, and Rev. J. Cholerton, presided. From the reports, written and oral, it appeared that 144 had been baptized since the last Conference, that 101 are now candidates for baptism, and that four had been restored to fellowship.

The following business was attended to:—

1. *Carley-street*.—Rev. J. C. Pike reported for the Committee. It was agreed: That the best thanks of this Conference be given to the Committee on this case; and that while it rejoices to hear that the friends at Carley-street are capable of managing their own affairs, the Committee be requested further to assist them, if their help be found needful.

2. *Collection for incidental Conference expences*.—As there had been no notice of the annual *Whitsuntide collection* for incidental expences, it was agreed: That the collection be made at the next Conference.

3. *Chilwell College Funds and the Bicentenary*.—After some discussion, the following resolution was agreed to: That we suggest to the Association the propriety of special efforts during the present year for the liquidation of the debt still remaining on the College property; and that for this object, opening services be held at the College at the commencement of the next session; that a bazaar be also held in some town thought to be most advantageous; and that additional subscriptions be affectionately solicited.

4. *Creed of the College Trust Deed and Subscription*.—This subject awakened considerable interest. The following resolution was unanimously passed: That this Conference respectfully represent to the Committee, through the Secretary, the desirableness of submitting a draft

of the proposed deed to the Association previous to its being engrossed for final signature; and that in the opinion of this Conference, anything in the shape of subscription or declaration as part of that deed is extremely undesirable.

The next Conference will be held at Old Basford, near Nottingham, on the third Tuesday in Sep. (16th); Rev. W. Chapman, of Melbourne, to preach; or, in case of failure, Rev. J. C. Smith.

Rev. C. Burrows, of Measham, preached in the evening.

J. J. GOADBY, *Secretary*.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Peterborough, on Thursday, June 12. 1862.

In the morning brother Mathews read and prayed, and brother Wilson preached from Ephes. v. 25-27.

In the afternoon the reports from the churches were read, and we were thankful to learn that sixty-five had been baptized since the last Conference, and twenty-four remained candidates for baptism.

The Treasurer brought forward the Home Mission Accounts, and stated that he had a balance in hand of £5 16s. 4½d.

The following grants were voted for the ensuing year:—To Holbeach £10: Whittlesea £10: Lincoln £20.

Resolved,—

1.—That we thank brother R. Wherry for his services as Treasurer, and request him to continue in office during another year.

2.—That the case relating to Yarmouth be taken up at the next Conference.

3.—That this Conference respectfully proposes that the following resolution be adopted by the Association, and be printed in the Minutes of its proceedings this year, viz:—

That, as there is reason to believe that bribery at Parliamentary and Municipal elections has rather increased lately than diminished in England;—and as there is some ground also to fear that perhaps even the members of our churches

and congregations are not sufficiently enlightened as to the immorality and sinfulness of this practice, its degrading effects on every individual implicated in it, and its injurious operation on the civil and religious freedom of the nation;—we recommend our ministers occasionally to make this misdemeanour the subject of their reprehension; with the humble but not unreasonable hope, that by this and other means a virtuous public feeling may be diffused, which, in conjunction with legislative enactments, may tend to achieve the utter extirpation of this disgraceful and ruinous offence.

4.—That the Petition now read concerning the compulsory attendance at Church of England Lord's-day schools, of those children, of Dissenters, who attend 'National day-schools,' be recommended for adoption at the forthcoming Association, and be sent to both Houses of Parliament.

5.—That the following case be also sent from this Conference to the next Association, namely,—Is it not desirable and practicable to establish a Denominational Building Fund during this Bicentenary year?

6.—That, as the friends at Coningsby need help in the erection of their new chapel, we think it desirable that the Association should recommend their case to the sympathy and help of the churches of the Connexion.

7.—That we recommend the ministers of the churches in this district to use those means which they deem most suitable, during this Bicentenary year, for the exposition and enforcement of Nonconformist principles.

8.—That the next Conference be held at Gosberton, on Thursday, September the 8th; and that brother Dyson be requested to preach in the morning.

In the evening a public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by brethren Cotton, Dyson, Wilson, and the Secretary.

THOMAS BARRASS, *Secretary*.

BAPTISMS.

SUTTON, *Warwickshire*.—On Lord's-day, April 6, 1862, three candidates were baptized; on June 1, two more were added to our number. We have other candidates also, and several hopeful enquirers. H. J.

ARNOLD.—On Lord's-day, May 11, five believers were baptized and added to us on the same day. We are more united than we have been for some years past, and all our services are well attended.

TODMORDEN.—On Lord's-day morning, May 18, our minister baptized nine believers in Jesus. They were received into church fellowship at the Lord's table on the afternoon of the same day.

BACUP.—On Saturday evening, May 24, five friends were baptized by the Rev. T. Gill, of Shore; and on the following day, two sermons were preached to large and attentive congregations. At the close of the afternoon service the newly baptized were received into fellowship.

SHEFFIELD.—On Lord's-day evening, May 25, seven persons were baptized; and on the following Sabbath, six of them were admitted to the church, the other one being absent through sickness.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—On Lord's-day, May 25, after a sermon from 1 Kings xx. 11, eight young men were baptized; and in the afternoon were received into the church at the Lord's table.

LONDON, *Commercial-road*.—On Thursday, the 29th, our minister baptized nine persons.

NOTTINGHAM, *Broad-street*.—On the first Sabbath in June, we baptized fourteen friends, thirteen of whom were scholars from our school.

C. T. B.

NOTTINGHAM, *Stoney-street*.—On Whit-Tuesday, June 10, at the conclusion of the evening service, we baptized twenty-nine friends. There are still ten or eleven candidates waiting admission to the church.

B. Y.

DUFFIELD.—On June 12, after a

discourse by the Rev. J. Stevenson, of Derby, five friends were baptized. Tears of joy were shed by some on this solemn occasion.

ANNIVERSARIES.

NORTHALLERTON, *Yorkshire*.—Services in connexion with the seventh anniversary of the introduction of the General Baptist cause into Northallerton and Brompton, were held on May 18 and 19, 1862. On Lord's-day, Rev. B. Wood, of Bradford, preached four sermons: morning, afternoon, and at five o'clock in the open air at Northallerton; and at six in the chapel at Brompton. On the 19th, we held our annual tea meeting in the Independent school-room, kindly lent for the occasion. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. B. Wood; P. W. Grant, Darlington; M. Dawson, Bedale; H. Le Fevre, Masham; W. Stubbings, Baptists; T. Yeo, and Mr. Thompson, Independents; Mr. Atty, and Mr. Weldon, Wesleyans. It was the most interesting meeting we ever had. The collections, with the proceeds of the tea, were applied to the liquidation of the debt on Brompton chapel. On Tuesday, the 20th, the Rev. B. Wood preached in Brompton chapel.

BIRCHCLIFFE, *School Anniversary*.—Our school sermons were preached on the first Sabbath in June, by Rev. J. B. Lockwood. The day being very fine, the attendance was large; and notwithstanding the bad trade, the collections were upwards of £42. Our school is in a more prosperous state than it has been for some time. On Whit-Monday, the children had their annual treat; and in the evening every scholar had a book presented. It was a time of great interest.

SUTTON, *Warwickshire*.—The anniversary sermons connected with the Baptist chapel, were preached on Lord's-day, June 1, 1862, by the Rev. J. Harrison, of Birmingham, this being our brothers first visit, which together with the ordinance of baptism, attracted a large

concourse of people, and the chapel being rather small, both services were conducted in the open air. On the following Monday, about 350 persons took tea. A large marquee was kindly lent for the occasion by the neighbouring farmers. At the meeting afterwards Rev. G. Cheatle presided. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Harrison, J. Davis, and others. A poem was read by Orlando Wright, author of 'A Wreath of Leisure Hours,' and a choice selection of sacred music was performed by a company of amateurs. Conductor, Mr. W. Johnson.

H. J.

HOSE.—On Whit-Sunday, June 8, sermons were preached by Mr. Orchard, of the Chilwell College, on behalf of the Sunday-school, and on the following day, the annual tea meeting was held, after which several addresses were delivered by the friends of the school.

REMOVAL.

Rev. J. C. SMITH, late of Alford, Lincolnshire, has removed to the church, Carley-street, Leicester, and commenced his labours on Lord's-day, May 18.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLEET.—On Lord's-day, May 18, two very impressive sermons were preached to large congregations on behalf of the General Baptist Mission, by the Rev. I. Stubbins, in the General Baptist chapel, Fleet. As it was expected this would be the last visit Mr. Stubbins would pay the friends at Fleet before his return to India, arrangements were made to make those services as interesting as possible. The ordinance of baptism was administered before the evening service, when three friends put on Christ. At the close of the evening service the Lord's supper was administered, when the newly baptized were re-

ceived into the church by our pastor. Mr. Stubbins addressed the church. He stated that it was twenty-nine years since he had the privilege of meeting at the table of the Lord at Fleet, and very tenderly referred to the changes that had taken place in that time, also urging the friends to continue their earnestness and zeal in the cause of Christ both at home and abroad, and watch, not knowing when the Lord would call us hence. Our pastor addressed the spectators. We hope the hallowed feeling produced will not soon be forgotten. On the following Tuesday, the Rev. Watson Dyson, of Long Sutton, preached at three o'clock in the afternoon. At five o'clock a public tea meeting was held. At seven the Missionary meeting was held. The chair was taken by our pastor. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Cotton, W. Dyson, I. Stubbins, and Mr. C. Lowth, Wesleyan.

PRESENTATION AT NEW LENTON.—On June 15, the Rev. J. J. Goadby, for five years minister of the Baptist chapel, New Lenton, Nottingham, was presented by his friends with Dean Alford's Greek Testament as a token of their esteem for his ministry, and regret at his approaching removal from them, and with earnest prayers for his future welfare. A suitable present was also presented to Mrs. Goadby.

GENERAL BAPTIST PRIZE FOR A CATECHISM ON NONCONFORMITY.—The prize of £5 offered by the General Baptist Association for a Catechism on Nonconformity, for the use of Sunday scholars and other young persons, has been awarded to the Rev. Thomas Goadby, B.A., minister of the Commercial-road chapel, London. The adjudicators are the Revs. W. Underwood, E. Stevenson, and G. Hester. The catechism will be published at the low price of *one penny*.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY BY SIR HENRY RAWLINSON.—A communication from Sir Henry Rawlinson to

The *Athanaum* will be found interesting to students of classical or Jewish history. It contains an announcement of the discovery of a Cuneiform document, which promises to be useful in determining the dates of all great events which occurred in Western Asia between the beginning of the ninth and the latter half of the seventh century B.C. Sir Henry briefly states the history of his discovery:—'It has long been known that amid the many thousand crumbling tablets of "terra cotta" rescued from the debris of the Royal Library, at Nineveh, and now in the British Museum, there were a considerable number of fragments bearing lists of names and having the appearance of official documents. These fragments have been often alluded to both by myself and by other Cuneiform students. When I first examined them and recognized several royal names in the series, I thought it probable that the tablets in the original state exhibited complete dynastic lists of the Assyrian kings, such as Berosus must have consulted in compiling his annals, and I reported to that effect at the time to the Royal Asiatic Society. Subsequently, I found that the majority of the names were merely those of officers of the Assyrian crown, and my interest in the discovery abated. The fragments, too, proved, on examination, to be so minute and heterogeneous that, after expending much time and labour in a fruitless attempt to arrange them, I gave up in despair the hope of extracting from them any chronological or historical information of any value. Lately, I have resumed the work, and this time my patience has been amply rewarded. I have found, indeed, that the fragments belong to four different tablets, each of which must have exhibited, when complete, the copy of a sort of Assyrian "Canon;" that is, a list of the annual high priests for about 264 years, divided in compartments according to the reigns of the different kings who occupied this period of history. No

one copy is complete or nearly complete; but still, by a careful collation of the several sets of fragments, about 224 names in a more or less perfect state have been recovered by me out of the entire list, and the order and duration of at least thirteen reigns have been ascertained without the possibility of any considerable amount of error. A certain chance of error there must inevitably be from the necessity of filling up the vacant gaps by counting the number of lines required to supply the intervals, as well as from the discrepancies in the lists themselves; which discrepancies, however, are at the same time in the highest degree instructive and suggestive, as will appear when I give an abstract of the canon. It has been long well known that the ordinary method of dating Assyrian documents is by the name of the chief priest of the year, and it will thus be understood that I have had abundant means of testing the accuracy of the canon by comparing such nominal dates on the many cylinders and tablets, the year of which on any king's reign is pretty accurately known, with the position of the same name in the list of chief priests under that king's reign. The only other observation I need make is, that in counting the number of years belonging to each reign, I have supposed the king, where his name heads the list, as is usually the case, to have himself exercised the functions of chief priest for the first year of his reign.' Added to the above, Sir Henry furnishes to *The Athenæum* an abstract of the Assyrian 'canon.' A facsimile of the original will, of course, be ere long published.

THE POST-OFFICE. — The annual report of the Postmaster-General states that the whole number of post-offices, including the pillar-boxes, of which 476 have been added during the year, is 14,354, as compared with 13,914 last year, and about 4,500 before the introduction of the penny postage. The number of letters transmitted in England

during 1861 was 467,000,000, or an average of 29 to each person of the entire population. In Scotland the average was 18, and in Ireland only 9. The increase of letters as compared with 1860 is about 29,000,000, and, as contrasted with the last year pre-penny era, reaches the enormous figure of 517,000,000. That the public appreciate the extension of the postal system to books is shown by the fact that considerably more than 12,000,000 book parcels passed through the Post-office during the year. We may be doing a service to those who will persist in not availing themselves of the money order system, in stating that for the future, in a London office, all letters that bear unmistakable evidence of containing coin will be treated as registered letters, and charged with a double registration fee. As an inducement to register valuable letters, the charge will be reduced to fourpence. The Post-office Savings' Banks have worked well and smoothly from the beginning; there are now above 2,500 opened in the United Kingdom, and the deposits have amounted to more

than £735,000, of which only £40,000 have been withdrawn. The revenue derived from the Post-office 1861 was £1,161,985, showing an increase of 5½ per cent. on the previous year, which precisely coincides with the increase in the number of letters.

THE SAFEST POSITION IN A THUNDER-STORM.—Men are often struck by lightning in the middle of open plains. Many facts show that the danger is still greater under trees: from this double remark, Dr Winthrop inferred that when surprised by a thunderstorm in the open country, the best thing to be done to avoid lightning is to place oneself at a little distance from some large tree; by 'a little distance,' he meant anything from sixteen to forty feet. A still more favourable station would be one intermediate between two trees, at the prescribed distance from both. Franklin approved these precepts. Henley, who also thought them confirmed both by theory and experience, recommended in the case of a single tree, five or six yards between the extremity of the longest branches.

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

THE Japanese martyrs have been duly canonized in the Basilica of the Vatican. Two score cardinals, 200 bishops, and 50,000 worshippers are reported as being present. The lighting of the 10,000 tapers round the dome seems to have been a paltry affair as a stage trick. The sacred comedy has failed to arouse any enthusiasm in the breasts of Italian Catholics, and Spanish and

Irish adherents of the Papacy are almost alone in their infatuation. The Papists at Brighton have made no small stir by spiriting away a young girl in her teens. The mother has been running from priest to priest, but has not yet discovered where her daughter is secreted. The sentence of deprivation in the case of Rev. I. Heath, the heretical clergyman of the Isle of Wight, has been confirmed by Privy Council. His heresy is altogether eccentric.

Among other opinions he holds that justification by faith is simply Christ's faith in His power to save us, and the remission of sins is nothing more than the removal of sin from us. The International Exhibition has called forth the zeal of the religious public in London. Many special services have already been held. An iron chapel, by the joint subscriptions of various denominations, has been erected opposite the Exhibition. It will seat 250. Services in English and French have been held in it, and will be repeated during the present summer. The religious anniversaries of the present year have lost nothing in interest. In some sections of the church great prosperity has been enjoyed in the past twelve months. Over 6,000 have been added to the Primitive Methodists.

GENERAL.

THE International Exhibition is fast becoming the one object of attraction in England. Many thousands have visited it since the shilling days began. The building is universally declared to be unsightly, but all speak in unmeasured praise of the interior. The annexe containing machinery in motion and the picture gallery are the two sections that draw the greatest crowds. The Social Science Congress has met this year in London. Lord Brougham gave the inaugural address. It was chiefly note-worthy for its survey of European politics and American affairs. His notion is, that mobs are always in favour of war. The various departments of the Congress were well sustained. Special attention has been given to one of the

great wants of the present day—suitable employment for educated women of the artizan and middle classes. The House of Commons has again rebuked the aspirations of the conservative leader. Disraeli has either lost the confidence of his party, or has exhausted his stock of devices. It is really time, however, that some check was given to the extravagant expenditure of the Government. Earl Canning is no more. It is scarcely two months since he returned from India. He was the youngest of the four children, and the only surviving son of the eminent statesman, George Canning. He has left no issue. The Japanese ambassadors have left us. They were highly delighted with everything they heard and saw. Their visit may do much towards breaking through the exclusiveness of the Japanese policy. The horrible disclosures at Sheffield are still under examination. The flood in the Norfolk Fens is becoming increasingly serious. Lancashire has behaved with admirable spirit during the present trade depression. Gardeners again complain of the devastations made by caterpillars. Is it not worth while starting 'a small bird defence society?' If the natural destroyers of caterpillars are persistently shot, both in summer and winter, we may expect even greater destruction in coming years. The incredible fecundity of each moth will issue in the regular disappearance in the spring of every leaf from our gardens. Continental politics have not attracted quite so much attention during the last few months. France has ordered a report of her navy. The thirty-six

ships with the black hulls of which Palmerston tried to frighten us, turn out to be mythical. Only four are actually complete. The French visitors to the Exhibition have been criticising us very freely, but as a rule, with singular evidence of their incapacity to understand us. Italy is still feverishly anxious for Rome. The French army of occupation in that city has been reduced. Austria is reviewing her troops—but ‘the time when kings go forth to war’ has passed, and no note has been sounded. Klapka has retired from active political life. Affairs in Poland are still unsettled. The other day nine ladies were marched off to convents for the crime of singing hymns and reciting prayers. Repressive measures are common in Russia. Even chess-clubs are broken up by imperial authority, because they have been found to

serve as centres of political news. The Montenegrins are again at war with the Turks. The Mexican expedition has disappointed the French people. More troops have been sent out. The civil war still rages in the States. Many strange items of news find their way into ‘sensation’ papers. The Americans are sadly afraid England should offer to mediate. Their fears are groundless. It seems, however, from the tone of their papers, that they could endure, under some circumstances, the mediation of France. The North is still confident of success, and talks as if the secession fires would be trampled out in a few months, and all difficulty cease. To our thinking the great difficulty will be *after* the *victory*—if victory there should be. Dr. Mackay, the poet, has taken Russell’s post as *Times* correspondent in America.

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 26, 1861, at Melbourne, Australia, by Rev. Isaac New, Thomas, second son of W. Langlands, Esq., to Emily, youngest daughter of Rev. G. Pritchard, formerly of Tahiti.

May, 29, at George-street chapel, Nottingham, by Rev. J. Edwards, Frederick, youngest son of Mr. Henry Mantle, Hose, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Mr. John Leake, Annesley Grove, Nottingham, and formerly of Langar Lodge Farm, Nottinghamshire.

June 8, at Battersea chapel, London, Rev. H. R. Pigott, missionary to Ceylon, to Ellen, daughter of Rev. J. E. Giles, of London.

DEATHS.

May 31, at Damascus, Henry Thomas Buckle, Esq., aged 40.

June 10th, Rev. John Burnet, of Camberwell, in his 74th year. He was born at Perth in 1788, entered the army in early life, and for some time served in the ranks. On obtaining his discharge, he devoted his mind to religious subjects, became Independent minister of Cork, and subsequently for nearly thirty years of the Old Manor chapel, Camberwell. He was a man of robust mind, sterling integrity, and liberal sympathies.

June 17, at his residence, London, Right Hon. Charles John, Earl Canning, K.G., in his 50th year.

Missionary Observer.

EXTRACTS FROM THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

"THE HOLY BOOK HAS BEEN GIVEN TO ORISSA," were almost the dying words of one of your native converts a few months since; uttered too with an emphasis that will not soon be forgotten by the friend that heard his grateful exclamation. He was a poor and unlettered man, but had learned to rest in that Jesus whom "the Holy Book" reveals as the only Saviour. His last words were, "Lord take me to Thyself."

It is an interesting fact that forty years ago when your missionaries first entered the province of Orissa, they were enabled to take with them the whole Bible already translated and printed in the language of the people. Thus they were favoured as few missionaries in similar circumstances have been. For this advantage they were indebted to the indefatigable labours of the late Dr. Carey. Three months after the British troops had become triumphant in Orissa, and the Mahratta power had been subdued, that honoured servant of Christ had commenced preparations for a nobler conquest, and a more important annexation of the province than had been achieved by his countrymen in arms. He obtained an Oriya pundit of no mean celebrity, and commenced the translation of the sacred Scriptures into the language of the newly annexed province. On the 14th of October, 1803, the fort of Cuttack was stormed and taken, and on the 21st of January, 1804, Mr. Ward writes in his journal:—

"Brother Carey has taken a Moonshee this week to begin translating the Scriptures into the Orissa language."

It is believed that Dr. Carey was the first Englishman to study the language of Orissa, and that the Oriya was the second of the languages of India into which he translated the whole Word of God. Arriving at Cuttack on February 12th, 1822, your departed brethren Bampton and Peggs at once com-

menced the distribution of the Scriptures and tracts that they had taken with them from Serampore and Calcutta. They went forth bearing precious seed, and often wept, because no fruit appeared.

But although unseen, and perchance slow, the process of vegetation is a real and mighty one. After months and years of toil and prayer, the seed sown began to spring up. In the first instance only a few tender and straggling but green and hopeful "blades" could be discerned; then after longer waiting "the ear;" and at length "the full corn in the ear;" this too succeeded by the gladdening increase of thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. The first known results were from a small tract containing the Ten Commandments, which a celebrated Hindoo teacher adopted as the text book, from which he used to expound to his numerous disciples the great things of the law of God. This tract was in the form of a catechism, which at first occasioned a difficulty well nigh insuperable in the way of their understanding it. They knew nothing of writing in the dialogue form, and hence were completely bewildered by "Pra," that is Q. for question, and "Oo," that is, A. for answer, one or other of which met them in almost every line. First one and then another, and then a third read, but all was dark and confounding. No one could explain the mysterious "Pra," or define the meaning of the impenetrable "Oo;" the teacher himself, though so much venerated, was unable to read, and therefore could not help them. At length it occurred to the brahmin who was the gooroo's reader that probably this mysterious book of the foreigners might be written in the form of question and answer, and that "Pra" and "Oo" were simply abbreviations of these words. This happy thought solved the difficulty. Now they read and understood and

admired. How good, how just, how worthy of being regarded were the Ten Commandments! Some of the disciples soon became wiser than their teacher. The law was their schoolmaster to bring them to Christ. One circumstance in relation to this tract appears particularly worthy of notice. It was the fact of its *possessing the holy law of God, in the very words of Scripture*, which under the divine blessing rendered it so extensively useful.

From that hour to the present, the truths of the "Holy Book" have been gradually spreading in Orissa, and slowly but surely leavening the minds of many of its idolatrous people. Facts that are ever occurring, and which like a straw on the surface of a stream may be regarded as showing the direction of the current, prove that this is the case in some of the most secluded parts of the country, and in regions seldom or never visited by your missionaries. One of the most recent instances of the kind is that of a man, who may be called the evangelist of Goomsur. He is the leader of a little band of inquirers at Pileparda, about twelve miles from Russell Condah, who have already suffered much opposition from the heathen for the truth's sake. Until the cold season before last no missionary had ever visited this town, but portions of Scripture and your tracts had found their way there. So familiar was the man referred to with the leading doctrines of Christianity that the missionary could almost have imagined he had been a native preacher. A subsequent interview has shown that such indeed he is, for although a weaver by trade, and entirely dependent upon his loom for support, he almost daily seizes upon a little time to preach the gospel. The report of his labours in this respect has been carried to nearly every village in Goomsur.

BERHAMPORE.

A church planted in a heathen land, and composed of members who have

spent the earlier part of their lives amidst the demoralizing influences of idol-worship, will often present incidents of a painful nature, and such as to awaken the tenderest solicitude of the missionary. There has been a mingling of cloud and sunshine in the experience of your brethren at Berhampore during the past year. Mr. Goadby writes:—

Our usual Sabbath services have been well attended, and the word preached has repeatedly received the blessing of its Divine Author. We feel bound here to make particular mention of the faithful and earnest ministrations of our beloved native brethren. They have laboured zealously and well in their Master's cause, and many a time when listening to their powerful appeals have our hearts warmed with gratitude to the God of missions for such able co-workers in his vineyard. We pray for them fervently, and solicit the petitions of our friends at home on their behalf, for the hope for India's future rests in India's sons. Our additions from the schools have been pleasing, and we feel considerably encouraged in our various efforts for the salvation of our young people.

Girls' Asylum.—The report of the past year states:—

The course of study pursued has been slightly altered from past years, and has been conducted by an experienced pundit under missionary superintendence. Regularly have the scholars been examined in their various school duties, and repeatedly have we been gratified with the industry and progress of the elder girls.

Four of the girls have been honourably married. One a young widow, who assisted in teaching the little ones, to the colporteur of Russell Condah; the others to young farmers at the new village. Three had been brought up in the school, and had endeared themselves to us by their general good conduct and christian consistency. They had also saved a sum of money by their industry, and after purchasing several things for household pur-

poses, received from Mrs. Goadby, to take to their new homes, between twenty and thirty rupees. The amount of work done under Mrs. Goadby's superintendence has been about the same as previous years. Our thanks are due to those ladies who by purchasing from the mission box have considerably aided the funds of the Society.

Boys' Asylum.—Last October, six of the youths under our care were married and located at our new village, and we trust that by persevering industry, and consistent deportment, they will show that the labour expended upon them has not been in vain.

During the rainy season great alarm was experienced in our christian community by the prevalence of cholera, and early one morning we were aroused by the painful intelligence that one of our number had fallen a victim to this terrible disease. Remedies which had been successful in other cases were promptly applied, but in about eight hours the poor boy died.

Two of our number after having given evidence of a change of heart have been baptized and added to the church, and we are happy to state that thus far they have walked worthily of Him who has called them, we trust, unto His kingdom and glory. The course of instruction pursued has been similar to that of former years, special prominence being given to Scriptural knowledge.

RUSSELL CONDAH.

ALL your brethren in India feel undiminished interest in the establishment of an effective missionary station at Russell Condah, especially as it must be the base of operations for labour among the neighbouring hill tribes. It is hoped that arrangements will be made at the next Conference for the location of two missionaries at this place. The Government agency for the suppression of the Meriah sacrifice was to be discontinued on the 30th April last. Having accomplished its work

in pacifying the country, and putting down the horrid practice of offering human victims in sacrifice, the way is clear for the heralds of the cross to go up and achieve nobler triumphs for the Prince of Peace. The secular power has nobly given the aid that was necessary, and without which no European could safely have entered the country; upon its retirement it is most fitting that the opportunity should be embraced to attempt the spiritual subjugation of the people. The spread of the gospel among the Khonds will be the most effectual security against any desire for a recurrence of their former murderous practices, as well as the means of promoting their present and eternal well-being.

The last Conference recommended the taking of immediate steps for the purchase of a house that was on sale at Russell Condah, and which was considered a very eligible one for missionary purposes. The secretary in forwarding the minutes to this country appended a note to the resolution as follows, "This application was, alas! too late; the house is sold." The disappointment, however, was only temporary, for since that time Captain R. M. Macdonald, the Government Inspector for the district, and a warm friend of the cause, has most generously given to the mission his bungalow at Russell Condah. It adjoins the one that was purchased a few months since for the native preachers, and the land as well as the bungalow will be a great advantage to your friends.

PIPLEE.

THE case of a young man mentioned as having joined the nominal christian community at Piplee is worthy of special notice. This young man gave no evidence of being a christian, but he would no longer be an idolater. Every means was employed by his friends to induce him to return to them, and on one occasion they attempted to take him by force. This was not so much to be wondered at when it is known

that the consequences of his decision affected them almost as much as himself. They too were made *out-casts*. For months they suffered all the social inconveniences of loss of caste, and in order to regain it, they were compelled to observe the most loathsome and abominable ceremonies, conspicuous among which was the burning of the young man in effigy, and the performance of his funeral rites, as if he were really dead, although he was living at the time not a mile from the spot. This is but one illustration out of multitudes that might be adduced of the terrible power of caste, and the almost insuperable difficulties that it places in the way of any one becoming even nominally a christian. When such facts are considered, the matter of surprise is not that so few, but that *any* have the courage to break through its trammels. Converts from heathenism have literally to *count* all things loss for Christ. They do not, however, in all cases really suffer the loss of all things; for the after experience of many of them has been that the religion of Jesus Christ makes the best of both worlds, being profitable for the life that now is, and for that which is to come.

BHUDDRUCK AND JAJAPORE.

KRISHNOO PAL, the first convert of the Baptist mission, and the writer of a beautiful Bengali hymn on remembering Christ, the translation of which is well known,

"O thou, my soul, forget no more," &c.

was the first to preach the gospel at Bhuddruck, and in his journal, written early in 1808, mention is made of his "conversing here with a number of Orissa brahmins who manifested great dislike to the gospel." Those opposers have long since gone "the way of all the earth," but all who have preached at Bhuddruck, know that "great dislike to the gospel" is still manifested by the people, especially by the brahmins. Your native

brother, Sebo Patra, assisted by Sanantani, has diligently laboured here during the year, but has not the happiness to report that fruit has been gathered unto life eternal. It is, however, pleasing to know that he has secured the confidence and esteem of many of the people. A native gentleman residing at Bhudruck, in a letter to one of the missionaries describes him as "zealously engaged in preaching and catechising daily at the bazaar, or in the market."

Jajapore, though not regularly occupied, has not been neglected during the year. It was found impracticable to regularly occupy both stations. The last Conference arranged that Sebo shall labour the current year at Jajapore, assisted by Sanantani; but Bhuddruck will be visited as often as practicable.

KHUNDITTUR.

A few months since the widow of Sebo Sahu, whose death was referred to in the last report, finished her course in peace. Of her Mr. Buckley writes,—

It is pleasing to state, that when Sebo's mind was enlightened by the wondrous things revealed in the Bible, one of the first things he did was to explain all he knew to his heathen wife, and after explaining to her in a very lucid and interesting manner the way of salvation, he appealed to her very impressively, what profit will it be to despise such love as Christ's, and such a glorious state as heaven for this poor and deceitful world? Consider, he said again, how uncertain is life, and how soon you may be called to die. O, my dear wife, put your trust in Jesus Christ. He further explained to her that in becoming a christian she would have to leave her brothers and sisters of this world, but in Christ she would obtain spiritual brothers and sisters, with whom she would dwell in the bonds of heavenly union and love. At this time she offered no objection to his becoming a christian, but said that she was an ignorant and

stupid woman, and knew nothing of such things. When, however, he was ready to be baptized, she was instigated by others to oppose him in every possible way; and after his baptism it was some weeks, and after vexatious legal proceedings, before she could be induced to join him. After settling in the christian village her mind was gradually enlightened, and after a suitable course of instruction she was baptized and united with the church.

The young man, named Sadhu Barricks, mentioned in the last report, had not succeeded in obtaining his wife. Persuasive means having been tried and found unavailing, application was made to the magistrate. The case was decided unfavourably by the deputy magistrate, a native and not a christian. Your brethren believed the decision was unjust, and appealed to the judge. His decision reversed that of the deputy magistrate, and entirely upholds the principle for which they contended; and also contained a severe reprimand to the deputy and assistant magistrates.

CHAGA AND DHURMAPORE.

THE past cold season has been a peculiarly afflictive and solemn time to your friends at Chaga. Fever has prevailed to a greater extent than had been previously known. In every house there has been sickness, and in several all the members of the family have been ill at the same time. Three, who were heads of families, and valuable members of the church, have been removed to their long home. Mr. Buckley remarks,—

One of our friends, who has died in Christ, had for sixteen years quietly and steadily pursued his christian course. He possessed the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and scarcely ever mixed in those squabbles by which so many native christians tarnish the lustre of their profession, and grieve the hearts of their pastors. Another who has recently died was Tripuraree

Sahu, a younger brother of Bamadabe. He had for fifteen years walked in the good old way. He had a very clear knowledge of the way of salvation, and a remarkably happy gift in prayer. We have often been impressed and edified with the reverential and appropriate manner in which he engaged in social prayer. What just and scriptural conceptions of God! What bright views of the way of mercy through the atonement of Christ! What humility and penitence and earnest supplication for the help of the Spirit of God! Surely there was a world-wide difference between Tripuraree the idolater, bowing at the shrine of an obscene and blood-thirsty deity, and Tripuraree the christian, "bowing his knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," and giving utterance to thoughts so pure and elevating and scriptural as we have often heard.

Mr. Miller has furnished some particulars in reference to his death:—

The end of Tripuraree was most peaceful and triumphant as might have been expected from his holy life. I was at Chaga when he died, and had a long interview with him just before his departure. He was then suffering a great deal of pain, had been quite blind three days, and was almost reduced to a skeleton, he was, however, able to converse without any difficulty. In answer to my questions he said, "the Lord Jesus is all my trust and hope, He is precious to my soul, more so than wife, children, silver, gold, and life itself." "He gives the weary and heavy laden rest." He then quoted twice Matthew xi. 28.; he also quoted twice Matthew xxv. 34. as the delightful language in which the Redeemer would ere long address him. He also said many other things all expressive of perfect peace, unshaken confidence, and unclouded hope. To those who visited him during his illness, he said, "Dont talk to me about worldly matters, but about Christ." His last words were, "Anunda. Anunda. Samapta." "Joy. Joy. It is

finished." His remains were deposited in the burial ground which skirts the jungle near the mount, at the close of the Sabbath afternoon service. When standing by, and returning from the grave, I could not refrain from shedding tears of joy over Tripurabee, nor from uttering the prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

The Female School at Chaga has been commenced by Miss Butler, and the Female Education Society have kindly engaged to support it. Komilee, the teacher, is the widow of Tripurabee. She was trained in the Cuttack Female Asylum, and attends to her duties in a very satisfactory manner. The present number of girls is nineteen, but the unusual sickness already mentioned has of course operated unfavourably on the attendance. We have a lively impression of the difficulties the teacher will have daily to encounter, especially from the indifference of many of the parents, but it is an experiment in the success of which we feel the deepest interest.

CUTTACK.

MR. BUCKLEY, in reporting the state of the church at Cuttack, remarks,— This is the mother church in Orissa. The foundations of the temple of God in Orissa were laid here, and year by year living stones have been added. Would that we could report a much greater number. The events of the past year have not been remarkably exciting or startling, but enough has transpired to assure us that the Lord has been with us, and has given testimony to the word of His grace. Ten have been, by baptism, added to the flock of Christ, (of whom four were Europeans or East Indians,) and four are accepted candidates for that holy ordinance. Do any ask as to the spiritual state and progress of our native christians? An apt and interesting illustration by one of our elder converts who has passed into the skies shall furnish the reply.

He was describing his own experience, and said, "as little children at first walk with difficulty, sometimes walking, then standing, and anon falling, and again rising and walking, so do we in the ways of the Lord, for as yet we are but children, however, we trust in the grace of God. Sometimes I am filled with joy and can praise Him; at other times I am baptized in a sea of sorrow and distress. Such has been my state to the present time." How many more favoured christians might add, and such has been my state.

Sudursuna has died during the year. His last days were spent at Cuttack, but he was one of the early converts from Khundittur, though much less known than most of the others. He was a poor man, and only knew the elementary truths of the gospel, but the infinite importance of this knowledge who shall describe? In ordinary circumstances he had little to say about religion, hut the night before his death, when conversing with Mr. Buckley, his mouth was opened, and he spoke of the things of God with surprising fluency. When the precious invitation of Christ, "Come unto me," &c., was repeated, yes, he said with deep feeling, He will give rest, He will give rest. I have no hope but in Him. He is the Saviour.

Our last report expressed our anxious desire to secure a valuable piece of land therein described for the establishment of another christian village at Cuttack. The difficulties at that time appeared great, and the issue, as we stated, was uncertain, but our confidence was in God. We have now thankfully to record, that the difficulties have been surmounted, and that they were surmounted just at the time when they appeared most formidable. On the day that one of the brethren left the Judge's Court with the certain knowledge that the law was adverse to our retaining the possession which we then held, and that our only hope was in coming to terms with the Zemindar;

immediately he left the court, the Mookteer (attorney) of the Zeminder came to him, and promised that a pottah (lease) of the land should be given at once, and it was given in three or four days. The rent has been raised from rupees 64 (£6 8s.) to rupees 94 (£9 8s.) The extent of the land is about ten acres. The situation is all that could be desired, being only a short distance from the chapel. We thankfully raise our Ebenezer, and in recording the helping hand of God in this important transaction, express our earnest hope that many of our beloved native christians may here find a peaceful and happy home.

In consequence of the serious illness of your esteemed sister Mrs. Buckley, the report of the *Girls' Asylum* has been prepared by Mr. Buckley, and contains a valuable summary of results from the commencement of this most useful institution. Miss Butler has returned to England during the year, and Miss Guignard who found her sphere of usefulness somewhat contracted at Piplee, is now associated with Mrs. Buckley at Cuttack. Mr. Buckley writes,—

Much time and labour were expended in the early years of the mission, on schools taught by heathen masters, but as the results were not satisfactory to the missionaries they broke them up, and in 1836 entered on another course. They resolved to instruct the children of their converts, and to open asylums for the board and education of orphan and destitute children. The asylums at Cuttack were opened on the 3rd of May, 1836, with only six boys and three girls; but very shortly after this the pressure of famine occasioned a considerable addition. The atrocities perpetrated by the Khonds in Goomsur and Boad, were a few months later disclosed to the civilized world, and in 1837, seventeen rescued Meriahs, (fourteen boys and three girls) the first rescued by the officers of the Bengal Government, were received into the schools.

Other destitute children were received from the pilgrim hospitals of Cuttack and Pooree, so that the year after the establishment of the Asylums the number had increased beyond the power of the missionaries to support them, and ten orphans were sent to the Church Mission School at Burdwan, then under the care of the Rev. J. Weitbrecht. Ten years after the Asylums were established here, it was reported that 230 young persons had been boarded and educated, that fifty of the number had been baptized and added to the church, that sixteen males, and twenty-seven girls had been married and settled from these institutions, all of them in the christian community.

On the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Sutton to England, in November, 1847, the charge of the *Girls' Asylum* devolved upon us, and with the exception of the time of our absence in England, and four months after our return, when it was under the efficient superintendence of Mrs. Stubbins, it has so continued to the present time.

When the school was committed to us in 1847, the number was smaller than usual, amounting to thirty-seven; but on the 2nd of April, 1849, a little army of children of both sexes, rescued from a bloody death, were received into the Asylums, both of which were then under our care. The number received on that eventful day was seventy-nine (forty-five males and thirty-four females), no small addition to our anxieties and responsibilities; but as it was inconvenient to retain so large a number in addition to those we had, twenty-nine (seventeen males and twelve females) were shortly afterwards placed under the judicious care of Mr. and Mrs. Bachelor, at Balasore.

The statistics of the *Girls' Asylum* during the last fourteen years are as follows:—140 have been trained in the school. This does not include those who have been in it for only a short period. Fifty-one have been baptized from the school, and several who have been afterwards added to

the church received their first impressions here. Sixty-eight have been married from the school, and with three painful exceptions all have remained among the christians. Fifty-six has been the average number in the school. We thankfully acknowledge the goodness of the Lord in the precious results that have been obtained. The anxiety and toil have not been small. At special seasons when the fatal cholera has raged around, or entered our midst, or when the dreaded small pox has broken out, the daily care and nightly watching can only be fully known by those who have sustained similar responsibilities, but the recompense has been great. Many a destitute one, who but for such an institution would have been left a prey to the vultures, or what is worse, have been brought up to a life of infamy, has here been trained in industrious and virtuous habits, and prepared by the grace of Christ for the life of the world to come. Not a few have cherished the warmest affection for the school after leaving it. One when heavily afflicted came to "her school home," as she called it, to die; and another, when the sorrows of widowhood overtook her, returned (by the advice of her dying husband) to her former companions; and for several years was exceedingly useful as assistant teacher till she again entered the marriage state. In several pleasing cases we have heard with inexpressible satisfaction and joy some of our beloved pupils when passing through the valley of the shadow of death testify of the loving-kindness of the Lord. We thank God for the past, and take courage for the future.

NEW EDITION OF ORIYA NEW TESTAMENT.

MR. BUCKLEY writes,—

The grant of two hundred pounds

by the Bible Translation Society has greatly refreshed and encouraged us. Copy is now ready to the end of Revelation, and we have finished the second epistle to Corinthians, in printing. I had hoped to be able to add, that before this could reach England, the edition would in all probability be printed off, but Mrs. Buckley's illness forbids the expression of this hope, and will probably occasion a delay of a few weeks. While regretting this, I have much consolation in the persuasion, that there is a special blessing connected with work done for God in the midst of anxiety, affliction, and tears.

CONCLUSION.

BLESSED be God we can speak of hundreds, who in a judgment of charity have passed from death unto life. But while devoutly thankful for the success already witnessed, we long to see much greater manifestations of the power of the Holy Ghost. Our hearts yearn over millions who are hastening to a hopeless eternity with a lie in their right hand, and we desire at this interesting and eventful period in the history of the mission, to give ourselves afresh to the holy work of seeking their salvation. And now "what is the conclusion? That we all remember time is short. We must be like the drops of the rainbow, each falling, but each reflecting the Lord's light in the brief moment of our rapid fall, so that the whole combined may form a bow between earth and heaven, a standing testimony to the covenant of God." So would we pass away, exhibiting to dying men the light and glory of that covenant of peace made with our fallen race through the atonement of the Son of God.

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Treasurer, Derby; and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Secretary, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST
MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1862.

THE ANNUAL ASSOCIATION.

HALIFAX is a thriving town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, situated on the south-eastern side of a romantic vale, through which flow the Hebble and the Calder. It has long been famous for its woollen fabrics, and an old local law, known as the Halifax Gibbet-law, indicates that this town and region were celebrated for their manufactures before the battle of Bosworth Field. The cloth, then as now, was exposed on tenters, or wooden frames, in the fields: clothiers suffered not a little from nightly robberies, and to prevent these depredations, power was invested in the magistrates to inflict capital punishment on all persons who stole, within the liberties or precincts of the forest of Hardwick, property of the value of thirteen pence half-penny. Halifax boasts of the fact, that De Foe wrote Robinson Crusoe while residing there, and that Sir William Herschel was once organist of the parish church. It has become associated, in our day, with the Crossleys, whose praise is in all the land, and whose munificent and unselfish liberality will hand down their names to distant generations.

At the North Parade chapel, in Halifax, which owes so much to the generosity of the Crossleys, the Ninty-Third Annual Association was held on the 23rd of June, and the three following days. The last gathering of a similar kind in Halifax was in 1792, when the Rev. D. Taylor was chairman, the Revs. D. Taylor and R. Smith the preachers, and the number of representatives only eighteen. Notwithstanding the distance of Halifax from the great centre of our numerical strength, there was a very fair attendance of ministers and representatives from the London, Lincolnshire, and Midland districts. On Monday evening, the preliminary devotional meeting was held, the Rev. R. Kenney, of Burton-on-Trent, presiding. Suitable portions of Scripture were read, and the following friends took part in the devotional exercises:—the Revs. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., of Nottingham; T. Stevenson, of Leicester; T. Barrass, of Peterborough; T. W. Mathews, of Boston; and J. Staddon, of Quorndon: also, Messrs. Earp and Whitehead, of Melbourne; Pedley, of Wheelock Heath;

Baldwin and Marshall, of Loughborough.

On Tuesday morning, the devotional service was resumed, the Rev. C. H. Clark, the newly appointed minister of the place, presiding. At ten o'clock, the Rev. J. C. Pike, of Leicester, took the chair, and read a very admirable address. The bicentenary commemoration, the position of Baptists 200 years ago, when Grantham was in Lincoln jail and Bunyan was in Bedford jail, the events in the neighbourhood a hundred years back, when the Rev. Dan Taylor first went forth to preach, and the duties of the churches at the present hour, with other matters of general and connexional interest were very ably discussed. Passing reference was also made to the following ministers who have been called to their reward during the past year:—the Revs. S. Wigg, of Leicester; J. Kiddall, of Louth; T. Scott, of Norwich; and J. Knight, of Wolvey. A vote of thanks was unanimously awarded the chairman for his address, which will be given entire in the Minutes. The Rev. T. W. Mathews, of Boston, was then appointed Vice-chairman; and the Rev. J. Clifford, B.A., of London, Assistant-secretary. Before the regular business of the annual meeting began, a resolution was passed cordially welcoming any ministers and members of other denominations in the town who might desire to attend the sittings.

The business opened by the reception of a new church in Lancashire into the Association. The adjudicators for the Association prize for the best Catechism upon 'General Baptist Usages and Non-conformist Principles' presented their report. Several manuscripts had been forwarded, and the prize was unanimously awarded to the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., of London. The Catechism will be published at the low price of one penny, and is expected to appear in August. On previous occasions, the subject of a united celebration of the Lord's supper during the sittings of the

Association had been discussed, but had been dismissed, from the apparent impossibility of finding time for such a service in the three days usually allotted to the annual gathering. The subject was again introduced, and the following brethren took part in the discussion:—T. W. Mathews, R. Kenney, H. Hunter, J. F. Stevenson, B.A., T. Watts, J. B. Pike, J. Lewitt, W. Chapman, J. F. Winks, Dr. Burns, R. Hardy, and W. R. Stevenson. The subjoined resolution was ultimately adopted:—'That we recommend the church where the Annual Association is held to invite the representatives and members of sister churches to unite with them in the celebration of the Lord's supper during the sittings of the Association; and that the time of the celebration of the Lord's supper be, immediately after the sermon on Wednesday afternoon.' The increased bribery and corruption at parliamentary and municipal elections was brought before the notice of the Association by a resolution from the Lincolnshire Conference, and it was agreed:—'That as there is reason to believe that bribery at parliamentary and municipal elections has lately rather increased than diminished—we recommend our ministers occasionally to make this misdemeanour the subject of their public reprehension.' A petition was also adopted against the compulsory attendance at the Established Church of the children of Dissenters at National Schools; copies of the petition to be presented to the House of Lords by Lord Teynham; and to the House of Commons by F. Crossley, Esq., M.P.,—The petition is as follow:—

'TO THE HONOURABLE THE COMMONS
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

'THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE UN-
DERSIGNED—

'SHEWETH,

'That there are certain day-schools, called National Schools, in

all parts of England and Wales, receiving aid from the Parliamentary grant, to which the children of Dissenting parents are not admitted, unless they will attend the Sunday-school; and, in many cases, the services of the Established Church on the Sunday.

'That your petitioners look upon this rule as unjust in its character, and oppressive in its operation.

'That especially in country districts, where there is only one public school, this rule is productive of great hardship—Dissenting parents having no alternative between withholding their children from school altogether, or being compelled to have them attend the Sunday-school and the services of the Established Church, and thus to be forcibly separated from them in the services of Divine worship, and at other times during the greater portion of the Lord's-day.

'That your petitioners, as taxpayers, are contributors to the grant from which the National schools derive this portion of their revenue, and they submit that they are therefore entitled to all the advantages of that grant without violence being done to their consciences, or restrictions laid down as to what Sunday schools, and places of worship, their children shall attend.

'That your petitioners beg to remind your Honourable House that the rule has been severely condemned by Her Majesty's Commissioners on popular Education; but that, notwithstanding, it is still in force in a large number of State-aided schools.

Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray your Honourable House to make provision that no school, in which the above rule shall be in force, shall, in future, receive any portion of the Parliamentary grant for Education; and that, on proof being given, that the Committee of Management of any schools has adopted the above rule, that portion of the Parliamentary grant, to which it would otherwise have been entitled, shall be immediately withdrawn.

'And your petitioners will ever pray.'

The annual meeting of the Home Missionary Society, was held on Tuesday evening, G. W. Stevenson, Esq., of Halifax, in the chair. The general report of the society was briefly given by the Rev. J. F. Winks, in place of the Rev. J. Holroyd, who is suffering from extreme prostration. The Rev. T. Barrass read the report of the Eastern district;—J. Earp, Esq., of Melbourne, the report of the Derby and Castle Donington district, which has helped to support the church at Leeds; the Rev. J. F. Winks, the report of the Nottingham and Loughborough district, which has long assisted the church at Sheffield—now seeking to become independent; the Rev. R. Ingham, the report of the Yorkshire district, which has aided the churches at Rochdale, Todmorden, and Bacup; and the Rev. J. Maden, the report of the Cheshire district, which has helped the church at Stoke-upon-Trent. The Rev. I. Stubbins then gave out a hymn; and addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Lewitt, on the importance of towns as home missionary spheres; by the Rev. J. Maden, on individual effort; by the Rev. J. W. Beevers, on spiritual power, the great want of modern churches; and the Rev. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough, on the claims of the rural districts.

The whole of Wednesday was devoted to public services and annual committee meetings of the Chilwell College and the Foreign Mission. The morning service was opened by Dr. Burns. The Rev. W. Jones, of Derby, preached an excellent and appropriate sermon from 2 Tim. iv. 6-8. The words were regarded as recording an example of rare courage and fidelity in a Christian minister; of completeness in his life, and calm hope in view of his death: and of joyful anticipation of heavenly reward. The Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., of London, closed the service with prayer. In the afternoon, the devotional exercises were conducted by the Revs. J. Cotton, of Holbeach;

and R. Kenney, of Burton-on-Trent, and Rev. Farmer Chamberlain, of Fleet, preached a scriptural and practical discourse from 1 Thes. v. 2.

The public missionary meeting was held in the evening. In the unavoidable absence of John Crossley, Esq., mayor of Halifax, who had consented to preside, J. Earp, Esq., of Melbourne was called to the chair. After prayer by the Rev. J. Alcorn, of Burnley, and an appropriate address by the chairman, the Rev. J. C. Pike, the secretary, read a brief and interesting abstract of the report. In the absence, through illness, of R. Pegg, Esq., of Derby, the treasurer, Rev. J. C. Pike also read the cash account for the past year. The total expenditure had been £4,918 6s. 8d.; and the total receipts £4,541 11s. 9d.—leaving a balance due to the treasurer of £376 14s. 11d. The heavy additional expences also necessarily to be incurred in the return to India of our brethren Stubbins and Brooks, with their families, call for the most strenuous efforts of all friends of the Orissa Mission. The Rev. Giles Hester moved the first resolution, in a very able speech:—‘That the report, an abstract of which has now been read, be received and printed; and that this meeting, while commending our beloved brethren, Stubbins and Brooks, to the Divine blessing, rejoices that their return to India will so increase the society’s strength in that country, as to admit of two missionaries being stationed at Russell Condah, with a view to the establishment of a mission among the Khonds, an effort which appears peculiarly important and seasonable at the present time, from the fact, that the Government has discontinued the agency for the suppression of the Meriah sacrifice, having nobly accomplished its work of mercy in putting an end to the horrible human sacrifices, which had, for ages, prevailed among the tribes inhabiting the mountains of Goomsur.’ The Rev. C. H. Clark seconded the resolution in a brilliant

and eloquent speech. The Rev. W. Roberts, successor of the Rev. E. Mellor, of Square church, Halifax, moved, and the Rev. I Stubbins seconded the next resolution, which was:—‘That this meeting acknowledges, with gratitude, the many tokens of God’s favour vouchsafed to this and other Evangelical missionary societies through the past year, and regards these as calling upon all true Christians to put forth more strenuous efforts for the diffusion of the glorious Gospel throughout the world; and upon the friends of this society in particular, to remember how plenteous is the harvest presented in the province of Orissa.’ We cannot but regret, that the extreme length of some of the preceding speeches prevented our esteemed and beloved brother Stubbins from speaking more than a few minutes. The votes of thanks to the chairman, committee, officers of the society, and all its other active friends, were moved by Mr. W. Brooks, the superintendent of the missionary press in Orissa; and seconded by the Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A., of Nottingham.

The whole of Thursday was devoted to business, that connected with the Chilwell College taking precedence. The Rev. J. Lewitt read the report, which was ordered to be printed. Only one student had retired, Mr. C. H. Clark, and three applications had been received. The reports of the examiners were satisfactory; and thanks were voted to them for their services. The examiners for the ensuing year are, in theology, the Revs. W. Jones and R. Kenney; in classics and mathematics, the Revs. J. F. Stevenson, B.A., and J. Martin, B.A., of Nottingham; and in general literature, the Revs. J. J. Goadby, W. Chapinan, and Mr. C. T. Bishop. From the cash account, read by the treasurer, Mr. T. W. Marshall, of Loughborough, it appeared that the receipts were £670 11s.; and the expenditure £633 7s. 9d.; leaving a balance in hand of £37 3s. 3d. The cost of the new College pre-

mises was, £2,900: and during the year there had been subscribed and collected towards this, £1,623 15s. 11d. Votes of thanks were given to the secretary and treasurer, who were requested to continue in office for the ensuing year. The Trust-Deed of the Chilwell College, was read, together with the emendations of a sub-committee, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—‘That having heard of the method in which the Chilwell property is proposed to be settled, namely, for promoting the doctrines which constitute the basis of the association of churches of the New Connexion of General Baptists, founded in the year 1770, this Association desires to express its approval of the course pursued.’ The best thanks of the Association was also given to brethren T. W. Marshall, W. Mallett, W. Bennett, and W. Underwood, for the admirable manner in which they had negotiated for the Chilwell property. The late Mr. Booker, of Nottingham, was united with the above named brethren. An early effort should be made for paying off the remaining portion of the debt on the College. It is proposed to hold opening services at Chilwell at the commencement of the next session in September. The friends at Nottingham were requested by the Association to get up a bazaar to be held during the sittings of the next annual meeting. The treasurer will be glad to receive any additional subscriptions towards defraying the College debt. The following resolution was passed:—‘That the churches of our Connexion be affectionately requested to make collections on the 24th of August of the present year, on behalf of the College Purchase Fund, and for the extraordinary expences of the Mission.’

An interesting discussion arose on the desirableness of publishing selections from the writings of General Baptist authors; commencing with Thomas Grantham, and continuing to those of the present

century. A committee was appointed to make the selections, prepare biographical notices of the writers, and superintend the publication. A small sum was voted out of the Association Fund for defraying the expences of prospectuses and advertisements. The volumes, it was suggested, should be published by subscription, and should not exceed five shillings each. We heartily rejoice that this project is thus fairly launched, and sincerely hope it may prove to be the commencement of a new era in our denomination. Many have long felt the need of such writings as the means of propagating our principles, and of saving us from that inevitable misrepresentation which any denomination must suffer whose doctrines and usages are described by other writers than their own.

The Bicentenary Building Fund, about which several letters have already appeared in our pages, was discussed. The Association, however, did not feel itself to be in a position to entertain the question. The effort to raise a new chapel at Lincoln was recommended to the generous liberality of the churches. The chapel registration committee, through one of its members, recalled attention to the report published in the Magazine for October, 1861. The whole question was remitted to brethren G. Stevenson, T. Stevenson, and J. J. Goadby, to be reported upon at the next Association.

The Association letter was read at twelve o'clock on Thursday. The subject was:—‘What practical measures can be proposed for effecting a closer union between the two evangelical sections of the Baptist body?’ F. Stevenson, Esq., of Nottingham, having declined to write the letter, the Rev. J. B. Pike, (at the request of the business committee), very kindly consented. Mr. Pike received the hearty thanks of the Association for his very able letter.

The question: Can we, as Dis-

senters, consistently avail ourselves of the aid provided by the new code for education?' was proposed; but not disscussed. The pages of the Magazine are, however, open to those friends who may wish to have this subject ventilated. A fraternal letter was read from the 17th Triennial Conference of Free Will Baptists in America, and the Rev. W. Underwood was appointed to reply.

The next Association will be held at Broad-street, Nottingham; the Rev. J. C. Jones, M. A., of Spalding, to be the chairman: the Rev. T. Watts, of Wisbech, to preach the morning sermon; or, in case of failure, the Rev. E. Burton, of Portsea: Dr. Burns to preach the afternoon sermon; or, in case of failure, the Rev. J. H. Wood, of Smarden. The subject of the letter to the churches to be:—'Is it consistent and proper for Nonconformists to accept government aid for secular education?' The Rev. W. Underwood, to be the writer. The thanks of the Association were given

to brethren Jones and Chamberlain, for their sermons; to the chairman and minute secretary, for their services; and to the friends at Halifax for their very kind and hospitable entertainment. Before the chairman closed the sittings with prayer, the secretary announced, that twenty-five churches had sent no report; that 1,986 members had been added to our churches, by baptism, restoration, or letter, during the past year; that 1,304 were lost by death, removal, &c.; and that the clear increase was about 700, or nearly one-seventh more than last year; and about one-half more than two years ago. The sittings closed at six o'clock on Thursday night.

A free conference was held after tea, when several interesting topics were discussed; amongst which, the best means of conducting meetings for religious enquiry, and of bringing young people in our large towns to religious decision, were the most prominent.

THE NEWBURYS: THEIR OPINIONS AND FORTUNES.

A GLIMPSE OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER X.—THE PRISON GREETING.

'Do, pray, let me in!' implored a woman, time-after-time, as she smote her fair hands at the nail-studded outer-door of the Newgate prison. 'Do, pray, there's a good man, for the love of God!'

The warder was as stern and terrible as fate. He had heard her knocking and entreaties every time, but did not so much as choose to ask her what she wanted, or even open the wicket to look at her.

'What a shame!' cried bystanders as they came up to see what was the matter. 'And such a handsome passionate pleader too,' the better portion of them thought but did not dare to express—knowing as honest hearts do, under any habiliments, that compliments to a person in dis-

ress are worse than comfits to a hungry starving man.

'O! let a poor woman in, for Jesus's sake! I bring food for my husband. Have ye no pity—no wife and dear ones of your own?'

Still the gaoler vouchsafed no voice or sign. A sturdy youth in the plain garb of an apprentice, now joined the group of bystanders, and perceiving the situation of affairs, pushed to the front, seized a stone that lay close at hand, and made such a hammering at the door that fairly frightened the poor woman whose importunities had been unheeded.

'Mercy, good sir. You'll make him violent.'

'He should let you in, then,'

bluntly answered the youth, setting to work again very vigorously.

'What are you villains about?'—roared the warder, as he opened the wicket and glared fiercely at them all.

'A poor woman here brings food for her husband; and you're such a lazy lout, you won't hear her,' rejoined the youth.

'You're an impertinent rascal; and if I catch you, I'll teach you a lesson—that I will.'

'Have mercy on us, good sir, and for God's sake let me see my husband, and take him some food; he'll be perished before now,' pleaded the woman passionately.

'Stop your canting, then; or, I'll keep you here a bit longer. You women are always running after your husbands when you ought to be doing something else. Some confounded Anabaptister, I expect. Here, come in, and don't make such a pother next time, or I'll keep you outside for good: and you, young man, just remember another time—or I'll let you have a taste of inside life.'

And he let the woman in; and, reaching forward, gave the youth a pretty smart cuff on the head, and then closed the door.

The youth was surly, and muttered desperate things; and as soon as the door was closed, smashed his stone at it—burst open the little wicket which had only been caught in the hurry—and then took to his heels, saying to himself—'Well, I suppose, my master approves o'such things—at least, I've heard him say so; but I don't; and I'll tell him a bit o' my mind before I'm many hours older, or my name is not—Ephraim Pardoe.'

As soon as she was inside, the woman was ushered into a little apartment, where she was asked a variety of questions, and her basket of provisions were summarily emptied for examination by an attendant.

'There;' said the grim janitor—'you can take him the rest of the things, but I must examine this

cheese—you women are cunning rogues.'

'There's nothing—!'

'Silence, woman; I am not such a dolt as to ask you if there was;—go along with you, and leave me to my business; I know what I'm about.'

She departed without another word, following the attendant into the inner prison.

'A fine piece of cheese, this—it strikes me'—chuckled the warder, with a wicked twinkle in his eyes—'it will do. Anabaptisters are better trencher-men than I took them for. Here, Jane,' he called to a grey-eyed sullen faced woman who seemed to be his wife—'put this in the pantry. I'll have some of it for dinner; and mind—no tales.'

Meanwhile, the woman, with her basket, had passed along several corridors, and at length came to the door of a cell before which the attendant stopped; and taking up a huge key from his girdle, he opened it, and saying—'Only ten minutes, mind,' again closed it, pacing to and fro outside, until the time should be expired. With a cheery smile lighting up his features, a man stepped forward out of the shadows to meet her, and flung himself around her neck, weeping tears of joy.

'I knew you would come, Maggie,' he said—'God be praised! He has more than answered my prayers, for I only wished to see you;—and, you have brought me blessing on blessing. But you are tired and chill; here, sit down upon this mattress. It is all the furniture we have; but let us bless God for his abundant mercies and Fatherly love.'

Giles could not eat, though she pressed him very hard to do so, as only women can. His heart was so full and bright, that he felt neither hunger nor weariness; but forgot his own wants in inquiring after his children, how they fared, who was seeing after them, whether they were hurt in the scramble at the chapel, how was the little toddling

habe, and whether she herself had been suffered to get home unmolested. Immediately after his apprehension, it seemed, she had endeavoured to get away with her two children, the little boy of eight years, who had so naturally cried out when the constable seized his father, and a meek blue-eyed dreaming girl of eleven; and after much scrambling and difficulty, had succeeded in getting outside the chapel, where she and her little ones were pretty well plastered with mud by the excited crowd. She had taken them home, and, leaving them in charge of the servants, had spent most of the night in seeking out the place of confinement to which her husband had been conveyed. This done, she returned home, in the gray dawn, and snatching a few minutes of agitated sleep, she had arranged home-matters, and once more set forth upon her pilgrimage with a basket of provisions.

Their converse was soon broken by the appearance of the jailor.

'God bless you and preserve you, and my dear children'—exclaimed Giles in parting. 'Do not fail to trust in Him, Maggie. He never slumbers nor sleeps.'

'Never fear,' she answered in broken accents. 'If God is with us, who can be against us? I will come again to-morrow; and, perhaps, they will let me bring our little one. Farewell!'

The door slammed, the huge bolts clinked, the heavy lock was turned, and very soon the echoing footfalls died away in silence, and once more Giles Newbury was alone; and the gloomy shadows of his cell, beaten back by this radiant visitation, asserted their presence and power, and he fell upon his knees in prayer.

Day after day and week after week the same scenes were gone through, and the lonely woman came to comfort the lonely man; for the prison authorities were determined to have no more meetings and prayings, and had divided the little batch of prisoners and brethren into separate cells. For some

things Giles did not dislike this change. It made his daily interviews sweeter, less reserved, and more thrilling; but then the solemn sombre silence of intervening hours smote him down into bursts of passionate sadness. He tried to be cheerful, happy, and serene. He read and prayed and meditated, thinking of holy men in their self exile from the world, and likening himself to Elijah, fed by ravens near the brook Cherith. Now and then he placed his mattress near the wall, and climbed up to the bars, and hung there in an ecstasy of joy as he caught a tiny glimpse of the blue sky and its freight of sunny clouds. He amused himself by carving his name in the solid stone, by watching spiders in their webs, and by various other innocent devices. And yet, in spite of them all, he was often sad—very sad. The pelting rain would pour in through the bars, the room would get so dark that he could not read, the biting winds would chill his frame, the jailor would be gruff and stern and shorten Maggie's stay, and the lasting loneliness of his self-companionship grew burdensome and crushing. He was tempted to try and escape, and knock down the jailor, to hang himself on the bars, to smash his fevered brain against the wall; but he struggled and prayed until once more a holy calm pervaded his mind, and as he shaded his face with his hands to hide the darkness without him, tears of joy sometimes bedewed his eyes and trickled through his fingers. Of time and its measurements he knew but little. His only method of reckoning was by Sabbaths, for each one of which he had made a nick in the stone, immediately beneath his name.

After a time he became inured to his position, and although his face became pale and his eyes grew preternaturally bright and glazed, he was strong, hopeful, and unconquered. Many friends would have visited him had they been permitted,

but they were not. Since the death of his father, and his marriage, which had taken place some seventeen months after, Giles had rapidly become a man of note, so that his imprisonment affected a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who did their best to cheer him through Maggie, and who would have done more had they been able. Occasionally they sent him short letters of sympathy and affection, but necessarily refrained from all allusions which might be construed against themselves or their friend.

It was rather interesting to note the various opinions expressed by his friends.

Old Midge said, 'God sustain him! I always liked the lad.'

Deborah, his mother, wept first, and then through her tears blessed God for such a son, saying to herself—'It would have been so with Nathaniel, although I am glad he is spared the pain of it. Well might he love him so!'

Keturah, sighed, and looked sorrowful. 'Mother,' she said, 'I *should* like to see Giles in his prison home—but I'll write to Maggie for him, and send him a few violets inside. Is there nobody can release the poor man?' And a dim shapeless memory stirred in her mind, and made a pleasant thrill in her blood. Of whom could she be thinking?

'Brave Giles,' said Elijah, with boldness. 'He sets me a noble example, which I will not be slow to follow. Years gone by I used to think that his steadfast firmness and straight on-looking would come to

something, even when I half-envied him father's praises. But—and he smothered a deep sob—'there's work for every man to do now, who dares to be one; and I've surely got mine.'

Carlton neighbours were less complimentary. 'He had always been a singular youth, a little odd,' one said; 'a trifle cracked,' another suggested; 'and was sure to get into difficulties,' added a third, 'because he was so very fond of speaking the plain unvarnished truth!'

Lathwell bore the news, like a Stoic, after some very considerable tremors of feeling, when Maggie had told him her pitiful tale.

'I don't like to think bad things of my partner,' he mused one chill day when for a few minutes he could not see well enough to go on copying; 'but he is rather singular in his views, and men of singular views are sure to get in trouble, even when they may be right. But perhaps I ought not to say so. I think he's sincere, but then that notion of his about free-will and the rest, is quite a revolutionary one, and likely to lead into every possible form of error; and I should think by this that he's cured of it, and find's comfort in predestination. For my part I don't well see how he can help it, the whole affair is so mysteriously strange to me.—He has shook my belief more than once, but this imprisonment seems—ah, ah, it must be. But dear me—there's the clock just finished striking and I should be sitting down to dinner. O Zachariah, Zachariah—to what a pass these vanities are leading thee!'

CHAPTER XI.—FIDELITY TO CONSCIENCE RATHER THAN FREEDOM.

GILES was not alone in his misfortunes. In various parts of the country similar seizures had been made, and great numbers of persons choose rather to suffer fines and imprisonments than become forswearers and renegades. Religious affairs generally were getting hopelessly wrong. The general election which took place in the beginning of the

year in which our hero was imprisoned had brought back to power Cavalier members and incensed representatives. The House of Lords was restored to its former strength and importance as a civil and religious body, and religion was again swathed in enactments and bound down with formalities. Royalist churchmen were alarmed at the in-

crease of Dissenters, and Dissenters were emboldened by their numbers and made more zealous by harassing measures. There were still many Church ministers who held, in the main, to the fundamental tenets of Dissenters, and who, although they preached in steeple-houses, as the Quakers called them, preached a gospel of a kind that was not commonly heard from the mouths of rectors and vicars,—a gospel in which there was more love than learning, more faith than fanaticism, more of Bible than of prayer-book, more of Christ than of king. But churchmen were in power, and what was to hinder them from doing as they pleased? The Church was right, always was, and always must be. Dissenters were wrong, always had been, always would be. And then there was that terrible hydra-headed monster of Sectarianism, born of the devil, abhorred of God, devastator of the church—why could it not be crushed, smothered, and annihilated? A little less than a century ago had they not decreed that every person above the age of six, excepting the nobility and others, should wear a certain shaped woollen cap on Sundays and holidays — ‘plain statute - caps,’ as Shakespeare calls them—and surely now they could do something nobler, and make a plain statute-religion that should look well about a man and be warranted to fit everybody. And this makes me notice a little fact that is not commonly known but is wofully true. The worst churchmen here have always been for crushing Dissenters and sects by imposing upon them the formularies of their own church; and the best churchmen have always been those who have praised its creeds and formularies because they were so admirably calculated to leave a man a free thinker up to a certain point, allowing ample room for endless and curious differences of opinion. One says, Here, take the rules, and your sectarianisms will be cured. The other argues, Accept the creeds, and you will find them the best legal

guarantees and protectors of these same-isms and-alities, so long as you do not broadly and flatly contradict them. Thus uniformity is to be sought by crushing unhealthy variety, and a healthful variety is to be gained by an imputed uniformity. Between these extremes the Church has oscillated for two centuries, and her very history is nothing less than a working out of the paradox.

But to come to the memorable fact that looms through these wild years of play-going, persecution, and profligacy. The memorable Act of Uniformity was passed, and a certain time was allowed the godly ministers we have spoken of to consider whether they would receive episcopal ordination, accept the Prayer Book, and abjure the League and Covenant. Some did, but others refused, and on Sunday, August 24th, 1662, two thousand ministers were ejected from their livings and homes, and the English Saint Bartholomew was consummated. Even those who condemn Dissenters for their championing of these men are obliged to confess that it was a terrible and lamentable business.

The news of these measures reached Giles Newbury in his prison, and made him sad. There were many ministers he knew and loved who were now chargeless, houseless, moneyless. Had he been out of prison he might have helped them, but as it was he could not do it. Elijah too, wrote from Carlton that the minister of the church there, in whom some leanings towards Puritanism had latterly shewn themselves, had smothered them, received ordination, and become a bigoted wielder of spiritual power against those with whom he had formerly held council and worshipped. And when faithful, untiring Maggie came with her daily kindnesses and smiles, bringing with her sometimes one of her children, sometimes a book, and sometimes a letter, Giles would pour out to her his heart's strong emotion, and she would warm him into love and cheer him into faith.

'O Maggie?' he would say, 'when will these things have an end? How long, O Lord, how long? Have I not counted the days of mine anguish, and still is my darling despoiled. My enemies compass me about, and fears have gat hold upon me. Cruel jailors torment me, and how is my soul straitened and bereaved. I long for death, and it is not; for release, and it comes not; for God and I cannot find him,—thou, only thou, comest with sweet blessings and loving words. O that God would restore to me the joys of his salivation!'

'My husband, my husband,' Maggie would answer with a woman's eloquent anguish, 'Be not so complaining and faithless, but believe in God, and dungeon-bars shall be as Jacob-ladders to your soul. Wrestle in prayer, and divine peace shall pour oil and balm into your wounded heart. Fear not, for God, even our God, is the guardian of his church and will shelter his little ones in their dangers. Weep not for me—I too am often lonely and sad, and darkness swoops down upon me with terrible wings; but I know that you are mine, never so much so now; and God gives me strength for my body, hope for my soul, and joy in our children. Better imprisonment than banishment, Giles—better die than give up your faith.'

And the stricken, prostrated man would renew his strength, and once more be valiant and trustful.

Lathwell was getting very anxious about his partner. Business did not get on so well with all his planetary punctuality, and he missed Giles in many ways. He had at last managed to get to see him, and found him weak, somewhat desponding, and sad-hearted at what was going on outside.

'He'll die soon if he is not released' thought Zachariah, as he retraces his steps by the jailor's side along the sounding corridor. 'I must see if I cannot do something for him. Strange, that he should come to me in misfortune and I should find in him a friend, and the

son of a friend, and yet he should not see that our fate is bound up together and not ask me to do anything for him. Ah, still stranger,—well, I must see about it. I'll go to the bishop and get a "cautionary bond" at once. A week to-morrow, and my friend's birth-day will come round again, and I shall be forced to think of my parting from his father. I see the hand of God in these times and seasons. My partner will surely be released.'

The good man went to the bishop of the diocese, accompanied by a friend who was himself a churchman, and they two offered 'a Cautionary Bond,' as it was called, whereby they guaranteed that the prisoner should duly conform to established religious usages and laws within half a year from that date. Of course this was taking upon themselves a good deal, but they were bent upon getting Giles out of his prison, and did not stick at trifles. The bishop ordered his release upon the faith of the bond, and Lathwell hastened joyfully to communicate the good news to the prisoner. He almost forgot himself in his unselfish joy. He reached the prison-gate, and there was Maggie, dim-eyed but smiling with her daily store. He showed his documents to the jailor, and he and Maggie entered together. Very soon the long corridor was traversed, and they stood before the iron-clamped door. A quick thought shot through Lathwell's brain, and made his blood leap again. *It was January the 15th, the day Nathaniel and he had parted for ever!* 'The Lord be praised,' quoth he, 'our times are in His hands.'

The greetings over, the bond was read, and still Giles made no reply. Lathwell was confounded.

'My dear man,' he was beginning to say, when he caught the expression of his friend's countenance. A look of sad reproach came from his eyes: and yes,—he was in tears, and Maggie too. What had he done to make them thus? Had they heard some sorrowful news? He dared

not ask. He blushed, half in anger and half in shame, and still those reproachful eyes were bent upon him, and for once in his life he too was unmanned and wept. Was it fear, foolishness, or faithlessness? He scarcely knew, and all thinking seemed an impossibility. When would Giles take away his eyes? He was getting dizzy, confused, and trembling. O that Giles would speak, upbraid him, or answer him—such silence was agony.

‘Will you go?’ at length Lathwell mustered sufficient courage to ask in a very unnatural tone of voice, ‘You can go to-day, if you will.’

The temptation was very great, and Giles could not restrain his emotion, and Maggie clung closer to him and wet his cheek with tears. She lifted one hand over her husband’s eyes, and with the other motioned Lathwell to depart. But still the terrible sphinx asked, ‘Will you go?’

‘Friend,’ answered Giles, after a long pause and with a husky voice, ‘I thank you, but I cannot. I am a servant of Jesus Christ, and He bids me stay. He is better to me than my life—He halloweth me in my bonds. But leave me, leave me now,—it cannot, cannot be.’

MUTUAL EDIFICATION.*

EDIFY ONE ANOTHER, AS ALSO YE DO.—1 THESS. v. 11.

SUCH is the deceitfulness of the human heart, and so prone is man to think more highly of himself than he ought to think, that more judgment is perhaps required in commending persons for what may be truly estimable in their character and conduct than in any other thing. There are indeed those who appear to think that it is improper under any circumstance to speak of the good qualities of others. Hence it matters not how many excellencies even a Christian brother may display, the fear lest they should make him proud causes them to be silent about them. He may be meek and lowly in heart, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, and an example of faith and love, patience and zeal to all around him, but though a word of approval from them might incite him to greater diligence in the Christian calling and prompt him to still more active efforts in the Saviour’s cause, it is carefully withheld. He may be watchful and prayerful, and earnest in his endeavours to do good and communicate good, but they give him no credit for his care to maintain good works; neither can he tell whether they approve or

disapprove of his conduct. We know it is written *Let every man prove his own work, then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.* We admit that they who so carefully abstain from saying anything which might fill others with pride are actuated by pure motives, although it is plain that they attach no little importance to their own opinions and are somewhat vain themselves. We cannot, however, for one moment allow that their conduct is either wise or Scriptural. It is not wise, for it is not discriminating. It does not recognize the difference existing in the mental temperament of men. Some are naturally vain and forward; others are modest and retiring. To the latter a word of approbation is an incentive to labour. Why then should it be withheld from them? Because it might be injurious to the former. Is such a course wise? Is it just? It is not. Nor is it Scriptural. Our blessed Lord and Master never hesitated to use the language of commendation when it was deserved. Did He not

*A Sermon preached by Rev. F. Chamberlain, of Fleet, at the Ninety-third Annual Association, held at Halifax, June, 1862.

speak in high terms of the faith of the centurion, and of the woman of Canaan? Did He not express His approbation of whatever was lovely and of good report in the seven churches of Asia? He did; and in this respect as well as in others Paul imitated Him. If in his Epistles he sometimes dealt in reproof, he never failed to applaud what was praiseworthy. 'I myself,' he wrote to the Romans, 'am persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye also are full of goodness, filled with all knowledge, able also to admonish one another.' The Philippian he commends for their kindness and liberality; the Colossians for their faith and love; and the Thessalonians for their work of faith, labour of love; patience of hope, and their care to edify one another. Now what Paul did it cannot be wrong for us to do; although it is to be feared there are but few churches to which we could write, saying, *Edify one another, as also ye do.* The particular thing for which the Thessalonians are here commended is, their diligence to establish each other in the faith of the truths they had been taught. In this respect they are worthy of imitation. We should *follow the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.* Every disciple of Christ is bound not only to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling, but to do all he can to promote the spiritual interests of every other disciple. This we suppose none present will deny. But as what is admitted to be true has not always that influence on men's walk and conversation it ought to have, we have thought it might not be unprofitable to you if on the present occasion we addressed you on the subject of 'Mutual edification.'

The word rendered *edify* in the text, means properly to build as a house, to construct, to erect; then to rebuild, to renew, and according to some to adorn, or ornament; but when, as in the text and in other parts of the New Testament it is applied to the church of Christ

and its members, it means to build up, to establish, to confirm, or to do anything by teaching, counsel, admonition and reproof, to promote the growth of believers 'in all the principles, affections, and holy habits of the spiritual life.' The propriety of this application of the term must be apparent to every one who reflects on the comparisons employed by the Apostles when describing the church. Thus for instance they sometimes speak of it under the figure of a building; at others of a house; and often as a temple, and a habitation for God. Of this building Christ is the foundation or the chief corner stone, according to God's promise. *Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.* Hence it is that believers in Him united together in a church capacity are spoken of as *lively stones built up a spiritual house, and are said to be built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord.* Constituting, therefore, as those who are joined to Christ do, one great temple erected to the glory of God, having no separate interests, but united for one object, or *builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit,* it is obviously their duty to do all they can to improve each other in holiness; and thus not only to render apparent the beauty of that glorious edifice of which they form a part, but to shew forth the praise of the great Master builder, *whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end, being rooted and built up in Christ and established in the faith.*

But in what does edification consist? This question may be considered both in reference to individuals and to a church, or the body of Christ. Considered in reference to the former, edification consists in their establishment in

the knowledge and belief of the truth, and their improvement in all holy conversation and godliness. It imports that *their love abounds yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment*; and that they are constantly adding to their faith, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness and charity. It implies their advancing from the state of babes to that of young men, and from that of young men to fathers in Christ. They who are edified either by the ministry of the word, or by any other means, *grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*; they increase in spiritual strength and *leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, go on to perfection*. Whoever may be carried about with divers and strange doctrines, or are unskilful in the word of righteousness they are not. Their hearts are established with grace, they are able to distinguish things that differ, and are filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ to the glory and praise of God. They daily increase in likeness to the Redeemer, in zeal for His glory, and in meekness for heaven. Now if this be true with respect to individuals, it follows that the edification of Christ's church consists in its increasing knowledge, faith, love, unity, zeal, and spirituality: and that a church may be said to be built up when its members are living in obedience to the precepts.—'Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace. Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel—stand fast in one spirit—with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel.' Obedience to the commands of Christ on the part of the members of His mystical body, and the edification of his church are inseparably connected. *Then at*

the churches rest throughout all Judea, and Galilee, and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied.

Abundant provision is made for the edification of the Redeemer's people and church. If you will turn to Ephesians iv. you will find this subject set forth in the clearest light. There the apostle, after having exhorted his brethren to unity, specifies the gifts which Christ the glorified Head of the church, bestows upon the members of it, and informs them of the gracious end for which those gifts are bestowed. *When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. And He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers. And for what purpose did He give these? To excite the admiration of men, or to amuse them, or to furnish them from time to time with an intellectual treat? Judging from what they say, this seems to be the opinion of not a few; but the apostle declares they were given For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ: That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of man, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; But, speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ: From whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in love.* These words teach as plainly as words can, that the Lord Jesus bestows the gift specified in order that his people may be instructed in divine things, confirmed in the faith, and attain to

the highest elevation in Christian knowledge and piety. This truth is borne in mind by every true minister of the gospel. He aims

'To establish the strong, restore the weak,
Reclaim the wanderer, bind the broken in
heart,
And arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms,
Bright as his own, and trains by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.'

Others may seek to secure a reputation and attract attention by scientific discourses or metaphysical disquisitions, but he labours by manifestation of the truth to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God, and to build up the people of his charge in faith, love, and obedience. Hence it is plain that if those to whom he ministers the word of life do not increase in knowledge, become firmly grounded in the doctrines of the gospel, and grow to the stature of a complete man in Christ, the fault rests with themselves. It is either because they neglect to improve the religious privileges with which they are favoured, or to discharge toward each other the duties which devolve on them.

It is also the duty of the members of the church of Christ to edify one another. While those who are called to preach the word, are bound to endeavour to confirm the disciples of Jesus in the faith, and to train them for heaven, it is the duty of every member of the body of Christ to strive according to his ability, to promote the spiritual interests of his brethren. *Edify*, is the command of the apostle. Nor has any one a right to expect to be edified by others unless he yields obedience to it. The great reason why some who have for years professed the Saviour's name cannot be spoken of as spiritual, but as babes in Christ; why others are weak in the faith, and in danger from the slightest temptation; and why many more experience so little enjoyment and are strangers to the

assurance of hope, is because the duty of mutual edification is neglected. Numbers indeed act as if everything required of them as members of Christ's church consisted in attending the house of God and contributing a trifle to the support of His cause. Not a few seem to think that it is their province to find fault and censure their brethren, or sit in judgment on those who are placed over them in the Lord; but as to doing anything to improve others, that is a matter about which they give themselves no concern. While this state of things continues the church will never be what her Head intended her to be; nor will her members be found perfect and complete in all the will of God. Ministers may study and preach, but unless the disciples of Christ co-operate with them, by labouring to do each other good, Zion will not appear the perfection of beauty nor will her borders be widely extended. Then seek both to build up yourselves on your most holy faith and to aid your brethren in their course. 'Lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees, and make straight paths for your feet lest that which is lame be turned out of the way, but let it rather be healed. Follow peace with all, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.' Say not you have neither time nor opportunity, nor ability to attend to the duty enjoined; for whenever you meet together if it be for but a few minutes, an opportunity is afforded you of edifying one another, and you have only to let your speech be sound that cannot be condemned, and your conduct accord with your profession to benefit each other.

How may Christians edify one another? Various are the ways in which they may confirm one another in the faith, and promote each others' advancement in the divine life. Indeed all their intercourse with each other ought to be conducive to their individual improvement.

Christians may edify one another by their conversation. Speech, as one remarks, is an invaluable

gift. A blessing of inestimable worth. We may so speak as always to do good to others. We may give them some information which they have not; impart some consolation which they need; elicit some truth by friendly discussion which we did not know before, or recall by friendly admonition those who are in danger of going astray. 'A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good;' and by conversing together on religious subjects Christ's followers may instruct, counsel, comfort and strengthen each other. Thus indeed should they attempt to build each other up whenever they meet together. Instead of spending their time, as is too often the case, in finding fault with this one, or in pointing out the defects of that, or in commenting on the errors of a third, or in foolish talking and jesting, they should endeavour to cheer each others' hearts and to animate each other to press forward with alacrity and zeal to the heavenly kingdom. They should talk together by the way, of the doctrines, precepts, and promises of the gospel; of their individual trials, difficulties, temptations and discouragements; of what God has done for them, and of the prospect before them. Their intercourse then instead of being baneful, would be beneficial, and by as much as it improved themselves it would promote the interests of true piety. Brethren, 'Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good, to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers. The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.' It is affirmed of those who feared the Lord in ancient times, that they spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon His name. We are called upon to follow them; and if we really are anxious to be of service to our brethren, we shall

not only say to them, Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul; but so order our conversation that it will tend to establish their confidence, and encourage them to bear trials with patience, to surmount difficulties, to overcome obstacles, to repel the attacks of their foes, and to give diligence to make their calling and election sure.

Christians may also edify one another by their example: by being patterns to each other of faith, love, and joy; of patience under afflictions; of fortitude in enduring trials; of submission to the divine will under losses, disappointments, and bereavements; of zeal for God's glory; of heavenly mindedness—yea of every active and passive grace. Paul tells the Corinthians that their zeal had provoked many. What he affirms with respect to their ardour and promptitude in contributing of their substance to relieve the wants of others, ought to be true with respect to our whole conduct as Christians. It is our duty so to live as to excite others to stand fast in the faith, and to constrain them to seek increased conformity to Him who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. By their example, the aged and experienced may promote the edification of the young and inexperienced. By being sober, grave, temperate, sound in the faith, in charity, in patience, the former may encourage the latter to follow on to know the Lord and consequently do them much good. We mention this not because we have any doubts with respect to the elders among us in this matter. We are not of those who would charge them with a neglect of duty. Nor do we think it modest on the part of those who are but just girding on their armour to find fault with the veteran who has never turned his back in the day of battle, but who has for years resisted the enemy and held on his way. Still the aged should seek so to live as to be able always

to say to the younger—'Walk so as ye have us for an ensample. Be followers of us, even as we are of Christ.' Example has a powerful influence, and he who is anxious to be useful to his brethren will endeavour so to walk and to please God as to induce them to give diligence that they may be found of Christ in peace, without spot and blameless. This is what every one of you can do, and if you really edify one another you will be patterns to each other of meekness and kindness, gentleness and forbearance; of confidence towards God, and devotedness to His service. By your conduct you will rouse each other up to increased energy in seeking that the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named would grant you according to the riches of His glory to be *strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love, May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.*

Christians may edify one another by faithfully, yet kindly, reminding each other of their faults and by their mutual exhortations. In this manner Paul repeatedly urges the servants of God to attempt to do each other good. Hearken to the counsel he gives them. 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord. Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works. Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another and so much the more as ye see the day approaching. Exhort one another daily while it is called to-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness

of sin.' But though it is plain from these Scriptures that it is the duty of the members of the church of Christ to warn each other of danger, to reprove each other for wrong doing, and to strive to excite each other to walk worthy of Him who has called them to his kingdom and glory, yet it is a duty much neglected. One sees another in danger but he does not caution him. The inconsistent conduct of a second is observed and pointed out, but not to him. A third falls into sin and his charitable brother says—Ah I have long suspected him; it is not the first time he has transgressed. What language! Did we know it was language which any of you were accustomed to use we would thus address you. Did you suspect the fallen one? Did you tell him what you suspected, and entreat him to walk more circumspectly? Did you not? Then be silent and humble yourselves before God, for how know you but it is through your negligence that he has gone astray? It is written, 'Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart, thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour and not suffer sin upon him. If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death: if thou sayest, behold we knew it not, doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? And He that keepeth the soul, doth not He know it? And shall not he render to every man according to His deeds?' If the church is to be kept pure and to be built up, if every one of her members is to be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, every one must try to be useful in aiding the feeble, in cautioning the careless, in restoring the erring, and attempt by teaching, counsel, persuasion, expostulation, and rebuke to preserve his brethren from danger, and to constrain them to hold fast their profession, and to walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work.

(To be concluded in our next).

THE BLACK BARTHOLOMEW COMMEMORATION.

III.—THE SPIRIT AND PURPOSE OF THE BICENTENARY.

THE celebration of the memory of the Two Thousand of 1662, is in every way an appropriate and seasonable historic revival. Our age is retrospective as well as progressive. The young To-day looks back with reverent and thoughtful musing upon the elder Yesterday. Never perhaps was there less disposition than now to curb the advancing genius of the church with the rust-eaten shackles of antiquity, but never was there a stronger desire to shape and guide our progress by a careful regard to the experience of the past. Such reflective reminiscence is wise; it is a looking back befitting the people and kingdom of God. The teaching of the past has a high value in the present, and is of prophetic significance for the future. In the march of life we may load ourselves with the spoils of time without encumbrance. The spirit of the fathers, in the struggles of their day, may best inspire us for the conflicts of ours. Nor are Englishmen of two hundred years ago an unworthy subject of study. The era of which they are the representatives is famous in history, in religion, in literature, and song. The records of that period are a storehouse of facts and principles for the guidance and inspiration of the politician and divine. To con over the words and deeds of the best men of that day, to re-issue their writings, to refresh our recollection of their faithfulness and heroism are demanded by the exigencies no less than suggested by the spirit of our time.

For had this St. Bartholomew Commemoration no special appropriateness we would neither counsel nor participate in its observance. Every year is the jubilee, or centenary, or bicentenary of something. But we care not to give the prominence of historic revival to that which has for us no marked moral or religious significance. It must be noted, however, that the lessons which the events of 1662 teach, though of special interest, are of general and not of denominational application. As Baptists we were ever a firm phalanx in the van of religious freedom. Our attachment to the great principle of liberty of conscience is far older than 1662. We have never placed ourselves under the shadow of any ecclesiastical synod or establishment. We have never sought authority to preach from any human source. We trace our descent from the apostles through no corrupt Papistical channel. We are not Protestants strictly, for we were never in the bosom of the Romish Church, and did not come forth protesting. We are not Nonconformists, for we never conformed to any Episcopal or Presbyterian establishment. We are not Dissenters, for we never feignedly or unfeignedly gave our assent and consent to any faith or formularies imposed by State authority. We object to regard any Establishment, Romish or Anglican, as a standard, and to name ourselves according as we agree or disagree with its requirements. The Scriptures are our rule and law, and tried by them we neither protest, nor dissent, nor refuse to conform. We accept the doctrine, we adopt the practice which they enjoin. On Christ's authority we preach a gospel which we in good faith believe is for every creature, and in Christ's name we baptize those who confess their faith in Him. Our church polity we base upon Scriptural precedent, and we ask nothing of the State but the rights of citizenship. But though Apostolic Baptists, we are also Englishmen, and as Englishmen paying tythe and tax we have an interest in the faith and practice of our National Church; and as advocates and promoters of religious liberty we join in those movements

which aim at the complete emancipation of the Church from the bondage of the State.

In the light of the events of 1662 we may consider to advantage some of the pretensions of the Church of England to the enjoyment of her prescriptive rights and overshadowing domination. She claims, first of all, to be a comprehensive church. She boasts of the breadth of her basis, and her liberal policy of inclusiveness. The ejection of the Puritans illustrates the fallacy and untruthfulness of this assumption. The Two Thousand desired to be comprehended in her communion, but she cast them out. Parliament and Convocation made it impossible that they could remain in the Church, and be honest. The Act which excluded them is still in force, and the revised Prayer Book to which they objected still imposed. Exclusiveness, not comprehension, was the aim of every Act of Uniformity, as the very title of the Acts itself suggests. They were framed and passed 'to secure universal agreement in the worship of God.' Even the articles of religion, agreed upon in 1562, were 'for the avoiding of diversities of opinion, and for the establishing of consent touching true religion.' The legislation of the Church through the Parliament, her acknowledged head, has usually been of a restrictive character, to mark off Christians of a different faith and order from her communion or livings. Every movement for legal comprehension, whether by the Stillingfleets and Tillotsons of the times immediately succeeding the ejection, or by others, has signally and ignominiously failed. The oaths and declarations she imposes, the order she prescribes, make our Anglican Church bristle all over with the points of the most rigid exclusiveness. If there is comprehension within her pale, if there are High Churchmen, and Low Churchmen, and Broad Churchmen, Puseyites, Evangelicals, Mystics, and Rationalists, it is clean contrary to

Act of Parliament, and each party may well accuse the other of not being true to the principles and traditions of the Church.

But she claims also to be the bulwark of Protestantism. The ejection of 1662 shows what an equivocal defence she offers to the great principle of 'justification by faith,' and what little dependence can be placed upon her championship of evangelical truth. It was the evangelical sentiments of the Puritans that made them offensive, and secured their ejection. They opposed the priestly pretensions of the Church. They objected to the Romish ritual, to the sacramental theory of salvation, to the degradation of the canonical Scriptures by the elevation of parts of the Apocryphal to their side. If then, the salt of good doctrine remains in the Church, and the leaven of gospel truth is found in its teachings, they have no legal right there. Sacramental piety is what the law prescribes, and evangelical piety is clearly contrary to Act of Parliament. Our English Sovereigns are styled 'Defenders of the Faith' because Henry the VIII. wrote against Luther and the Reformation; is our English Establishment entitled the bulwark of Protestantism because the legislation which has settled her faith and ritual was framed for the express purpose of driving forth honest evangelical ministers from her pale?

There is still another feature of the Church of England, according to her apologists, upon which this ejection and subsequent acts throw light, viz: her universal friendliness and lovingkindness. We are often told she is the mother-church, the indulgent and generous mother of us all. She protects us all under the shadow of her toleration, as the hen gathereth her brood under her wings. Hostility to the Church by those outside her boundaries is most unnatural and ungrateful. It is the opposition of Dissent, grown ungodly, political, and malicious; and so on. Now by the events of

1662 and their immediate consequences, we are reminded that if the Anglican Church is at all disposed to friendly regard of other denominations of Christians, it is not written in her constitution, it is not recorded in her history, it is not apparent in her traditions, it is not found in any legislative act which affects her relations with the Christian world. She drives out the Puritans. She follows them by Conventicle Acts and Five Mile Acts to exile, seclusion, poverty, and death. She shuts out from municipal honours those who do not unite in one of her ordinances. She closes her universities against the world, or when with reluctant hand she opens the doors, she still padlocks all her coffers, and bars every road to distinction, emolument, and power. She maps out the land for herself, and by her parochial system establishes a gigantic and oppressive monopoly. She looks upon other ministers than her own as infringing upon her royal patent of teaching, encroaching upon the rights of her exclusive guild, doing irregular and illegitimate business with her spiritual merchandise, and defiant of her ecclesiastical game-laws poaching in her manor of souls. Yielding to popular pressure, she may repeal the penalties her spirit of persecution has affixed to conscientious opposition to her claims, or devout worship outside her fold, but she talks all the while of the sin of schism, of the 'brand of Dissent,' of the grace of toleration, and offers no honest and kindly recognition of any church except her own, and that from whence she came. She may join the Evangelical Alliance and speak soft words of peace to all who love our common Saviour and Lord, but her alliance stops where it begins—on the public platform; and even Krummacher and Monod must preach outside her consecrated walls. She stands at the door of her temples, on the stairs of her pulpits, at the side of her communion tables, and at the very entrance of her graves, and

says, 'Only those who wear my badge, pronounce my shibboleth, and swear by my ritual, shall minister or officiate here.' Yet with all this manifest in her spirit, imprinted in her statute-book, vaunted along her bristling line of exclusion, and emblazoned on the shield of her defence, this Church, so confessedly and literally militant, speaks with the bitterest words of reproach, if the arrows of those she provokes to hostility chance for a moment to rattle like hail within her camp.

Our position as communities of free churches comes out boldly into relief in the presence of the facts of 1662. Legislative enactments have made us plainly and clearly inimical to the Anglican Church. Whatever our disposition to promote the common weal of the universal church by sinking our differences respecting State-aid, and associating with the ministers of the National Establishment on equal terms (and on no other terms can we associate), Acts of Uniformity, and the like, throw up an insurmountable obstacle in our way. No alliance of the Church of England with us in any Christian work is possible except an alliance at once hollow, insincere, and unequal. Against Popery she will sometimes seek and accept our aid, but against sin, and ignorance, and ungodliness she will not and cannot unite with us. Any approach to real friendship she resents as a degradation. The late Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, was a friend of Wilberforce, and sometimes found that great philanthropist amongst his Sabbath congregation. The sons of Wilberforce, of whom the Bishop of Oxford is one, are at pains in their biography of their father to show how impossible it was that so good a churchman as their father could recognize Dissent by attending even occasionally the ministry of Mr. Jay. The Rev. J. A. James, of Birmingham, and the Rev. Canon Miller, were on intimate terms of friendship, but who ever heard of Canon Miller preaching for his dear brother in Carr's Lane chapel, or

inviting him to officiate in St. Martin's church? The Church of England divides herself off from all other churches in life and in death; and places them, whether they will or not, in an hostile encampment. The position we hold, we are driven to by the sad schism of her ecclesiastical exclusiveness. Our tents are pitched outside her consecrated soil, and therefore she regards us as her sworn foes. She declines all brotherhood or fellowship with us, legislates to prevent it, and then reproaches us for our enmity! Baptists, Independents, Wesleyans, Presbyterians, differing widely from each other on many points, yet recognize each other as Christian churches and more or less interchange the courtesies and salutations of Christian brethren. But the Anglican Church recognizes no church as a church of Christ except her own and that of Rome; and threatens with the most vindictive penalties the minister who secedes from her communion to any other Protestant body. Until her constitution and laws are changed, she must therefore continue in her arrogant isolation, the very beau ideal of schism, the Ishmael of churches—her hand against every man and every man's hand against her.

The apologists of the Establishment when speaking of themselves or of us are not remarkable for scrupulous exactness of statement. When Sir John Pakington, two months since, in his place in Parliament said, 'I believe that the Church of England is the most tolerant church in the world; and I believe that she will never lose by continuing to act, as she has hitherto acted, upon conciliatory and truly liberal principles,' he spoke like a good Churchman but a bad historian. But when Sir C. Burrell declared, 'The Church of England includes every one who does not exclude himself from it by dissenting from the fundamental tenets of Christianity,' his devotion to the church carried him beyond himself. Is the declaration that the Prayer

Book contains in it nothing contrary to the Word of God, 'a fundamental tenet of Christianity?' Are the dogma of baptismal regeneration, the practice of kneeling at the Lord's supper, the ceremony of episcopal ordination, the doctrine that God takes all the baptized when dealt to Himself, the principle of forcing men by process of law to pay to the support of a church from the faith of which they conscientiously differ, are these also 'fundamental tenets of Christianity?' Was the creed of Baxter, Howe, Charnock, Philip Henry, and the Two Thousand, or their ejection, a creed from which 'the fundamental tenets of Christianity' had been expunged? Do the many thousands of English Christians who will not now include themselves in the Established Church also dissent from and reject 'the fundamental tenets of Christianity?'

But it is idle to answer assertions so wild and indiscreet as this; and it is for a far more worthy purpose that we recall the memorable events of 1662. Great principles are thereby illustrated, and sublime self-consecration to the cause of God and truth exemplified and enforced. The whole church owes something to the ejected ministers for the testimony they bore in life and death to the reality of religious faith. In an age of insincerity, profligacy, and atheism, they believed and therefore spoke, they laid hold upon the pure Gospel of Christ as eternal truth, by which they lived, for which they suffered, and on behalf of which they would, if necessary, die. Theirs was the true martyr-spirit, though slower torments than the fires of Smithfield consumed them. As free churches, we especially owe to their memory a debt of gratitude for the strength which they added to our cause. Their secession was a great gain to our ranks. By their learning, their influence, their piety, their noble sufferings for conscience' sake, they gave such an impetus to Dissent, and such political importance to Dissenters, that only a few years after it was found the

Act of Toleration could not longer be delayed. The Statute-book and the Census now confess that we are not to be ignored or despised. From being small obscure sects we have advanced steadily and surely until now we include half the nation in our various religious communities. The Act of Toleration of 1688, the new Act of 1812, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, Catholic Emancipation, the almost accomplished abolition of church rates, the relaxation, repeal, or practical suspension of other laws which savour of religious intolerance bear witness to our progress and influence. It is doubtless humiliating to think that our birthright as free men is not yet accorded to us, that in the eye of the law we are simply tolerated, that is, suffered to exist under protest by the clemency of the Established Church; but it is something to know that government has been compelled to acknowledge our growing power.

It was in every way a suicidal act for the Church of England to cut off such men as the brave Two Thousand from her fellowship. Going at once amongst free churches, most of them advanced to far clearer views of the province of the civil power, and the province of the church, than they held previous to their ejection. 'The iron yoke of conformity,' as John Milton phrases it, had not 'left its slavish print upon the necks of them all;' neither did 'the ghost of a linen decency' haunt them. They confessed with that greatest of Englishmen, 'that neither traditions, councils, nor canons of any visible church, much less edicts of any magistrate or civil session, but the Scripture only, can be the final judge or rule in matters of religion, and that only in the conscience of every Christian to himself.' They believed with him, and they acted upon their faith, that 'he who to his best apprehension follows Scripture, though against any point of doctrine by the whole church received, is not the heretic; but he who follows the church against his conscience and

persuasion grounded on the Scripture.'* The unfaltering testimony of these noble confessors to the supremacy of conscience over all ecclesiastical and political enactments and decrees, places them among the greatest of the heroes of the church. In the midst of faithlessness they were found faithful. Not for place or power, for wealth or ease would they be false to conscience and traitors to truth. They dare not assent to formularies which they deemed contrary to the spirit and teaching of Holy Writ; they could not minister at God's altars with perjured and unholy hands; they would not allow any law, system, or formula of man's making to step between the soul and its rightful Lord. It was a trial of unusual severity to which they were exposed;—not a short sharp death at the stake, but the furnace of a living martyrdom, and by the grace of God they passed through it with unflinching step, and only their bonds were loosed.

There is need for the exhibition of this example of manly conscientiousness in these quieter and more peaceful days. Conscience, it is commonly alleged, is being courteously and politely bowed out of the church. Clerical subscription is explained away, until men have come to think they can sign the Articles of Religion, and declare the Prayer Book in everything agreeable to the Word of God, and pledge themselves to both, and then believe and teach and practice what they please. Our national truthfulness and honour are imperilled by this unexplained clerical tampering with truth. The invention of a non-natural sense of words is the only miserable refuge yet known of religious teachers in a transaction which plain business men would not in other affairs hesitate to stamp as a pious fraud. This Bicentenary, with its grand example of honest refusal to subscribe, came not an hour too soon.

* *Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*, 1659.

Moreover, Dr. Lushington's judgment in the case of the accused *Essayists* and *Reviewers* is a very timely contribution to the movement. He stated clearly that the law knows nothing of a non-natural sense in subscription. He says, after showing that the clergyman must be tried by the Articles and Liturgy, and not by Scripture, or the divinity of the church, 'Subscription is a most solemn act, and though the court cannot take cognizance of the intentions of a clergyman when he subscribes, yet the law will hold him to have taken the obligation. *Secundum animum inponentis*,* and that mind is the plain grammatical sense of the articles themselves. The subscription to such articles is a declaration by the subscriber of his conviction of their truth and a promise to abide by them.' All churchmen, High, Broad, or Low, will do well to 'hear the church' speaking thus, in the voice of one of her own authorities, and to regard his clear and well-considered judgment. Whatever they may make of it, however with Dr. C. Vaughan, and others,—they may explain it away, in the eye of the law, and before God, subscription is a most solemn act. This year of commemoration bids us all consider our ways, and be loyal to truth, to conscience, and to God. The heresy of some, and the dishonesty of others, are matters of common fame and scandal. While we free churches celebrate the fidelity of the Two Thousand, and their resistance to unscriptural tests, let us be faithful ourselves, and impose no unscriptural tests upon others. While the Church of England seeks to purge herself from false doctrine, let her not sanction false and insincere professions of faith. Let her offer a satisfactory explanation of the facts that what evangelical ministers in 1662 dare not do,—their reputed successors in 1862 find no difficulty

*According to the mind or intention of the imposer.

in doing; that a declaration imposed to eject those who did not believe in sacramental salvation two hundred years ago, is yet freely made, and therefore admits into the church, those who profess not to believe in sacramental salvation to day.

But in honouring the Nonconforming clergymen of 1662, we would cast no uncharitable reflections upon any, who while agreeing with them in principle yet differ from them in practice. The subscription to the Articles and Liturgy of evangelical clergymen is a painful anomaly to us, but to their own Master they stand or fall. Nor would we revive the remembrance of heroic men to call down reproach and scorn upon their persecutors. It is not with us, as with some in days gone by. Not to execrate but to bless would we look back. The bones of Wycliffe were exhumed and burnt by the generation that followed him, his ashes were cast into the Swift, and carried to the sea—'the emblem,' says Fuller, 'of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.' The graves of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were dishonoured, and their bodies hanged upon the gallows, by abettors of this Act of Uniformity. But no such malignant purpose is ours. Laud, Sheldon, and Morley may rest in peace. Only because they are in the dark background of the story are they mentioned. We would honour the brave and the true, but let the veil of oblivion rest upon the false. Yet not because in this commemoration we may read a much-needed lesson to the living, will we be deterred from awarding our meed of praise to the dead; and not because the light which encircles the names of the Two Thousand with the splendour of heroism throws a shade over others of their own and of our day, will we be content to suffer the memory of the illustrious to lie buried in the shadow of the past.

THOMAS GOADBY.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW BICENTENARY PAPERS.

THE Central United Bartholomew Committee of Evangelical Nonconformists has rendered good service to the public. In the admirable circular issued early this year they referred, as among the objects they contemplated, to the delivery of a course of lectures in London, 'by men thoroughly qualified to give a fitting tone to all subsequent efforts,' and also to the collection and preparation for the public mind of information on one of the most important events recorded in English history.

We have now lying before us the volume, the lectures, and a greater part of the papers thus prepared. There is, to begin with, a thick 8vo. book of 500 pages, entitled *Documents relating to the Settlement of the Church of England by the Act of Uniformity of 1662*. It contains much important information, such as ordinary histories do not give, and such as can very rarely be got at except in large public libraries. We have the Declaration of Charles 2nd from Breda, and an account of the interview of the Presbyterian ministers with the king; the Discourse of the ministers with Charles in London; the Bishops' answer; His Majesty's declaration to all his loving subjects of his kingdom of England and dominion of Wales concerning ecclesiastical affairs; a proclamation prohibiting all unlawful and seditious meetings and conventicles under pretence of religious worship; the king's warrant for the Conference at the Savoy; the text of the Act of Uniformity; the Conventicle Acts of 1664 and 1670; and the Five Mile, Test, and Toleration Acts. It will be seen from this reference to a few of the documents to be found in this volume (there are more than thirty in all) how invaluable it will prove to all lecturers on the approaching Bicentenary Commemoration. The book may be had, too, for the marvellously small price of four shillings and sixpence.

The four lectures have already been brought before the public. The first tells *The Story of the Ejection*, excel-

lently well; the second is on *Fidelity to Conscience*, and will make any Evangelical clergymen wince who reads it; the third is on *Nonconformity in 1662 and 1862*, a very able lecture; and the fourth is on *The Design and Effects of the Act of Uniformity*.

In addition to these, the same Committee has issued a Tract series that we hope will be very widely distributed. The tracts contain well-digested information on their several subjects. We have before us, *The First Protest; or the Father of English Nonconformity*, in which Master Hooper is shown to have been a genuine Nonconformist more than a hundred years before the Act of Uniformity of Charles 2nd; *The Savoy Conference*, so-called from its being held in the palace of the Savoy in the Strand, at which Conference the attempt was avowedly made to meet the demands of the Puritans for a revision of the Liturgy; *A Summary of the Public Proceedings which issued in the Act of Uniformity* which title sufficiently indicates the contents of the tract; *Farewell Sunday*; containing very interesting accounts of the last services of some of the ejected ministers; *The effects of the Ejection*, on the ministers who were ejected, on the state church, and on dissent; *The Nonconformists of 1662 and the Book of Common Prayer*, a narrative of the attempts made to secure a revision of the Liturgy previous to the Savoy Conference, going back to the year 1545, and a brief reference to the Savoy Conference; and lastly one *On Clerical Subscription*, containing a history of subscription, a glance at subscription such as is now required, and proofs of the falsehoods involved in clerical pledges. Other tracts are to be issued—on *The Book of Sports*, *The Star Chamber and the High Commission*, *The Act of Toleration*, &c. We have very great pleasure in commending the whole of the above series of tracts for general distribution. They are decidedly the best issued.

A F A R E W E L L

ON THE DEPARTURE OF MESSRS. STUBBINS AND BROOKS FOR INDIA.

August 12th, 1862.

I.

FAREWELL, noble gospel heralds, with grief we say, Farewell,
 Our lips with faltering accents move, our eyes with weeping swell,
 As join our hands in parting, perchance 'twill be for aye,
 And who the spirit's night of grief can cheer and chase away?
 Where is the breast that does not heave to part with long loved friends?
 That feels no sorrow-gushings when its blest communion ends?

II.

Fare ye well, blest gospel heralds, with joy we say, Farewell;
 We know the cause ye labour for your Master loveth well,
 For this He left His heavenly home, for this our earth He trod,
 To lead us weary wand'ring souls to our Father and our God,
 To give to man a life below, a nobler one above,
 O glorious God-like mission this, that filled His heart of love.

III.

And this is your holy mission, your soul-enobling toil;
 Like Him you leave a country dear, for far-off foreign soil,
 To raise men by a dying life, from a worse than living death,
 From a sin-born superstition, to a pure and peaceful faith.
 And shall we then be weeping while ye go forth to the fight,
 And lift no welcome song to hail the dawning of the Light?

IV.

Fare ye well: may He support you, when the last adieu is said,
 And the white cliffs of Old England in the woven mist-wreaths fade.
 When the heart begins to ponder o'er the parting words of love,
 Yet would fain forget the fleeting isle, looking forward and above, [tell,
 When the waves that wash the wind-wooded shore would still our heart-throbs
 Murmuring in their plaintive music a faint yet fond farewell.

V.

And when nothing else is round you, save the gambolling wavelets' play,
 And the azure sky seems lonely, her clouds so cold and grey,
 With no prospect save the ocean, which to spray-capped peak now towers,
 Now to undulating meadows calms, with foam-flakes for their flowers,
 Our prayers will be ascending for your safe return to land,
 To Him ' Who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand.'

VI.

And thou dearly-loved Orissa, we have glorious hopes for thee:
 Yet the true Lord of the universe shall reign in black Pooree,
 The banner of the cross be lifted where no Christian feet have trod,
 And Bhubaneswara yet shall hate her thousand shrines for God,
 The pure celestial river be the only sacred flood,
 And but one glorious caste be known, the Christian Brotherhood.

VII.

Farewell! when for us all shall ope the gates of the unseen,
 And noiselessly we thread our way the white-robed ranks between,
 Widowed mother then shall meet her loved and only son,
 And her happiness shall brighten, gazing on the crown he's won.
 Then, O blissful thought! together in that land Christ's own shall dwell,
 Where no eyes shall weep at parting, and no lips shall lisp farewell!

F. W. G.

Notices of Books.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PROSE WORKS OF MILTON. Edited, with Memoir, Notes, and Analysis, by REV. S. MANNING. (*Bunyan Library*). London: Heaton and Son, 21, Warwick-lane.

'MILTON'S advocacy of our distinctive doctrinal peculiarities is so full and precise that we need only refer our readers to it as a sufficient justification of our publication of *Selections from the Prose Works of Milton* in the "*Bunyan Library*.'" Such is the concluding sentence of Mr. Manning's memoir of Milton in the volume before us. How far it will be regarded as sufficient by those who do not happen to be Baptists it is not for us to determine. Many will doubtless think that Milton is being dragged down from his pedestal of honour to take part as a mere sectary, and would rather that no attempt had been made to claim him as a Baptist. For ourselves we frankly confess that we are glad of any means by which his masculine prose writings may be brought more extensively before the English public. They are full of the soundest philosophy and the strongest common sense, and are presented in a guise which thoughtful minds at any rate will be ready enough to receive.

Mr. Manning's memoir is a judicious one, and fairly meets the objection raised against Milton's later theology. The selections are ecclesiastical, historical and biographical, and miscellaneous. The ecclesiastical are the most numerous. The editor has prefaced his quotations from every treatise with a short historical introduction, and has prefixed a title descriptive of its contents to every selection given. The good index at the end will assist any reader in at once finding the passages quoted. We most heartily recommend the volume to those of our readers who are unacquainted with Milton's Prose Works. Those who are already familiar with them

will find these Selections a very useful souvenir of the choicest passages.

PREDICTIONS REALIZED IN MODERN TIMES. Now First Collected. By HORACE WELBY. Author of 'Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity.' London: Kent and Co., Paternoster-row.

Mr. Welby uses the word prediction in its widest sense. It therefore refers, not only to prophecy, but to prognostications, forebodings, and divination. Very curious is the information gathered into this volume. It only affords another illustration to the thousand and one already given to the saying—that nothing is stranger than the follies of sensible people. The contents of the book refer to days and numbers, prophesying almanacs, omens, historical predictions, predictions of the French Revolution, the Buonaparte family, discoveries and inventions anticipated, Scriptural prophecies, &c. It will at once be seen that the book is full of interest. Many an odd half-hour will be pleasantly and profitably employed in company with such a volume.

HANDBOOK OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE, for the use of Students and others. By J. ANGUS, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society.

In addition to many other honours and duties Dr. Angus is examiner in English language, literature, and history to the University of London. His very selection for that distinguished post marks him out as everyway qualified to prepare such a Handbook as the one before us. The volume presents what at first sight looks like an appalling mass of information, but a closer acquaintance with it reveals how orderly as well as compactly the labours of Latham, Trench, Key, Marsh, and others have been given. It is no book for mere pastime, but

must be studied, closely, persistently, and with very great care. The effort to compress a great deal into a little compass has necessarily given a certain dryness to the book; but to those who wish to study scientifically the English Tongue we hesitate not to say that no one book contains so much information so admirably digested as Angus's Handbook.

THE MYSTERY OF THE INCARNATION.

By ARCHBISHOP USHER. London: Nisbet and Co., Berners-street.

This discourse is reprinted from the editions of 1649 and 1677. The object of its re-issue is, to contrast the preaching of the clergy of the Anglican church two hundred years ago with that which prevails in the present day; and the re-issuer is a member of the Established Church.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE C. B. ROBINSON, ESQ., of Leicester. By J. P. MURSELL.

London: E. Marlborough and Co.

Mr. Robinson was well known in Leicester. He was eminent for his piety, his liberality, and his general usefulness. He had been a deacon of the church of which Rev. J. P. Mursell is pastor for more than thirty years. His death is a loss, not only to the church of which he was so efficient a member, but to the Christian community, and to the borough. In the pamphlet before us the character of Mr. Robinson is sketched by the loving hand of his pastor.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES. Compiled by REV. JAMES MALCOLM. Luton: W. Stalker.

Mr. Malcolm tells us that this volume is published with a twofold

object; to excite the young to an acquaintance with the original memoirs of the men therein sketched, and to raise a few pounds towards the erection of a chapel in a village destitute of the public means of grace. Both objects are good. The memoirs treat of Williams, the missionary, Chalmers, Kitto, and Professor Wilson.

THE DUTIES AND PROSPECTS OF BAPTISTS. By WILLIAM WALTERS. London: Heaton and Son.

Mr. Walters, in this discourse, first adverts to the antiquity of the Baptists, our orthodoxy, numbers, intelligence, social position, and usefulness—all showing that we have no cause to be ashamed. He then enumerates these as our duties:—To understand our principles, faithfully represent and earnestly advocate them; to remember in their maintenance and advocacy that we occupy the position of a witnessing church—witnessing to the supreme authority of the will of Christ, for a personal, intelligent, and voluntary profession of service to Christ, and for spiritual religion; and that in whatever light considered, these duties press upon us. Mr. Walters, in glancing at our prospects, speaks of the future as full of hope, increased by the accordance of our principles with the Word of God and the spiritual character of the New Testament dispensation, by the age being one of thought and enquiry, and by the concessions of those who differ from us. We heartily commend this discourse to all Baptists. Not four thousand but forty thousand should be printed.

Correspondence.

THE BICENTENARY THANK-OFFERING.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—At the Association re-

cently held at Halifax, I had the honour of moving a resolution, which the assembled brethren cordially adopted, affectionately requesting the churches to make collections on or about the 24th of

August next, the proceeds of which should be divided between the College Purchase Fund, and the Foreign Mission. May I, through you, address a few words to the churches in recommendation of the scheme?

First then, I ask, will it not be an appropriate expression of thankfulness to God that He has cast our lot in happier times than those of which this Bicentenary celebration reminds us? Two hundred years ago this summer-time what sadness filled the hearts of the pious throughout our land! What a multitude of sorrowful partings were taking place between pastors and congregations, between faithful shepherds and warmly-attached flocks! What painful questionings were going on in many minds as to the path of duty! With what disappointment and dismay were those stricken who had been zealous for the onward march of their country in freedom and goodness! It is true that the principles of religious liberty are by no means universally understood and acted upon even now; but still, the progress made has been great. As compared with former times Nonconformity may now be said to 'walk in her silver slippers.' Instead of being persecuted and proscribed, we have now as Dissenters the protection and countenance of the civil power. From the pulpit, through the press, in the public-room, or in the open square, almost when we will, and how we will, we are at liberty to disseminate our views of Christian truth. Surely for the light and liberty we now enjoy thankfulness is due! And how can we better express our thankfulness than by the presentation of a free-will offering toward the support of agencies whose object is the yet wider diffusion of a knowledge of Christ's glorious gospel?

Some friends, for whose opinion on many subjects I have profound respect, have deprecated what they call 'the clinking of the money-box' on this great Bicentenary occasion. I trust I am not presumptuous in

saying that to me there seems more *sound than sense* in this objection. The apostle John once said, 'Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in *deed*.' So I say, let us not on this coming 24th of August content ourselves with chanting Pæans on the excellence of our Nonconformist principles, and the heroism and conscientiousness of the brave 2,000; but let feeling manifest itself in *action*; let admiration take the form of *imitation*. We are not, it is true, called upon to make sacrifices for duty's sake in exactly the same form as our forefathers; but, thank God, there are ways in which we may still, if we have but loyal hearts, act out our love to Christ and His truth, and one of these ways is the liberal monetary support of Christian Institutions.

It may be said that many of our friends have already given handsomely to the New College Building Fund, and this we joyfully admit. But are there not thousands of our members who have not as yet contributed a farthing to it, simply because no appeal has been made to them? Their means will not allow them to come forward with their five pounds and sovereigns, and they have not as yet been asked for their half-crowns, and shillings, and sixpences. Yet my conviction is, that many of our poorer friends will feel a positive pleasure in contributing their small sums to this good cause. Though they cannot do much, they will rejoice to have a brick in the building, and their small gifts, as we all know, will be as acceptable to the Lord of hosts as the larger donations of our richer brethren. Besides, 'many a little makes a mickle.' Supposing 100 only of our churches to collect upon the day in question on the average £10 each, the total result will be £1000—a sum which, divided between the College and Foreign Mission, would both relieve the latter from its present difficulties, and with respect to the former, do much to realize the wish of our zealous treasurer, that during this

year enough should be either given or promised to clear off within five years the whole debt on the building.

As it regards the Foreign Mission, help is imperatively needed. Unless it be given, I apprehend that serious complications must arise. And the help may as well be given at once as a few months hence. Moreover, it will be pleasant to feel that we are all acting together, and that the work is diffused, and not left to a comparatively few liberal friends. As one of the incidental results, an increase of mutual confidence and mutual love will be the result.

Then, dear brethren, let arrangements for these collections be at once made. Let the October number of the Magazine announce a good long list of them. I am sure the churches will rejoice when the thing has been done. No one will have been hurt; a good and noble deed will have been wrought; anxieties of worthy brethren will have been dissipated; a foundation will have been laid for extended future usefulness; Christ will be glorified!

Your brother in the gospel,

W. R. STEVENSON.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCE.

THE YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE assembled at Heptonstall Slack, on Whit-Tuesday, June 10, 1862. In the morning the Rev. C. Clark read the Scriptures and prayed, and the Rev. T. Gill, of Shore, preached from Matt. x. 13-16.

In the afternoon the Conference met for business. Rev. C. Springthorpe presided, and Rev. B. Wood, of Bradford, prayed. According to the report, sixty-three had been baptized since the last Conference, and thirteen remained candidates for baptism.

The following resolutions were passed:—

1.—That the minutes read be confirmed.

2.—That we very cordially welcome the Rev. C. Clark, of Halifax, into this Conference and district.

3.—That under existing circumstances we feel unable to adopt Dewsbury as a Home Mission station; but that we recommend to the friendly regard and prayerful superintendence of our ministers at Bradford and Leeds, the General Baptists residing in that town.

4.—That we thank the Rev. J. Taylor for his services as Home

Mission Secretary, and pray that he may enjoy richly the blessings of God in his new sphere of labour.

5.—That the Rev. C. Springthorpe be our Secretary for the Home Mission the next year.

6.—That we thank Rev. R. Ingham for his services as Treasurer of the Home Mission, and request him to remain in office another year.

7.—That the Home Mission report prepared by the Secretary, and read by the Rev. C. Springthorpe, be adopted and forwarded to the Association.

8.—That whilst we sympathize with those of our churches who have large debts, or who painfully feel the depressed condition of trade, we think it desirable that every church select some time in each year in which the friends shall have an opportunity of contributing to the institutions of the Body.

9.—That the next Conference be held at Call-lane, Leeds, August 26, and that the Rev. C. Clark, of Halifax, preach in the morning.

P.S.—In consequence of certain repairs being made in Call-lane chapel, the services connected with the Conference will be held in Byron-street chapel, Leeds.

O. HARGREAVES, *Secretary.*

BAPTISMS.

STOKE-UPON-TRENT.—Two friends were baptized June 6th, who were received into the church on the following Lord's-day. The services on both occasions were conducted by the Rev. J. Cholerton, of Coalville, which were well attended and very interesting, and we trust will be productive of good.

DERBY, *Osmaston-road*.—On the evenings of June 11th and 18th, five persons were baptized. These are the first baptisms we have had in our new chapel. All present were deeply impressed with the appropriateness of the arrangements for the observance of the ordinance of baptism.

HOSE.—June 15, five young men were baptized by Mr. F. Mantle, and in the afternoon they were received into the fellowship of the church. Seventeen years have elapsed since so many were added at one time. It was a day of rich enjoyment. We have evidence of further prosperity. F. M.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Wednesday evening, June 25th, six friends were baptized by Mr. Harrison, and on the first Sabbath in July were added to the church. J. S. C.

BRADFORD, *First Church*.—On Lord's-day, July 6th, we baptized eight believers in Jesus, and in the afternoon they were received into our fellowship. We are happy to say that others are inquiring their way to Zion. B. W. B.

WHITWICK.—On Lord's-day, July 13th, four persons were added to the church by baptism.

ANNIVERSARIES.

BROUGHTON.—On Lord's-day, May 25, we had our Sabbath-school anniversary. The Rev. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough, preached. The congregations were good, and the collections about £5. On the following day we had our annual tea meeting, after which addresses were delivered by the Rev. E. Stevenson, Messrs. Worthington, Featherston, and Edlin, Wesleyans. W. U., B.

MARCH, *Cambs.*—*Anniversary of the Sunday-school*.—On Sunday, June 15, the Rev. T. W. Mathews, of Boston, preached the sermons; and on Monday, the 16th, the children met for their usual treat. The public meeting held afterwards was well attended. It appeared from the report that nearly 300 children were under instruction in the three sections of the school; that during the year seven of the more advanced scholars had joined the church, and that many more were hopefully impressed. The entire report was of a peculiarly gratifying character. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. W. Mathews, S. S. Allsop, of Whittlesea; J. Forman; J. Codd, Wesleyan; S. Fairly, Independent; and T. T. Wilson, the pastor.

CONINGSBY.—On Lord's-day, June 15, two sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Sharman, on behalf of our Sabbath and Day-school. In the afternoon of the Tuesday following, the children received their annual treat of plum cake and tea. The evening meeting was well attended and suitably addressed by Revs. W. Lee, W. Sharman, and Mr. Briggs, of Horncastle.

WHITWICK.—On Lord's-day, June 8th, 1862, the annual sermons on behalf of the Sunday-school, were preached by the Rev. W. Underwood, president of the Chilwell College. The congregations were good, and the collections were larger than for many years past.

SHORE, *near Todmorden, Yorkshire*.—The annual sermons on behalf of our Sabbath-school were preached on Lord's-day, June 8th, by Rev. J. Harvey, of Cheshire. The congregations were overflowing; collections and donations over £40.

GOSBERTON.—The jubilee of our Sunday-school was celebrated on June 8 and 9. The Rev. T. T. Wilson, of March, preached two sermons on the Lord's-day; and on the following day a public tea meeting was held in a marquee. Although the weather was very unpropitious, about 260 persons were present, and a large company attended the meet-

ing afterwards. The meeting was addressed by Revs. Wilson, Bevan, Cholerton, and Jones. The minister of the place, the Rev. J. A. Jones, gave an account of the origin of the school and its history during the past fifty years. Mr. Ludlow, the superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school, who was one of our first scholars, spoke on the same subject.

SAWLEY.—The anniversary sermons on behalf of our Sabbath-school were preached on Lord's-day, June 22, by the Rev. R. Nightingale, of Tipton, when the sum of £10 was realized in collections. On the Monday following the scholars had their annual treat, after which a large number of friends took tea together in the school-room.

T. P.

SILEBY.—On Sunday, July 6th, two sermons were preached in the General Baptist chapel, Sileby, by Rev. T. Bumpus, of Loughborough. Collections were made towards the extinction of the debt. On Tuesday, July 8th, a tea meeting was held for the same object. The trays were gratuitously furnished. After tea, a public meeting was held in the chapel, which was decorated with flowers and evergreens. Mr. J. Crosher, of Loughborough, presided. After a hymn and prayer, Mr. T. W. Marshall, of Loughborough, stated that, through the medium of Rev. T. Wilshere, a very handsome new Bible for the pulpit had been received from the Bible Society. The collections, tea, and subscriptions amounted to £21 6s. The remaining sum, nearly £11, was subscribed in the meeting. Addresses were given by Revs. J. Staddon, of Quorndon; T. Bumpus, E. Stevenson, G. Hester, and Messrs. Marshall and Baldwin, of Loughborough. A selection of sacred music was sung at intervals of the meeting.

FLECKNEY.—On Lord's-day, June 29, 1862, two sermons were preached here on behalf of our Sabbath-school, in the afternoon by Rev. T. Rhys Evans, of Countesthorpe, and in the evening by Rev. F. Islip, of

Kibworth Harcourt. The congregations were good, and the collections liberal. On Monday, June 30, a tea meeting was held in the school-rooms, when nearly seventy persons took tea. After tea, addresses were delivered by Revs. G. Miall and T. R. Evans, and Messrs. J. Beales, F. Webb, and J. Jarratt, of Leicester; J. Ellis, of Burton Overy;—Skinner, of Market Harborough; and G. Coltman. The Sabbath-scholars received their annual treat on Whit-Monday, June 9.

REMOVALS.

THE REV. J. TAYLOR, of Allerton, Yorkshire, has accepted an unanimous invitation to the General Baptist church of Maltby and Alford, in Lincolnshire, and entered on his stated labours there upon the 8th day of June last.

The Rev. J. Foster, of Leicester, who has for about six years taken the management of the Young Men's Christian Association of that town in connection with ministerial duties, having received a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the General Baptist church, Wendover, Bucks., enters upon his engagements, with encouraging prospects of success, on the first Sunday in September.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LEICESTERSHIRE JUSTICE IN 1662.—Mr. Richard Adams was ejected from his living at Humberstone, in the county of Leicester, by the Black Bartholomew Act of 1662. After his ejection he married a wife at Mountsorrel, and there set up a meeting in his own house. Many persons at first were afraid to appear there; afterwards it increased much, and he kept it about fourteen years. Justice Babington was very severe against him. He fined him twelve pence per day, and sent to the officers of the parish to make distress for it. The poor men were so troubled in their consciences, that they could not tell what to do.

At length, upon the justice's threatening them, they seized the pewter, and sent it to the pewterer's, who refused to buy it. After this the justice sent for him, and told him he was not against his keeping of school in his house; but if he would not leave off his meeting there, he must expect to be troubled. Soon after this the justice died by excessive bleeding. He was a sober gentleman, but zealous against Dissenters, and oppressed them more than all the other justices in the county. Mr. Adams retired to London. 'He was,' says Dr. Calamy, 'an Anabaptist, and succeeded Mr. Daniel Dyke, in the care of the congregation at Devonshire-square, a man of great piety and integrity.' He lived to a very great age, by reason of which he could not preach some years before his death; but was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Mark Key, who also succeeded him in the pastoral care of the church. — *Crosby's History of*

English Baptists. Vol. III. p.p. 37. 8.

SHORE.—*Sabbath School Treat, Baptism, &c.*—On Saturday, June 21, a series of services were held at Shore, both entertaining and profitable. At two o'clock, four persons were baptized by Mr. Gill. After that the Sabbath scholars, teachers, and friends had tea or coffee in the large school room. This was followed by a public meeting, presided over by the pastor. Some seven brethren gave appropriate addresses, which were interspersed with recitations by scholars and choruses by the choir. The frequent showers prevented the intended procession and open air service; but the young people submitted to the disappointment cheerfully, and all seemed gratified and profited by the in-door exercises, which continued until after nine o'clock. The four baptized were received into the church the following day. T. G.

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

June 28, at the Sunnyside Baptist chapel, Mr. James Pickup, of Reeds-holme, to Miss Mary Branes, of Scoutbottoms, Newchurch, Rawtenstall, Lancashire.

July 1, at Archdeacon-lane chapel, Leicester, by the father of the bride, Mr. T. H. Kirby, of Cheapside, to Lucy, third daughter of the Rev. T. Stevenson.

DEATHS.

May 29, at Oswestry, Rev. A. Chisholm, missionary, recently returned from the South Sea Islands, aged 47.

June 29, at his residence, Rev. John Leifchild, D.D., many years pastor of the Independent church, Craven chapel, Regent-street, London, aged 82.

June 30, at a chalet in Switzerland, M. Pasteur Berthelot, of the Evangelical church, Geneva.

July 1, at Apperleybridge, Lancashire, R. Milligan, Esq., late M.P. for Bradford.

July 14, at Great Gaines, Upminster, Rev. George Clayton, for fifty-one years the beloved pastor of the Independent church, York-st., Walworth, aged 79.

July 18, at Catter's Lodge, Heather, Leicestershire, William, youngest son of the late Mr. T. Kirkman, of Garland's Lane, Barlestone, aged 39.

July 19, at Derby, much lamented, after a long and painful affliction, Miss Eliza Wilson Owen, late of Loughborough, aged 52.

Missionary Observer.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE above meeting was held in the North Parade Chapel, Halifax, on Wednesday evening, June 25th. There was a good attendance, the chapel being filled. There appeared to be but one cause of regret, so far as the attendance was concerned, and that arose from the circumstance that the Mayor of Halifax, John Crossley, Esq., was unable to preside, as had been announced; he being unavoidably detained in London on corporation matters. The meeting having been opened by singing, and prayer by the Rev. J. Alcorn, of Burnley; John Earp, Esq., of Melbourne, Derbyshire, was unanimously voted to the chair.

THE CHAIRMAN said he much regretted the absence of John Crossley, Esq., who had kindly consented to preside on the occasion. He thought Halifax was more highly honoured than perhaps any other city or town in the kingdom, in having such a family as the Crossley's amongst its inhabitants. He had no doubt but that the influence of members of the family was most beneficial upon the town in which they lived. So far as he was concerned he felt inadequate to stand before such an influential assembly, and therefore he would not detain them with any speech of his own, more particularly as it was only a few minutes since he was requested to occupy the chair. He consequently called upon the worthy secretary to read the report of the society of the last year.

THE REV. J. C. PIKE, of Leicester, the secretary of the society, read a brief but interesting abstract of the report. In the absence, through illness, of Robert Pegg, Esq., of Derby, the treasurer of the society, Mr. Pike also read the cash statement

for the year, which shows the total expenditure to have been £4,918 6s. 8d. and the total receipts £4,541 11s. 9d., leaving a balance due to the treasurer of £376 14s. 11d. This was stated to be a rather more serious balance than might at first sight appear, as heavy additional expenses would be almost immediately incurred by the return of Messrs. Stubbins and Brooks, and their families, to India.

THE REV. GILES HESTER, of Loughborough, at the call of the chairman, said he thought that they had all great reason to be grateful; he felt grateful that he was permitted to be present. He was sure that many others felt thankful that they were present. Life was a blessing, health was a blessing, christian friendship was a blessing, but above all the grace of God in their hearts was a blessing; and as they were assembled that night with life, with health, and in the midst of christian friends, and trusting in the boundless resources of God's love, they had all reason to be thankful and grateful. Then there was another reason why they should be especially thankful. It was that they had with them two brethren, who a short time ago had returned from India. Their presence ought to be an incentive to gratitude. A few days ago one of the servants of her Majesty, recently returned from India, was laid in the silent grave. Earl Canning was dead; his body was now mouldering in the silent grave. But their brethren who returned from India a short period ago, with health shattered, were present with them that evening, with strong bodies and resolute minds, and were each ready to say, respecting returning to the India mission, "Here am I, send me." These brethren were about to return

to India, and what the early christian church said of their first missionaries can be said of these brethren; they said, "We send our beloved Barnabas and Paul unto you, men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." So that meeting said, "We send our beloved brethren Stubbins and Brooks unto Orissa, men who have hazarded their lives for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ." They were men who had risked their health and had given up their happiness, men who had surrendered themselves to this great and noble work. There was a greatness about any work connected with Jesus Christ; there was a moral grandeur about any servant of Jesus Christ; there was a halo of glory around every Sunday-school teacher, around every minister of the Lord Jesus Christ; but there was a higher grandeur about the men who gave up their happiness and their lives for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ. That meeting would send back men to India who had hazarded their lives for the Lord Jesus Christ. It seemed that the men of old went forth to preach the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. That name was to them all in all, they built upon Christ, not themselves; and they felt that their cause rested upon Him. That was the view which he (the speaker), took of the missionary enterprise. It was not to build upon any human foundation, not any human system of doctrines or creed drawn up by man; but it was to build upon the Lord Jesus Christ Himself; no other foundation could be laid than that which was laid, even Jesus Christ. He felt faith in the missionary enterprise because it was in connection with the Lord Jesus Christ. Barnabas was successful because he preached Christ; so was Paul, and so was Peter. They went everywhere preaching Christ unto the people. In the first ages of christianity there was success in the preaching of Christ. As the missionary enterprise was built upon the atoning death of Christ it must prevail. That death atoned for the

sins of all men in every part of the world. Christ was the foundation of their hope of success, because of His absolute dominion and power. He had power to destroy the slavery and tyranny of the world, and power to restore the moral beauty of man. All power, said the Master on whom this missionary enterprise depended, is given unto me in heaven and earth. The missionary went out because Christ told him to go; the thing was not a philosophical speculation, but their brethren went out in obedience to their Lord's command, to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. That command was unalterable — they could not change it; Christ would not withdraw it. He had laid it at the door of His church; and they were bound to render obedience to His Word. Their Lord not only told them their duty, but set the reward of its accomplishment before them. He not only brought them through the suffering, but put a crown of glory upon their heads. He had said that if He were lifted up He would draw all men unto Him. He had been lifted up on His cross; He had been lifted up in the proclamation of the Gospel, and still they were animated to duty by the remarkable promise; "I will draw all men unto me." That, too, was an unalterable promise, and Jesus Christ would fulfil it. He had purposed to gather all men around His cross, and then around His throne. That was His plan. What they had to do was to gather men around the cross, and the angels would gather them around the throne.

The REV. CHARLES CLARK, late of Chilwell College, and now minister at the North Parade Chapel, Halifax, was the next speaker. In prosecuting the work of compassion for which that society was established, he thought there was nothing more interesting and delightful than the proofs and marks of success of the Gospel furnished incidentally by the report of the society. As he listened to such a report he thought the account almost past belief, seeing

that India at the commencement of the present century was nearly closed against christianity; and hardly half a century ago, Dr. Buchanan had to write an apology for the introduction of christianity into that country. It had been said the late mutiny in India was the effect of the preaching of christianity; that the population believed that there was a design on the part of Government to upset the different religions in India. He, however, thought that the Government had never made itself particularly remarkable for lifting up the light of its countenance in support of the missionary enterprise. Mr. Clark alluded to the difficulties thrown in the way of the early missionaries, and stated that Mr. Wilberforce not very many years ago was scouted for bringing a motion into the House of Commons that India should be governed for the moral good of the people. Such had been too much the policy of the ruling power down to the present day. But in spite of all this the Gospel had made its way. The modern missionary enterprise was only about sixty years of age, yet they saw the face of the world rapidly changing under its influence. There were not only nominal but real christians in India, and since the mutiny that country had gained to herself more fully and thoroughly the prayers and sympathies of christians in all parts of the world. There was a class of difficulties in connection with the missionary enterprise in India not met with in other places, difficulties arising from Government and the superstitions of the people. Now with respect to the difficulties arising from Government, he was of opinion that the less they had to do with Government the better. The language of Diogenes addressed to Alexander the Great might be applied with a slight alteration: "Stand out of the sunshine, and let the light of God come down upon this dark land." What may be said of heathens in one place might be prognosticated of another. Their

character was fully described in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. A grand remedy was provided for those moral distempers. It was the power of God unto salvation in every one which believed. Then let the Gospel in all its power go forth; in the fulness of its blessing, in the fulness of its strength, and the evangelisation of every nation under heaven would be secured. He had yet to learn that there was any soil in the universe which would not grow the seed of the imperishable Gospel. Scatter it throughout the land, and surely there would be a bursting of the blade, a fulness in the ear, and there would be a magnificent harvest fit for the sickle in the end. Were there not some facilities presented in India for the spread of christianity not found in any other? It seemed to him that there was a sort of preparedness in the Indian mind to the Gospel of Christ. He supposed that it was extremely difficult to make some heathen people understand the mystery of the Incarnation, but the Hindoo mind could grasp that thought, because it was contained in his creed. They had but to peel off the superstition in order to make the Hindoo understand God reconciling the world unto Himself. He thought there was always something deeply interesting about a real missionary, a man who had been in the midst of those scenes which are so full of interest, and then comes back sun-burnt and travel-worn from the land of the waving palm tree, the land where the gems are born, the land of romantic superstition, and yet without all the land of spiritual death and darkness. He often wondered what could be the feelings of a missionary as he sat down, away from all who love him, amongst the overflowing vice that surrounds him in heathendom. He might despond, and the hard earth be often moistened with his tears, he might live to old age and mourn how little seemed the good accomplished through him; but though he died and feared his

work was lost, yet he had worked for God, and God has marked his toil, and rich fruit shall fall from the trees which His servant has planted, and be the seeds of good in many a coming year. Men were often impatient for the more rapid progress of the Gospel; not willing to wait God's time for the coming of the day for which they strive and pray. There is no stagnation and no precipitancy in God's working, and if we work on in faith in His promises, we shall find them a granite rock on which the christian toilers' hope may be built, and when the cry is made, "Watchman, what of the night," there shall be heard the echo of the cheering reply, "The morning cometh."

The REV. W. ROBERTS, Independent minister, Square Church, Halifax, humorously observed that he had watched anglers who had two hooks to their line, trying to catch two fish at once. So the framer of the resolution had sought to catch two speakers. To speak on the province of Orissa was not his province, but that of Mr. Stubbins. His (Mr. Roberts') sentiment must mean that he must say a few words as a minister of another denomination. Mr. Roberts then offered his hearty congratulations to the society, and wished it the utmost success. He rejoiced in the kindly spirit manifested in the invitation to him to take part in the meeting, and hoped that such a spirit might be ever increased amongst them. He was delighted at the thought that they were all engaged in setting forth that most compendious and comprehensive creed, offered to the Philippian jailor, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." There was nothing contained within the two covers of the Bible that was not summed up in the two words, "Jesus Christ." He congratulated Messrs. Stubbins and Brooks on having come to the determination to return to their old field of labour now that their health and strength were recruited, and being himself

exceedingly anxious to hear the missionaries, he would not detain the meeting by any further remarks.

The REV. ISAAC STUBBINS next came forward, and was received with cheers. He said he appeared before the meeting under very exciting circumstances, at least they were so to himself. He would say a word or two touching increased effort in aid of the mission fund. That was a topic which he rarely dwelt upon, for above all things he detested begging. But it was very important something should be said on that subject that evening, especially as friends were gathered together from the different churches throughout England. First he would refer to the smallness of the sum collected by the whole denomination for missionary operations. If they looked at the facts they would find that not much more than £2,000 was collected annually in support of the ordinary operations of the mission by the whole General Baptist denomination. That was a matter which ought to be taken to heart, for there were more than 20,000 General Baptists, and surely they should try to realise something more than £2,000 for the ordinary expenses of the mission. Then there was another fact to which he would advert, viz: what seemed to him the impolicy of several of the churches uniting together for the purpose of holding one annual missionary meeting. That plan was adopted in some towns where the society had several Baptist churches. Now those churches seemed to unite not to do as much as they could for the mission; but as little as they could. Instead, therefore, of two, three, or four churches amalgamating to hold one meeting they should each hold one separately. No church among the number appeared to exercise any responsibility in the matter, and therefore the congregations at such gatherings were usually comparatively small, and the collections as a result were comparatively small also. He believed that what was collected at the

united meeting of the two, three, or four churches, was only about what might be realised at a meeting of any one of the churches. That, however, was just a suggestion which he threw out to the members of the churches. He knew that their hearts were bound up in the great cause, and he mentioned these matters in order that they might be pondered over, and that each member might ask himself, "Could I not do more than I do now?" He had said that to his (Mr. Stubbins') mind there was something peculiarly exciting in that meeting. He had now been with his beloved brethren some time, he had visited their churches, he had received their hospitality, their kindness, in a manner perhaps enjoyed by few. He felt that his heart loved them with a tenderness and affection which no language could describe; and the thought cheered his soul as he remembered that the day was fast drawing on when their toils would close, and they would meet together at the right hand of their Saviour and their glorious Lord. And now he felt that he must say farewell, for his work among them had come very nearly to a close. He could feel in some respects thankful for it; for as the time had drawn on the excitement attending his separation had been almost too intense, for the thought took possession of him that he was in all probability looking upon his brethren for the last time upon earth. Soon Mr. Brooks and himself would return to the great work in which they wished to live and wished to die. Though separated the thought cheered their hearts and animated their spirits that the way to heaven was as near from India as from England; it animated their spirits to feel that though separated on earth they would mingle before the throne of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. God grant that it might be their glorious privilege all to meet in that world of joy and bliss! He must now just mention what many present in different places no doubt had

heard before. The last injunction impressed upon him before leaving Orissa was by their dear brother, GungaDhor. When he (Mr. Stubbins) was leaving him, the poor old man seized him by the hand and grasped it, and then said, "I should like to go to England with you; there are no doubt many rare things there, but the reason I should like to go would be to thank my dear brothers and sisters for sending me the Gospel. Tell them with my heart's fondest, deepest love, that I will thank them when I meet them in heaven." Now they would receive not only the thanks of that good man, but they would meet in heaven many of the redeemed spirits from the province of Orissa. Already many had gone from Orissa to receive the crown of life. He would not trespass more upon the time of the meeting, but simply say, Farewell brothers, farewell sisters, and may God be with you all, and may the light of His countenance shine upon you!

Mr. W. BROOKS said he believed that there never was a time when the people of Orissa and of India generally were more disposed to listen to the Gospel than now. It was quite true that they did not see so much success attending their labours as they would like, notwithstanding when they looked back at what had been done in the past, they were encouraged to take hope for the future. But for the system of caste, he believed that there were thousands in India who would at once declare themselves on the Lord's side. He had no doubt but that much assistance would collaterally be afforded to the spread of christianity in India by the extension of education and an acquaintance with the arts and sciences, as these would dispel many foolish notions. The other day he read in a correspondent's letter to *The Times*, respecting the opening of a railway in India—that on seeing the locomotive engine a learned Brahmin characterised it as a "fire horse," and exclaimed that "all the incarnations of the gods

of India never produced a thing like that." He expected that during the next cold season the Irrigation Company would commence their work in Orissa, and he believed that this would eventually, in a spiritual sense, be the means of good. Mr. Brooks referred to his position as superintendent of the printing department at Cuttack, and spoke of the educational works which had been, or which were about to be issued from the press there. He paid a tribute of honour to the labours of Dr. Carey, Dr. Sutton, Messrs. Lacey, Stubbins, and others. In conclusion, he said—Something had been remarked about himself and Mr. Stubbins leaving this country and giving up their happiness. Now he did not leave with the view of giving up his happiness. He certainly possessed an English heart and loved his friends here, but he had never felt happier than when pursuing his work in Orissa, and he had pleasures in store in that country.

A VISIT TO CHOGA.

Berhampore, May 26, 1862.

In the early part of February I had the privilege of accompanying Mr. Buckley on a visit to Choga—one of the most interesting and flourishing stations in the whole of the mission, and though since that time several months have been suffered to elapse, I hope a few particulars will not even now be unacceptable.

Behold us then kind friends as we leave Cuttack mounted on our best and only steeds, robed in white pantaloons, light coats, and capacious "sola" hats, a liberal supply of white muslin covering the latter and hanging loosely down behind to protect us from the rays of the sun. We slowly wend our way towards the sands of the "Great River"—these crossed we reach the water, now greatly diminished by the heat—a boat is in readiness to ferry us over but as our horses manifest unamiable

dispositions we are obliged to proceed separately, and being at present merely a visitor my turn comes first, and allows me no small leisure to study the two solitary sawyers who are patiently pursuing their work on the other side. The log of wood on which they are at work is fixed in nearly an upright position with one end buried in the sand and the other resting on a plank, put up for the purpose—it is happily unconscious, for the "iron" is evidently "blunt" and they have not "whet the edge," they have therefore to "put to more strength," and true to principle "what is gained in power is lost in speed," so that at best it is a slow and painful process.

I am now informed that we have a choice of two ways—one across roadless paddyfields, the other along a narrow track through the jungle—the latter is considered a little shorter, and as night is rapidly approaching we decide to take it. At first the jungle consists merely of low straggling brushwood, but as we advance its character changes—the trees are larger, the brushwood more dense, and the flowers more beautiful, while magnificent creepers festoon gracefully from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, sometimes touching the very ground in their luxuriance. Time thus passes on pleasantly until sunset, when as in the tropics no twilight ensues it rapidly becomes dark; but we now suppose ourselves near to Choga, and begin to look out earnestly for the thatched roofs of the houses above the dark line of jungle—we are not long before such a scene presents itself, and we suddenly come upon a village, but discover to our sorrow that it is not the one of which we are in search, and the unwelcome fact dawns upon us that in the darkness we have lost our way and have to retrace our steps through the gloomy jungle—jungle, moreover, which we know to be the home of the tiger and the occasional resort of herds of wild elephants. Only a short time previously the latter had broken into the compounds

of the native christians and done considerable damage. We secured the aid of a native policeman, who put us in the proper track, and as we were not very far wrong we soon reached our destination, where Mrs. B. was anxiously awaiting our arrival.

The village of Choga is pleasantly situated at the foot of an extensive range of hills. The land in the immediate vicinity is evidently very fertile, and is bounded on every side by jungle-land equally susceptible, I suppose, of cultivation. The chapel is a large white substantial building, with wide verandahs and thatched roof. Mats are spread inside, and compose the only furniture provided for the accommodation of worshippers.

During our short stay we visited nearly all the families in the village, and it is scarcely too much to say that we were received everywhere with smiling faces and a most affectionate welcome. Of course there were many inquiries and much conversation ensued, but in this I was unable to take part. My attention was in the meantime arrested by the many indications there were of worldly respectability — the cleanliness and comfort of the houses; the harvest, moreover, had just been gathered, and there were divers stacks of rice and other kinds of produce; teams of well-favoured kine were in many places "treading out the corn," in others large quantities of rice were in course of preparation for the market.

But there were some running observations kindly made for my own benefit, such as "here is the mother of one of the native preachers," "there is the house of the worthy deacon of the church." "this is the first woman who embraced christianity here," and "that is a rescued Meriah," and how full of meaning were these short sentences! Indeed in none but hearts utterly destitute of religious feeling could they fail to produce the tenderest emotion; for my own part, as I gazed on the dark but happy

faces of the people, remembered the wretched state from which they had been rescued, and the exalted privileges of which, as "the children of God" they are now made partakers, tears frequently rushed to my eyes, and my heart rose in gratitude to our common Lord and Saviour. They are indeed a noble testimony to the zeal and devotion of those who have patiently laboured through many dark and weary days for their salvation. Some of those devoted men now "rest from their labours," and truly "their works follow them." T. BAILEY.

COTTON IN INDIA.

THE question of the ability of India to supply England with cotton is one of great moment at the present time. I will tell you all I know about Orissa in relation to this important matter. I cannot speak of the Berhampore district. The districts of Pooree and Balasore produce less than is required for the population of the two districts. The soil of Balasore is not good for cotton, and experiments made under European superintendence have not been successful; while at Pooree if the soil were better, the difficulties in the way of transit could not be easily surmounted. There is therefore little to be hoped from either of these districts. The Cuttack district produces more than is required for the consumption of its population, and in the opinion of competent judges the quantity produced might with enterprise and energy be increased fifty or sixty fold. Nor have I any doubt that with proper care a very good quality might be obtained. A specimen from our garden some five or six years ago, was pronounced by Colonel ——— (a judge of no mean celebrity), to be one of the finest he had met with in India. The district of Sumbulpore, however, affords the brightest promise in Orissa; and there are thousands on thousands of uncultivated acres in this district

on which there is no doubt good cotton might be produced. I am glad to add, that the Government is fully awake to the importance of the crisis, and that with extraordinary energy and rapidity, a road is now being made from Sumbulpore to the False Point Light House, passing through Cuttack. This road will follow the course of the

Mahanuddy from Sumbulpore to Cuttack; and is in addition to the road by Ungool. To join this road another is being made from Sumbulpore to Raepore, which is 150 or 200 miles in the direction of Nagpore. Let us hope that India may be benefitted by these changes.
J. BUCKLEY.

Foreign Letters Received.

BERHAMPORE.—T Bailey, April 18, May 27	GOPALPORE.—J. Buckley, April 17,
————— W. Bailey, May 2.	May 1, 15, 30.
————— J. O. Goadby, April 17.	PIPLEE.—G. Taylor, April 17.
CUTTACK.—W. Hill, May 3, 16.	POOREE.—G. Taylor, May 17.
————— W. Miller, April 18, May 17, 19.	

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR NEW FOUNT OF ORIYA TYPE.

Amount already promised			£98	2s.	2½d.
BIRMINGHAM.					
	£	s.	d.		£ s. d.
Collected by the Misses Hawkes,					
Rev J. Harrison	...	0	5	0	
Miss Hawkes	...	0	5	0	
Mrs. Thomas Avery	...	0	5	0	
Mr. T. Haydon	...	0	5	0	
Miss Jones	...	0	5	0	
Mrs G. Atkin	...	0	5	0	
Small sums	...	0	17	0	
HEPTONSTALL SLACK.					
Mr. Thomas Sutcliffe...	...	1	0	0	
Mr. John Sutcliffe	...	1	0	0	
Mr William Foster	...	1	0	0	
Miss Ibbotson	...	1	0	0	
Miss Gibson	...	1	0	0	
Mr. James Hodgson	...	0	5	0	
Mr. W. Marshall	...	0	10	0	
Mrs. Gibson	...	0	5	0	
Mr. W. Sutcliffe, S.J....	...	0	5	0	
Rev. C. Springthorpe	...	0	5	0	
Mr. W. Sutcliffe	...	0	2	0	
LEICESTER.					
Profit from Missionary Breakfast at Archdeacon Lane	...	0	17	6	
LOUTH.					
Mr. W. Newman	...	1	0	0	
Mrs. Esberger 0 10 0					
Mr. Thomas Burton 0 10 0					
NOTTINGHAM.					
Mr. G. Truman 1 0 0					
Mr. James Baldwin 1 0 0					
B. Hine, Esq. 2 0 0					
PETERBOROUGH.					
Rev. T. Barrass 0 2 6					
Mr. E. Smith 0 2 6					
QUEENSHED.					
Mr. M. Stocks, senr. 0 10 0					
Mr. N. Firth 0 2 6					
TARPORLEY.					
Rev. J. B. Lockwood 0 2 6					
Mr. Wootton, (Crewe Hall) 0 10 0					
Mr. Roger Bate 0 5 0					
Mr. Joseph Aston 0 10 0					
Mr. John Aston 0 10 0					
Mr. T. Bate 0 10 0					
Small sums 0 15 6					
WISBEACH.					
R. Wherry, Esq. 2 0 0					
Miss Peggs 0 2 6					

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Treasurer, Derby; and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Secretary, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.



BICENENTARY, GENERAL BAPTIST CHAPEL, LINCOLN.

W. Penney, Architect, 28, Bold Street, Liverpool.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST
MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1862.

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INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE, DELIVERED AT THE
FAREWELL SERVICES OF BRETHERN I. STUBBINS AND W.
BROOKS, OSMASTON-ROAD CHAPEL, DERBY, JULY 29, 1862.*

AND I SAID, IT IS A LIGHT THING THAT THOU SHOULDEST BE MY SERVANT TO
RAISE UP THE TRIBES OF JACOB, AND TO RESTORE THE PRESERVED OF
ISRAEL; I WILL ALSO GIVE THEE FOR A LIGHT TO THE GENTILES, THAT THOU
MAYEST BE MY SALVATION UNTO THE END OF THE EARTH.—*Isaiah xlii.* 6.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.—
Mark xvi. 15.

We cannot miss the meaning of any prophecy of the Old Testament if we adopt the inspired application of it in the New. Without, then, pausing to consider the improbabilities of the quotation from Isaiah, and its immediate connection, referring, either to the people of Israel as a whole, or to the prophet Isaiah himself, or to the collective body of the prophets—for each of which opinions there have not been wanting learned and zealous advocates—it is enough for us that the Apostle Paul quotes the passage as applicable to the Messiah, and to the Messiah alone.

It therefore presents to every Christian mind a most attractive theme, a theme in the discussion of

which one might easily be tempted to step beyond the limits assigned to the introduction of the solemn and impressive services of this day. We shall, however, very zealously guard against that temptation, and content ourselves with shadding forth, in a very hasty way, some of those thoughts which it awakens; and especially as there is a certain question suggested by our second text to which we may appropriately devote a moment or two by way of reply.

The words of the prophecy before us obviously allude to the two great

* Printed in compliance with the vote passed at the missionary meeting held in the evening.

divisions of the Redeemer's work, and describe the main features of both. They foretell *the limitation of the personal ministry of Christ*. They also foretell *the breadth and grandeur of His mediatorial work*.—*It is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel; I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth.*

That the personal ministry of Christ should be confined to a limited sphere is not only predicted in the words just quoted. It is also reiterated in many other passages in the Old Testament. Indeed, whatever the name or title under which the Messiah is foretold, all the predictions point to His primary work as limited to the raising of Jacob and the restoring of Israel.

Such limitation was also demanded by the very nature of the case. If God be localised in human form—if God become man—His presence must, humanly speaking, be necessarily circumscribed. Incarnation, from its very nature, is limitation. It pertains also to the human body that it dwell in one place at one time. It therefore seems a fair supposition, that if the Word were made flesh, that very region would be the scene of His labours in which the people dwelt whose nationality he had apparently assumed.

Furthermore, the idea of a Messiah was inherent in the whole structure of the national worship and history of the Jews. It was the climax of their dispensation. Say, rather, it was the focus towards which all the scattered rays of Divine glory in Judaism converged and centred.

Remembering, too, for what purpose the Jews had been chosen—witnesses for God—and how wilfully they had forgotten that purpose; their condition at the time of the Advent seems to make such a limitation of Christ's personal ministry highly probable. A national pride had grown up in the hearts of the Jews out of their misapprehension of God's design in separating them

from the nations of the earth. A national degradation was the chief bondage under which they groaned. A national deliverer was the supreme wish of their carnal and worldly heart. God's truth was encrusted with fatal error, which the Jews were then perpetuating in various ways. One party, the largest and in some respects the most influential, *added* so many traditions to the pure Word of God as to make the commandments void, and elevated mere ceremonies above morality and truth. Another party, a reaction from the first, *took away* from the Inspired Oracles by far the larger portion. They grew deistical in their opinions, denied a resurrection and superintending Providence, and worshipped mere uprightness in society as their God. A third party, while claiming prophetic powers and pretending to a knowledge of the names of angels, forbade the ordinance of matrimony, refused to offer sacrifices at the temple, and even venerated the sun. A fourth party, bringing the principles of a pagan philosophy and the spirit of a pagan criticism to the Old Testament, entirely rejected the idea of a personal Messiah.

Here, then, were errors, very flagrant and very mischievous, which *the preserved of Israel* were doing their very best to promulgate. Need we wonder, therefore, when all these things were naked and open to the eye of Christ that He should reaffirm by His own lips what He had already inspired prophets to declare—the limitation of His personal ministry? Need we wonder that there should be such limitation when by it the errors, not of one age only, but of all ages, would be rebuked and corrected? Need we wonder that He should send out the twelve apostles on their first errand of mercy, with the words, *Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not: but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel?** Need we wonder,

* Matt. x. 5, 6.

in fine, that when on a later occasion a Gentile woman earnestly besought His miraculous aid for her daughter, He should repeat the words of that limitation—not to chill her enthusiasm, but to strengthen her faith? *I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.* Thou art my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel.*

The words of this prophecy also show us the breadth and grandeur of Christ's mediatorial work. In this work the Messiah would have conferred upon Him—so the words of the prophecy suggest—an honour more nearly commensurate with His dignity and glory. *It is a light thing—(too small a matter, as Hengstenberg renders it,) It is too small a matter that thou shouldst be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel; I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth.*

The limitation was merely preparatory. By and bye the narrow sphere in which the Apostles were first told to labour was widened in the terms of the broadest commission. The narrow message solemnly given, was as solemnly retracted, and in one very notable case, completely reversed.

Nor is there weakness and vacillation of purpose in this. There are rather marks of the divinest wisdom, the wisdom which cometh from above. No proper use of the Old Testament could be made by the Gentiles until the errors superadded by the Jews had been peeled off; until God's truth was disentangled from man's error; until the formidable barriers set up by a faithless people to the free gospel once proclaimed to Abraham had been broken down; until the great mission of reconciliation had been accomplished. The sacred waters of divine love were confined in the narrow Jewish reservoir until they had gained sufficient strength and volume to irrigate and refresh a parched and thirsty world.

* Matt. xv. 24.

In the description of the breadth and grandeur of the mediatorial work of Christ which the prophet supplies, so many things are suggested that the difficulty lies in selection and compression. Let us very briefly note a few.

Among other things, the prophecy implies the permanence and imperishable character of the truths the Redeemer should teach by His lips and by His life. That implication is true, as the past eighteen centuries declare, and as no coming centuries will ever reverse. Moral teachers cannot rise higher than Christ. The high table-land of His morality is far above the dwarfish mole-hills which would-be regenerators have cast up by throes the most gigantic and convulsive. There is no holy life only as it approaches, and in the measure and degree it approaches, the pure and sinless life of Christ. He is the Pharos of humanity. He is the light for the Gentiles. He is the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

The universality of the attraction of the Messiah is also predicted. The teaching and life of the Son of the Blessed revealed to men by the contrast between Himself and them—a common ruin, and thus prepared them for the consideration of a common remedy. By His sacrifice, the Redeemer fulfilled every type, and made an atonement for sin, and so exhibited the very remedy required. Herein is love!—boundless, fathomless, divine. Herein also is attraction, since His love is no longer narrowed off to the raising of Jacob and the restoring of Israel, but is offered as the salvation of the ends of the earth.

With such a mission, what inexhaustible resources must the Redeemer possess. His incarnation was necessarily limitation. His ascension to the right hand of the Majesty on high is expansion. It has given Him a spiritual presence that may be felt by every soul of man. The heavens opened to receive Him, but they did not close

again until the Comforter had been shed forth upon the church for the benefit of the world universal. Those heavens still hold Him *in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways*. But the destinies of the world and of the universe are His. Nations are His. Riches are His. Gifts of mind and body are His. *All power is given Him in heaven and in earth. He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet.*

The prophecy also declares the magnificence and splendor of His conquests. The personal ministry of Christ was comparatively fruitless. The men who received the blessings scattered by the Redeemer with such prodigal hand could be counted by thousands. The men who believed His message might be told off in a few hundreds. *He trod the wine press alone, and of the people there were none with Him.* But His mercy and love, when made known to the Gentiles shall bring Him, nay, have already brought Him, trophies of their power from every land. And yet how stupendous appear the difficulties in the way of any conquests whatever. Think of the perverted language of pagan people, so godless and so abominable. Think of their superstitions, deep-rooted in their corrupt hearts, and entwisted into the very texture of their being. Think of the deterioration of character which has been going on for ages where paganism flourishes. Think of the uncleanness practised at heathen temples as part and parcel of their very religion. Think of the lying that is so bred into the blood that detection scarcely awakens a feeling of shame. Think of the infanticide, the immolation of widows, the cruel abandonment of the sick and the aged, of the bloody rites of the Khonds, and the bloodier rites once practised in Polynesia, and still in existence in Dahomey. What can ever lift up a people so sunken and debased as these? Who can raise nations so fallen, and restore peoples so penetrated through and through with corruption? Who? The Christ, the Son of the Blessed;

the Holy One, who said, *to this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world.* Yes; blessed be God, although it is a great thing to save one soul so debased and so degraded as the Hindoo, Christ can save him. Although it is a greater thing to save a nation of such men, Christ can save them. Although it is greatest of all to save a world, Jesus Christ tasted death for every man. *I will give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth.*

If, then, this is the highest honour even for Christ—and the words of this prophecy assure us that it is—is not the inference most obvious, *that participation in the work of Christ is the highest honour of the Church?* Has not Christ given her the charter of her incorporation? Has He not in that charter declared the design of her institution and assigned the nature and extent of her missionary work? Does not the charter run thus:—*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?* And has it ever occurred to you that two words begotten of each of those dispensations by which God has made known His will to mankind—*proselyte* and *apostle*—exactly describe the character of both? that the Hebrew church brought the convert into a local organization that from its very nature was evanescent and preparatory; but that the Christian church, by the words of her divine charter, is sent out to make converts everywhere, to go after the lost and wandering sinner, under whatever stars he may be born, and to go after him with the spirit of patient invitation and with the message of gracious allurement and Christ-like love?

But how has the church regarded the work in which is found the highest honour of her Lord and of herself? You know how she regarded it in apostolical times, for one-eighth of the New Testament is the record of her missionary work.

Nor must it be supposed that her missionary spirit evaporated after the venerable John was caught up

to share in the rejoicings of that New Jerusalem which he had so vividly described. In post-apostolic times, and in the ages succeeding, a greater missionary work was done than many Christians have been wont to imagine. Pliny, the Roman governor of Bithynia, shows us some of the effects of that work in the province over which he presided, and shows them a letter which he little dreamt would be chiefly valued in after centuries for its testimony to the virtues and the numbers of the early Christians.

The three centuries which followed—the third, fourth, and, fifth—were marked by great missionary success. Many whose names have not come down to us proclaimed the message of heavenly love, and are enrolled in the Lamb's book of life. Through their efforts it was that Greece shut up her temples and put away all her gods; that Britain all but abandoned every Druidical altar; that Northern Africa could send worthy delegates to a Christian council; and that Italy, which had once thronged her amphitheatres to see men welter in their own gore, deserted her amphitheatres for ever.

It cannot be denied, however, that later down than these times there was much error blended with the message of the missionary and with the method he pursued in his work. Results were sought in other ways than by the force of truth. Paganism and its philosophy showed their debasing influences, especially in the Eastern and African portions of the church. The natural tendency of the human heart to substitute empty forms for a holy life, and to transfer the ground of merit from the work of Christ to the performances of men increased, and thus fostered the asceticism that did so much to mar the usefulness of the church, and to promote the rising spirit of usurpation in the see of Rome.

But notwithstanding these mistakes and errors, the zeal and self-denial of Christian missionaries in those ages cannot be over-praised.

The worldly sceptre fell from the hands of the church when the Northern savages overran and devastated the fair gardens of Italy; but the church, now deprived of the pernicious aid of the state, and thrown back on her own inherent power, (begotten of the truth of God, and nurtured by His spirit,)—a second time conquered the world. She went forth to meet the barbarians and to wrestle with them in their rude homes, and she proved herself as mighty to subdue their brutality and refine their coarseness as she had already shown herself to measure swords with the philosophers of Greece, and to subdue unto the obedience of Christ the valorous soldiers of Imperial Rome.

It would be impossible for us to glance even at a tithe of the missionary work which was done in that period and in the centuries immediately succeeding. We may indeed very briefly remind you of the fact that Patrick, the humble and generous, became the apostle of Ireland; that the church of Gaul sent Germanus, Cæsarius, and Eligius to labour amongst the Franks; that Gallus, the disciple of the celebrated Columban, gave the truth to the Swiss; that Britain sent Willibrord, the presbyter, to Frankish Friesland, and Winfred, better known as Boniface, to the tribes inhabiting the forests of Germany; that Heligoland and the province now called Gröningen were the scenes where 'those models of genuine missionaries' laboured—Lindger, the Frieslander, and Willehad, the Englishman; that the impetuous Adalbert visited Hungary, and afterwards encountered the wild tribes who then peopled Prussia, and died like another Stephen praying for his murderers; that Anshar, the gentle and good, gave himself for thirty-four years to the evangelization of Denmark and Sweden; that the brothers Cyrill, of Constantinople, and Methodius, were gospel heralds to the wild tribes bordering on the Greek empire; that the self-denying Otto won the

pagan Pomeranians to the faith of the gospel; and that, not to prolong the catalogue, Raimund Lull, having fled like another Jonah from the missionary work, went back to it in repentance, and whilst preaching the gospel to the inhabitants of Africa, died by the hands of the Saracens.

But these are only a few names from that great muster-roll of illustrious missionaries who so proclaimed the truth that before the dawn of the thirteenth century paganism was banished from the whole of Europe.

The era of modern missions dates from the time of the great geographical discoveries in the fifteenth century, and foremost among modern missions stand those set on foot by the church of Rome. She sought in them to emulate the ardour, would that she had also coveted the purity, of the early church. But however much we may condemn the errors she taught, and the very questionable expedients both in China, India, in the two Americas, and other places, by which she sought to swell the number of her converts, we cannot but admire the zeal and devotion of her missionaries. Their chivalry was often heroic, but not always divine. They were more anxious to die for Christ than to preach Him to degraded idolators. But is it too much to hope that even Xavier did not twice traverse the southern provinces of India, and in eleven years pass over three times the circuit of the earth, without dropping some word that awakened thoughts of a better life in the Hindoo mind, without bringing some dark soul nearer to His gracious presence who is given for a light to the Gentiles, and for salvation to the ends of the earth?

And what shall we say of the rise and progress of Protestant missions? The Reformation, which startled Europe from the nightmare of Popery, had so much work to do at home, that it became conservative rather than aggressive. It cannot surely be any matter of surprise that

when men were zealously clearing out the weeds and briars which for centuries had overrun the garden of the Lord in Europe, they should, for a time at least, have overlooked the waste howling wilderness that lay stretched in many a dreary league beyond. Let it, however, be widely known, and especially among ourselves, that the first Protestant mission was one established in 1555, by Calvin and the Genevan church. If the mission did fail, and the fourteen missionaries did return discouraged, through the apostacy and cruelty of the man who professed to be their protector—*honour to whom honour is due*. All honour, then, say we, to John Calvin and the Genevan church for their mission to Brazil. Four years later than this a mission was undertaken to Lapland by the Swedes, under the sanction of Gustavus Vasa, the King, against his will, of whom every inhabitant of Sweden to this day is proud. These two are the only instances of missionary enterprise which distinguish the sixteenth century.

In the next century that noble project was suggested by Oliver Cromwell which was to rival the Romish Propaganda, but which the fall of his dynasty destroyed. A great work was done in this century among the North American Indians, by the Elliots, the Mayhews, and the Brainerds. The next century the Danes took the lead in the missionary field: Zeigenbalg and Schwartz were sent to India, and Hans Egede to Greenland.

From this period the history of missionary effort flows on in a more continuous stream. But time would fail me to tell what the Moravian, the Baptist, the London, the Church, the various branches of Methodists, the Scotch, the different Continental and American missionary societies have done, or even to glance for a moment at the mighty results they have achieved. To say nothing of the obligations of science to modern missions: of its indebtedness to Livingstone and Krapf for the ex-

tension of our knowledge of a region hitherto unknown; of its indebtedness to other men for enlarging our acquaintance with the natural history of the world; and of that eminent German missionary * who has actually won and received the prize established by the infidel Voltaire for the study of African languages;—to say nothing of all these—look at the mighty changes which have been wrought in the distant isles of the sea, where even Darwin † confesses that the lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand. Look at the mighty changes in the wigwam of the Indian, in the kraal of the Hottentot, in the tent of the Kurd, in the hut of the Karen, in the zayat of the Burmese, and last, although not least, in the living embodiment of them visible in those Christian villages which, through the agency of our missionaries, have been planted in the province of Orissa. How has barbarism been checked, cannibalism restrained, the sacrificial knife arrested, the fires of the Suttee trampled out, and all manner of abominations, stricken, by the gentle touch of the gospel, with trembling, with dismay, and with a death, from which, God helping us, there shall be no resurrection!

Think, too, how gracious and fruitful have been the influences of missionary labour on the churches at home! How her piety has been deepened and her sympathy enlarged, so that wherever Christian men have been faithful to their missionary trust the grand old prophecy of the church is fulfilled—*She that tarried at home divided the spoil.*

But how have we as a denomination regarded the missionary trust that was committed to us? You have no need that I should answer that question. Forty years ago, mainly through the earnest and unwearied labours of our late secretary—a mission to India was originated. The sphere for our

work in that vast continent was wisely selected, under the providence of God. The men who have gone thither have been valiant and true. The success of their labours has been as marked and continuous as that of any missionary society, considering the nature of our strength, and the period over which our labours have extended. The Orissa mission has won golden opinions from dignitaries of the English church, and from eminent men in other *corps* of the great missionary battalion.

And we are here to-day to give our farewell blessing to one brother whose praise is in all the churches, who has long laboured in the field, who knows its dangers and privations, but who, having recruited his shattered health and spirits, is ready to go back again to his work. We are here to-day, to give our farewell blessing to another brother who is equally honoured and honourable in his own department of labour. We have all been refreshed and strengthened by their presence and intercourse. And to which of you in this crowded assembly is not the manly form, the stentorian voice, and the genial and loving spirit of Isaac Stubbins familiar? How many of you have grasped that hand that returned your greeting with a hearty goodwill and Christian fervour not soon to be forgotten? Nor are we in any danger of forgetting—God help us that we never may forget—his appeals to our best sympathies, his fellowship, and his prayers. The God of all comfort and grace help him and his this day. May the good Lord be with us all, that while we are in His house our hearts may burn with new love to the Redeemer, and that we may go hence to our Master's work, whether in England or India, never faltering in our holy purpose, or in our hope, until Christ shall call us home. *God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us; that Thy way may be known upon earth, and Thy saving health among all nations.*

* Kölle.

† See, Voyage of the Ship Beagle.

THE NEWBURYS: THEIR OPINIONS AND FORTUNES.

A GLIMPSE OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER XII.—'PRENTICES, TO THE RESCUE! OHO!

'To the rescue! to the rescue!' shouted a stout youth, waving a thick stick around his head.

It was a well-known cry. London citizens had heard it many times, laughed at it, trembled at it, and done their best to stop it. Constables had bullied and beaten, magistrates had fined and imprisoned, but to very little purpose. Where real injustice exists it is of no use punishing those who complain of it, if the evil be not itself removed. Human nature is like the horse in the proverb—one may lead it, but a thousand cannot force it to do what it will not, especially where its intuitive ideas of what is right and just are openly withstood or secretly violated.

And so the old cry was raised, and was answered. It sounded along the streets like a bugle blast. It fluttered many a heart with emotion, and moved many a hand with menacing. It entered shop-doors unbidden, and wormed itself into the recesses of dingy work-rooms, and down went goods and tools, and out rushed the youths who worked, who waited, who wrote, and who had made themselves a power for the right in times when few recognized such a thing, and master, and customer, were left to think what they might, and do what they pleased.

A fellow-apprentice is in danger, and who could resist that? See! there is the familiar short blue coat, and the round hat and closely-cut hair, that had given to Puritanism its memorable nickname, from the Queen Henrietta once seeing one Charles Barnardiston amongst a group of them and exclaiming, 'See, what a handsome young *roundhead* is there!' A youth is being pilloried in whom they recognize the well-known form and countenance of one who has often been their leader and inspirer.

The constable is putting his arms through the holes of the machine, and will soon have him securely fastened. There is no time to be lost. A rush, a swaying to and fro of human forms, a clamour of voices, a rattle of sticks and stones, and the constable is at the mercy of the crowd. The youth is released, and escorted in one direction by a batch of his fellows, whilst the constable is borne in another by a similar extemporaneous guard.

He now tells his tale. He had been going on an errand, when he saw some persons taking a woman and her boy to prison for going to a little chapel where a prayer-meeting had been held, and he and others had cried shame upon them for their rough treatment of the poor woman who could not walk fast enough for the officer in charge, and was being pulled along by her gown.

'Leave the poor woman alone!' he cried out at last. 'Let her walk her own pace. I wonder ye're not ashamed to pull her on like a beast in that way; and call yourself men, and make as though ye'd teach poor people to be better than they are! Ye're a fine set a fellows, all of ye—half a Dutchman would swallow you up before you could cry "Quarter,"'

Perhaps the young man had insulted them; at any rate they thought so, and very speedily came to that conclusion, for he was soon seized, carried before my Lord Mayor, and condemned to a two hours' residence in the pillory for insolence and obstructing the process of the law.

Lathwell met the crowd, escorting the captured youth, as he treaded his way home from the prison. His head was downcast and his heart was heavy: he was murmuring to himself, 'It cannot, cannot be!

'Why do they make this tumult?' he asked himself as they confronted

him. 'Why do they stare at me so? Have I not done what I could? Men are blind, and still prate that they see. Ah, they are mirthful. Youth is strange in its follies, and never will be wise. Let me pass, boys; let me pass.'

And he struggled through them as well as he could.

'Lathwell looks glum,' said the youth in the centre to his fellows.

'That fellow has been in another escapade,' said Lathwell, turning round when his name was mentioned and recognizing the speaker. 'I would to God he would not be so phanatick!'

And very soon both parties reached their homes; Lathwell the gloomy little house in the narrow lane, and Ephraim Pardoe, for he it was, his master's shop in the centre of a bustling thoroughfare. The young man who had aided Maggie in her first endeavour to see her husband after his imprisonment, had not forgotten the lesson of that morning, save to learn from it a little more discretion. He had passed through a crisis. He had been lost in the dim border-lands where Faith and Doubt meet and overlap. They were great and solemn facts before him, like pillars and pyramids in a glare of sunshine and sand; why should he not face them boldly, read them well? There were strange doings and dealings about him; why should he not test them? There was a King, a Court, and a Church; why should they not be able to tell him why in God's name they claimed to be in existence at all? Above all, there were glimmerings of a great man, who in the dim light and feverish crush of contemporaneous events, still seemed a hero and something more; why should he not revere him, catch the same spirit, and speak swift strong words in the midst of the fooleries of a generation of fripperied fops and flirts? And if they could give him no answers, yield him no truth, there was this vast universe, this scheme of life we call society, a mocking and terrible Lie!

But he meant to be answered, and went the right way to work. He did not lay his questionings, as one would a ghost, with bell, book, and candle. He did not say to himself, or his friends, Save me from my own black and superstitious fancies. Nor did he say, I must mind facts, sequences, resemblances, and leave causes and essences alone,—believe what I find easiest to believe, and vigorously doubt all the rest. No. These are nineteenth century prescriptions for the noblest mental inquietude, and were not to hand for a young religious and political thinker in the seventeenth, especially one who remembered the civil war, the rule of Cromwell, the lawgiver, and was now encompassed with the mad whirls of a fevered and insane licentiousness. He had to meet them, face them, fight them, wrestle and reason with them, until his brain reeled, and all things spun around him in a ring of smoke and flame.

He questioned and cross-questioned, until even his master saw matters as he had never seen them before. And yet old beliefs do not crack away from the mind without some sharp internal struggles, and his master was not for some little time inclined to throw off his old principles, and with them a certain peace of mind. The question was not so much, Which is the Truth? as, What shall I do without what I have so long deemed to be the truth? It was a stage in opinion which too many never pass beyond. The youth saw a present fact, and reasoned out from that; and the man beheld a past faith, and reasoned out from what was once a partial truth but was no longer even that. Both had their bewilderments. To throw off long cherished principles was hard enough; to think what was deemed heresy, or be serious where most men were wanton and light, was harder still; but to dare to act out or live out one's thought was hardest of all. And yet no man can conceal his strongest convictions for long;

and there is a marvellous wisdom in this subtle law of our consciousness. A casual remark in conversation will betray them, the absence of remark will hint at them, a man's most automatic actions will whisper of them, the play of his eyes unveil them, the tones of his voice telegraph them, and when he least expects it, either as being on his guard or off it, lo, they flash out with swift brightness, although he may be unconscious of it until he hears the rattle and rumble that succeed.

How, then, was this youth to do, a wayward apprentice, with firm convictions, a tender conscience, a strong sense of duty, and an unregulated will? And how was his master to do, a respectable London mercer, and a member of its famous Corporation? Do? It will be guessed how the latter must have done to have still retained his scape-grace charge, and we shall see further by and by; for the present, our concern is with his black-haired, dark-eyed, and wiry apprentice.

Some few mornings subsequent to the rescue, there came to Ephraim a curious-looking document, covered with strange names and signs, in themselves a history of a long and round-about process of transmission. It made the youth tremble. He looked at it, turned it over again and again, like a dog does a bone, and at last tore it open impetuously, and carried it off to a quiet corner. There was light, it was true, but he read the whole of its contents without being much wiser. He read it over again, and yet there was much mystery in it. Can dead men indite letters? Certainly not, he said to himself, in happy innocence of the pretentious mahogany-inhabiting spirits of a later age. It was a full week's thought for him, and he knew the letter word for word long before he could understand it.

At length he saw a chink, and it seemed but a chink. It was merely one of those faint gleams into something we once knew, saw, or heard, which certain words or turns of speech sometimes give us unawares

when used by a friend, or caught in passing a stranger, or tripped from our own tongue in careless speech. Had not that same Mr. Lathwell, that he had met the other day, once casually let drop the name of a man which was very much like the one especially referred to in the letter? He would seek him at any rate and endeavour to solve the riddle, or prove the whole thing a hoax. His master advised him by all means, and he went.

'Mr. Lathwell—do you remember mentioning to me the name of a man, when you had business at master's once, which sounded something like Newbury?' he asked all in a breath.

Zachariah put up his spectacles, looked quietly at him, and then replied.

'No; I don't remember; but I know a man of that name very well. In fact, he's a very intimate friend.'

He was going to add more, but the youth put in hastily;—'A friend of yours! Well, I never. Where does he live? Stop—what's his christian name?'

Lathwell hesitated. What did *he* want to know for? Did *he* know about his failure with the Bond then? And was he worming something out for a covert purpose? O this strange family—why had he known it? Why was his fate bound up with it in this way? Was there no release from an inexorable doom? He writhed again, and he longed to gasp out, 'O God, have mercy on me!'

'Sit—down—' he managed to say, faintly, after a pause. 'What do you want with me, Sir?'

'Have'nt I told you? But you look ill, Sir,—shall I call for assistance?'

'Oh, no,—it's all over now. I'm better, thank you. You call for the conveyance-deed. I'm sorry it's not finished; but my partner, Mr. Newbury, is away, and my hands are very full. Will you call again to-morrow?'

The youth saw more light, yet dimly. He remembered meeting

Mr. Lathwell, as detailed, and noticing his sad looks, and felt sure he was labouring under some heavy affliction or mental hallucination. But—ah, he had almost forgotten it. It was the very name he had heard Lathwell mention! Newbury—that was it.

‘You have been ill, Sir. I hope it’s nothing serious. But I want to see your partner. When will he be at home?’

Lathwell did not like this cross-examination, and yet there was no help for it—the youth would be answered.

‘I really don’t know. Indeed—I’m sorry to say, Sir, that he’s now in prison for his religion.’

‘The same, the same, I’m sure of it,’ burst out the youth, as a stream of new light began to play over him. ‘Where is he? I want to see him.’

Again Lathwell was muffled round with the fog of his own creation. Was he, then, going to liberate him, and do what he himself could not? He dared not ask, and yet he longed to know. He felt lost, crushed, encompassed. Where will it all end? he thought, and then there danced into his heart, with all the wiles of an Herodias begging for the head of an apostle, that old whisper of evil, ‘Curse God, and die!’ But he stifled it.

‘Excuse my strangeness, Sir. You revive unpleasant thoughts, and they unnerve me. If you want Mr. Newbury, he’s in Newgate, Sir: and as his wife always takes his food every morning about a quarter-past eight, you can easily find her and get in with her. She’s a light-haired, blue-eyed, cheerful-looking person.’

It was now the youth’s turn to be staggered. Here was indeed wonder upon wonder. Could it be the woman he had helped to get inside the outer-gate that bright September morning? It was, it must be so. What a sweep had he made since he touched that point of his life, and now he was coming fast back to it again. He had often wondered

about that fair woman and her imprisoned husband, had passed the prison, speculated about his release, and imagined it must have taken place long ago. And yet he remembered the lesson of the fact rather than the investiture in which it first came before him, as years to come he would be sure to dwell upon the circumstances and leave the germinating idea to reveal itself.

Yes, it was all true. There was Maggie at the door, the same, the very same, only that her countenance was tinged with the holy smiling sadness of a great grief keenly felt, continuously endured, yet graciously subdued. He entered with her, unchallenged. The youth knew the warder, but the warder knew not the youth. How could he? Much thought had made him older, soberer, manlier. The very dint of his stone remained on the door, and yet what changes had not the little scene of which it was a part wrought in the very elements of his being. The youth! Nay the man! It was he who entered. There was mutual questioning and mutual revelation. The puzzling document was made plain, and he who thought he had lost a brother, found a friend, and he who thought he had lost a friend, found a brother.

The letter was a very simple affair after all. It was not addressed to Ephraim himself, but to his parents, who were now both dead, and had been forwarded to him by his sister, who was living with a maiden aunt in Cumberland, and thought Ephraim might know the persons to whom it referred. And what made it still stranger, was the fact that all his relatives had long ago given up his brother as slain in one of the engagements of the Civil War. The letter was as follows:—

Newcastle, America.

My much-beloved Parents,

You will perhaps think me Dead long before this, but I have been an Exile here in this Foreign Land for many long Years, and Home and Friends have been

very dear but very dim Thoughts to me. Before long I shall leave these Dutchmen with whom I am now settled, and perchance find my way to my Native Land, although I fear many of my Friends will be lost to me for ever in this World. I hope you are well and happy, if spared the terrible Years you will have seen since I left you, and that sister Fanny is now grown a womanly help to you, and brother Ephraim a bold brave man. Do not think I have forgotten you: there are some things I would have forgotten, but I cannot, of which you know nothing. In many an encounter with the Red

Men these hanntings have made me desperate, but Death would not come to me, and I have lived long enough now not to wish for such an Event until— But I spare you my grief.

If you know anything of the Newburys, of Carlton, and will remember me to them, I shall be obliged. There is one of them especially, my true best Friend, named Giles, living in London, that I should much desire to have communication with.

Farewell. From your humble son in exile.
STEPHEN.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE PESTILENCE THAT WALKETH IN DARKNESS.

THE king had had his chimney or hearth decreed him by Parliament, whereby he and his successors were entitled to two shillings for every fire-hearth in the kingdom, and realized some £256,000 a year, collecting it by their own officers, until its repeal by William III. The clergy had voluntarily resigned unto him their right of taxing themselves in Convocation, and have ever since been taxed in common with the people of the land. 'Phanaticks, Sectaries, and Nonconformists,' were awed and dispersed by various crushing enactments, thrown out of their offices in all councils and corporations, and the walls of such towns as Leicester, Northampton, Coventry, &c., which had distinguished themselves in the War, were razed to the ground. War with Holland was imminent, but no one was frightened by it. Peace and enjoyment were at home. Traders and nobles began to move westward, and the melancholy bittern was driven away from the Strand. The theatres were open and crowded; beauty and nobility ogled in the boxes, plauded in the pit, and gossiped in the tiring-room. Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, had reached an immense popularity, and Pepys writes, that 'the streets were full of coaches at the new play.' The first volume of *Hudibras* had tickled the whimsical fancies of the day; Dorset had introduced it, the court had laughed at it, the king

had quoted it, everybody had read it. Isaac Barrow had opened his career at Cambridge; Samuel Pepys had begun to chronicle his pleasant small-talk and choice morsels of history; John Evelyn was in Italy, looking up antiquities and noting them in his Diary; and John Milton, blind, neglected, and alone, was approaching the close of his immortal poem, 'the dream of a Puritan who had fallen asleep over the first pages of his Bible,' as Lamartine calls it.

And what, meanwhile, were the fortunes of the Newburys? Elijah held on at Carlton, pitied, abused, fined, threatened, yet unconquered, keeping the old home together, and tilling the old acres. Deborah, his mother, had gradually grown away from the present and nursed the holy memories of the past, gilding them with the radiances that are born of the heart and whisper of heaven. Keturah was loving, thoughtful, patient, and yet wistful, doing her duties cheerfully, yet haunting by-paths trodden by the feet of a lost one that she knew not until now how much she loved, and now and then sending out her little dovelike thoughts to see if there were green hopes for her, and a quiet resting-place in the weariness of life. Old Midge stuck to his preaching, and founded little communities of worshippers, baptizing them at midnight in ponds, rivers, and pools, unseen by even the lidless eyes of a persecuting magistracy.

Lathwell held 'on, tottering over what seemed to him an inevitable abyss. Ephraim Pardoe had passed out of his apprenticeship, and his indenture had been crossed with those lines like lattice-work from which the term *cancelling* is derived. He was now in the business with his master, who had been at first suspected, then tried, and finally ousted from his place in the Corporation, but was steadily adhering to a stout Nonconformist belief, in which even the rite of baptism had not been overlooked by his associate.

All things assumed new aspects, but to one sober thoughtful man in prison, and to one solitary smileful woman, waiting wistfully at its outer gate with her daily store, often bringing with her a son or a daughter to gladden the heart of its father.

And yet there was one man in London, who knew a simple fact that was soon to shake society from its centre to its circumference. There was a pen in his hand, and a piece of loose paper and a book before him. He was no other than the parish-clerk of Long-acre, and he was making an entry in his death-list, something like this—

December 5, 1664. Two persons (Frenchen), in Drury Lane, of the *Plague*.

Yes, the dread Invisible was come and could not be concealed. It had been watched from afar, but now it had leaped the Channel. It was come into the city. It had smitten down its victims. It was *here*. This is not the place to write its history, or I might tell of its stealthy, insidious increase, its terrors, its comedies, its tragedies; how streets were forsaken, depopulated, grass-grown; how an unusual smell would empty a church or scatter an assembly as by magic; how boats were moored on the river and families fled there for dear life; how the rich ran into the country, and the poor fell dumb in their homes; and how trade was stopped, laws were made, regulations enforced, specifics invented, and quackeries common. Whether

it was natural or supernatural, I need not also enquire, as I have not room to discuss. It was here, is all I need say, and proceed to our little episode in the great epic of sadness, suffering, and desolation.

Weary months had passed, and still the Invisible, call it for convenience what we may, was unsleeping, insatiate. And still the fair woman smote the outer prison door at early morn, and went her lonely way home to her children. Lathwell, who lived only a few doors off, would frequently come in and give her what help he could, although he was no favourite with the children, who always slunk away as he entered, awed and silent. As she knew him better, however, Maggie loved him more, and communicated somewhat of her own warmth to his frost-bound rigid nature, touching his solemn decorous face into many a humourous dimple and many a quiet playful smile. He liked her winning ways, her homely habits, and came almost daily to enquire after Giles, scarcely ever uttering a word that could hurt her feelings or mar her hopes. He worked bravely, even heroically. All along these same four years had he given her her husband's portion, and his failure with the Bond had neither stopped his supplies nor his enquires. Once or twice he had even pleaded to go to the prison himself, when fatigue or unusual alarm at the swift strokes of the mighty scourge made it somewhat hazardous for Maggie to go herself, but he had pleaded in vain.

There was room in the dark city for all love, charity, and Christly compassion. Pulpits were empty, and congregations dispersed. Most of the clergy, and some few of the Nonconformists, had forsaken the poor, the sinful, and the dying, and fled into the country. Upon many a church-door, a passer-by might read the words a plain-speaking people had written, 'Here is a Pulpit to be Let,' or, 'Here is a Pulpit to be Sold.' It was now that the brave Dissenters who had been

onsted, maltreated, and despised, showed their deep love for humanity and their sublime trust in God. They occupied the vacant pulpits, filled the desolate churches, visited the stricken people, comforted the bereaved, and gave sweet counsels to the dying. Even Lathwell loosened tongue and spake the Word of Life; and as for Ephraim, he went about praying, preaching, persuading, even baptizing, fearing no man, no danger, no disease, hopeful in all extremities, patient in all perplexities, his impulsive wayward nature toning down into regulated sobriety as he moved and rubbed against these stern realities.

* * * *

'She will be here directly,' said Giles Newbury one morning as he bustled about and trimmed his solitary apartment, and then sat down to watch the play of the cloud-shadows and listen for the sound of well-known feet. He sunk into a reverie, and there flashed over his mind a scene of boyhood in his Carlton home, and Keturah played beside him in the green fields, and the shepherd-dog barked and ran, and inarticulate nature strove to render back to him the unanalyzed emotion of his own heart. For a few minutes he brushed among the flowers, and rambled in the bosky nooks. It was only for a few minutes. The bar of light that measured for him the hours of the morning had passed its accustomed mark, and he suddenly thought that it was past Maggie's usual time. And yet it could not be many moments past. She would come: why was he so fearful? Why did his heart beat so loudly? She had not looked well yesterday, but it was not a little thing that would keep her at home. He would wait in patience, and read a psalm. He did so, and yet she came not. He arose, knocked at the door, and no one answered him, cried aloud, and only the long corridor gave back his words.

What was he to do? For a moment his reason seemed as if it

would leave him, and the stone walls seemed coming down upon him and crushing his brain. A cloud hid the sun, and all was dimness, darkness. By and by it flew over, and rays of light again glanced on the floor. He shivered all over for a moment, wrestled within himself as though with a demon, and all was over. He sat down again, calmly and quietly, ready, even for starvation and death, if need be, dumbly to drop down there in his prison-house with a smile of joy upon his countenance. Some hours had passed, and yet nought promised to unclose this seal of mystery for him. Still he felt sure it would be unsealed, and whilst the grim warders were chuckling to themselves far without, saying 'Our Anabaptister 'll fare hard to-day—we shall see whether the fool will hold on now'—a still small voice was whispering in the prisoner's heart, 'Some one *will* come, whether Maggie will be dead or alive.' And yet gloom and silence brooded about him undisturbed. He had read many inspiring lessons, many consoling narratives, especially that about Elijah, which almost always opened up of itself when he took his Bible to read; he had done over again his little daily round of curious carefulness, and still—He left the thought dim and unworded, and so let me.

Two o'clock came, although he knew not the hour, and it seemed almost nightfall to him, and there were faint far-off sounds that stirred his blood and sent it rushing into his face. Who could it be? They came nearer and nearer still. The door at the end of the corridor was being opened; he heard the click of the key in the lock, and then the sonorous rebound of the bolts. Some one was coming, but then it might not be to him, and a cold chill crept over him at the thought. He listened again as the door was fastened behind. He surely heard a female voice, and yet it could not be Maggie's and still it was like it. There were three people, too, and

who could the third one be? They could not have been more than twenty or thirty seconds coming down the corridor, and yet it seemed a quarter of an hour. Ah, they were stopping at his door.

The door was opened. 'Only ten minutes,' articulates the automatic warder, and then begins his paces outside. Two persons have entered. One stands aloof, after brief salutation, in respectful silence, and the other is clinging around his neck in tears.

'Mother is so ill, father,' sobbed the poor girl through her tears. 'She couldn't come, and so I have. But don't weep so, father. Mother said I was to tell you not to grieve about her, but to leave all to God, and trust in Him though you might never see her any more.'

'Forgive me, forgive me, Maggie!' burst out the stricken man, 'I must weep for you; I cannot help it. And I in prison, too, and these poor children of ours fatherless, motherless, in a city of woe and agony. O God, help me, save me! O Christ, have pity on me!'

And he groaned aloud, until even the automaton without was moved, and felt a strange tugging at his heart, and a soft moisture in his eyes.

'Forgive me, Ephraim, for my seeming neglect of you,' said Giles after a while addressing himself to the second person. 'You are very kind to come with my daughter, although your errand is a sorrowful one.'

'Nay, mine is not so, but grief is swifter than joy. I bring you good news, my friend. Here is your warrant of unconditional release—you will go home with us.'

'What, me—free? Without stain of promise. It cannot be. Yet God forgive my doubt.'

'It is so, thank God, my friend, verily. It is here, read for yourself.'

'Warder!' he shouted addressing the man without as soon as Giles had read the document, 'This man goes out with us, and here is your warrant.'

The man opened the door, looked at it, doffed his hat, and said 'Yes; it's all right. You can go.'

A few more minutes, a short prayer of devout thankfulness to which even the warders said amen, and they issue from the prison, down the corridor, out past the grim janitor into the free atmosphere of God's own creating. Streets are passed, old recollections stirred, and a quick step almost reaches a run, and they are there. Two doors off the dead-cart has stopped and they are bringing out a body. But, look, there is his own; the red-cross is upon the door, and 'Lord have mercy on us!' is written beneath it. He rushes in, runs upstairs, and there, tossing about in feverish pain, lies his own true wife. She sees him, has expected him, recognizes him, and he hastens to embrace her.

'O come not near me, come not near me, my husband, my husband! I am stricken, I am stricken! Do not touch me—nay, nay, leave me, and let me die alone! God has freed you and our dear ones can spare me. Live for them, Giles, and let me die in peace!'

'But Maggie, Maggie, my own dear Maggie! may I not touch you, kiss you, speak one brief word to you?'

'Oh no, no, no! You will get it, and then, O God, my children, my children! Leave me, leave me!—I am dying; yes, dying!'

'She is wandering,' said the nurse.

And Giles retired to the opposite corner of the room, and covered his face with his hands.

MUTUAL EDIFICATION.*

EDIFY ONE ANOTHER, AS ALSO YE DO.—1 THESS. V. 11.

CHRISTIANS may, moreover, edify one another by their mutual love. Love edifieth. It promotes the peace, the purity, and the happiness of the brethren, and no attainments we may possess however splendid, can possibly compensate for the loss of it. It is the bond of union among the followers of the Lamb, that by which the whole mystical body of Christ is fitly joined together and compacted. Break this bond, and at once all is discord, confusion, and strife, and every evil work. When, however, the disciples of the Saviour love one another for the truth's sake that is in them, and by love serve one another, they come to know experimentally, *how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.* Then it is that they are made sensible that the church is the school, and that in it they are trained up to perfection. Would you then edify one another? exercise mutual love. Follow after that charity which suffereth long and is kind; which vaunteth not itself; is not easily provoked; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things; believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Remember you are mutually interested in Christ and partakers of the same divine grace, and be kindly affectionate one to another with brotherly love. If your hearts be one, then all that concerns any of you will interest the whole of you, and you will be emulous as to which can do the most towards the spiritual improvement of the brethren. That selfishness which looks only on its own things and cares only for them, will be destroyed, and you will so serve one another in love as to promote each others' well being.

Such, then, are some of the ways in which you may do each other

good. By your conversation and example, by exhorting each other and being of one accord and of one mind, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any, you may edify one another. This you may also do by putting useful books into each others' hands, by reading the Scriptures together, and praying with and for each other, by visiting each other in seasons of sorrow and affliction, and by suggesting to each other modes of usefulness. But on these topics we need not dwell, for if you act in accordance with the precept before us, you will study how you can most effectually benefit each other, and be found constantly seeking not your own profit, but the profit of many that they may be saved.

Let us enquire, further, why Christians should edify one another?

Alliance to the King of Zion demands it. What Paul wrote was written under the inspiration of the Divine Spirit, consequently what is recorded in his writings is as truly expressive of the will of Him who created all things, and who is Head of the body, the church, its only Lord and Lawgiver, as if it had come direct from His lips. Hence the words of the Apostle are to be regarded. He who refuses to attend to the duties he enjoins refuses to hear Him who through him communicated a portion of His will to man, and so far fails to afford evidence of discipleship to Jesus. You remember the words of the Great Redeemer: *Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. My sheep hear my voice. If a man love Me, he will keep My words. Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father*

* Concluded from page 297.

which is in heaven. These are impressive declarations. Are they true? You know they are, and therefore you must admit that it is your duty to act in accordance with the precept in the text. Reverence for the authority of Him who is over all God blessed for ever; your professions of allegiance, friendship, and love to Him, of say nothing of your boast as a religious denomination, that the law of Christ is your guide in everything, bind you to regulate your conduct by it.

Your love to each other requires you to edify one another. Love always seeks to promote the best interests of its objects; and if your love to the brethren be sincere, your heart's desire and prayer for them is, that they may increase in every Christian grace, stand fast in the evil day; go from strength to strength, and be faithful unto death. You cannot indeed love the followers of the Lamb without feeling anxious about their welfare, and attempting in every possible way to promote it; but in no way can you more effectually promote it than by obeying the injunction in the text. Then attend to the duty enjoined, attend to it daily, and by your diligent discharge of it prove that you are entitled to adopt the language of John, *We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.* Remember, love is an active grace, and if yours does not constrain you to seek to excel to the edifying of them who are of the household of faith, you neither bring forth its proper fruits, nor regard the exhortation, *Let everyone of us please his neighbour for his good to edification.*

A regard to your own spiritual benefit should constrain you to edify one another. You cannot labour to advance the welfare of the brethren without advancing your own. If you increase their knowledge they will increase yours. The arguments you employ to confirm them in the faith will tend to promote your own steadfastness. The motives you adduce to stimulate them to be

active in the Saviour's cause will constrain you to live to Him; and if there is, as there should be between the members of the body of Christ mutual sympathy, when you cause them to rejoice, you will rejoice with them. Besides, an attention to the duty inculcated will constrain you more diligently to read, to hear, and to meditate on God's Word, and to search for arguments to enforce its precepts. It must therefore be beneficial. While you water others your own souls will be watered. Bear this truth in mind. Be assured that the great reason why the religious attainments of numbers are so far beneath what they ought to be is to be found in the fact that they never attempt to edify their brethren. They look on their own things, not on the things of others. They act as if the end of the union and fellowship of Christians in the gospel was anything and everything except their mutual edification. No wonder their souls are more like the heath in the desert than a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the rivers; or that they resemble those whom the Apostle reproves, saying, *When for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God.* He who would enjoy prosperity of soul must care for his brethren, and do all he can to excite them to diligence in the pursuit of those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

Love to the church of Christ should also induce you to edify one another. There can be no more knowledge, faith, love, holiness, zeal, and spirituality in the church than her members individually possess. Whatever the church is, she is only what those connected with her make her. If they were more holy, she would be more holy; if their moral influence was greater, hers would be more powerful; if their souls were more prosperous, she would enjoy greater prosperity. Her best days were when her members acted as the text directs,

as you may see for yourselves if you will examine the latter part of Acts ii. As you read that portion of God's Word, do you sigh to behold a similar state of things to that which is there described, in the churches with which you are united? then, after the example of the members of the church at Jerusalem, be not only conscientious in your observance of the public ordinances appointed by our Lord, but be of one accord and of one mind, and evince your affection for each other by following the things wherewith one may edify another. What was conducive to the prosperity of the Saviour's cause in primitive times will conduce to its prosperity now; and it is nothing but *downright hypocrisy* for anyone to say that the low state of religion grieves him, and that he desires its revival, if he disregard the direction in the text. Brethren, we hope better things of you, though we thus speak, and trust that your love for Zion will lead you to seek her interests by endeavouring to advance those of each other.

Think of the influence a practical regard to the duty inculcated will have on the ungodly. If they see you watching over each other—striving together to help one another on in the heavenly road; emulous as to which of you shall be kindest and do the most good to others, what will be the result? Will not your conduct convince those who know not the Lord that you are indeed and in truth the disciples of Jesus, lead them to think highly of the religion you profess, induce them to consider its claims, to yield their hearts to its dominion, and say with respect to you, *This people shall be my people, and their God my God?* Such indeed may be expected to be the happy fruits of Christians being perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment, and displaying their oneness of aim, purpose, and affection, by their zeal to promote their mutual welfare. Do you, then, desire the thoughtless to become serious, and the hardened penitent? Would you

silence the tongues of gainsayers? win over to the truth those who now oppose it? and be instrumental in bringing many to believe on the Son of God, and thus build up the temple of the Lord? *Edify one another.* Those who are without, look at religion as it appears in your lives, and unless in your intercourse with each other you shew them that you are a loving, zealous, and right-minded people they will remain as they are, far from God and far from righteousness. For the effect of the influence of your conduct on those who are living in sin, remember you are responsible, and be careful so to discharge the duties you owe to each other as that if they perish, no guilt shall attach to you.

Brethren, we have attempted to set before you an important duty; a duty you can, and will discharge if you love the Saviour's cause, and wish well to yourselves, your brethren, and those around you who are perishing in sin. You complain in the states of the churches to which you belong, you from year to year complain of your deficiency in love, zeal, and spirituality. Are you really anxious to secure what you declare you need? then you will not henceforth neglect the duty of mutual edification. We make no pretensions to infallibility; but in our opinion it is because the members of our churches do not edify one another, that as a Connexion we do not enjoy greater prosperity. This being our opinion, we have addressed you as we have done, and if, by means of the present address but one of you should be stirred up to a remembrance of, and discharge of the duty, our labour will not be in vain. And now we commend you to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. We have been addressing Christians. Are you all entitled to be regarded as such? Have you believed on the Son of God? Have you the spirit of Christ? Do you walk as He walked? Are you *not* united to

the Saviour by a true and living faith? Then you are not Christians, but aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope and without God in the world. Your guilt is great, and your danger is imminent. Repent ye, and believe the gospel. Yield your hearts to Christ. Consecrate your service to Him, and from this time live to His glory. A happiness to which you have hitherto been strangers will then be yours; the peace of God which passeth all

understanding will keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Looking forward to the end of your journey and contemplating the prospect before you, you will be heard daily giving thanks to the Most High, saying, *Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.*

ON BEHAVIOUR TOWARDS THE DEAD.*

BY OLD MORTALITY.

'How sound in heart, how clear in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man, who fain would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!'

Tennyson.

Why is it that as soon as a man dies our sentiments towards him begin to undergo a change? Mainly, because the pressure of his character is taken off from ours, and we feel the withdrawal of it to be a relief. There then sets in, in the direction of the departed object, a reaction of feeling, the converse of that which obtained during life. 'This man can never more intercept my designs, or wound my feelings, or injure me by comparison.' The old proverb says, that 'the world is wide enough;' but it is not—for our selfishness. We all trespass on one another's boundary, we all stand in one another's light. The man who gives place, even by death, earns our respect. Then we could find room for him in our favourite chair, and open the door calling vainly after him in the dark night with terms of endearment and flattery. If alienation or opposition had existed between ourselves and the dead, we experience a pang of affectionate regret. If relations of duty and tenderness had bound us together, we become keenly alive to the obligations of which we had grown almost unconscious, and magnify every instance of their

violation. The orphan boy, in his grief and passion, remembering his former acts of disobedience, exclaims over his mother's grave,

Oh! if she could but come again,
I think I'd vex her so no more!

The successful backbiter, when at last, amidst undeserved obscurity or disgrace, his victim perishes, awakes to the gnawings of a 'worm which dieth not.' Antagonists of courage and power, who have given blow for blow, and maintained the combat against each other with obstinacy to the close of life, when one falls, commonly present the spectacle of the conqueror conquered. The survivor stands aghast at his victory, and, as he bends over the tomb of his rival, remembers with sadness how well the excellence which made him formidable deserved his admiration, and upbraids himself with a thousand instances of ungenerous advantage and excessive rancour. Moreover, in cases of a more neutral kind, death is so

* We heartily rejoice that our dear old friend has once more broken his long silence. We hope the accompanying paper is a certain indication that he is renewing his youth, like the eagle.—ED.

wide a gulf, that they who have reached its yonder shore, obtain the advantage of that distance which

'Lends enchantment to the view;'

the repulsive peculiarities of their character are softened down, their imperfections become almost invisible, and their memory looms upon us from the other world with the roundness of a bland and benignant whole. Still, such sentiment can scarcely be called *opinion*. Overweening fondness,

'The dregs of foul disdain,
Not yet purged off'—,

gratitude, or patriotism, of whatever purity or ardour, are not trustworthy agents in criticism. Emotion, in short, is somewhat apt to be out of place here. The estimation and criticism of character is a work of considerable mental difficulty. It requires qualities many. Among them are, acumen, geniality, impartiality, honesty, patience, good-tempered studiousness. The person who combines all these properties, is one of no mean capacity. The element of power and its consequence, success, may exist in a character which we detest; yet fair criticism requires that in depicting the force of such a character our own antipathy be not allowed to weaken the portrait. The man who dares to use such talents, when he has them, is a rarity. The point to secure is an opinion. There is great chance against getting it, but if got in its native purity, it is worth having. It will be sure to be understandable. Not always sure to be pleasant. What is it to thee, O biographer, that the man is dead? Forget the funeral sermon, and write as if thou hadst to live next door neighbour to him for the next twenty years. Thou wilt find thy task a hard one but if it is wrought with honesty, thou wilt express the opinions of many besides thyself, and they will inwardly thank thee. Say not to me pedantically—'Nil de mortui, nisi bonum'—, that is |

to throw overboard the work of criticism altogether; and it is to rebuke such unfaithfulness that Mors has taken pen in hand. Think how much men differ! The leaves of the forest, the clouds of a summer day, faces, are not so certainly different as characters. Every individual has *some* individuality. In history, in circumstance, in power, in expression, no two are just the same. Some are 'even' in the 'tenor of their way; 'some fitful and crochety; some like the mildly waxing moon; some like thunderbolts; some clever, some stupid; some, like Paul, spend a large part of life in vehement wrong-doing, and then by sudden conversion, turn its latter end to grand account by saintly zeal, whose works 'live after them.' Some creep through life, whether virtuously or not can scarcely be told, with a power of vitality barely above the vegetable; some show a fire and energy of purpose which in other circumstances might have made their possessors Crusaders or Cromwells. Yet all these men may be Christians. Why, then, within a week of their death, are they to be reduced to a dead level of perfection, as flat as the road from Boston to Freeston Shore? Is it a fact that all Christians are as much like one another as the cups in a tea-service?

O! Editor, it is for a reproach to the Christian world, especially to the literary section of it, that none but the language of praise can be used towards the professedly Christian dead. Death seems to canonize all. 'Nemo debet dici beatus ante obitum,' and then let him be as middling a fellow as may be, he may comfort himself with the assurance of being well spoken of. Our magazines swarm with accounts of faultless young Christians, model deacons, exemplary Sunday-school teachers, paragon fathers and mothers, venerable pastors, and suchlike characters, as all must agree, wherever they are found, to be 'the salt of the earth and the light of the world.' Can we turn

to the ranks of our friends and find the living counterparts of such excellence? If so, the case of the world is not so desperate after all; if not, why do we let death so deceive us as well as bereave us? There are many grave objections to this course of undistinguishing panegyric. It is not true; it tends to destroy individuality; it lessens one's sense of the value of reputation, and even of character, seeing how, by this practice, character is made to go for nothing; it discourages efforts after real excellence; it promotes hypocrisy; it disgusts the candid; it is a disgrace to those who are guilty of it.

Sensitive persons, both the strong and the weak, shrink from the task of fearlessly analyzing the characters of the dead; the former, from the idea that detraction is cowardly, when the individual spoken of cannot answer for himself; the latter, from the vague superstitious dread which everything connected with the dead inspires. Notwithstanding, the dead have as much right to honest treatment as the living; and if we would paint character with truth, we must paint it in the colours of life. In discussing the merits of a predecessor, without needlessly venturing

'To drag his frailties from their dread abode'

for the purpose of ungenerous criticism, still less of savage vituperation, we may, without uncharitableness, apply the same principles of adjudication as would direct us in canvassing one another. We may now argue from what a man *did* to what he *was*: and now again, we may give ourselves liberty, from our knowledge of inner character, to put a construction upon many overt acts, which an ignorant spectator would not allow. *By their fruits ye shall know them*, is the great key which explains the active class of characters, and 'he who runs may read,' the lessons it throws open. But there have appeared in this world many very great men, of

quiet exterior, of uneventful life, whose greatness, stupendous as it may be in the opinion of the most competent judges, has consisted rather in what they *were*, than in anything they *did*. Both virtue and genius sometimes present themselves as specimens of what the artists call 'still life.' What would your noisy workmonger, your admirer of Napoleon, say of such men as Pascal, Goëthe, or John Foster? Yet over these it is that the most reflective historian falls to quoting Hamlet—and says 'What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In apprehension, how like a God!' In whichever of the two directions the development of the character proceeds, the interest of our inquiry into it arises from the fact that men are not born what they are; but that they become so. The plot of the drama is probation, of which this world is only a wide and crowded stage. Men become what they are by the exercise of will, effort, patience, abilities. The presence or absence of these seminal qualities determines the future result. It requires some time to determine what they will become. They are affected by many external circumstances, such for instance, as accidents, opportunities, the influence of friends, hereditary temperament, national character. The result, however arrived at, and whatever share these different forces may have had in producing it, is character. Character, though sometimes very complex, is a definite thing. No two men are alike; and though it may be impossible sometimes to describe or analyze a man's character, you cannot mistake it for that of some one else. The synthesis of him has an identity which distinguishes him from all the world besides. The pleasures, the disappointments, the whirl of change, the hair-breadth chances, through which a man has gone, all leave their mark upon him. A man, too, may have in his composition a strong under-current of what is bad, which

is just, and *but* just, overcome by the good principle which counteracts it; and thus though the result may be a good and great character, the history may be tarnished by dark blots of inconsistency, and these sometimes often repeated. Most good men have before them a rule of life, which they are always trying to work up to, and those who know how much it has cost them to get the victory over one little failing, and that victory, after all their pains, perhaps far from being a complete one, will estimate at great price any character which presents in a striking degree the two features of power and consistency. It is the having such a rule, and trying to follow it or not, which forms the grand line of distinction between men. With those who have it, the whole of life becomes a course of moral training, those without it are waifs, 'blown with the wind and tossed,' 'idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves.' It is a trite remark, but must be repeated here, also, that every struggle which ends in victory, strengthens the winning party, and every fresh line drawn in the design is a step towards finishing the picture. A man at the commencement of life, has before him a miscellaneous crowd of items in the sum for him and against him; he now earns slowly an honest gain; then borrows imprudently what he pays back with wasteful interest; spends a large part of life in regrets, sufferings, the correction of errors, and at length in determined fruitful toil; and the final point in which these processes end is the acquirement of an unshakeable, inalienable, individuality. In the case of the good, Scripture compares this course to light, overclouded at dawn, which gradually breaks through early mists, rises over intervening obstacles, eventually frees itself from all obscurity, and shines 'more and more unto the perfect day.' But this is not the uniform course of men's lives. Between the large classes of good and bad people the

contrast is wide, but even among those whom religious profession compels us to class as Christians, the degrees of excellence, or even of respectability are numerous, and the scale wide enough to reach, from downright worthlessness to resplendent virtue. The large majority fill the intervening space. Few, few, indeed, are those upon whose departure we are compelled to say,

'Bright was his star;
And long the track of light he left behind.'

The general purport of biography, after administering justice to the subject of it, and its most valuable end, is 'to point the moral,' rather than to 'adorn the tale.' To point out rocks, the scenes of former shipwrecks, to unmask specious delusions, to denounce mischievous precedents, in short, to tell the truth, and draw the largest amount of instruction from human experience, are worthy aims of obituary writing. To do it well is sometimes to make the lips of the dead speak in powerful tones to hearts who are heedless of all living voices. But the great temptation is to sink all in compliment. We study how to throw known defects into the shade; to omit the mention of disreputable facts without letting the omission seem too glaring; in fact, to do the polite thing. Badly as this vice has infected the literary world, it has corrupted the religious part of it worst. Perhaps this arises from the circumstance that writing of the dead, whether in the brief lines of the tomb-stone or the more extended paragraphs of the memoir, seems to have assumed the hue of a religious office, and so a literary fault has been unjustly transformed into a reproach against religion. Anyhow, the records of the dead, whether religious or otherwise, are corrupt in this way, almost universally. The penmen have become worthy rivals of the mercenary sculptors, by whose art

'Upon the gilded epitaph is seen
Not what men were, but what they
should have been.'

'Storied urn and monumental bust'
are almost hidden with their load
of splendid flattery. Nor can you
go through the graveyard of the
humblest meeting-house without
being struck by the uniform height
of excellence which has been at-
tained by former generations. The
inscriptions everywhere record good
fathers, good husbands, good friends,
good neighbours, good deacons,
good ministers, good everything.
Wherever you look, 'behold, it is all
very good.' What a generation it must
have been, we think, when it was
alive! No wonder we hear so much
of 'the good old times!' No wonder
that Charles Lamb, when a very
little boy, walking with his sister in
a churchyard, after musing awhile,
suddenly asked her, 'Mary, where
do all the naughty people lie?'

When we look upon all this in its
relation to impartial history and
biography, we feel that it is so much
rubbish, which has to be got rid of,
just as all the mounds of sand had
to be carted away in excavating
Nineveh. The authors of it have
to apologize for it on the score of
good nature, or religious connection,
or the impossibility of saying any-
thing bad of a man behind his back.
Now, to say the least of it, this is
weakness; but when it is done from
accordance with a system of bolster-
ing up and whitewashing the re-
ligious people of our denomination,
it is hateful, and cannot be too
severely spoken against and frowned
down.

Still something remains to be said
on the other side. In dealing with
religious people as a class, especially
such as have made friends enough
during life to earn them any notice in
print after death, there must be some
common quality, which has given
them a title to commemoration. The
majority of men go out of the world
uncared for and forgotten, for the

simple reason that they had not
worth enough when living, to make
their fellow-creatures regret them,
when dead. But the generic style,
or stamp, of character, which has
redeemed these exceptions from ob-
livion, is one; in however various
and faint degrees the likeness may
be maintained. If we look at this
impression of identity, as it exists,
modified by a thousand diverse as-
sociations, and ask, 'Whose image
and superscription is this?' there
can be but one answer: 'Christ's.'
The presence of this seal is, and
ought ever to be, sufficient to re-
deem the humblest brethren of our
nature both from contempt and for-
getfulness. When we meet with it,
we bow the head and open the heart,
at the token of 'the Master:' and
dread the danger of treating with
slight or scorn, him for whom, not
only Christ died, but who has in
two senses risen with him, and now
sits at the right hand of God. And
as we think of the numbers, the
successive generations, the different
characters, the unpromising subjects,
and marvellous transmutations,
which divine grace has effected in
such multitudes, it must fill the
mind with adoration of His power,
who thus wondrously washed, re-
deemed, and sanctified so many sons
of clay to His service and glory.
We cannot help wishing to be 'of
them.' Our vanity is humbled, our
pride is reconciled, our heart is
filled with gratitude, our whole re-
ligious soul is agitated with deep
and solemn anxiety as to our eternal
reunion with them. As we think of
this 'assembly and church of the
first-born' we say, conscience bear-
ing us witness, whether in fear or
hope,

'When Thou, my righteous Judge shalt come
To call Thy wandering children home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?'

O. M.

Obituary.

MISS ELIZABETH EWEN was the beloved daughter of Mr. Thomas Ewen, many years pastor of the General Baptist Church, March. She was born September 26, 1783, at Sutton St. James, Lincolnshire. She was always thoughtful, affectionate, and obedient to her parents, was trained up in the fear of the Lord, and in early life devoted herself to His service. In 1805 she was baptized and publicly professed her attachment to Jesus, and her determination to walk in His footsteps, whom she had long loved. In a few reflections written in moments of retirement she says, 'I enjoyed a sweet serenity of mind, and a humble confidence in God, through Jesus Christ, to whom I had committed my all.' For years she was often ill, and had many severe afflictions. In one of them she writes, 'O Lord, how many and various are the trials and afflictions Thy children have to pass through in this life, but what a blessing they will soon be at an end. I know I have great need of all the Lord's chastisements, and if I gain one step towards heaven through them, I shall be abundantly repaid.' She was for some time, when health would permit, a Sabbath-school teacher, and delighted to take an active part in all the engagements of a Christian church belonging to a female member. In her diary she writes, 'O Lord how comfortably Thou has permitted me to close this day. What an unspeakable blessing! May I be enabled to reflect on it with thankfulness. Through this day I have been happy. I have been led to stay my soul on Thee. O do Thou assist me to stand still, that I may see Thy salvation, and have no will of my own.' As a Christian, she was consistent, humble, pious, and zealously devoted to the cause of Jesus Christ and the prosperity of the church. Again she writes, 'I have of late been exercised with

various afflictions and trials, but not one too many, for all are permitted by my Heavenly Father; He is my portion, and I hope reigneth in my heart alone; God is all, and He is mine, and I am His, and He is love.' As a friend she was constant, kind, and affectionate, often sought to for counsel and advice, which was always given unreservedly and faithfully to many who now lament the loss of an esteemed and dear friend. In her diary she again writes, 'This evening I enjoyed so much of the presence of God that I was enraptured. O what a good day to my soul. I was indeed on the mount with Jesus. I can say it was good to be here, this is a little heaven below, in which Thy children meet, to prepare for that above. Bless the Lord, O my soul, that I was ever permitted to be one amongst them.' Her whole life was one of calmness and composure, always the same, in a quiet and pleasant way. She lived at peace with all, and to do good and communicate was to her a source of unspeakable pleasure. None enjoyed the means of grace more than our departed sister, and none more constant than she in her attendance, when health and strength would permit. In affliction and pain she never murmured, but patiently submitted to Him, whom she would say, does all things well. Another extract or two will shew the general state of her mind. 'O what a blessing when I enjoy retirement and prayer, what a privilege to look into the Bible and see what God has promised, then look into my own heart and ask what I want, and when my wants are known, to be permitted by humble prayer to make them known to God and plead with Him through Jesus Christ for pardon and every other blessing. Time slides away whether I am in health or labouring under affliction, happy or cast down with many temptations; but I know they are good, very good for me,

they often lead me to seek happiness in God, with more ardour and more earnestness in prayer. I have no doubt but that a thread of mercy runs through all those dark providences so mysterious to me now, and perhaps will ever remain so. O my Heavenly Father, I know no evil can transpire without Thy permission, therefore, I submit, I hope, with resignation. Thy time is always best.' She was ill but a few days, though it could scarcely be said she was well during the whole of last winter, and the severe weather appeared to prepare her for that fatal and sudden attack. But knowing in whom she had believed, and being persuaded that He would never leave her nor forsake her, she quietly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, April 6th, in her 78th year, fifty-seven of which she was a member of the General Baptist church, March. A funeral sermon was preached the same evening, by Rev. T. T. Wilson, to a sorrowful congregation, from Isaiah lvii. 1.

The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart, &c. J. E.

MARY HODSON was a member at Tetley-street, Bradford. She was baptized on Lord's-day, Nov. 3, 1861. She was not well at the time, but she gradually grew worse, until on the 23rd of February, she calmly fell asleep in Jesus, aged 27 years. Her disease was consumption. She bore her affliction with the greatest patience. Although a member with us so short a time, she had already won the hearts of all who had become acquainted with her. Her meekness, humility, prayerfulness, and uniform devotedness to the service of Jesus were most marked. Her death was happy and triumphant. A funeral sermon was preached to a large congregation on Lord's-day evening, March 9th, 1862, from the words, *My daughter is even now dead.* Almost her last words were, 'I am happy, I am happy, I am happy. Jesus, I want to be with Thee.'

B. W. B.

Correspondence.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM BRETHREN STUBBINS AND BROOKS.

*To the Editor of the General Baptist
Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—As many friends will be anxious for the latest intelligence in reference to our worthy missionaries Messrs. Stubbins and Brooks, will you kindly insert the following letters from them addressed to myself? They were sent on shore by the pilot, but were received too late for insertion in the *Missionary Observer*.

Dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
J. C. PIKE, Sec.

Leicester, Aug. 19, 1862.

Ship 'Shannon,'

August 16th, 1862.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Here we are safe and well, a little below the Isle of Wight. We have been a good deal baffled, first with foul winds, and then, all yesterday, with no wind at all. Hitherto we have had little motion, so that that delectable sensation, sea-sickness, has not yet made its appearance; one or two, however, have complained of a little ominous squeamishness. We have a large party of pious persons on board, among whom, from all we can judge, are the captain and his lady. It is arranged that Mr. Wenger and I should preach to-morrow. After we get fairly out to sea, the captain has promised to place the cuddy or saloon at our disposal for daily morning and evening worship. This is a boon

rarely enjoyed. I feel as though we should have the presence and blessing of God, and that our voyage will be made useful to ourselves and others.

I have often thought, as I am sure we all have, of the meeting of about forty dear friends who came to see us off and bid us God-speed, when you so affectionately commended us to the Divine blessing. Such seasons are and will be a precious consolation to us when labouring far away, and when worn by privation, disappointment, and perhaps disease. We do hope friends will continue to pray for us and for those loved ones whom we have left behind, whether ever to see again God only knows. I am sure I shall often look back with pleasure upon our visit home, and with very grateful remembrances upon the unwearied kindnesses of all.

Sincerely praying that every heavenly blessing may attend you and yours, and all who seek the prosperity of Christ's precious cause among the heathen to whom we go.

Believe me,
Ever yours affectionately,
I. STUBBINS.

Rev. J. C. Pike.

[A postscript written on the outside of the envelope, says, 'August 17th, 1862, eight o'clock a.m. Off the start. All well.']

On board the 'Shannon,'
Off the Isle of Wight,
August 16th, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER,—We have not made the progress we had hoped since we got into the Channel, having been detained by adverse winds and calms. But last night towards midnight a fair wind sprung up, and we are now sailing comfortably on our course. We are now pretty well settled in our cabins, and as comfortable as we could expect to be. We have none of us been laid up at present, but all of us have felt more than I can describe. The captain hopes the pilot will leave us to-

morrow. The 'Shannon' is proving that she can 'walk along' with anything like a fair wind, by leaving all else behind her. Captain Daniells is a very kind gentlemanly man, and his wife a very amiable lady.

And now, dear brother, farewell. Accept my warmest thanks for the uniform kindness you have shown me and mine. And allow me heartily to thank the friends generally for the kindness with which I have been received everywhere; also for the amount subscribed for the new type. My thanks are due to Messrs. Winks and Son for a valuable selection of casts from wood engravings for the Mission Press, value about £6 at sale price. I would also mention the valuable present to myself and dear wife from the teachers of the Archdeacon Lane Sunday school, of a dozen of silver tea spoons, 'Livingstone's South Africa,' and 'The Land and the Book,' which were presented in so kind and yet so unassuming a manner as to render them doubly valuable and acceptable.

It has been *hard work* to leave fatherland and loved relatives and friends; but duty calls, and we go without a murmur to the land of former labours and many happy days, as well as to loved friends in Orissa. Again, farewell!

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM BROOKS.

Rev. J. C. Pike.

SUMMARY OF THE EVIDENCE FROM THE STATES OF THE CHURCHES IN FAVOUR OF THE WEEKLY OFFERING.

To the Editor of the General Baptist
Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—If you can find space I should be glad if you could insert in your next month's Magazine the following summary of evidence as to the advantages of the weekly offering as contained in the reported

state of our churches to the last Association, in order that our churches generally may see at a glance the value of the institution. The first report we find in the minutes, is from Birmingham as follows:—

‘The adoption of the weekly offering by means of the registered envelope has succeeded so well as to encourage the belief that eventually the *old plan* of paying seat rents will be entirely superseded.’

Clayton, York.—‘About two years ago we adopted the weekly offering which answered better than pew rents. Still many of our friends did not do their duty, so we resolved to try envelopes, and we are happy to say that the amount realized was nearly *double* that of the proceeding quarter.’

Coventry.—‘We believe but for weekly offering we must have given up altogether.’

Derby, Osmaston Road.—‘We are continuing the weekly offering with unabated success.’

Mary’s Gate, Derby.—‘Last year we commenced the weekly offering which has proved very successful.’

Fleet and Holbeach.—The weekly offering system adopted last year, though not realizing all our expectations, is an improvement on the old system.’

London, Borough Road.—‘At the commencement of this year we introduced the plan of weekly offerings for the incidental expenses of the chapel, and the result is most encouraging.’

Nottingham, Broad Street.—‘We are glad to report the complete success of the weekly offering after fifteen months’ trial.’

Fourteen or fifteen more churches are trying the system, and in no case known to the writer has it been a failure. These facts may tend to lead churches who are considering the subject to a right conclusion.

I wish also to remark, it is pleasing to see from the statistics that there is an improvement in the number of churches which are supporting our Home Mission and

College institutions. Last year only thirty-six churches appeared to be contributors to the Home Mission, *this year* there appears forty-five. For the college last year about sixty churches, *this year* seventy-one. This is in the right direction. Let us hope there will be still fewer blanks in the statistics another year. I hope our brethren in Yorkshire will not then be in the same position as this year, especially as it regards our collegiate institution.

I remain,

Yours truly,

J. E.

Melbourne, Aug. 13, 1862.

ROMAN CATHOLIC TESTIMONY IN FAVOUR OF THE BAPTISTS.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR.—Some time ago a Pædobaptist friend said to me, ‘How is it, if you Baptists are right, that you have almost the entire learned world against you?’ To this I naturally replied, as I doubt not you, Mr. Editor, would have done, that he was altogether mistaken as to the *fact*;—that, with the exception of a few Independent ministers, and perhaps Dean Alford, almost the entire learned world admits that we are *right* in our statements as to the Primitive practice. Only they think, with Canon Stanley, that it is through ‘a wise exercise of Christian freedom’ that in most churches ‘a few drops are now the sole representative of the full stream of the Descending River.’

Of this statement of mine I met the other day with a corroborative illustration in a somewhat unexpected quarter. A book has lately been published, which in some circles is attracting considerable attention, entitled ‘The Church and the Churches.’ The writer is a Dr. Döllinger, formerly Professor at Munich, a man profoundly versed in Ecclesiastical History, and re-

garded as one of the first Roman Catholic Theologians of the day. The latter part of the book is a discussion of the question of the Pope's Temporal Sovereignty as connected with the Spiritual. The former half of the work, however, consists of a very interesting sketch, of course from a Romish point of view, of the present position and prospects of the churches of Christendom. It is in this portion that the following sentences occur relating to the subject of baptism. I was interested with them: if you think your readers will be the same, please insert this communication. If not, just put it in your waste-paper basket; and in any case, believe me, Yours most truly,

W. R. S.

Nottingham, August 7.

FROM DÖLLINGER'S 'THE CHURCH AND THE CHURCHES.'

'THE fact that the Baptists form so numerous—indeed the most numerous—of all religious parties of North America deserves much attention. They would be still more numerous if it were not that the rites of baptism and the Lord's supper, in their sacramental signification, are regarded by the whole Calvinistically-disposed world as such subordinate matters, that the question as to their original form appears to many a matter of such indifference that no one needs trouble himself much about it. *The Baptists are in fact from the Protestant point of view unassailable, since they have the Bible text in favour of the practice of baptism by "immersion;" whilst the authority of the church and her testimony will be recognised neither by one party nor by the other.*' p. 235.

To this passage the following is appended as a note: 'Not even a Baptist translation of the Bible can therefore be used by the other parties. An English missionary of the Congregationalists writes from Calcutta: "The Baptists take the first place in translations into the Bengalee. We here mostly make use of the translation of Yates (Baptist) but since the Baptist Society whose property the translation is, insist on translating βαπτίζειν only by to 'immerse,' 'to dip under,' all friends of Infant Baptism, as well as the Calcutta Bible Society, feel the want of a new translation." This is saying in fact, "*We must translate the Bible falsely, in order that the heathen, to be converted, may not discover our weak points.*"

Speaking of the difficulties with which the Lutheran Protestantism of Germany is beset, Dr. Döllinger says:—'A similar difficulty manifests itself in the case of the Baptists, who form a considerable and constantly increasing fraction of Protestant Christianity. *It is now admitted on all sides that neither a command of Christ nor of the Apostles can be cited in support of Infant Baptism.* At the Church Assembly at Frankfort, in the year 1854, space was afforded for the reception of the Baptists present, by the declaration of the President that 'Infant Baptism was one of those problems which had not yet been fully solved.' And there have been a few theologians, such as Ebrard, who would much rather yield the point and abandon Infant Baptism, so that the principle of the literal interpretation of the Bible may be preserved, and persons not be compelled to recognize the authority of the church.' p. 309.

Intelligence.

BAPTISMS.

ARNOLD.—On Lord's-day morning, July, 6th, seven young friends were

baptized, and the same day were united in fellowship with us. We are in a more prosperous condition than we have been for some time.

LEEDS BAPTIST MISSION TO THE UN-CONVERTED.—On Thursday evening, July 24th, six believers were baptized in South Parade chapel, by the Rev. J. Stutterd. They will be added to the newly-formed church, at York-road. On Sabbath evening, July 27th, six more were baptized. Two of the candidates were father and son connected with Wood House Carr Station. They will be added to the Baptist church, at South Parade.

LOUGHBOROUGH, *Baxter-gate*.—On Lord's-day, August 3, six friends were baptized by Rev. E. Stevenson and received in fellowship.

LEICESTER, *Curley-street*.—On Wednesday evening, August 20, after a sermon by the Rev. G. Towler, of Barrowden, Mr. Smith, the new minister, baptized one young friend.

ANNIVERSARIES.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE AND CAMBRIDGE GENERAL BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' UNION was held in the General Baptist chapel, Gosberton, on Thursday, July 31st, 1862. At seven o'clock a teachers' prayer meeting was held. At ten o'clock, the chair was taken by the Rev. A. Jones, minister of the place, when the reports of the schools were read, which were of a pleasing character, several of the teachers and scholars having during the year given their hearts to God, and their hands to His people. At eleven o'clock, the public service was opened by reading of the Scripture, and prayer by the Rev. T. W. Mathews, of Boston, after which, the Rev. W. Sharman, of Coningsby, preached a very appropriate sermon, from Psalm xc. 16, 17. The friends again assembled, at half-past two o'clock, when the Rev. T. W. Mathews was elected chairman for the day, after which the business of the Union was transacted, and questions relative to Sunday-schools discussed. 1.—The minutes of the last meeting read and confirmed.

2.—That the next meeting be held at Holbeach, on Monday, July 20th, 1863. 3.—That the Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., of Spalding, be the preacher; or, in case of failure, the Rev. W. Dyson, of Long Sutton. 4.—That the reports of the schools in future be sent to the minister of the place where the meeting is held. 5.—Brother Jones, of Spalding, not being present to read the paper he had been appointed at the last meeting to write. Resolved: That he be kindly requested to prepare it for the next meeting. 6.—That the teachers be earnestly and affectionately requested to keep up the alternate monthly correspondence with the schools according to the arrangement of the committee, viz: Boston with Coningsby, Fleet with Sutterton, Holbeach with Witham Green, Gosberton with Spalding, Pinchbeck with Gedney Broadgate, Long Sutton with Tydd St. Giles; the school first named open the correspondence. 7.—Would it not be desirable to select a subject at this meeting for discussion at the next, and appoint some brother to write a short paper on the question by way of introduction. Resolved: That the plan now suggested be adopted. That the questions for next year be, What are the qualifications for spiritual labour in the Sabbath-school, and what are the results we have a right to expect from such labours? That brother Mathews write a short paper on those questions. 8.—Is it not desirable that a report of this meeting with the reports of the schools with other matters in connection with this Union be printed for circulation amongst the schools? Resolved: That we think such a report might be interesting, and tend to edification, and that the following brethren be the committee to carry out this suggestion, viz: The Rev. T. W. Mathews, Rev. J. Cholerton, Mr. Robson, and the Secretary. That Mr. Robson be the Treasurer. 9.—What can be done to extend the

Union? Resolved: That we request the Secretary to write to those schools in the district that do not belong to the Union, kindly inviting them to seek admission with out delay. At half-past six o'clock the evening meeting was commenced, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Cholerton, of Sutterton; A. Jones, Gosberton; Mr. T. Sharman, Witham Green; —Robson, Spalding; —Bothamly, Boston; —Digby, Gosberton. Votes of thanks were passed unanimously to the Rev. W. Sharman for his excellent sermon, to the friends at Gosberton for their kind provision for the accommodation of the friends, and to the chairman. These services were brought to a close about half-past eight o'clock. They were well attended, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather. We hope lasting good will arise therefrom.

ANTHONY Fysh, *Secretary*.

BURNLEY-LANE CHAPEL.—On Lord's-day, August 10, two sermons were preached in the above place, by the Rev. R. Ingham, of Halifax, after which collections were made for the Sabbath-school, amounting to £43. 16s. 4½d. W. P.

RECOGNITION, &c.

CARLEY-STREET, LEICESTER.—On Monday, August 18th, Rev. J. C. Smith was publicly recognized as the minister of the above church. At five o'clock several friends from other churches in the town, with those connected with the place, sat down to tea in one of the school-rooms. At seven o'clock, a public meeting was held in the chapel. The service was commenced by singing and a short prayer. The Rev. J. F. Winks, who for twenty years served the church gratuitously, gave a brief and interesting history of the cause from its commencement by the late Mr. Gamble down to the present time. Mr. M. Cox, one of the deacons, then read a paper on behalf of the church, and Mr. Smith gave his reasons for accepting the in-

itation. The Rev. T. Stevenson spoke on the relation of pastor and people; the Rev. J. C. Pike on the duty of the members to each other; and the Rev. J. J. Goadby on the responsibility of the church in relation to the unconverted. The Rev. G. Towler, of Barrowden, once a pupil of Mr. Smith's, whose parents were members of Mr. Smith's first church, spoke warmly of his attachment to his friend. The Rev. J. P. Mursell in a brief but warm and cordial manner expressed his sympathy with Mr. Smith, and his earnest desire that the church under his care might be multiplied, and much good accomplished. After singing, the Rev. J. F. Winks concluded with prayer.

REMOVALS.

THE REV. JOHN McNAUGHTON, of Avonbridge, near Falkirk, Scotland, has accepted an unanimous invitation from the General Baptist church, Wolvey, Warwickshire, to become their pastor, and is expected to enter upon his stated labours there at the commencement of October next.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEICESTER YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—On Tuesday evening, August 12, a farewell Soiree was given at the rooms of the Association to the Rev. E. Foster, who has held the office of Secretary for nearly six years. The large room of the institution was crowded with young men and friends, who had assembled to express their sympathy and well wishes; he having accepted an unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist congregation, Wendover, Bucks. The chair was taken by Mr. J. G. Winks, and short addresses were delivered by several members of the Society. During the evening a testimonial, comprising an address and a handsome ornamental timepiece, was presented to Mr. Foster by

Mr. Boyd, on behalf of the young men composing the classes. The meeting was at once a farewell to Mr. Foster, and a recognition of Mr. J. C. Hopwood, the newly appointed Secretary, who delivered an able address on the future working of the institution.

PRESENTATIONS TO REV. R. AND MRS. INGHAM.—Rev. R. Ingham has accepted a call to become the pastor of the church meeting at Vale chapel, near Todmorden. On July 16, 1862, the friends of North Parade chapel, Halifax, took tea together, after which, in presence of the numerous company assembled, the following presentations were made: a silver tea service and electro plate salver; an illuminated address, in an elegant gilt frame, purchased by the North Parade Young Men's Christian Association, of which Mr. Ingham was president; and to Mrs. Ingham, a basket of artificial fruit, under a glass shade, the gift of the select class of girls, of which Mrs. Ingham was one of the teachers. Messrs. D. Wilson, M. Stock, jun., and J. Thompson presented the articles, after suitable addresses. Rev. R. Ingham returned thanks, and the interesting meeting closed.

LEICESTER, *Archdeacon-lane*.—On Friday, August 8, a farewell tea meeting was held in the school-

room of the above chapel, to take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks prior to their departure for India. About 200 sat down to tea. The chair was taken by Rev. T. Stevenson, and addresses delivered by Mr. W. Stevenson, of Nottingham, and by Revs. J. C. Smith, J. J. Goadby and J. C. Pike. Mr. Brooks gave a very interesting sketch of his various duties in India. What added to the interest of the meeting was, that Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were members of the church at Archdeacon-lane previous to their going out to India nearly twenty years ago. On Sunday afternoon, August 11, Mr. Brooks addressed the children in the school, after which several articles and books were presented by the teachers to Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, as tokens of their high esteem and cordial sympathy.

THE BAPTIST SCHOLARS' CATECHISM ON NONCONFORMITY, BY REV. THOS. GOADBY, B.A., published under the sanction of the General Baptist Association. The adjudicators have pleasure in stating they have made arrangements with Mr. Gray, of Loughborough, the printer of the Magazine, to print and publish the above, and it is expected to be ready by November. See Advertisement on the Cover.

Notes of the Month.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

CHURCH scandals have not yet ceased. S. G. O. has called attention in the *Times* to a sad piece of nepotism recently enacted in the diocese of Salisbury—the Rev. Prebendary Lear is the enriched nephew. The Rev. G. F. Kelly, who was a prominent member of the Pembroke

Dock Mechanics' Institute, has been showing a little clerical intolerance. He discovered (!) that the *Patriot*, the *Nonconformist*, and other dissenting papers, were immoral, (!) wrote to several patrons of the Institute, asking to have them expelled; and, having aroused the liberal feeling of the members of the Institute, both Anglicans and Dissenters, has

got expelled himself. Lord Auckland, the bishop of Bath and Wells, is spoken of as the future primate of Ireland. Archdeacon Sandford, in the recently published Bampton lectures, makes large concessions about the failure of the Establishment. An Independent congregation in Wales has gone over to the Episcopalians. The report of the Romish Propaganda is just published. Little over £1,500 is contributed to its funds in England. The United Free Methodists have lost a warm and self-denying friend in the Rev. R. Ricketts, who died suddenly a few days ago. He was a man of considerable private fortune, and devoted himself and his property to the furthering of the Saviour's cause. The Rev. G. W. Condor, of Leeds, has been the means, under God, of winning over to the truth a celebrated Secularist lecturer—Mr. J. H. Gordon. The event has made no small stir in Leeds. A new Baptist chapel is being built at Rhyl, the well-known watering place. According to published accounts the number of Baptist churches in England and Wales is now over 2,000, and the number of members over 200,000.

GENERAL.

PARLIAMENT has been dismissed. The session will be known in future times as the most do-nothing session on record. Just now the whole of France and Germany, no less than the whole of Britain, is setting in in full tide toward the International Exhibition. The number of visitors is increasing daily. Few visit it who do not return bewildered by the multitude of

objects that demand attention. So far no accidents have occurred to the numerous trip-trains hurrying to London. We hope the prophecies of certain croakers about the annual accidents in September may prove false. Over this holiday time of the year, and the special occasion for it, the Exhibition, there hangs the dark cloud of Lancashire distress. Private benevolence is pouring in its aid: more than £30,000 have been collected in London; as much in Liverpool; and even in India we hear £5,000 have been subscribed, and that the surplus of the India Relief Fund is to be appropriated, which itself amounts to over £80,000. Continental news would just now be dull but for the movements of Garibaldi. And yet few can comprehend what he means. Some maintain that Victor Immanuel secretly approves of his erratic courses; and others, that the French Emperor is winking at his plans and their probable issues, as the easiest way of getting out of the Roman difficulty. The harvest in France is an average one, and in Russia, indifferent. The news from America is still abundant, and unsatisfying. The end of the war seems no nearer. Another Confederate iron ship, the *Arkansas*, has won a fame little short of the *Merrimac*. Lincoln, contrary to precedent, has been speaking in public, and defending his subordinates, M'Clellan and Stanton. The harvest in some States is reported as good. We fear that in this country the wet spring and cold summer will show their effects in a deficient yield.

Missionary Observer.

DEPARTURE OF MESSRS. STUBBINS AND BROOKS TO INDIA.

ON Tuesday, the 12th ult., Mr. and Mrs. Stubbins, and their daughter, Miss Harriet Stubbins; Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, and their three daughters, went on board Messrs. Green's splendid new ship, "The Shannon," at Gravesend, thence to proceed direct to Calcutta. A large party of friends chiefly from the neighbourhood of Ashby and Packington, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Norwich, and London, accompanied them to the ship. It was thought that there could not be less than fifty friends crowded into Mr. Brooks's two cabins, when Mr. Hunter addressed a few parting words to the brethren and sisters, and the Secretary commended them in prayer to the protection and blessing of that God whose wonders they were about to behold in the deep, and who alone could conduct them safely to their desired haven. As the ship was not to sail until early the next morning, several friends remained on board the greater part of the day, and some till quite evening. The number kept gradually diminishing as one boat after another conveyed its living freight to the opposite shore, and at length the last "lingering look" was exchanged between our beloved missionaries and the last of the friends who had gone to bid them "God speed."

Several missionaries from the Baptist Missionary Society are also gone in "The Shannon" to India. The Rev. J. Wenger, the Rev. L. F. and Mrs. Kalberer, Rev. F. Supper and his esteemed wife, so well known to our own friends, who are returning to their scenes of labour; while the Rev. E. Edwards, and the Rev. W. Etherington, take their de-

parture for the first time as missionaries to the east. It is not often that so large a party of Baptist missionaries has gone out to India in the same ship. A nobler consecration of the good ship "Shannon" on her first voyage to India could not be desired, nor a higher honour conferred upon her.

VALEDICTORY SERVICES AT DERBY.

THE Valedictory Services in connection with the return to India of the Rev. I. Stubbins and Mr. W. Brooks, were held in the new chapel, Osmaston-road, Derby, on Tuesday, July 29th. The day was beautifully fine, and special railway arrangements facilitated the attendance of large numbers of friends from Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, and other places.

The service in the morning was commenced by singing, after which the Rev. J. B. Pike, of Bourne, said he had an apology to make for the esteemed pastor of the place, the Rev. W. Jones, who much wished to have been present, and taken the part of the service allotted to him, but through serious affliction was reluctantly obliged to forego the pleasure he would otherwise have felt in being there. Mr. Pike then read a portion of Scripture and prayed, after which the Rev. J. J. Goadby, minister of Dover-street chapel, Leicester, delivered an elaborate and instructive Introductory Discourse. The publication of this Discourse in a former part of the Magazine renders further reference to it unnecessary.

A suitable hymn having been sung, the Rev. T. Stevenson, minister of Archdeacon-lane chapel, Leicester, proposed the usual questions to the Missionaries as to the reasons for their return to India.

Mr. Stubbins said that it was twenty-six years ago, on the 7th of this month, since he was first set apart to the work of the ministry and mission. "Not one of the ministers who took a part on that occasion is now living; and again, on June 3rd, 1845, in Dover-street chapel, Leicester, when my beloved friend and brother, Mr. Hunter, who is this day to commend me and my beloved ones to the Divine blessing, delivered the introductory discourse, and yourself gave out the first hymn—the rest are all gone to their glorious reward. I am again ready to go forth to the conflict, and do here again renew my consecration to this great and solemn work. Among the reasons which urge me I may mention my early predilections for the work. I well remember, even before my conversion, feeling a tender compassion for the heathen; and when brought to Christ, my constant prayer was that He would qualify me for the work of a missionary, and from that time I know not that I have ever felt but in the path of duty. I have twice left the field of labour; but my brethren know that it was under the direst necessity. I regard the Saviour's last commission to His disciples, to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, as most imperative. I know full well the feelings, which I cannot describe, of leaving friends, and above all my precious children; but I cannot, I dare not put them in competition with Him to whom I owe my all. I feel that the gospel is the only power upon earth that can accomplish the renovation of mankind. The success already accomplished, leads me to desire to return where I know I shall be gladly welcomed back. Will you allow me, on behalf of my colleagues, to express how deeply we feel the need of the earnest and continued prayers of our beloved christian friends. We may labour, but cannot command success. Pray then for the Spirit of God to be poured out largely on the heathen. We need your prayers, for that

baptism with which we need to be baptized. Oh, that parting word, farewell! that last fond look upon our precious children. Pray for us; pray for them. Permit me to thank you for all the kindness, hospitality, and for many private tokens of your affection, which I have received, and rest assured that to my dying day I cannot forget you, and that my prayers will ever ascend on your behalf, and on behalf of your churches and institutions at home. Farewell, my dear sir; farewell, beloved christian friends, most likely until we meet in the kingdom of our Lord. Farewell!"

The Rev. T. Stevenson then addressed Mr. W. Brooks, the missionary printer, who stated that for nineteen years he had been employed in the mission work, chiefly but not exclusively, in connection with the Printing Office; and he was anxious to go back to India, because he felt that he had a constitution peculiarly adapted to the climate. He had been happy and successful in his department of labour, and he was anxious still to be of service in the cause of his Master. He feelingly referred to the fact of both himself and his partner leaving aged parents, whom they could never hope to see again in this world. He entreated the prayers of the brethren, that they might go back and be abundantly blessed in their labours, and committing his children and aged parents to the sympathies and care of his christian friends, he wished all present farewell.

From the above brief summary of the replies given by the brethren, it will be seen that the questions addressed to them were answered with much feeling, and in the most satisfactory manner. That this was the impression of the meeting was evidenced by the uplifting of a forest of hands when the congregation was appealed to, in this manner to signify whether they would remember the Missionaries in their prayers, and sustain the cause to which they had afresh devoted themselves.

The Rev. H. Hunter, of Nottingham, then offered special prayer for the missionaries and their families, after which

The Rev. J. C. Pike, minister of Friar-lane chapel, Leicester, and Secretary of the Society, delivered the Valedictory Address to the Missionaries, and said: Beloved brethren, you are both of you better acquainted with missionary work than I am. You need not any instruction from me as to the peculiar duties, difficulties, and trials of a missionary to the heathen. You know all about them by long personal and matter-of-fact experience. It would be simply presumptuous in me to dwell upon such matters this morning.

We have, however, enjoyed so many seasons of fraternal intercourse during your late sojourn in the land of your birth, that I confess I feel a degree of satisfaction on your return to your adopted country in acting as the mouthpiece of the Committee and of this assembly, to assure you of our unceasing interest in your welfare, and to say something that when the wide ocean shall separate us, may cheer you in moments of solitariness, and encourage you with fresh ardour to prosecute your important labours on the plains of India.

The passage that it has occurred to me might suggest a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, you will find in 2 Cor. v. 20. *Now then we are ambassadors for Christ*, or as Tyndale translates it, *Now then are we messengers in the rounne of Christ*. Here is a true and exact description of the calling and the work both of missionaries to the heathen and of ministers at home. In either case the office is one of the most important and responsible character. Is there another office of the same importance? Can any man be placed in a situation more solemn than that of making known the terms on which God is willing to bestow mercy on our fallen and guilty race?

It is as "ambassador for Christ"

that you are about to return to Orissa.

Let us speak first of the messengers.

The representatives of Britain's Queen are found in every quarter of the globe. You go forth in a higher character—as the representatives of the King of heaven. "Ambassadors for Christ." *Thus you go under high sanction. You seek not your credentials from any human potentate.* There was a time when the rich and the great did all in their power to prevent the progress of divine truth in India. They threw every obstacle in the way of the missionary. They presented to the world the strange anomaly of a professedly christian nation forbidding the dissemination of its own faith, and giving a decided preference to the degrading superstitions of polytheists and idolaters. They were even more jealous than the brahmins themselves of any attempt to turn the heathen from the worship of idols. But the men who went under the broad seal of God's authority to seek the evangelization of that land were not thus to be silenced. That God who had called them to their work provided an asylum for them. The Danish settlement of Serampore—an insignificant portion of territory—described as "scarcely large enough for a park to the palace of a governor," afforded them a place of refuge. There they were protected from persecution, and from the intolerant and impious interference of their own rulers.

While disdaining to seek from man your credentials, you are not self-called to the honourable office of "ambassadors for Christ," nor do you assume the airs of those religious impostors who profess to have received their office by direct succession from the apostles. Your authority is the mandate of your Lord. He says, "Goye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." In obedience to that last command some must go to Orissa. You have felt this call addressed to yourselves, therefore

you went, and now are ready to go again, and in your measure seek to convey to its benighted millions the glad news of gospel grace. The sentiment of your hearts is expressed in some verses that first arrested my attention when a child :

“ Lord, Thou hast called me, 'twas Thy voice
That roused my soul, and fixed my choice,
I raised to Thee my moistened eye,
I heard, and answered, ‘ Here am I.’ ”

“ I heard Thee; not the minstrel’s strain
With sweetest sound could wake again
The feeling of my soul’s reply,
I heard, and answered, ‘ Here am I.’ ”

“ That Thou shouldst summon even me
To wield Thy sword, and fight for Thee,
Almost my spirit asked Thee, why?
While yet it answered, ‘ Here am I.’ ”

“ Thy Word Thou badst me proclaim,
To sinners teach a Saviour’s name;
And could my heart consent deny,
Or answer else than, ‘ Here am I.’ ”

“ No; Thy blest message I will bear,
Glad tidings breathe in every ear,
And still where’er Thou call’st me cry
With willing voice, ‘ Lord, here am I.’ ”

The fact that you are thus divinely called, stamps dignity upon your mission. Here is enough to satisfy the cravings of the loftiest ambition. To go as the representatives and messengers of Christ—of Him who occupies the throne of heaven, and receives the adorations of the hosts of light, and in His name to negotiate with men about eternal things, is surely a commission that angels would have felt honoured and proud to execute. You could not be engaged under higher authority. When a son of the illustrious father of modern missions visited Calcutta as an ambassador from the Burman Empire—an office by the way not of his own seeking—that servant of God, so far from being elated with the young man’s elevation, only observed, “ Felix has shrivelled into an ambassador.” In his judgment no employment could give to man a higher style than missionary of the cross, “ ambassador for Christ.” I doubt not that this is your judgment too.

From the messengers we pass to the message. “ And hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.”

God does not send his servants to transact any trivial business with a fallen race. Not to teach them the arts of civilization—useful though they be. Not to teach them how to make their land more productive, and to urge on the growth of cotton. Not to dictate in the choice of the articles they shall eat, or drink, or wear. He leaves men to discover all these things for themselves, by the exercise of that reason which He has given them. The subjects on which God directly communicates with men are of a higher, a more spiritual, and a more important character. He does not send you back to India to teach the natives astronomy and geology. Railroads and telegraphs, steam boats and irrigation works will probably in a few years change the whole aspect of the country, and many who leave the shores of Britain will be engaged upon them—most properly and usefully. But these are not your business. Your message is more important. As ambassadors for Christ you have to do with the people in their relation to God rather than to one another. Their spiritual rather than their social interests are the great object of your mission.

While your errand leads you to reveal the unknown God to idolaters, to exhibit the perfections and glories and claims of the great “ I am,” as ambassadors for Christ, your work is still more specific and direct. Yours is a *message of reconciliation*. Man is everywhere at enmity with God, alienated and rebellious. You go in the name of Christ to seek a reconciliation. You tell the heathen of the wonderful scheme of reconciliation revealed in the gospel, “ how God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.” You carry with you good tidings. The heathen know that they are guilty, they know that their deities are offended, but to propitiate them, they vainly

try. Multitudes of them pant for a Saviour. Christ and Him crucified must be your theme. You will tell them of Him who "is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world;" of the Lamb of God, whose blood applied by faith unto the conscience of the sinner cleanses from stains, which the waters of the Ganges can never wash away, and imparts holiness such as no pilgrimages to the shrine of Juggernath, however long and wearisome, could ever bestow. Let the books you print, and the sermons you preach; your conversations by the wayside; yea, and your own spirit and life also, all point the heathen to Jesus.

Many considerations to animate and encourage you are suggested by the high character in which you go forth to India.

Ambassadors for Christ. Here is a stimulus to exertion. Each of you may say—I act for God, and in His sight. Let me acquit myself as a good steward of His manifold grace. For the success of my mission I am not responsible. I am responsible for diligence and fidelity in the discharge of its duties, and in the improvement of my several talents. I would set the Lord always before me. I would make His patient dauntless diligence the pattern of my missionary career, and adopt His motto as my own—"I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

Ambassadors for Christ. Here is an argument to plead in prayer. To labour without prayer would certainly prove fruitless toil. They only who ask, receive. The day a missionary ceases to pray, he may cease to preach. Prayer is like the locks of Sampson, the hidden source of our strength. Satan can resist arguments, but he cannot stand before prayer. The most eminent and successful of God's servants have all been men of prayer. The apostles were not content with praying themselves, they earnestly

implored their christian friends to help by their prayers to God for them. The biographer of the late Dr. Yates records "The great secret of his success was prayer." You know, brethren, the worth of prayer. With what holy boldness and importunity may you plead this argument. Lord Thou hast sent us. We came not to India seeking our own pleasure or aggrandizement, but at Thy bidding, and to do Thy will. Do Thou prosper our way. Let us not labour in vain. Let not the enemy triumph over us. Let not the heathen exult and say, "Where is now their God." Do Thou ever guide, defend, and prosper us, for we are Thy servants.

Ambassadors for Christ. Here is a guarantee for your success. Yours is not a utopian enterprise. The difficulties in the way of the conversion of the heathen are formidable, but they have been overcome. The enemies of truth are many and strong, but numbers of them have been overpowered. Already you have been privileged to gather into the Saviour's fold a goodly band of converted idolaters. These are an evidence that God approves your work, and are the first-fruits of a far larger increase. You have been sowing the handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains—on a bleak and barren spot—but ere long, judging from present appearances, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.

Ambassadors for Christ. Then divine supports and consolations will be yours. The Saviour, whose messengers you are, is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He who enabled Elijah to plead with and confound the worshippers of Baal, and who rendered Paul as the apostle of the Gentiles, preeminently successful in turning men to God from idols is still the same—unchanged, and unchangeable. He will enable you to plead His cause among the idolaters of India, and own you as instruments for turning many of them from darkness unto light. What crowns the whole

is this, though sent, you are not sent alone. Your Saviour himself has promised to go with you. Thus He encouraged Moses, "Certainly I will be with thee." Thus he encouraged His apostles in a later age. "I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." Mark well these words! They were spoken by the ascending Saviour. He was about to step into the cloudy chariot that would bear Him aloft to heaven, back to the glory that He had with the Father before the world was, — to take His seat at the right hand of the Father as our advocate and friend. They were spoken not for his disciples then living only, but for all in every age, who go forth as His ambassadors. "I am," (not I will,) "I AM with you alway." With such a promise you need never lack for encouragement.

Ambassadors for Christ. Then the reward of grace is sure. God is not unrighteous to forget your work of faith and labour of love. Often dear brethren contemplate the future, and while the love of Christ constrains you, let eternity add its all powerful motives.

Look forward to the time when the happy spirit emancipated from the cares and sorrows of earth shall enter the rest of heaven, there to be welcomed by many once known and loved on earth, who have gone before you to glory. Look forward to a more distant period when the Judge shall sit upon His great white throne, when you through the riches of divine grace shall appear at His right hand, and with you a numerous throng of once polluted idolaters, and when you shall hear from those gracious lips the welcome words, "*Well done* Isaac Stubbins! *Well done* William Brooks! *Well done* good and faithful servants enter ye into the joy of your Lord." Oh what music will be in the sound! How will the extatic delight of that moment be felt to compensate for the labours and conflicts, the anxieties, and prayers,

and tears, not of one short life only, but of ten thousand lives, were it possible to spend so many in the service of God. Then stretch your view forward into the still distant future, and what is the prospect? Immortal youth, unfading peace, and loveliness, and triumph in the presence of that Saviour whose ambassadors on earth you were. Not one anxiety crossing the breast. Not one cloud darkening the horizon of eternity. Not one shadow obscuring the brightness of eternal day. Animated by such considerations, return, beloved brethren, to your chosen work, and God the unchanging Jehovah go with you.

Be assured you shall be followed by our tender sympathies and our unceasing prayers, that the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ may watch over, protect, and guide, and help you, and your beloved partners and children, through all the scenes of time; and then cause you all, and us all, to rejoice together and for ever in His kingdom above.

"Finally brethren, *farewell.*" God only knows whether we shall see your faces again in the flesh. In all probability, many of us will not. It may be, that none of us will. BE IT SO, if the Lord will!

"Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
And songs of praise shall close
Never, no never!"

The Rev. R. Kenney, of Burton-on-Trent, closed the hallowed and interesting service with prayer.

A public meeting was held in the evening, John Heard, Esq., of Nottingham, one of the oldest and most liberal supporters of the mission, in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Underwood, president of the College, I. Stubbins, W. Brooks, Giles Hester, J. Lewitt, and J. B. Pike.

LETTER FROM REV.
W. BAILEY.*Berhampore, June 17, 1862.*

THE time for the departure of the Overland Mail is again at hand, so that if I am to address you I must do so without delay. Our friends would like, I know, to see the missionary part of our periodical crowded every month with startling facts connected with the conversion of the heathen to Christ, but such instances, I am sorry to say, are of rare occurrence. It is often a source of great grief to me that we are not more successful. Many around us are free to confess that "an idol is nothing in this world," and that the Hindoo ceremonial is only kept up for the sake of appearance. Others will go further and avow their belief in the truth of christianity, and that sooner or later it will supplant Hindooism and Mohamedanism; yet they still remain careless and indifferent about the things that pertain to salvation. I am more than ever convinced that Hindooism has lost its hold upon the masses of the people. The character of the festivals in this district has entirely changed; there is fun, frolic, and tomfoolery in abundance, but you look in vain for that religious adoration which was so frequently referred to by the earlier missionaries to Orissa. The "Friend of India," a short time ago, affirmed that all the festivals were going down, except those that were held in connection with fairs, as is the case in upper India. On Thursday last we went to a festival in Berhampore, and though the so called "lord of the world" was brought out of the temple into a conspicuous place, yet beyond a few old women and children, and the attendant Brahmins, we could see scarcely any one that seemed to care ought about the ceremonies of the day.

On the 29th of this month the car festival will take place, and if the day be fine there will be a large

gathering of "sightseers." Children like to go to the festivals, because there is an abundant supply of sweet-meats and fruit sold. The women like to go, because there they obtain for a time their liberty, and can chat with a number of old acquaintances. And the men like to go, that they may make a display of their newest garments. But the great sport of the day is to run the cars against this or that man's house; that the steps, verandah, wall, or roof may be carried away. Last year a number of reckless young fellows resolved if possible to run the cars against a new verandah that had just been put up by one of the merchants of the town; the thing however oozed out, and the merchant took the precaution to barricade his house with posts and stones. When anyone complains of the injury done, the only redress they get is that it was "Juggernath's pleasure!!"

A few weeks ago the Superintendent of our New Police Corps, ordered his men to cover over with mud certain disgraceful figures that are on all the temples in the principal thoroughfares of Berhampore; they are eventually to be covered over with plaster, and thus for ever hidden from view. Now this has been done, and I have not heard a single complaint of a native about the matter.—Some of the elder boys in the Government school here have been making an effort to establish a "Mutual Improvement Society." This is certainly a step in the right direction, but whether it will succeed time will determine. A subscription paper was brought round, but before entering my name on the list I recommended the young men who brought it to go to some of the rich natives in the town, and that if they would subscribe liberally, they might depend upon the Europeans giving all the assistance in their power. One of the party replied, "There are plenty rich natives in Berhampore, but they have got no sense, Sir!" As I have just referred to the rich natives I may as well tell you that one of

them with two sons and a relative has recently been sent to "durance vile," under rather peculiar circumstances. This man had a daughter that was ill, and as the native doctors were unable to effect a cure, it was affirmed that she must be under the influence of witchcraft. A certain character was fixed upon, that according to supposition had been performing the evil art upon her, and the first opportunity was seized to drag him into a secret room, when this rich native and his friends drew out a number of his teeth, scarified his mouth and tongue, &c. An alarm was given, the police were instantly on the spot, the ringleaders were taken, and have been sentenced to pay a heavy fine, and suffer a year's imprisonment. An immense amount was spent in bribes, and no little effort was made to escape the law, but I am thankful to say that the law was vindicated. I said to a native, interested in the case, "Could you not bribe the officers of the court?" He said, "It is easy enough to bribe natives, but how are you to bribe a European?" After the sentence was passed an appeal was instantly sent to the Sudder Court, in Madras, by telegraph, which cost no less than 300 rupees, £30.

Our rainy season this year has commenced very early, and thus far I am truly thankful to say we have had no cholera.

I am going in a day or two to our new village, to let out the land recently taken, to the ryots. I should very much like our Society to purchase the land from the Government; it would be an excellent investment for money. Land in good cultivation is sold for twenty years rental; but land covered with jungle is sold at 2/8 rupees or five shillings per acre, and the act specifies that all the wood and minerals belong to the purchaser, and that when the sum of five shillings per acre is paid, the land

shall belong to the purchaser and to his heirs for ever. A friend of mine has just sent an application for 7,000 acres, and this immense estate will be secured in perpetuity for £1,750.

Efforts are being made in the district to grow cotton, and some of the specimens have been highly spoken of. A gentleman connected with the Aska Sugar Factory has obtained a free grant of land of thirty acres for a given time for cotton cultivation, and the land I believe is now planted with New Orleans cotton.

But I must close this wandering epistle. You will be pleased to hear that our young friend, Mr. T. Bailey, is progressing in his knowledge of the language. Before the close of the year I hope he will be able to do something both in the bazaar and the chapel.

NOTICE.—Letters for Messrs. Stubbins and Brooks to be received upon their arrival in India should be posted on or before September 19th, and addressed as under:—

Viâ Southampton and Calcutta.

REV. I. STUBBINS,
SHIP "SHANNON,"
OFF KEDGEREE,
INDIA.

Postage to be pre-paid. Under half-an-ounce, Sixpence.

The above will serve as a sample for the address of a letter to India. In writing to the Stations, omit the lines "Ship 'Shannon,'" &c. and insert CUTTACK; or PIPELEE, near CUTTACK, as the case may be. For Berhampore the address should be—

Viâ Southampton and Madras.

BERHAMPORE,
NEAR GANJAM,
INDIA.

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Treasurer, Derby, and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Secretary, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards may be obtained.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST
MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1862.

THE BICENTENARY SUNDAY.

THE 24th of August has come and gone. By various classes of Dissenters in every part of the country it was anticipated with more than ordinary interest; and the worthy manner in which it has been kept may well be remembered with devout thankfulness. Ministers and people seemed to have vied with each other in turning the day to suitable account. The attendance at most of the Dissenting chapels, especially in the towns, was larger than usual, and in many, collections were made for some suitable commemorative object. Judging from the numerous abstracts of the sermons given in various London and local papers, we think the Dissenters have every reason to be proud of their ministers. The acquaintance with the heroic period of our national history displayed by some, and the facility in presenting the great lessons of the Ejectment displayed by all, are creditable alike to their research and to their ability. Dissenters have, moreover, shown that they can be truthful and earnest, without being bitter or uncharitable. Here and there the

moral was pointed with a keenness and force that spared neither Conformist nor Nonconformist. 'Let us take heed to it,' said one preacher, 'that while denouncing the Act of Uniformity imposed on the Church of England, we do not ourselves perpetually pass petty Acts of Uniformity, imposing our creeds and modes on our brethren. In vain we do build the sepulchres of the prophets whom our fathers stoned if we persecute such prophets as are left us; in vain do we claim freedom to think for ourselves if we deny that freedom to others. A hawk was once discoursing of an eagle. Said he, "What a bird it is! It troubles the whole heaven, and is fain to rule over fowl of every wing." But the thread of his discourse was suddenly snapped. A sparrow flying far below caught his eye, and down swooped the hawk, carrying off the poor sparrow in his talons. And so it sometimes happens that the Nonconformists descend on the Establishment. "What a church it is! It troubles our heaven, and tries to rule over all the other churches in the land." But let any

unsuspecting heretic chirp below, and down sweeps the Nonconformist on the humble songster, and with beak and talons soon brings his strain to an untimely end.' It is to be hoped that this lesson will not be forgotten.

In the sketches of the Bicentenary sermons we have seen, nothing has so much struck us as this—their marked similarity even in their diversity. It is not simply that many preachers selected the same text, and that some ministers in one denomination showed a preference for one text, and others in another denomination for another; but it is the fact that the inferences drawn and the lessons enforced were so nearly alike.

It may be thought that the subject about which all had to discourse would certainly issue in some resemblance; but the most sanguine Dissenter could not have anticipated that the resemblance would be so striking. The Bicentenary sermons afford one of the best illustrations of the oneness of Christian churches when neither bound by creeds nor trammelled by subscriptions. We shall look in vain for any such unity in the sermons preached on that day in the churches of the Establishment.

Among so many excellent discourses it would be difficult to say which was the best; but there is one to which, from the age, the reputation, and the ability of the preacher we are disposed to give greater prominence than others. We refer to the sermon of the Rev. Thomas Binney, of Weigh House chapel, London. We subjoin a summary which has already appeared in the *Times*. Those who may have seen it will be glad to see it again, and those who have not seen it, will, we feel sure, thank us for calling to it their special attention.

The text was, Romans xiv. part of the 5th and of the 23rd verses, *Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. For whatever is not of faith is sin.* Mr. Binney began by referring to his sermon of the

previous Sunday, the anniversary of the day when many of the ejected ministers addressed their flocks for the last time. On this, the anniversary of the day on which their pulpits were vacant, their voices hushed, and their people in most cases like sheep without a shepherd, he thought it might be well to consider the significance of their act of secession. It stood out in the annals of England as marking a crisis in the religious and political development of things, and it might be found an inquiry more than curious to look at what it was, what is indicated, what preceded, and what followed it. In the history of the progress of opinion we might often observe three stages. There might be, in the first place, the stagnation, the acquiescence, or the unanimity of ignorance; then there would come the disturbance and the conflict of inquiry, and not until all these had passed came the repose and the unanimity of knowledge or love. The event of 1662 took its character from the times which had preceded it. It belonged to the period of inquiry and discussion, and it was the crisis and close of a stormy portion of it. He would take them back to a time which lay behind the fourteenth century, and in which, he might assume, there was the unanimity of ignorance. The national understanding and conscience were trampled into the dust by the foot of authority and kept quiescent by external force which created and encouraged mental stagnation. In that state of things a ray of light appeared in the sky, a star became visible in the murky firmament overhead; in other words, by the preaching of Wickliffe, 'the Morning Star of the Reformation,' an influence was exercised, inquiry was awakened, and 'the new doctrine,' as his message was called, was received. Of course, there was controversy, agitation, conflict; but that was not to be lamented. Better life and light, agitation and progress, with confusion and war, than the stagnation of death, and the

peace of the grave. The first movement and agitation in the mind of the nation at that remote period was the clamour for doctrinal truth, pure and simple, and thus previous unanimity was disturbed. It was the heart of the people of England crying for truth, in opposition to the incrustations which were supposed to be grafted on the primitive Evangel. Certain ideas, however, which afterwards became prominent in relation to the ministry and the Church found utterance and embodiment in the words of Wickliffe. Coincident with that cry for truth there was the utterance of these secondary ideas which became matter afterwards of controversy. Wickliffe boldly declared that, by the ordinances of Christ, priests and bishops were all one, and that in the time of St. Paul two orders were sufficient—priest and deacon. The next advance in that secondary period was under Henry VIII., when, after being the defender and advocate of the Papacy he became an ecclesiastical reformer, and the battle became a contest for national independence. First, the agitation was a cry out of the heart of the common people for truth, but when it got into the hands of the king it was a battle for national independence. Henry cast off the authority of the Pope and claimed for himself and his people freedom from foreign jurisdiction; and he was right. It was at this stage that Papists and Protestants alike suffered, and often at the same stake, the one as a heretic, for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation, the other as a traitor, for opposing the ecclesiastical supremacy of the king. Omitting the reign of Mary, another advance in inquiry was made in the time of Edward VI., culminating eventually in the state of things under the Commonwealth. This was the Puritan agitation—the battle for further reformation, for greater precision in the Protestant creed, and greater simplicity in the Church rites and clerical habits. During this long period the Puritans were

constantly asking relief from things practically oppressive. They were oppressed, insulted, and prosecuted, but they continued nevertheless to increase both in numbers and weight. It was a curious fact that in the convocation which met in 1562, just 300 years ago, in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, the Puritan element was so strong that many of the members distinguished for high ecclesiastical office were anxious and earnest for ritual reform. A proposition was made to do away with all saints' days, for omitting the sign of the cross in baptism, and for the discontinuance of the use of organs, and so forth. That was 300 years ago, and the proposition was carried by a majority of eight of those present, but when afterwards proxies were admitted to be used for the absentees, the decision was reversed by a majority of one. So very near was the Church of Elizabeth of being marked and modified by Puritan opinion. Every one familiar with the history of the reign of James I. would remember how he browbeat the Puritans and threatened to harry them out of the land. For 100 years the Puritans were persecuted. Many were deprived of their livings, and many sought refuge beyond the seas; while at the same time they were so oppressed the Church was deteriorated both in creed and worship by doctrinal defects and Popish innovations. Side by side with ecclesiastical abuses the process of political degeneracy went on in the ill-fated and arbitrary conduct of the king, until the patience and forbearance of the people were exhausted, and they rose up determined to obtain reformation and redress. So up to this point the period of inquiry has gone on, marked as such periods always are by manifold agitations. On looking back to the time to which he was now referring, there were two or three things which, for a right understanding of the subject, must not be overlooked. First, the contest was one within the Church; all the time that in-

ternal struggle was going on there were bodies of Separatists, more or less numerous, detaching themselves and taking the form of distinct congregations; but into their case he did not enter. Again, it was to be noticed that the contest itself was of the nature of a struggle between conservatism and progress, the one party clinging to doctrines and forms, ecclesiastical arrangements and practices which the other deemed superstitious or erroneous, and wished to supersede so as to bring things into greater harmony, as it thought, with primitive truth and apostolical order. Besides, both parties looked to the secular power for support, and both sought the regal or parliamentary oppression of the other. When things came to a death-struggle in the middle of 1662 the royal patronage of the one party was changed to the parliamentary patronage of the other. The principle was the same, though the agency was different. So things continued till the turn of the tide, which brought back again to their old moorings the remnants or representatives of the past age. Then it was, at the restoration, that there might have been a comprehensive arrangement and mutual concessions, which would have shown that each party had profited by its own vicissitudes; but such was not the temper of the times. The fact was that there never was an intention on the part of the bishops to do anything but to get rid of their old adversaries, and on the part of the adversaries there was too much desire to introduce into the Church functional changes. Had wisdom and love presided on the occasion, such a temporary arrangement might have been carried out as would have gone far to secure the comprehension of the Presbyterian clergy; but it never was contemplated, and after they had been trifled with and cajoled in various ways, the State, directed, stimulated, inspired by the Church, passed an act offering them terms of accommodation, which could not be accepted without dishonour. The Act

of Uniformity, he thought he might say, was the climax and close of one of the divisions of the period of inquiry of which he had been speaking. It was not the close of the period itself—at least, not for the nation. The English mind, considered as a whole, is passing through the conflict of enquiry still, and will have to do so for a long time yet before it reaches the unanimity either of knowledge or of love. For those who can conscientiously conform the period of enquiry with respect to many things is finished and done with. They have passed beyond that, and are now in possession of positive, ascertained, absolute truth, or they ought to be. In one sense it might be admitted that what was required of the successors of the Puritan clergy—remembering that they would have had to give up or profess to give up the convictions of years, to accept and submit to what they had so long and so strenuously resisted, to say they believed in words addressed to either God or man what they did not believe, and to promise and practise what they thought repugnant to Christian simplicity—it might be admitted, he said, that for them to have done that, or half, or quarter of it, would have been so monstrous that refusal to do it was no great virtue. Be it so. They had many defects; some that were their own, and some that belonged to the age in which they lived. Leaving the men themselves out of view, without dealing in panegyric or eulogy about them, let him consider the thing that they did, and what signification it had. What the Act of Uniformity required might be stated in a few words. It required a public declaration of unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the Book of Common Prayer, the administration of the sacraments and other rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, together with the Psalter, and the form or manner of ordaining and consecrating bishops, priests, and

dencons. It required also the taking of an oath of canonical obedience and of subjection to the ordinary according to the canons of the Church. It further required the abjuration of the Solemn League and Covenant, and a distinct declaration of the unlawfulness, under any pretence whatever, to take up arms against the king. These requirements involved the abandonment of everything of moment which the men had ever professed or done, and the acceptance of much that was directly contrary to their known convictions. Admit that there was no great heroism in refusing what would involved the most flagrant immorality, even though it entailed the loss of all things, still there might be a significance in the fact that the thing was done and the suffering sustained, that might be well worthy of lasting remembrance. The demand and the penalty were the natural issue of a wrong principle admitted and acted on by every dominant party of the day. The establishment of a church and the enforcement of a creed by secular authority was a common principle with Papists and Protestants, priests and presbyters in these old times. Whichever religious party had the supremacy, it thought itself the dictator of the religion of the nation, and its adoption was to be enforced by penal enactments. But if it was wrong for Mary to act on that principle, it was wrong for Elizabeth. If it was right to enforce the acceptance of the 'Directory,' it might be right to enforce the use of the Prayer Book. Much might be said on behalf of the Presbyterian in mitigation of judgment, but it must be admitted that a wrong principle was common alike to the two great Protestant parties—viz., that the supreme power in the State, whatever it might be, was to be relied on for the support and enforcement of the faith. Again, the conduct of the Nonconformists, whatever there might have been to lessen its lustre, brought before us in many ways the reverence which was due to con-

science, by man to man's, and by each man to his own. Their friends, if he might not call them forefathers, were so circumstanced that they were obliged to look at oaths and subscriptions with a deep seriousness and a steady gaze. To them those things were a solemn reality. They meant something. They could not be trifled with. Everything was then fresh from those who expected it to be taken to signify what it said. The very canons at which so many people now smiled as antiquated were at that period comparatively fresh. It was only by the lapse of time that oaths and subscriptions became formalities and got to be looked on as meaning nothing. There were men now, at this very day, who never thought seriously of what they had done, and would do it again, who, if some new test were proposed to them, or some new form of declaration required, would refuse and resist, whatever might be the consequence. Whether of itself time should be permitted so to modify the aspect of things as to deaden the sense of moral obligation, he would not inquire; but that it did so was patent to all. There were principles and expressions in the baptismal and other services, in some of the rubrics, and in the office for the burial of the dead, which the Nonconformists could not admit or approve, or which they strongly condemned or utterly denied, and which therefore they would not subscribe or profess. The lesson taught should not be lost, especially in the present day, when the secret seemed to be possessed by some how subscription might be harmonized with the denial of almost everything subscribed. The conduct of the men had in it the germ of many things which had since been developed, and of much that was now secured by law. They would not strip themselves of the liberty to endeavour to remove abuses either from Church or State. They would not assert that there could not possibly be in the realm of England congregations of Christian men that might not be

called churches, besides the Church established by law. Their convictions have not been without result, though the men had much to suffer from subsequent penal and persecuting laws. Their principles in time bore abundantly their legitimate fruit. They justified resistance to arbitrary power. They led to the Act of Toleration and ultimately secured the liberty of worship which their descendants now enjoy. Had not the Nonconformists resisted in one century there would have been no clear stage for the missionary movements of Wesley and Whitefield in the next. The effect of the ejection on the English Church was a century and more of deadness, a wilderness of dreary formality and hollow profession which followed the casting out of the Puritan leaven. All that ought to be a lesson to every religious community to beware of giving way to revengeful feelings, of humiliating a rival, or vexing a brother. While he must sorrowfully confess that they were still only now in the second stage of the progress of opinion, and that it would be a long time yet before the Christian church advanced to the third, let them all try to hasten the period of 'the good time coming,' if it was ever to come. There never would be in religion the unanimity of knowledge in the sense of scientific demonstration. Especially was that true in respect to those secondary things in which Christians might differ who were one in faith, but which had been too often made the

watchwords of schism and the instruments of tyranny; but there might be and ought to be the unanimity of love. There might be a distinct recognition of the right to differ, and a mutual respect between those who differed. Our rule for others should be, where there is nothing to throw suspicion on their integrity, *to their own Master they stand or fall*. The rule of each for himself must be, *be fully persuaded*—that is intelligently informed and rationally convinced, for *whatsoever was not of faith in this full and enlightened persuasion was sin*. Let all of every church carry that with them, whether Conformists or Nonconformists, and in that way they would all do something in heralding the approach of the unanimity of love.'

We heartily rejoice at the probable results of the Bicentenary Sunday. It is very rarely after all that Dissenting ministers bring prominently before their people either the history of early dissent, or the points of difference between themselves and the State Church, one reason, probably, among others, why so many children of Dissenters conform. But with the lesson of St. Bartholomew's day before them, it may reasonably be expected that such defections will be less frequent. Certain we are that the heroism, the patience, and the fidelity of the men of 1662 have supplied many lessons sadly needed by the present age. May God grant that their fruits may be seen after many days.

THE NEWBURYS: THEIR OPINIONS AND FORTUNES.

A GLIMPSE OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN WHICH IS SHOWN HOW DR. CAFFYN'S REMEDY SUCCEEDED.

STRONG men are frequently misjudged. We think them cold, icy, indifferent, and shrink from them half in pity and half in admiration, knowing not that beneath their stately unruffled composure there is commonly a tender and profound susceptibility, a warm and generous life, as the sunset clouds tremble to

noiseless winds in their serenest balancings, and the baldest stoniest hills run down with singing burns and have hearts of precious gold.

Giles Newbury was not a creature of emotion and tears, easily touched by trivialities, or moved to shows of sentiment upon conveniently dramatic occasions. He was yet tender-

hearted and loving as a child, and when surprised by circumstances into an unconscious disclosure of himself, or thrown by the force of his own energies into situations where every accidental investiture was ruthlessly stripped away, his sensibilities were touched and quickened, and his large human heart gushed out into sublime sorrow, heroic tenderness, or compassionate love. It was so now. He had had news of one as good as dead, and Stephen's own brother had released him from prison, having obtained the warrant through the influence of an eminent Commoner whose life he had saved in the confusions of the plague. He was once more beneath his own roof-tree, and around him were familiar mementos of happiness and love. And still, who would not have wept? Better a thousand times to have remained in prison, he thought, if that could have prevented what he now mourned. And then his grief gushed out wild and inconsolable. A thrill of poignant love ran with it, for it was her devotion unto him, her weary waitings and watchings, that had laid her open to disease. Could he spare her now after this sublime trust and self-sacrifice? He dared not answer his own thoughts, but looked upon her as she lay there tossing and moaning, beseeching and imploring that he would leave her, and uttering broken prayers and gasping plaints for the dear ones for whom she was now willing to die. O the love and the sorrow that make their life and home in these hearts of ours, enriching and rending, blessing and blasting, softening and subliming—what a full heaven of mystery, what a solemn hush of eternity do they open and distil about us! Who can hold them, resist them, analyze them, or interpret them? Intellect is baffled, speculation is thrown back, blinded and wing-broken, and Faith, only Faith, catches the whispering hints they bring of the future and the far-away, crooning to herself a simple-hearted song

amid the glare of fiery consummations and the crash of hurtling storms!

The very moment the plague-spots appeared upon his person, Lathwell thought it was all over with him: he would have no help and he needed none. It was impious, he said, to run counter to the decrees of unerring Wisdom and universal Power. Had not wonder after wonder, in recent events, plainly foretold what was coming upon him? Did not each succeeding aspect of affairs appear stranger and yet plainer? Was there not a Providence moving amidst human affairs, and was it not cognisable? Had he not recently felt many new impulsions, deeper sympathies, swifter thoughts? Nay, had he not been tempted, confounded, bewildered? Such things could only be read by an intelligent observer in one way: he had so read them and was prepared. The Plague soon made rapid inroads upon him, and every bounding pulse that shook his frame, and, as with fiery waves, erased faculty after faculty of his mind, seemed about to bear him away in an overwhelming tide. He left a few hasty messages, and having already arranged his affairs, he solemnly and hopefully sank into the stillness of the grave. It was his corpse that Giles had seen borne out as he passed by to enter his own house, guessing well all that had taken place.

When the first gush of his great grief was over, Giles calmly viewed the situation in which he found himself. Was he come out, then, to see his Maggie die, and yet touch her not? Were joy and grief ever to be yolk-fellows, that once more they had come together? Was there no help for her then, no possibility of recovery, no chink of light in this waste of gloom? Yes; there was. Why had he doubted? Was not God merciful, loving, compassionate, and did he not firmly and faithfully trust in Him? Had Christ, then, no heart of human tenderness, weeping over lost ones,

restoring dear ones, and thinking even of his mother and his enemies upon the cross? For a few moments he was lost in an agony of shame, of humiliation, and yet of hopeful love and radiant expectancy. He arose, crept quietly down stairs, and summoned Ephraim.

'I am going to fetch a physician,' he said. 'I cannot let her lie and die without help of some kind.'

'You do well,' replied Ephraim; 'but you must send the watchman outside. It took some persuasion for him to let us do as we have done, and he will think we might be ruled this time.'

'Nay, that wont do!' returned Giles with a bright flash from his eyes. 'He'll fetch some old surgeon or other, who will do as all do, bleed and purge, prate of the *vis medicatrix nature*, and so leave her an easy prey to what we most fear. I'll go myself, if it's possible, into St. Paul's Street.'

'Stop, I'll send the watchman on an errand, and then you can slip out unperceived, get who you please, and if you only take care to come back with the physician you'll easily get inside again,' added Ephraim.

The thing was done. Giles remembered a young practitioner he had several times met with, who had been educated in Paris, and had withal the repute of being somewhat of a sceptic, and by some unaccountable spontaneous determination of his mind, he decided upon seeking him.

'If there's help to be had in London, it will be found in Mathew Coffin,' said Giles, thinking aloud, as he crept along narrow and deserted streets. 'He's just the man not to be trammelled by stupid rules and frightened by a bugbear—a man who can meet a danger without under-estimating it, and confess a difficulty without being daunted by it.'

After much doubling and skilful evasion of obstacles, he at last came to the house, where, contrary to his hopeful haste, he found that he was

not at home, but, considering the frightful havoc of fear on the one hand and genuine disease on the other, this was nevertheless what he might wisely have calculated upon. He was ushered into the surgery at his own request, determined to wait until Caffyn came in that he might secure his services without any further delay. His only companion for the full hour or more he had to wait before the doctor appeared, was a grinning skeleton in a case, which confronted him in hideous mockery, and necessitated the stroughest efforts of his will to preserve a calm and equable frame of mind.

'What! Mr. Newbury, you here?' said the doctor immediately he entered, recognizing him at once. 'I thought you were in Newgate. But never mind, you needn't tell me. I know all about it—it was a rascally shame, and you've behaved like a man.'

'Thank you, Dr. Caffyn, but I'm in very great trouble just now and want your help directly—my wife has the Plague.'

'The plague she has. Well; so has everybody else, and you and I will be having it some of these days, if we stop here, I expect. I'll see her at once, but must first put up a phial or two of physic for some others. Will you wait for me?'

'With pleasure, and especially as the watchman won't let me inside without you.'

'Oh, that's it, is it? Just so. We can have a word or two in the meanwhile. When was she taken?'

'Only in the night, or this morning, I think, for I've not been out of prison many hours.'

'Indeed. Is she much frightened, then?'

'Not exactly frightened for herself, although she thinks she must—the terrible word choked him and could not be uttered.'

'Did she not appear at all revived when she saw you?'

This was a sore question for Giles, and he answered it as fully and as calmly as he could. The doctor

mused as he went on with his work. At length his countenance brightened, and he looked up into Newbury's face.

'How old is your eldest daughter, pray?'

'Nigh upon sixteen.'

'Ah, that will do. Now, you're a brave man, and I am going to propose a somewhat bold experiment.'

'Go on,' was all Giles answered, his lips nervously and visibly compressed.

'You say you have a daughter, much loved by her mother. She must nurse her, and we must get rid of that "regulation"-nurse as well as we can.'

'Is it that you mean?' asked Giles, tremulously: 'God help me to bear it!'

'It is evident,' continued Mr. Caffyn, unheeding, and as if reasoning out to himself—'it is evident that we must have something vital to work upon, something natural, if you will, and I propose to throw the whole issue of the case on the strength of those feelings which you will know how to estimate better than I do, and which, after the relief of pressing symptoms, will, if I am not mistaken, exhibit themselves more strongly than ever, for I have always found that with returning life what we call the parental instinct wakes up into marvellous force and will carry through any further difficulties. But I must ask you—I know it will be painful to you, but you must please bear with me—to so far comply with her strange wish as never to enter her room until I give you permission.'

'What am I—?'

'You can trust me, I hope—I know you can *Him*—and in twenty-four hours we shall know the best, or the worst. Do you agree?'

'Mathew,' answered the troubled man, still calm amidst all his perplexities, and looking his self-possessed questioner full in the face. 'I can trust you, even with two lives—yca, three. We differ

in many things: I believe in God, and it is said you do not. Did it ever occur to you that this plague might be an instrument in His hands? Is it faith or is it fate that makes you so calm in these matters that you can even reason where I dare only believe?'

Mathew Caffyn was silent, and they went away together without further delay. They had nearly reached the house, when the doctor laid his hand on Newbury's arm.

'Hold!' he said. 'You have asked me questions that I have not answered. May I be allowed to ask others in return? I *do* believe in God, but not in the God of some men, who make Him the author of all human misery and suffering, as if to feel pain only were human, and to make pain only were divine. And yet I am no theologian—for myself, I like something inward better than all your reasonings. And as for this plague, I allow men to call it a visitation, if they think it and feel it to be so; for myself I do not see it as such. It seems rather one of those periodical disturbances in the life of great cities which come under natural laws that will be disclosed by and bye. It was not generated here, you know, but came from over the water, and might easily have been prevented by stricter quarantine regulations, and what I should call better living—I mean not strictly as to diet but manners, amongst the people here, who had laid themselves open to any infectious disease by their own vicious practices. Now fever is often very much like the milder forms of the plague and self-generated, I believe, and do you call that a visitation? For faith—who is there without? If men cease to believe in God, they very soon believe in something worse, and something foolish. There's your friend Lathwell, poor man—'

'He's died of the plague,' said Giles.

'Just what I expected. He had faith enough of his own

sort, but his always seemed to me to be fate, and if there's no distinguishing between the two, I very much prefer believing, as the Greeks did, in all sorts of free and living forces. But, here we are, and I must say more another time. Do you doubt me, now ?'

His eyes were turned in all their brightness upon Giles, who grasped his arm in thoughtful silence, and they entered the house.

Prompt measures were immediately adopted, and the arrangements hinted at quietly made. The room was fumigated by a refreshing scent, Maggie's clothes were carried down stairs by the doctor himself and burnt, and a strong-smelling draught was given her to drink. At a concerted signal the daughter Emily appeared, moved along the room as if nothing had happened, and silently took her seat, book in hand, by the head of the bed, her mother appearing to doze meanwhile, and although she was evidently very much excited, as one so young might well be, still she had enough of her father's courage to face whatever appeared to be a duty. Lifting his finger to his lips and quietly moving away the doctor departed, promising Giles that if he would remain patiently down stairs he would call again in a few hours.

The patient was evidently dozing off, and yet troubled thoughts now and then agitated her, and her lips muttered undistinguishable words. Emily sat nervously apprehensive, but still as possible, holding her breath whenever her mother seemed disturbed lest her hitherto unnoticed presence should be manifest.

'Now do—do,' said the patient softly, as the lamp grew dim, and she had been slumbering nearly a couple of hours. 'Now do—do—there's a good man. I am sure I can manage. Emily is getting a big girl now, you know. Ah, now, I knew you would. There! you are good.'

A long pause succeeded and the bodily agitations seemed less frequent. She now began to breathe

deeply, and the young watcher was alarmed. At length she commenced talking again very quietly.

'Dear me, how sleepy I am, and it's almost time I got up, or I shall be late at the prison and Giles will be troubled. See, it's Monday! What a long time it is since I saw him. I hear a noise—it must be Emily getting up, still it seems dark yet. Emily! Emily!' she shouted at the top of her voice, waking herself right out by the exertion.

The girl could no longer control herself, but arose and flung her arms around her mother's neck, saying, 'I am here, dear mother, I am here. Do you want anything? Nay, you mustn't get out of bed, you are ill. Oh do, mother, be still; pray do!'

'But I must be off with my basket. Oh, to think I have lain so late,' and she whimpered like a child. 'Oh, Emily, Emily!' she burst out again.

'I am here, mother, close to you. Do pray lie down, you are weak and ill, and must not get up.'

'Am I ill, do you say? I thought there was a man sitting in the corner, and he frightened me. Is he gone? Is it you, Emily, bless you, you dear girl. Come closer, closer—here, you need not be afraid. What do they say is the matter with me? Whisper it in my ear, there's a good child.'

At this critical juncture Dr. Caffyn entered. It was, in fact, the noise of the unlocking of the outer door by the watchman that had aroused the patient.

'Here's the doctor, mother,' said Emily.

'What does he want, eh, child?'

'He's come to see you, mother,' and Emily strove to rid herself of her mother's hearty embrace and stand aside.

'Nay, nay, you mustn't,' said Maggie petulantly. 'I can't do without you, dear, now father's away, and will you sing me one of your little hymns, child—it will do me good.'

The doctor stood behind in earnest attention, and listened to the girl as she trilled in frank simplicity a little hymn expressive of the love of God, and of faith in Christ. And the gentle sounds penetrated all over the house, touching even the solitary waiter below with tenderness and joy.

'There's little need for me now,' said Dr. Caffyn preparing to retire, 'only,' he whispered to himself, 'I must see that this girl does not become infected in the most critical period.' 'Here, my dear,' he whispered to Emily, 'this red draught is for your mother, and you must take this light-coloured one yourself, just before you begin to feel sleepy. I shall come again in the morning, and you may let your father come up stairs as soon as she asks for him.'

He again retired, and as he left the house he took Giles by the hand and said, 'My friend, I am beginning to understand what Faith is now. She will ask after you as her reason brightens, and you can see her then. Farewell!'

And Giles went into his dim

solitude once more and was all ear.

About an hour after midnight, as Emily was replenishing the lamp, her mother turned over in bed, and said, 'Emily, I have had such a queer dream. I thought I saw a man there—' pointing to the corner —'and he wanted to touch me and I would not let him, and he frightened me. And after a time I dreamed that he called me by my name Maggie, and I was in a prison with him, and it was father, and he said to me, "Maggie, Maggie!" as I stood against the door, going out, and gave me *such a look*. And then I cried out, "Giles! my husband, my husband! Come with me. come with me!"'

The quick ear of Giles had caught his name, and he crept swiftly up the stairs, and entered the room just as Maggie was proceeding with her narrative, and placed himself by the side of Emily and gazed upon her—it was only for a moment. With one loud long scream of joy that startled the house, Maggie rose in bed, threw her arms round the poor man's neck, and sobbed in an ecstasy of joy.

CHAPTER XV.—THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

Yes; Maggie was herself again. An active faith had triumphed where a blind fate would have succumbed, and the strong feelings of a woman's heart and the quick glances of a man's intellect had gone to the forming of a natural restoration, or had been the basis of a supernatural ministration. She grew calmer and better, although it was some time before she was able to undertake her household duties. Owing to the excellent arrangements of Dr. Caffyn no one else in the household caught the terrible pestilence, and all were pleased when at a month's end from her recovery the watchman ceased his surveillance and took off his lock from the street-door, but still none of the children were allowed to go out, and their only visitor was Ephraim, who came

almost daily, and was always eagerly watched for by all.

'I should think Ephraim will be here soon,' Emily would often say, as she put things to-rights a bit, and brought her rich golden hair into waving masses about her forehead, making the fact a sort of convenient excuse for divers little blushings by no means uncomprehended by Maggie.

Giles found plenty of work for his hands and labour for his head. He scarcely knew where to begin first, but went boldly straightforward into matters and soon found them to arrange themselves, as a single electric spark will shift a loose layer of sand into beautiful and definite waves. Many important documents he found half finished, and he had to procure extra clerks' assistance as well as he could at

such a time. A great many persons were selling their houses, properties, and businesses, and hurrying out of the city, and scarcely a day passed without some fresh conveyance deeds being wanted. There were, moreover, personal matters to superintend, for Mr. Lathwell had very generously bequeathed to him and his heirs the whole of what little he had saved, and there was also a little straightening required of other private matters. So that the months flew by unheeded, and he still worked hard in his little dingy office in the narrow lane, getting occasional dream-peeps at familiar country scenes, and gravitating, in a manner mysterious to him, towards his native village.

The breaking out of the Great Fire of London at once decided him. He would retire to Carlton. He opened the matter to his principal clerk, who expressed his extreme willingness to manage the business for him and come to reside upon the spot, and so arrangements were put in progress.

'We are so glad to hear you are coming,' wrote Keturah in reply to his note, advising the same—'and are putting the rooms in order for you, Grandmama Hazzlehurst stirring about with an alacrity wonderful in one at her years. Elijah scarcely knows how to contain himself at the thought, and is always saying, "Ah, when Giles comes!" and even mother is aroused out of her dull dream of reminiscence to bustle about in the present. The news has made quite a stir in the village, although how it has crept out I do not know, and Parson Williams is as fidgetty as a man can well be since he hears so many whispers about you, going to and fro and sowing all manner of evil against you. He met old Betty Kidger the other day—you will remember the old woman who lives at the bottom of our orchard—and said: "Here, they say this Newbury's coming back again who's been to prison for treason—is it true?" "Pardon me, Sir," Betty replied, "you mistake

—'twas for Religion not Treason, he went to prison, Sir." "Nonsense, you old fool," he replied tartly. "You old women are always so stupid when once you get a maggot in your heads. It was for Treason I tell you, do you hear, and mind, if you don't come to church next Sunday I'll treason you." Betty courtseyed but said nothing, and he left her mightily angered. You see brother Giles,' Keturah added naively, 'we want one or two men amongst us who can protect honest souls from such treatment, for it seems to me that the laws neither do one thing nor the other, but go just which way the magistrates and bishops make them.'

Final arrangements were at length made, and fortified by a Certificate of Health, duly signed and countersigned by magistrates and physician, Giles gathered together his family for the journey. The fire had raged now for three days and was increasing, so that great care and caution were required in moving towards the appointed starting-place of the coach. Many a time were they scattered, and it required all the exertions of himself and Ephraim who was assisting in getting them off to keep all well together.

They came, in the course of their walking, to a narrow street, out of which ran on either side many passages and alleys, and to reach their destination they had to traverse the whole length of it. When about half-way a man suddenly sprang out of one of the passages some little distance in front of them and shouted *Fire, Fire!* at the top of his voice, and dense volumes of smoke and bright points of flame were seen following fast from the place whence he had emerged. A sudden gust of wind had carried the fire, which was some distance off, along the housetops from a neighbouring street, and some twenty closely-packed houses were now in full blaze.

'Come along,' said Giles, hurrying them. 'We shall have a crowd here directly, and then our passing

will be impossible. Here, Ephraim, you keep behind, and Emily you take hold of Nathaniel's hand.'

They moved onwards a few minutes very steadily, when a whiff of thick smoke came about them and almost hid them from each other. All around too, was heard the tramping of fast gathering feet, the cries of persons in distress, and the rattle of vehicles bearing water, tools, or carrying away valuables from the burning houses. It was a very anxious time. Sparks were flying overhead, the whole atmosphere was getting sultry and uncomfortable, and when they seemed to gain upon the fire and distance it, a sudden deviation of the wind would make all their efforts fruitless. The two smaller children now began to cry and wanted to go home, and both Giles and Maggie had quite enough to do to keep them together and find out the way. However, it wanted yet a full hour to the time when the coach would start, and as the luggage was already there, they had nothing to do but leisurely proceed, and carefully pick their way through the heat and the smoke.

A tremendous roaring at last warned them of their increasing danger and proximity to the fire. They kept together and hurried on. Still the cry of *Fire, Fire, Fire!* resounded about them, and people as yet but half dressed came to their windows imploring to be told were it was, shrieking for help, and rushing out half-clad and frantic with fear to meet the very danger they most wished to avoid. The narrow street was at length traversed, and now they came to a cross-way, where a very thunder of noises smote their ears, above which was distinctly audible, the hissing, the sputtering, and the crackling of the fire. Looking nervously around them, and carried first one way and then another by an increasing crush, the little party kept together and hurried still onward, obliged to keep in a direction to the left that must soon bring them close upon the fire. They now encountered a stream of

straggling fugitives, wild, disordered, and alarmed, beseeching Heaven to help and men to pity them, bemoaning their lost treasures and lost homes, and hurrying away, some grasping a choice article of furniture, and others heavily laden with goods and children, away out of the smoke, and the fire, and the fury, to perish of hunger, to die of cold, and to rave like madmen over the stricken city. The little ones were now almost exhausted and panted nervously, and constantly looked upon the countenances of their elders to read there some dim hope to crush their fear, some dim answer to their wonder as to what all these things meant.

A blast of hot air once more warned them of their danger, and Ephraim ran forward to Giles to endeavour to discover the direction of this new source of alarm. Little Nathaniel, thinking it meant another scamper, rushed forward to the front, breaking away from Emily's hand and leaving her some distance in the rear. Not in the least alarmed at this, Emily mended her pace, but still did not hurry to catch them as there seemed to be no immediate danger, and very little except gusts of smoke could be seen to indicate anything. In a moment the hot air came nearer; it smote her cheek; it seemed as though it would suffocate her; and her very clothing seemed in danger of catching fire and burning. A gust of wind flapped down a column of smoke right in front of her and at once hid her from her friends. Another moment and a wild spurt of flame rushed across the road and danced in hideous glee about some inflammable liquid that began to run down the way in a stream. She stood alone with a deep barrier of fire and smoke between her and help. She cried out as loudly as she could;—she rushed frantically on this side and that,—she heard voices from out the fire answering and encouraging her, and was making as though she would rush through the flames at all hazards.

'Stay, stay, stay!' they cried from the front, as if divining her purpose by her sudden silence. The smoke grew denser, and the fire hotter, so that she was unwillingly forced to retire a considerable number of paces. At this moment there was a terrific explosion close at hand, a perfect hail of sparks, a waving mass of something coming through the smoke; a very hush of terror, and then a tremendous rattle and crash which seemed as if it shook the very earth. She fell to the ground, bleeding and insensible.

ELECTRO-PLATE.

'The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the earth her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet;
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.'

MONTGOMERY.

THAT electro-plate is rather an unusual subject to write upon in a religious publication we do not deny. Nevertheless, we do not see that that is any valid reason for its not being introduced if only something be said worth the saying. We venture to hope that this is the case. Mrs. E. B. Browning tells us that 'a wise man can pluck a leaf, and find a lesson in it.' An older and greater bard has declared that we may, if we will, get 'sermons in stones.' Now if there are lectures in leaves, and sermons in stones, why not also essays in electro-plate, and sermons in silver? No doubt there are, if we will only be at the trouble to seek them out. So at least the present writer has often thought when he has handled forks made of the material whose name forms the title of his remarks, or when he has been compelled to see the inflated announcements of its varied excellencies set forth in newspaper advertisements and vaunted in large letters inside a railway-carriage. This much-boasted and largely-patronized substitute for silver is, in fact, a sign of the times—a gaudy bubble on the stream of

public opinion and feeling, which, nevertheless, is big enough to indicate the direction in which it flows. It is on this ground that it is suggestive of much concerning modern life.

In one of his most valuable books Mr. Ruskin insists very uncompromisingly upon truthfulness in architecture. He complains loudly of our perpetual departure from it. Against all wood painted to look like marble, all brickwork made to resemble stone, all deal proclaiming itself to be maple, or oak, or mahogany, all attempts of the brush to simulate the toils of the chisel—he protests with the vigour of one who is jealous for the safety of his favourite art. Stucco his soul loatheth, veneering is abomination to his eyes. Listen to what he says: 'Exactly as a woman of feeling would not wear false jewels, so would a builder of honour disdain false ornaments. The using of them is just as downright and inexcusable a lie. You use that which pretends to a worth which it has not; which pretends to have cost, and to be, what it did not, and is not; it is an imposition, a vulgarity, an impertinence, and a

sin. Down with it to the ground, grind it to powder, leave its ragged place upon the wall, rather; you have not paid for it, you have no business with it, you do not want it. Nobody wants ornaments in this world, but everybody wants integrity. All the fair devices that ever were fancied, are not worth a lie. Leave your walls as bare as a planed board, or build them of baked mud and chopped straw, if need be; but do not rough-cast them with falsehood.* Very much of this will apply to electro-plate. It is a metal falsehood, a shining deception. If when it is used it is well understood that it is what it is, and not passed off for something better, all well and good. But when your servant brings out the plate-basket and arranges a dozen electro-plate forks around the table your wish being that your guests should account them silver, they are nothing more or less than a dozen untruths. That the latter is the impression which not a few people wish to make, it is not uncharitable to affirm; it is merely honest.

In all this you have a type of what is too fashionable to-day;—*insincerity*. Our social life is to a great extent electro-plate. 'Things are not what they seem.' There is a greedy deceptionness at work in all classes which is positively awful, and eating away every bone of our national robustness and integrity. You find it in our correspondence. What a want of reality and truthfulness in our letter writing. 'Dear Sir,' 'Dear Madam,' 'Yours faithfully,' how grossly are these terms corrupted and abused. The swindler that is draining you of your last five pound note, the creditor who is plaguing your heart out for a debt, the puffing-tradesman who is sending you a circular crammed full of falsehoods, begins by telling you how 'Dear,' a 'Sir,' you are! Little wonder that it should have been sarcastically said, that words were given to conceal thought. Think,

* The Seven Lamps of Architecture, p. 49.

too, of ordinary conversation. What a thick incrustation covers the substratum of truth. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton somewhere makes a remark to the effect that husbands and wives sometimes 'my love' and 'my dear' each other when they are positively living a cat and dog life together. This is a bold sort of assertion, but every one knows it has a foundation. We verily believe that people who invariably say what they mean, and mean what they say, require a good deal of looking for. What a common occurrence is the following:—*Scene*:—a parlour. *Enter* old Mr. Brown. Mr. Smith, rising and extending his hand says, 'Well, upon my word, Mr. Brown, is it you, Sir? What a stranger you are. We have been expecting you every day. Really, we are delighted to see you: it is quite a treat for you to come in in this friendly manner. Pray let me help you off with your over-coat; and spend a few hours with us!' *Scene*,—the same. *Time*,—a couple of hours after. *Exit* Brown: Smith to his wife, 'How glad I am he's gone. I hoped he wouldn't have stayed at all: I did not mean him to do. That old Brown is a regular bore, that he is.' This is but a specimen of what often occurs. Moreover, this untruthfulness is found often in prayer. Shakespere says,

'The devil can quote Scripture for his purpose.'

He can do more. He can get folk to supplicate what they care nothing about. We have heard a notorious Diotrephes, a deliberate opponent of his minister, an adversary doing all he could to create dissatisfaction in the pews toward the pulpit—pray most loudly and earnestly for the pastor that he may 'long live to go in and out among them, &c., &c.' Insincerity in prayer is the most sickening and disgusting of all.

In these days of social, commercial, and moral electro-plate, it should be well laid to heart that no class appears to be so utterly ab-

horrent to God as hypocrites. Certainly no class so much roused the indignation of Christ. Of the Pharisees—those redoubtable electro-plate venders eighteen hundred years ago—he thundered out the fearful anathema, *The same shall receive the greater damnation.* Insincerity is a most inexcusable sin. It is so comparatively easy to be truthful. Great we may some of us be unable to be, but the lowliest of us can be sincere. Hypocrisy, moreover, is a most clumsy, blundering monster. It usually over-reaches itself. If you try to be what you are not, men find you out sooner than you think. A man is different from a bat, depend upon it. The ass may skilfully cover itself with the lion's hide, but, either by a very poor imitation of roaring, or the manifestation of two long unwelcome ears, it will at length let the secret out. A lie has no legs. Well says a transatlantic philosopher, 'Pretension may sit still, but cannot act. Pretension never feigned an act of real greatness. Pretension never wrote an Iliad, nor drove back Xerxes, nor Christianized the world, nor abolished slavery. A man may play the fool in the drifts of the desert, but every grain of sand shall seem to see. He may be a solitary eater, but he cannot keep his foolish counsel. A broken complexion, a swinish look, ungenerous acts, and the want of due knowledge,—all blab. Can a cook, a chiffinch, an Iachimo, be mistaken for Zeno or Paul? Confucius exclaimed, How can a man be concealed! How can a man be concealed!'

The circumstances in which electro-plate is frequently found, remind us of another evil of the age, namely, extravagance. Let us not be misunderstood. There can, to our thinking, be no sin in using electro-plate and the like articles of comparative luxury when a man can more than meet the lawful demands of his creditors, when he spends a due proportion of his money on educational purposes, when he is liberal in his offerings to the cause of god-

liness and benevolence. We take it to be a mark of a sinking nation when men are indifferent to such things as painting, music, flowers, and poetry. Though you cannot eat songs, nor measure music by the yard, nor digest flowers, nor sell and buy many such things, they are of great use in refining and elevating men. God does not require that we should prove our piety by vulgarity in dress, or plainness of food. The notion that a woman is 'carnal' for exercising taste in the choice of a shawl or mantle, and that a man has gone back to 'the beggarly elements of this world' because he would rather have a genteel than a hideous pattern of handkerchief is a piece of unmitigated nonsense. If nature is so full of beauty, why should we make scare-crows of ourselves? If the raven has such a glossy plumage, the tiger such a gorgeous skin, and the fish such a silvery coat, there surely can be no great wrong in our habiting ourselves with some attempt at elegance. If we can afford a silk dress, no one but fanatics will demand that we wear a cotton one: if we like to have a coat of broad-cloth in preference to raiment of fustian, there is no guilt in doing what we wish. We may—if we are so foolish—go on stripping off one thing after another, on the ground that it is a superfluity, until we get back to absolute barbarism. There is neither reason nor religion in this. Albeit, a man ought to regard a law of moderation in this as in other things. He is bound first of all to meet the social and moral claims upon his money before he begins to speculate in pictures, new-fashioned decanters, electro-plate, and the like.

'Tis first the true and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock, and reed,
and pool,

Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher
soil,

Then the flower-blossom, or the branching
wood.'

But this is frequently forgotten. In this England of ours we have many civilized cannibals, many citizens that live upon their fellow-citizens. They dine off other people's plate, eat other people's food, drink other people's wine, wear other people's clothes, live in other people's houses, and ride in other people's carriages. Do you ask how? By living beyond their means, and contracting debts which they know they have not the power to pay.

Even where actually dishonesty does not exist, we think we can discover a spirit of effeminacy and vulgar ostentation increasing which betokens no good to the future of our nation. The number of 'fast men,' and fast women too, with which every town and city abounds, is positively sickening. The amount of cash annually poured into the till of the silk mercer, and the dress-maker, in the purchase of articles which are as offensive to good taste, as to an enlightened economy would prove a substantial aid to many a Mechanics' Institution languishing for lack of funds, and would keep from disgraceful impotency not a few benevolent institutions which are often brought to a dead-lock by reason of pecuniary deficiencies. We live in an age of universal millinery, omnipresent drapery, and world-wide tailoring. If the first century demanded a plain-speaking, fault-finding, John the Baptist, who by his rough mantle of camel's hair, and abstemious diet of locusts and honey, rebuked the inflated pride and depraved sensuousness of the times, so one is almost inclined to think, does the nineteenth. If, in a later day, God raised up a George Fox to reprove the vanity and luxuriousness of his contemporaries by his suit of leather and curious mode of talking, we can hardly help wishing that the fearless quaker would reappear to do over again the work he so well accomplished for a time.

Electro-plate is vaunted as a substitute for silver. In this it is quite characteristic of the age which in-

vented it. We are becoming frightened at pains-taking, and are perpetually seeking for 'short and easy' ways of doing what can only be done well by earnest toil. If we want to learn French, it must be forsooth, in six lessons; and we flatter ourselves that we can become good German scholars 'without the aid of a master,' (as the advertisements say) by buying a shilling book on the subject. The old philosopher told his impatient pupil that there was no royal road to knowledge, but of course in this quick-going and progressive day, we know a great deal better than all ancient philosophers, and therefore every week we are making wholesale and retail royal roads to knowledge. Proxyism is a universal favourite. We try to do whatever we can by deputy. Nowhere is this more visible than in the church. It's great curse is the electro-plate system of operation. 'Substitutes for' the 'silver' of personal labour are in constant requisition. Ask any honest-speaking and observant minister what he takes to be the bane of religion, and he will tell you it is the want of individual effort. Money is put in the place of work. In the case of thousands, donations and subscriptions are the apology for absence of toil. The few fight the battle between sin and holiness, the gospel of the Deity, and the gospels of the devil, while the many content themselves with finding what they call 'the sinews of war,' and stand idly on the battlements of Zion, complacently surveying the contest. These latter seem to think that when they enter the church, they have only to do what they are summoned to do at the door of a concert room, or a picture gallery,—namely, 'Pay here.' To keep their hand clean and to secure it from ugly scars, they put on the glove of proxy. For the same reason that they hire a clerk to keep their accounts, pay a maid to sweep their rooms, and engage a substitute for themselves in the militia, they unburden their coffers for religious institutions. It

is the easiest method of doing good, and by far the most respectable.

But is this well-pleasing to God? We trow not. He demands *both* our money and personal effort. Every talent is to accumulate: all our powers are to be consecrated. He who has wealth as well as physical and mental abilities is doubly responsible. Because I have a pair of horses, shall one of them do all the work, and the other remain unemployed? Nay, they shall both be put into harness. Now, it is what Thomas Carlyle calls 'an everlasting act of heaven's parliament' that nothing and no one shall be an acceptable substitute for our individual endeavour. Its message now is the same that was delivered to a morally indolent people in times by-gone;—*Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion.* To such as pay guinea subscriptions, and give sovereign donations to benevolent societies, to such as sit comfortably in pews, and send Edmund Earnest, and Priscilla Patient, to do the spiritual work, to such as pray and pay, but end in this,—woe indeed! Measured by

the standard of a diseased public opinion, they may come off with flying colours; weighed in the balances of God, they will 'be found wanting.' Dear reader, whether you are trying to be a servant of the Most High on this wretched system of substitution is best known to yourself. If you are, lay well to heart the great lesson which He has been teaching you from your youth up, that He must have your head and hand toil as well as your money. Delay no longer, but lay, if possible, this hour, the foundation of a building of usefulness erected, stone after stone, not by others, but thine own labours.

'Begin to-day nor end till evil sink
In its own grave; and if at once we may not
Attain the greatness of the work we plan,
Be sure at least that ever in our mind
It stand complete before us, as a dome
Of Light beyond this gloom, a House of
Stars
Encompassing these dusky tents; a thing
Absolute, close to all, though seldom seen,
Near as our Heads, and perfect as the
Heavens.
Be this our aim and model, and our Hands
Shall not wax faint until the work is done.'

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JAMES KIDDALL.

It is impossible within the ordinary limits of a magazine article to give anything but the merest sketch of a life of religious activity extending over a period of thirty-seven years.

In such a life there is much that might with propriety be recorded—incidents in personal religious experience—desires and purposes to be useful to others—works attempted for Christ and souls, and work accomplished—sheaves brought home with rejoicing—and above all the grace by which the soul was enabled to suffer as well as labour, and in suffering made more than conqueror too:—but the writer's difficulty is so to select and combine these incidents as to give in a few pages a graphic picture of a busy life, and a truthful portrait of an earnest minister that shall speak

home to the hearts of all readers, and lead them to glorify God in him.

The events in the outward history of our beloved brother Kiddall were not very momentous, only such as are common to men, and important only from the religious and ministerial history that is interwoven with them. He was born near Manchester, January 12th, 1796. His father was a native of Grainthorpe, near Louth, and an ordained minister in the old General Baptist body, and for some years pastor of a church at Grainthorpe, now extinct.

At the early age of ten years the subject of this memoir became a resident of Louth, and was afterwards apprenticed there to the drapery business, and with the ex-

ception of a few brief intervals resided in the town till his death.

In 1819, he was married, and commenced business for himself, and in 1824, he and his beloved partner gave themselves to the Lord and were baptized by the Rev. F. Cameron, and united with the church under his pastoral care. We regret that Mr. Kiddall's memoranda referring to this period of his history is so scanty, a diary which he kept from 1817 to 1856, he afterwards destroyed.

As a Christian our departed brother belonged to the beloved disciple class. He was one whose natural amiability was transformed into a sweet, tender, and earnest Christian love. Between himself and his pastor there grew up a strong brotherly affection, which ripened into great mutual confidence, that increased with the lapse of years. They were eminently like-minded in religious views and feelings. As might be expected Mr. Kiddall became his fellow helper in the Lord, often sharing his labours in occasional preaching and visiting, and in his absence presiding at church meetings.

During the year in which he was baptized he began to preach the gospel in Louth and the surrounding villages. Eventually by the advice of the late Rev. Joseph Jarrom and his honoured pastor, he relinquished his occasional ministry in the villages, and began regularly to preach at Maltby. The congregations much improved, and the cause of Christ prospered in his hands, and in 1829 he was ordained pastor of that ancient church, which office he sustained till his death. The late Rev. J. Bissell, of Sutterton, and his pastor, Mr. Cameron, took part in his ordination.

It was at Maltby that he preached his first public sermon—baptized his first convert—and for the first time officiated in the burial of the dead.

In addition to ministering at Maltby he opened a small chapel at Alford, and preached at the two places every Lord's-day, and in

1831, the friends resolved to purchase the building and accordingly did so. From this time he was minister of the united church at Maltby and Alford.

In 1834, he had a stroke of paralysis which disabled him, but only for a few weeks, his strong constitution rallied and he was soon able to resume his beloved labours. From this period to 1844, but little is recorded except that he took part in the ordination of several ministers, and preached on other public occasions. What a persistency there must have been in him, in prosecuting his disinterested labours, when year after year passes away with little variation of work and service, and yet he is ever at his post, giving continual proof to his people how much he loved the work, and that he sought not theirs but them.

It will be proper to remark here, that though he was pastor of the church at Maltby and Alford, yet from the beginning he provided for himself and his own by a situation which he held in the Stamp Office. In 1845, he records that to audit stamp accounts he had travelled through the county once a year about fifteen times, and on retiring from this situation was presented by the subdistributors of stamps in the county with a handsome silver tea pot. From this time forward we find him engaged as a regular clerk in the Louth bank.

In 1847, he records, 'August 29th, at the age of sixty-five, my dear friend Cameron died. For the last three weeks of his life I left not his house day or night, and continued there until his interment. At that time I officiated in the General Baptist chapel, North-gate, and preached his funeral sermon before the corpse was lowered into the tomb, from Psalm xxxvii. 37. *Mark the perfect man, &c.* Afterwards wrote the inscription for his tablet and his memoir. The last sermon that Mr. Cameron heard was delivered by myself in his pulpit, August 8th, from 2 Timothy iv., 8.

December 29th, Charlotte, widow of the above named, died suddenly, aged sixty-three, and on Friday, January 7th, 1848, her remains were deposited in the tomb of her beloved husband. I again officiated and before her remains were lowered into their resting place, preached from these words, *This woman was full of good works and alms deeds which she did, and it came to pass in those days that she was sick and died.*

In January, 1849, Mr. Kiddall opened Walker-gate chapel Louth, as a branch preaching place of the church at Maltby and Alford. From this time his duties were very laborious, preaching three times every Lord's-day, and travelling twenty-five miles. Yet he braced himself nobly for the additional work, counting no sacrifice too great that he might serve his Master, and testify to others the rich gospel of His grace. In this he had a great reward. The little church grew and increased, additions were made to it by baptism every year, and it will be said at last of many who listened to his voice in this place of worship, *This and that man was born there.*

In 1854, the Rev. J. C. Smith became co-pastor with him, and preached at Maltby and Alford, and himself at Walker-gate, Louth, only.

In 1855, his friends at Maltby, presented him with a silver tea service as a testimonial of their gratitude for his disinterested labours on their behalf.

In September, 1858, a serious attack of illness overtook him, and it began to be evident to his friends that his active labours for Christ and his church must cease. But the end was not yet. His strong constitution partly rallied, and much lingering suffering had yet to be borne. Many months of weary waiting elapsed before his spirit was released.

It was during this long lingering affliction that the writer of this brief notice became intimately acquainted with him, by coming to share his toils, and as far as able, carry on the work he had begun.

Many brief but precious interviews are still fresh in recollection, in which, while the bright joyousness of his natural disposition was manifest, his conversation was seasoned with grace. When in health and vigour, the joyfulness and hopefulness of his character, and temperament, must have made his presence a sunshine. His was the goodness which charms and not awes you, and it was so to the last. Apart from his affliction his spirit seemed young and buoyant. He was distinguished by the courtesy of his manners, and the urbanity of his spirit. His carriage was that of a Christian and a gentleman. His social affections were very strong. In no respect was he a self-contained, cold, and reserved man. To love and be loved were the impulses of his social nature. It is not for the writer to dwell on the manner in which he filled up the nearest and dearest relationship of home, that ground is sacred to silence and sorrow. But to be known thoroughly he must be seen at home, amid the ease and quietness of domestic life.

The fervency of his religious feelings was manifest in his ardent sympathy with every religious movement which promised spiritual results. In his pastoral visits he was instant in season and out of season, ready to every good word and work. With him activity was not so much an effort as an element, that which would have been a toil to others was to him a passtime and a pleasure. His general habit was to rise at four o'clock in the morning, study till breakfast—during the intervals from official duties, in the time allowed for dinner and tea he would call on six or seven families—never at rest—never sparing himself—and not going about empty handed but ministering to temporal as well as spiritual need—he valued property only that he might have to give to him that needeth and adorning all with a blameless life. *Ye are witnesses and God also how holily and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believe.*

He was eminently a lover of all good men, and as a consequence, had a large circle of Christian friends in the various denominations of the town and neighbourhood.

While free from narrow and sectarian views he was a conscientious and consistent Nonconformist. None understood the principles of Dissent better, or held them more tenaciously than he did. As a theologian his views of divine truth were clear and settled—evangelical and orthodox. He implicitly received and firmly held the true divinity of the Saviour, the all-sufficiency of His atoning sacrifice for the sins of all mankind, and full and free justification through His great work without the deeds of the law. He received the kindred truths of the Deity and agency of the Holy Spirit, and the necessity of His influences in the renewal and sanctification of our nature. In these and other kindred doctrines he was fully established, and as years and experience increased he held them and the hopes they inspire dearer than life. Our denomination cannot boast of a minister who approved its distinguishing tenets, or held them more thoroughly than he did. It is deserving of record that throughout his entire ministry he made the Gospel free of charge. Perhaps the feebleness of the church in the first instance made this necessary, and a gratuitous self-sacrificing ministry was the only one by which the church could be increased and extended. The Lord enabled him to attempt this great work, and the result is, that after thirty-seven years toil, in which he must have travelled to minister to his charge, more than 40,000 miles, and preached upwards of 5,000 sermons; 240 souls have been added to the church, by his efforts, 110 of whom still remain. The Alford branch has been planted, and a chapel purchased, and paid for; and the Walker-gate branch, Louth, though at present only renting a chapel, numbers seventy-five members, and the church collectively instead of sinking

into ruin and helplessness after his death is able to support two ministers. Mr. Kiddall's life and labours prove that ministerial efficiency is compatible with secular employment, and also that a feeble church thus assisted becomes able and willing to sustain itself.

Not only was Mr. Kiddall's ministry gratuitous, but as far as we can judge he was enabled to do the work of two men. To all appearance he was as efficient in his ministry as if he had been wholly devoted to it, and probably as efficient in his other duties as if they had had his entire time and labour. The change of employment was constantly beneficial to him. Bank duties relieved him from other anxious thoughts and cares, and after they were over he could return to ministerial work with new energy and zeal.

During Mr. Kiddall's long affliction his friends at Walker-gate presented him with a purse, containing £40. He wrote respecting it: 'To God be all the praise, and to my friends sincere thanks.'

He was not at any period of his illness in raptures of joy, but he had what, when rightly estimated is far more important and assuring, a calm, steady, and abiding faith in Christ. His sense of unworthiness was great, and expressions of humility frequent and strong, but it was humility, not fear. *He knew in whom he had believed, &c.* A stroke of apoplexy terminated his earthly career. On Lord's-day, April 13th, 1862, he was at chapel in the morning, and heard a sermon on *Christ the Head of the church and the Saviour of the body*. He remarked when returning home that he should soon be with that Head. While at dinner a stroke of apoplexy came, he was never more conscious, and the following day he breathed his last. He rests from his labours and his works do follow him. Great and blessed is his reward. Many have already gathered around his glorified spirit with grateful greetings, ascribing through grace their

salvation to him, and many more will follow him, and join in the glad acknowledgments, and be his joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace.*

' Servant of God well done,
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.'

He has descended to the grave, leaving behind him a widowed heart and three children to mourn his loss, and followed by the regret of a large circle of relatives and friends,

and the esteem of the inhabitants of the town at large.

His death was improved on Lord's-day, April 27th, 1862, to a large and deeply affected congregation, from a very favourite passage selected by himself, *Vito me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.*

The members of the church have erected a neat marble tablet to his memory in the chapel, and friends in the town and neighbourhood have erected a suitable monument in the cemetery.

EARLY ENGLISH BAPTISTS.*

BAPTISTS have little reason to be ashamed of their ancestors. Their love for the Word of God, their courage in the avowal of their distinctive opinions, their advocacy of perfect religious freedom when religious freedom was very unfashionable, and their fortitude under the lash of irritating slanderers and relentless persecutors, are rather matters of which every one of their descendants may well be proud.

And yet how few Baptists there are who know much of their ancestry. How imperfectly acquainted are even the best read among them with the names and the virtues of the men from whom they are lineally descended. It is not very difficult to account for this. Nor is it very pleasant. But the truth must be told. Baptists have never had an historian equal to their history. Crosby was the first who attempted a history of the English Baptists, but his narrative lacks order and vivacity, and is now very rarely met with. Adam Taylor did something for our section of the denomination fifty years ago, and gave the world two volumes full of information, but little better digested than the materials which Crosby had accumulated for the larger theme.

Ivimey repeats Crosby, and in a style so dull and nerveless that few care to read him. Mr. Wood has given us a condensed history, with plenty of information, especially about the period intervening between Taylor's time and his own, but it is chiefly valuable as a book of reference. And, with the exception of Mr. Underhill's sketches in the various volumes of the Hansard Knollys Society, this is all.

We are, therefore, right glad that Dr. Evans has entered the field. We could wish he had been more ambitious, and that instead of giving us 'a small contribution to the elucidation of the history of the Baptists,' he had attempted an elaborate history of the Baptists generally. The materials are abundant. The theme is inviting; and many, we doubt not, would eagerly possess themselves of such a history. However, in what he has set himself to do, Dr. Evans has rendered good service to the denomination at large, and for ourselves we tender him our best thanks.

Dr. Evans begins by enquiring whether the early British churches

* THE EARLY ENGLISH BAPTISTS.
By B. EVANS, D.D., Vol. I. London: Heaton and Son, (Bunyan Library.)

were Baptists, and concludes that the evidence is only probable. He shows, too, that Wickliffe was no Baptist, but that many of the Lallards were. This is the substance of the introduction. The five chapters which follow treat severally of the Tudor Dynasty generally, of the times of Henry 8th, Edward 6th, Mary and Elizabeth. The last chapter is devoted to the religious condition of England under James 1st. Much valuable information to Baptists is supplied under each chapter. In the 2nd he gives us a glimpse of the persecution of the Baptists by Wareham, and of the sufferings of many Dutch Baptists in this country. In the 3rd he adverts to the high character confessedly held by the Baptists during the brief reign of Edward 6th, and to the reluctance with which the young king signed the death warrant of Joan of Kent. Churchmen in those days evidently hated Baptists worse than traitors. In 1551 a general pardon was granted to all who had taken part in the previous rebellion, but from this amnesty Baptists alone were exempted. Nor did reformers show any greater favour to them. Calvin, according to Dr. Evans, was responsible for much of the fierce hostility which our brethren had to encounter. 'They do deserve,' says Calvin, 'to be well punished by the sword.' Baptists were in Edward's day numerous in Kent, and also a sect who called themselves 'Free-Willers';—so that our American brethren wear an older name than many suppose. One of these men, Cole, of Maidstone, declared, 'that the doctrine of predestination was meeter for devils than for Christian men; and that children were not born in original sin.' Hart, also, who was their chief man, asserted, 'that there was no man so chosen but that he might damn himself; neither any man so reprobate but that he might keep God's commands, and be saved; that St. Paul might have damned himself if he listed,' &c. We wish Dr. Evans

had told us something more of these sturdy men.

The reign of Mary is the subject of the fourth chapter. There is a good sketch in this of Gardiner, the man 'who never did what he aimed at, never aimed at what he intended, never intended what he said, and never said what he thought; who was to be traced like the fox, and read, like Hebrew, backward.' Of the Baptists that suffered under Bonner one was Robert Smith. The following extract from his examination is worth repeating:

Bonner.—Why is God's order changed in baptism? In what point do we differ from the Word of God?

Smith.—In hallowing your water; in conjuring of the scenes; in baptizing children with anointing and spitting in their mouths, mingled with salt; and many other lewd ceremonies, of which not one point is able to be proved by God's order.

Bonner.—By the mass! this is the most unshamefaced heretic that ever I heard speak!

Smith.—Well sworn, my lord; ye keep a good watch.

Bonner.—Well, Mr. Controller, ye catch me at my words; but I will watch thee as well, I warrant thee.

"By my troth, my lord," said Sir John Mordant, "I never heard the like in my life. But I pray you, my lord, mark well his answer for baptism. He disalloweth therein holy ointment, salt, and such other laudable ceremonies, which no Christian man will deny."

Smith.—That is a shameful blasphemy against Christ, so to use any mangle-mangle in baptizing young infants.

Bonner.—I believe, I tell thee, that if they die before they be baptized they be damned.

Smith.—Ye shall never be saved by that belief. But I pray you, my lord, show me, are we saved by water, or by Christ?

Bonner.—By both.

Smith.—Then the water died for our sins; and so must ye say, that the water hath life, and it being our servant, and created for us, is our Saviour. This, my lord, is good doctrine, is it not?

Smith had the best of the argument, as the remainder of the colloquy shows; but it is too long for quotation.

Under Elizabeth Baptists became increasingly numerous. Bishop Aylmer's opinion of them may be learnt from his own words. Like the rest of his brethren he classed them with infidels and atheists. 'In these latter daies,' said the Bishop of London, 'the old festered sores newly broke out, as the Ana-baptists, the Free-willers, or rather the forward-willers, with infinite other swarms of God's enemies: vgglie monsters, and brodes of the devvil's brotherhood.'

It is not, however, until the time of the Stuarts that our information of the Baptists in England becomes exact and full. Through the kindness of Dr. Müller, of Amsterdam, Dr. Evans has been able to furnish much information about Smith and Helwys, the former of whom it is generally conceded was the pastor of the first church in England, holding views similar to the General Baptists.

We have only glanced very hastily at some of the more prominent facts in Dr. Evans's volume. It would have been possible very greatly to extend our notice by referring to many names that we trust will henceforth be familiar to us as household words.

There are a few blemishes in Dr. Evans's style that we have regretted to see, and some statements at which we confess ourselves not a little surprised. It may be colloquial to speak of the Fathers as '*the singular old gentleman called the fathers*,' but it is not to our taste so to write of them. Incongruous images of odd people in drab, with breeches and gaiters to match, will be certain to start up before the eye of the 'young men and maidens,' (p. xi.) whose welfare in writing this book Dr. Evans has had in view; and incongruous images are not helps to every enquirer after truth. That the Fathers were 'singular' in their opinions may be perfectly true; but that they were either 'old' because they held those singular opinions, or were for the same reason 'gentlemen,' admits of considerable doubt. Equally

objectionable is another phrase, none the less so because often on the lips of certain preachers. Dr. Evans, after describing the ceaseless vigilance with which Edward 6th was watched over in his infancy, adds, 'There was a *needs-be* for this.' We are also told, in a sober narrative, that Queen Elizabeth 'swore like a trooper.' We do not deny the fact, yet we cannot in such a place commend the way of stating it. But surely the good doctor rushes into the opposite extreme when he says, concerning some question under discussion—'that it is not to be decided with *positivity!*'

But these are mere slips of the pen, and may soon be corrected. Our greatest regret arises from the mode in which Dr. Evans alludes to Arminius and his professed adherents. In both he forgets his professions of impartiality, and makes the most sweeping statements, without any qualification, and on the slenderest possible foundation. 'Arminianism and Popery,' says Dr. Evans, 'were twins. The one always followed the other; and neither were compatible with the liberties of the nation.' It is not enough in support of this sweeping charge to give a quotation from a speech in Parliament of a bigotted Calvinist, who said, among other things, that 'an Arminian was the spawn of a Papist;' or to refer to the citation of Mainwaring before the Commons to ask pardon for his Arminian doctrines. Dr. Evans's charge is made against the whole system of Arminius, and he ought therefore to show that the Dutch divine has laid down principles which were not only akin to Popery, but were equally subversive of freedom. He has done neither. Nor could he if he would. Calvin might teach that Ana-baptists should be 'well-punished by the sword;' but Arminius was a man of another spirit. There is not a single line in the whole of the works of Arminius, as far as we remember, which

justifies or advocates persecution for religious opinion, or inculcates despotism. It would be very easy to show that there were many declarations to the contrary. Arminius had suffered too much himself for the avowal of unpopular opinion ever to advocate the punishment of heretics. It is, then, manifestly unfair to say that because certain men professing to hold Arminian views were arbitrary, that therefore Arminianism and Popery were twins. It would be equally fair to charge all the errors in word or deed, of men holding Calvinistic views on Calvinism; to say, for example that they all think Servetus had his due when he was burnt at the stake, and that the best way of getting rid of bad kings is to behead them.

Dr. Evans has quoted Mrs. Hutchinson to prove that, on the spread of Arminianism, men gave over preaching what she calls 'those great and necessary truths concerning God's decrees.' Of course they did. But Dr. Evans should also have told us with what a howl of bigotry an Arminian was everywhere received, simply because certain archbishops chanced to be both arbitrary and Arminian. He should have told us, that for mere political purposes the cry was raised that Arminianism and Popery were twins. He should have told us that to such a pitch of virulence did the Calvinistic leaders whip up the masses of the people against Arminianism that, according to John Goodwin, if you called 'a man an Arminian, you called him constructively, yea eminently, thief, traitor, murderer, heretic, false prophet, and whatsoever soundeth infamy and reflected upon men.' But surely Dr. Evans can hardly think that it is displaying historical impartiality to rake up the slanders of that age and retail them in the present.

Dr. Evans does Arminianism a further injustice. He denounces the doctrines of Arminius as 'shedding a withering influence on the religion of the country.' We are persuaded that Dr. Evans would

never have made such a statement if he had not been contented to accept a Calvinistic account of Arminianism. Is there anything in the following words from Arminius himself that, if fully believed and acted upon, would have produced a 'withering influence on religion?' 'In his lapsed and sinful state, man is not capable of, and by himself, either to think, to will, or to do that which is really good; but it is necessary for him to be regenerated and renewed in his intellect, affections, and will, and in all his powers, by God in Christ through the Spirit, that he may rightly understand, esteem, consider, will, and perform, whatever is truly good.' And again; 'I ascribe to Divine grace the commencement, the continuation, and the consummation of all good; and to such an extent do I carry its influence, that a man though already regenerate, can neither conceive, will, nor do any good at all, nor resist any evil temptation, without this preventing and exciting, this following and co-operating grace.' So far indeed are Arminian doctrines from withering the religion of a nation that Wesley showed how, by their faithful promulgation, the decaying religion of a nation might be restored. The spread of Arminianism did break the hold upon the people of the Calvinistic theology: but we have yet to learn that religion and Calvinism are synonymous terms.

Dr. Evans speaks contemptuously of Arminius as the 'Dutch heretic.' But was he a heretic, even from Dr. Evans's point of view? We think not. A careful perusal of his works has left the impression on our mind that Arminius was what would now be called 'a moderate Calvinist.' Indeed were the gentle and amiable Dutchman to propound his theory in some modern Baptist pulpits, his views would be thought much nearer to Calvin's than his own! So much for popular mistakes.

It would be altogether carrying us beyond the limits assigned to this notice to substantiate all this by

citations from the writings of Arminius. We regret this the less, however, because we hope before long to devote a much larger space both to the Dutch divine and his tenets.

These defects notwithstanding, we very cordially commend the *Early English Baptists* to all who may be anxious to know something of their illustrious predecessors.

Correspondence.

THE STATISTICS OF THE CHURCHES.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—It is pleasing to see from the statistics that a greater number of churches have, during the past year, supported the Home Mission and College; but some of us are at a loss to discover why our esteemed friends should have specially mentioned Yorkshire as being in an unfavourable position. Could he find no blanks in any of the *large town* churches nearer home?

There are about 150 churches in the denomination, forty-five (not one-third) have contributed to the Home Mission. In Yorkshire there are fifteen churches, and thirteen (more than two-thirds) have made contributions. Seventy-one churches (less than one-half) have contributed to the College. In Yorkshire, seven out of the fifteen have made collections. Putting the two collections together, we have in Yorkshire twenty collections for fifteen churches while in the whole body we have but 116 collections for 150 churches. So much for number, whether the amount given bears a just proportion to what should have been given is a question which can only be determined by Him who said of the poor widow, *She hath cast more in than all they that have cast into the treasury.* But perhaps J. E., by 'our brethren in Yorkshire,' designed to include those in Lancashire too. If so, we beg to inform him that

those churches are chiefly composed of factory hands, and to ask whether in a season of great distress, they can be expected to do much for the institutions of the body?

And now upon the subject, allow me to say, that if more is to be done by this district, appropriate means must be used. Contributions imply representation, but I do not find that we have been represented in committee at all since 1853-4, and I presume there are not many living who could mention the time when any minister from this district took any part in collegiate affairs. We have made inquiry, but have failed to meet with any one in Yorkshire who was invited to deliberate over any of the important business transacted during the past year. We went to the Association and there learnt for the first time, that such and such things had been done. We were hardly prepared to express or deliberate opinion. To sit still and listen to those that had come prepared to speak any number of times, was the only course open to us.

Very similar is our position as it respects the Foreign Mission. We are not represented on committee. Specially interesting services are not for us. Nor are we invited to take any part in them, however humble, nor are we uniformly represented at the Annual Meeting. It is not on personal, but public grounds, that we make these statements. We do not object to any one on committees; on the contrary, we rejoice that there are in the Midland Counties, a number of gentlemen so

respectable as to position, and so estimable as to character, who are willing to serve on them. The denomination is under great obligations to them, and we pray that they may long live to render future service. What we complain of is, the local and exclusive character which for some years past they have assumed. A certain number of persons have gone off and come on by rotation.

Why cannot each district be represented, and when important business is to be transacted why cannot the fare of the outlying members be paid? If that would be considered too much, might not the resolutions of committee be sent to some one in each district for the information of others? We repeat, then, that if more is to be done by this district we must be brought into closer union with the deliberations and active operations of these societies, or we must form a local association.

Yours truly,
R. HARDY.

CRADLEY HEATH.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Having in accordance with the appointment of the Association (see Minutes page 38) visited Cradley Heath, will you permit me through the medium of your pages to report the result of my visit, and likewise to make a few remarks respecting the place, the state of the church there, and what is necessary to its prosperity. Cradley Heath is in the 'black country,' or in what one has described, the land of fire, smoke, and chains, still it is not what a good friend of mine fancied it to be—a *Heath*. Anything but that. But where is it? It is a hamlet in the parish of Rowley Regis, three miles south east of Dudley, and nine west of Birmingham. The parish abounds with coal and iron-

stone, and the inhabitants are principally miners, forgers, nailers, chainmakers, &c. The population in 1841, was 11,111; in 1851, 14,248; and in 1861, 20,000, and upwards; since which it has greatly increased. The increase in the population is chiefly in those parts of the neighbourhood called the Town Ways and Five Ways, Old Hill and Reddall Hill, about the centre of which is the General Baptist chapel. The church at the Town Ways was formed in 1833 or 4, and received into the Connexion in 1835. It has had several pastors, and under the ministry of some of them prospered; but for several years the people have been as sheep without a shepherd, and in consequence are scattered. It is now in a very low state, and the persons of whom it is composed are much perplexed though not in despair. Previous to visiting them, I corresponded with them, and arrangements were made for me to preach for them, which I did, on August 17th. The services on that day were very gratifying to me and fully convinced me that if the church at Cradley Heath is ever placed by a future historian of the Connexion in the list of 'dead churches' the record will be no credit to the Body. The debt on the chapel (which will seat 300) and school room is £270, on which amount more than £350 have been already paid in interest. In July last, there was one year's interest due, one half of which has been for a long time in arrears, the other half was collected on the Lord's-day I was there. At the same time the friends entered into a subscription to paint the chapel, &c. They also expressed their determination to do all they could to carry on the cause. Carry it on they may, and always 'find it possible to raise the interest on the debt.' But they need help, and with help there might in a year or two be a church at Cradley Heath sustaining itself and contributing to aid the institutions of the Body. Send us, said one *tried* friend of the cause, a suitable minister, and

support him for six months, and we can get on. Now though I am not quite so sanguine as that friend, yet I am convinced the people could get on, and get on well, if they were assisted to support a minister for two or three years. £50 might be needed for the first year, and perhaps £30 for the second, and £20 the third. That those amounts might be raised, easily raised in the Connexion without burdening any one, there can be no question; but who is to raise it? Perhaps the General Home Mission Committee will take the matter in hand. Planting new churches at the present time seems beyond that Committee's power; might it not attempt to save from ruin some of our feeble churches? I think it might.

If indeed any regard is to be paid to population and the spiritual requirements of a people, then Cradley Heath has as strong a claim on the sympathy and aid of the Connexion as any of the large towns which have been so often talked about, but for which nothing has yet been done. On this subject more might be said, but fearing I have already trespassed on your space and the patience of your readers,

I subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Fleet, Sep. 15, 1862.

P.S. In the Minutes for this year, Cradley Heath is named with Netherton, as though the two places formed one church. This is not the case. The places are not united, nor, in my opinion, is a union between them desirable. No one man could do the work there is to be done at both places.

THE DISTRESSED GENERAL BAPTISTS IN LANCASHIRE.*

* [We gladly give insertion to the following circular at the request of the secretary, Rev. R. Horsfield, and sincerely hope that the appeal will meet with a hearty response.—Ed.]

BRETHREN,

The Cotton Famine has caused suffering of frightful severity and magnitude among the members of our own Denomination. Our churches in the cotton district consist mainly of the industrious and thrifty working class, who never dreamed of needing help. For months they have borne their distress with heroic fortitude; and have been unwilling to obtrude their sorrows on the notice of a cold world or of their brethren in Christ. In small sorrowing groups in their once happy, but now desolate homes, they silently endure the pangs of extreme poverty; a silence broken only by their prayers to the Father in Heaven for bread.

The following Extracts from letters sent by the Pastors and Deacons of a few of our churches will shew that the necessity for relief is immediate and most urgent:—

One writes: 'I am speaking within bounds when I say, that full half of our members are so far involved in this distress, that they really have not enough to eat. In the family of A. C. there are six, and they have 2s. 9d. a week to pay for rent; and all they have coming in is 5s. per week. B M.; here there are seven, with not more than 4s. per week coming into the house, and out of that 2s. go for rent.'

Another says: 'For some time our suffering poor have caused us great anxiety. We are situated in the very midst of destitution. Many of our people who have been comparatively well-to-do are now on the verge of actual want. I cannot enumerate all the cases amongst us, as some will not own to being in distressed circumstances.'

The Deacon of a small church writes: 'Many of our friends are seriously affected by the depression in the cotton trade, upwards of twenty directly so. Ten or twelve more are but obtaining a bare subsistence.'

Another Brother relates that he had just visited six families in succession, all of whom were out of employ, and says, 'The state and prospects of these families it is painful to reflect upon.'

Another writes: 'The cotton famine will effect injuriously almost every family

in our church. Many are suffering deeply already. Scores are, at the present totally unemployed. 'The state of things is becoming worse among us every day.'

'I can assure you,' says another Minister, 'that a majority of our people have suffered, and are suffering, very severely. It is a mystery to me how some of them live. A few have been obliged, very reluctantly, to apply for Parish relief, and have obtained 1s. 6d. per head per week; others have been sent to break stones on the road for 9d. per day. Some, who think it a disgrace to apply to the Parish, will starve rather than do so; but these are glad to come to our Vestry for a loaf of bread. These friends have maintained an honourable position in life, and twelve months ago had a nice sum of money saved, but are now penniless and in want.'

Believing that our Christian union is not a mere name, and that General Baptists (not directly affected by the panic) would cheerfully relieve their Brothers and Sisters in the Lord, and 'prove the sincerity of their love,' if only a channel were opened, through which

assistance could be conveyed, the Conference held at Byron Street Chapel, Leeds, on the 26th ult., requested us to receive your 'bounty,' and to 'minister to the saints.'

We cheerfully comply with that request; and shall most gratefully receive, on behalf of our suffering brethren, the Collections of congregations, and Donations, by Cheques, Post Orders, or Stamps.

Yours truly,

RICHARD INGHAM, Vale Manse, Todmorden.

JABEZ TUNNICLIFF, Beckett Street, Leeds.

WILLIAM WATSON, Canal Wharf, Leeds.

G. T. WOODSON, Francis Street, Leeds, *Treasurer*.

RICHARD HORSFIELD, Newton Grove House, Leeds, *Secretary*.

The Conference recommend that so long as the distress continues, Monthly Collections should be made in all our congregations.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE met at Leeds, Byron-street, August 26, 1862. The Rev. R. Horsfield presided. Rev. B. Wood, of Bradford, prayed. Thirty-four were reported as baptized since the last Conference.

1.—The minutes of the last Conference were read and approved as correct.

2.—Some conversation took place respecting Dewsbury, when it was stated that there is still no opening there.

3.—It was agreed; That we deeply sympathize with our suffering brethren in Lancashire, that a Relief Fund on their behalf be immediately instituted, that the Revs. R. Horsfield, J. Tunncliff, and R. Ingham, with Messrs.

Woodson and Watson, be a committee for the adoption of all approved measures, for the reception of contributions, and for their distribution; and that the Rev. R. Horsfield be requested to write on this subject for the coming Magazine.

4.—A letter from the Secretary of the Foreign Mission respecting arrangements for missionary services was read, which was committed to Revs. B. Wood and R. Hardy, that its object may be realized.

5.—Agreed, that the propriety of receiving Government aid for secular education be the subject of discussion at the next Conference.

6.—That the next Conference be held at Birchcliffe, on the 26th of Dec., the Rev. C. Clark to preach in the morning.

7.—That the financial accounts of

the Home Mission be audited by Messrs. J. Crabtree and J. Marshall.

A morning service not having been convenient at Leeds, a meeting for devotion and addresses was held in the evening, in which Revs. R. Ingham, J. Tunnicliff, and R. Horsfield took part.

R. INGHAM, *Secretary, pro tem.*

THE LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Gosberton, on Thursday, Sep. 11, 1862.

In the morning, brother W. Sharman read the Scriptures and prayed, and brother Dyson preached from John iii. 14, 15.

In the afternoon, reports from some of the churches were presented, from which we gathered that twenty-two had been baptized since the last Conference, and that nine remained candidates for baptism. It would greatly add to the interest of the Conference if each church would either send a representative or report.

A circular, received from the committee appointed by the Yorkshire Conference, to solicit help for our distressed brethren in Lancashire, having been read, it was resolved: That we recommend the churches in this district to respond to the appeal made by the committee. As there was no other business to engage our attention, the time was spent in fraternal, and we trust, profitable conversation.

It was decided: That the next Conference be held at Long Sutton, on Thursday, Dec. 4, and that brother Watts be requested to preach in the morning.

THOMAS BARRASS, *Secretary.*

THE MIDLAND CONFERENCE met at Old Bassford, on Tuesday, Sep. 16. The attendance was very small. Rev. W. Chapman not being able to attend, Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A., kindly consented to preach. His text was 1 Sam. xx. 33. At the afternoon sitting Rev. H. Hunter presided, Mr. T. W. Marshall, of Loughborough, prayed. From the

few reports given it appeared that 105 had been baptized since the last Conference, that forty-one were candidates for baptism, and that four had been restored to fellowship. After the doxology was sung, the minutes of the last meeting were read; and the following business attended to:—

1.—*Conference Collection.* It was agreed that, as the attendance was small, the collection for incidental expenses should be deferred till the next Conference.

2.—*Market Harborough.* The case sent from this church to the Association was referred to the Midland Conference. After hearing the statement of Rev. D. Gee, the minister, it was agreed: 'That this Conference, sympathizing with the church at Market Harborough in the present depressed state of its finances, recommends to our churches the urgent necessity for some pecuniary assistance during the next two years.'

3.—*Standing subject for free Conference.* It was agreed that the old rule of taking up this question in each Conference, in the absence of any business be revived;—'What additional plans can be adopted for promoting godliness in the churches in this Conference?'

4.—*Publication of the morning sermon.* It was unanimously agreed to request Rev. J. F. Stevenson to allow the sermon preached in the morning to be printed in the Magazine.

The next Conference will be held at Wood-gate, Loughborough, on Tuesday, Dec. 2. Rev. W. Chapman, of Melbourne, to preach, or in case of failure, Rev. J. Lewitt, of Nottingham.

Rev. Giles Hester, of Loughborough, preached in the evening.

J. J. GOADBY, *Secretary.*

BAPTISMS.

WHEELOCK HEATH.—On Lord's-day, June 1st, six believers were baptized, one was the youngest daughter, and the other the eldest granddaughter of the pastor, Mr. R.

Pedley. On July 6th, five others were baptized, and we have several inquirers.

R. P.

MARCH, *Cambs.*—On Lord's-day, August 17th, the Rev. T. T. Wilson preached and baptized four candidates, one of the four was the youthful daughter of one of our deacons, the first fruits of his family to Christ. An interesting case of early piety.

WYMESWOLD.—We baptized four persons on Sunday morning, August 31. In the afternoon they received the right hand of fellowship, and were admitted to the Lord's table.

SHEFFIELD.—On Lord's-day evening, August 31, we baptized thirteen. Of them three were Independents, and are remaining with their own people; the others were from our own congregation, and have united with the church.

SHEEPSHED.—On Lord's-day morning, Sept. 7th, after an appropriate discourse, six friends were baptized by Mr. Whitehead, of Melbourne. In the afternoon they were received into the fellowship of the church.

LINEHOLME.—On Sunday, Sep. 14, we baptized eleven believers. In the afternoon we gave them the right hand of fellowship, and admitted them to the Lord's supper; and in the evening, at the prayer leaders' meeting, the six brethren were put on the prayer leaders' plan, to assist in the work of the Lord's vineyard. Amidst the distress of the neighbourhood from the 'Cotton famine,' which has scattered many families, who have sought employment elsewhere, this addition to our numbers and strength is cheering.

N. S.

ANNIVERSARIES.

BRADFORD, *Infirmiry-street.*—The anniversary of our chapel and Sunday-school, was celebrated on Lord's-day, August 17th, on which occasion sermons were preached, in the morning, by the pastor of the church; in the afternoon, by the Rev. Henry Dowson, (Particular

Baptist), in his own chapel; and in the evening, by Mr. Charles Rhodes. The collections amounted to the noble sum of £67 14s. 3d., the whole of which is appropriated to the liquidation of our heavy chapel debt. In addition to the above we have raised during the present year, for the same purpose, about £300. We are hoping and working. May God prosper us.

J. H. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOIREE AT THE GENERAL BAPTIST COLLEGE, CHILWELL, NEAR NOTTINGHAM.—On Tuesday, September 9, a highly interesting gathering of the friends and subscribers of the above Institution was held at Chilwell, to celebrate the opening of the session. Tea and coffee were provided in the Lecture-room and Library at five o'clock, after which the chair was taken by John Heard, Esq., of Nottingham, and prayer was offered by the Rev. G. Hester, of Loughborough. The Rev. W. Underwood, the Principal, and the Rev. J. Lewitt, the Secretary, cordially welcomed the visitors. The latter stated the position of the funds at the audit in June last, and that a bazaar was to be held in Nottingham, at the next Association, towards liquidating the debt of £1,400 now remaining of £3,200, the cost of the premises and repairs. The chairman then called upon the Rev. J. Matheson, B.A., of Nottingham, who delivered to the students a most beautiful and appropriate address, which was highly applauded by the whole assembly. He was followed by the Rev. J. Martin, B.A., of Nottingham, who spoke very ably on the advantages of a theological training for young men called to the ministry. The last speaker was the Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A., of Derby, who dwelt at some length on the power necessary to a successful ministry. Votes of thanks to the chairman and the gentlemen who had so efficiently addressed the meeting were moved and seconded by R.

Pegg, Esq., of Derby; Mr. E. Barwick, of Nottingham; the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., Classical Tutor; and Mr. T. W. Marshall, of Loughborough, Treasurer of the College. It was pleasing to see so large and influential an assembly gathered from Nottingham, Derby, Loughborough, and many other places, and to observe among the company several of the deacons and principal friends of both sections of the Baptist body, and also of the Independent denomination, who expressed their high gratification with the College premises, and their warm wishes for the success of the Institution.

OPENING OF THE NEW CHAPEL, ASHBY.—We are glad to find that our Ashby friends have nearly

completed their new chapel. The opening services will be held this month. The Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., of Rawdon College, and Rev. C. Stovel, of London, are engaged to preach on the first day. Full particulars will be found in the advertisement on the cover.

Rev. J. B. Lockwood has resigned the pastorate of the church at Tarporley. Long continued indisposition after preaching has induced Mr. L. to relinquish all ministerial labour for the present.

ALLERTON.—On Sunday, Sep. 14, Rev. R. Hardy, of Queenshead, preached in the Baptist chapel, Allerton, on behalf of the Foreign Mission, when a collection was made for the above object.

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 6, at the General Baptist chapel, Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, by the Rev. T. Watts, of Wisbeach, assisted by the Rev. Watson Dyson, the Rev. Giles Hester, minister of Wood Gate chapel, Loughborough, to Miss Annette Peele, of Long Sutton.

Aug. 17, at Little Bowden church, near Market Harborough, Lindsay, second daughter of Mr. W. Symington, to Mr. J. A. Lloyd, of London.

Sep. 13, at the Baptist chapel, Allerton, by the Rev. R. Hardy, of Queenshead, Mr. J. Priestley, to Miss Eliza White, eldest daughter of Samuel White, manufacturer. Also, Mr. Reuben Knowles, to Miss Miriam White, third daughter of Mr. White.

Sep. 17, at Edinburgh, Rev. W. Brock, junior, son of Rev. W. Brock, of Bloomsbury chapel, London, to Jessie, second daughter of Hugh Rose, Esq., of Hill-side-crescent.

DEATHS.

April 27, in Central Africa, three months after joining her husband, Mrs. Livingstone the beloved and heroic wife of Dr. Livingstone.

July 26, at Enderby, near Leicester, Rev. S. Haywood, aged 55. Mr. Haywood was for many years missionary in Burbice, West Indies.

August 5, at Nelson Hollow, Leicestershire, Mr. Charles Haywood, aged 51. He was a deacon of the church at Barton-in-the-Beans.

Aug. 27, at Bourne, Eliza Gregory, the beloved daughter of Rev. J. B. Pike, aged 17.

Aug. 29, at Halifax, Mr. James Hodgson, late of Stubbing House, Hebden Bridge, aged 81.

Sep. 15, at Stony-gate, near Leicester, J. F. Hollings, Esq., aged 57.

Sep. 19, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Mr. John Orchard, for many years a consistent and exemplary member of the General Baptist church, and a deacon.

Missionary Observer.

A VISIT TO NORTHERN ORISSA.

BY THE REV. G. TAYLOR.

Pooree, June 6, 1862.

HAVING more than once received a very cordial invitation to visit our American brethren, and Mrs. Taylor's state of health urgently requiring a change, we resolved to take a journey to Balasore, and on new year's day left Cuttack for that station—a distance of 106 English miles. Travelling on an average nearly twelve miles each day we reached our destination on the morning of the 9th of January, and received a most hearty welcome from Mrs. A. Miller and Miss Crawford, the only members of the mission then in the station.

It had been previously arranged that I should accompany Mr. Miller to Jellasore, and attend with him the quarterly meeting at Santipore, on the 9th and 10th; and subsequently take a tour in that district. As, however, I had not been able to reach Balasore in time, Mr. Miller had left before we arrived, leaving word for me to follow. So, in the hope of being in time for the second day's proceedings I made arrangements to go forward the same evening. About five p.m., Thoma and I jumped into a native cart, well bedded with straw, drawn by a pair of bullocks; and at the rate of less than two miles an hour we jogged on to Jellasore, where we arrived about seven o'clock the next morning, and met with a thoroughly English welcome from brethren Hallam and Miller, and our good sister Hallam. Our friends were agreeably surprised to see us so soon, notwithstanding we had travelled at the tremendous rate of one and three quarter miles an hour; and, we were as agreeably disap-

pointed to find that, owing to unforeseen events the quarterly meeting had been put off for a few days and that therefore we were in time.

Resting ourselves on the 10th, (for we needed rest after the awful shaking we had had in the country cart—our bones aching not a little) brethren Hallam, Miller, and I, rode over to Santipore on the afternoon of the 11th, with the intention of visiting some festivals in that neighbourhood the following week.

The next morning—the blessed Sabbath!—we set out for a large festival some eight or ten miles distant. Here, on the banks of one of the largest tanks I have seen, were collected tens of thousands of men, women, and children of all ages and of all classes, in the hope of purifying their souls by external washings, and of propitiating their offended deities by offerings of fruits and flowers, &c. Our strength on this occasion consisted of three European and seven native brethren; and these were divided into three companies, which occupied three different parts of the festival. Each brother had an opportunity of speaking twice or thrice in the course of the day to large and interesting audiences. Though the people were much excited, still many heard the Word with deep attention, while some were melted to tears; tracts and scriptures—which were given away in great numbers—were eagerly sought and gladly received by the people. May they be thereby, made “wise unto salvation through faith, which is in Jesus Christ.” The great adversary, however, did not quite give us undisputed possession of the field. Once and again did several fellows of the baser sort try to disturb us by their tom-toms and dancing; but not having the courage to come very near us, they did not

greatly affect the better part of our congregation. A marked contrast was there between the evening's conduct this year and last, at this celebrated festival. Last year at this very place, brother Hallam received a heavy blow on his back from some Hindoo in the crowd! In noting the difference I was forcibly reminded of a few sentences uttered by our old friend, Gunga Dhor, in prayer, one Sabbath morning. Gunga had been preaching on the occasion, from Matt. iv. 10. "Get thee hence, satan," and some of the leading ideas were, Christ's victory over the devil—first, as to Himself: second, as to His people: third, as to the world:—and among other things drew attention to the extent to which satan *had* been "driven hence." Taking up the same strain in his concluding prayer, he exclaimed, "Lord, the devil used to go about as an elephant, and in broad day-light; but now he goes stealing along in the dark as if ashamed to show his face! Drive him altogether out of the world, and let Thy kingdom come."

Tuesday, and following days, we attended "Oolmarah jutra;" and each day bore our testimony against the abominations of the people, and sought to lead the benighted crowds to an acquaintance with the "only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." Nor was their wanting evidence of the fact that some of our hearers were "almost persuaded to be christians;" particularly so, was this evident, as to one man with whom we conversed; but who—as is doubtless the case with many more—is deterred from taking the decisive step, by the certain knowledge that in doing so, he must "suffer the loss of all things."

After the festivals, the quarterly meeting was held, and the various business connected with the different stations and sub-stations was attended to. The native brethren then read portions of their journals, some of which were most interesting and suggestive, that of Mahes,

a most efficient labourer, in particular: after which the day's exercises were concluded with singing and prayer. It was a day of great enjoyment to my own soul, and led me to feel a much deeper interest in the operations of our American brethren than I otherwise could have done.

The next day, Sabbath, was begun by a refreshing prayer meeting in the village, at seven a.m. At ten a.m. Thoma addressed us from 1. Cor. xvi. 22, with great power and unction: after which we all gathered round the table of our risen Lord, to commemorate His dying love. And truly were

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing
Which before the Cross we spent!"

After the usual routine of the Sabbath-school in the afternoon an address was delivered to the young people, followed by another to several heathen men that had congregated in the verandah of the bungalow, and who listened with a good deal of interest the whole time. In the evening the brethren took me to every house in the village, and gave me an opportunity of speaking to all, old and young, decided and undecided, what I trust will prove, through the Divine blessing, a "word in season." Thus we spent one of the most happy Sabbaths I have known in India! I was much pleased with this little sub-station. It is quite an interesting little colony, whose present state and future prospects should afford great encouragement to our brother Hallam.

I was exceedingly delighted too, to learn from our good brother H. that one of the members of the Jellalore church, whose courage and fortitude have enabled him to continue to live among his heathen neighbours, despite all opposition, is now so highly respected by the heathen villagers as to have been unanimously elected to the office of P'adhan, i. e. "chief of the village!"

And though he declined the honour and responsibility, yet the people would have no denial; for they surrounded his house and declared they would not leave until he complied. The Zemindar of the district was equally anxious that this brother should fill the office. So he at length complied, and continues to fill the post with general satisfaction. This case is the more encouraging, in that, so far as I know, it is perfectly unique.

It had been resolved that, after the festivals above alluded to, we should take a long tour in an easterly direction, and try to break up some new ground. This journey was accordingly commenced as soon as arrangements could be made; but owing to the dangerous illness of Mrs. Taylor, I regret to say that after a week, I was suddenly recalled to Balasore.

From all I saw and heard of the "Northern Orissa Mission" I think there is reason to hope that its prospects are brightening. It is true there are only two missionaries now in the field, yet these two are "workmen that needeth not to be ashamed." With the beautiful and thoroughly idiomatic Oriya of brother H. I was quite charmed; nor less so with the undaunted courage and steady perseverance and application of brother M. It is to be hoped that these brethren will very soon be joined by our esteemed brother and sister Cooly, who have been on furlough in America for some time. By the way, the "Northern Orissa Mission" appears to differ from all other Missions in this particular!—its returned missionaries never find their way *back* to Orissa! How to account for this I know not; and on whom the blame (if blame there be) rests, I know not—this I know, that the policy is generally condemned; and in my opinion, justly so; whether it be judged by the principles of sound economy, or considered in its bearing on the great end contemplated—the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Nor are the effects of this policy on the native christians beneficial as may be seen from remarks like the following, to which they have given utterance from time to time in my hearing: "They (American missionaries) come and stay for a few years and then return home and we see no more of them!" "One sad feature of the Mission is, that the Society only send out *new* missionaries; the *old* men don't come back, and consequently the native christians have no *fathers*." "Crawford Missoboba is the first that has ever come back. No *sahib* has ever had courage to return."

This statement is further evinced by the joy that is manifested by our christian people in regard to the return of our missionaries. Why, if I have been asked once I have a hundred times, when Stubbins *sahib* and Brooks *sahib* will return!—their return is looked forward to with joyful anticipation. I have sometimes smiled to hear the emphasis with which they have marked the distinction between seniors and juniors—"You are young men—our brothers; but *they* are our *fathers*." Yes; and even the *heathen* look out for the old men. "Where is the old man—so tall and portly that used to come and preach to us?" is a question often put to me with regard to dear Lacey, to this very day!

Pray excuse the digression, the subject has so painfully impressed my mind that I could not but make this reference to it.

Our visit to the north we greatly enjoyed, and in the end I have no doubt it was rendered very beneficial to Mrs. Taylor's health, which has been gradually improving ever since; and is now, I am thankful to say, better than it has been for some time past. The christian kindness and hospitality of our dear friends we can never forget; especially the unwearied attention and generous sympathy of our good sister Miller, during Mrs. Taylor's trying and dangerous illness! May God reward them all

a hundredfold! On our way back, we spent a short time with Sebo Patra and his colleague at the new station, Bhuddruck, and were much gratified with the encouragement our good brethren appeared to meet with in their various labours. At Khundittur we spent the Sabbath, and enjoyed the ordinance with the little church there. Here too, there appeared to be some signs of prosperity; and it was expected that a whole heathen family would shortly join them.

NOTES OF A PREACHING TOUR.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

My second cold season tour was in the Pooree district. On this tour I was favoured with the company of our newly arrived brother, Rev. Thomas Bailey, who thus entered upon his itinerating labours among the heathen; and it is our earnest prayer that he may be spared to continue these labours for many years. He seemed to enjoy himself as much as could be expected under the circumstances, but he felt it to be a great trial—as all of us before him have done—to see hundreds and thousands going down to death and hell and not to be able to direct them to “the way, the truth and the life.” At times, indeed, his tongue refused to be silent, and though what he said was in English and not understood by the people, he seemed as if he must say something. With God’s blessing, however, and personal diligence, he will soon be able to make known to the people in their own tongue Christ and Him crucified.

On the former part of the journey Jugoo Roul and Dunai were our native helpers, but we were afterwards joined by Ghanushyam and Shen Sahu. Mr. Buckley would have accompanied us but was unexpectedly detained in Cuttack. We left home on Saturday, Jan. 11th, and were absent twenty days.

BHUBANESWAR,* which is about twenty miles from Cuttack, was our first place of encampment. Centuries ago this was a city of considerable importance, and even now it is greatly celebrated among the Hindoos. Temples in hundreds, if not in thousands, are said to have studded the surrounding neighbourhood, and to have imparted to it a sanctity so great that it was called the world of God. The origin and early history of the city are involved in obscurity, but it is generally supposed to have been founded in the early part of the seventh century, by a rajah of the Kesari race. Ruins, said to be those of palaces of these ancient kings, are still pointed out in the neighbourhood. Whether the Kesari rajahs were the original founders of the city has been questioned, and it has been thought possible that their city was founded on the site of a city still more ancient, and that the temples which they dedicated to Mahadabe were constructed out of temples previously dedicated to Buddhism. Be this as it may, the ruins of the present city are very extensive, and very ancient. Within a short distance of each other thirty or forty temple towers still stand, but many of them are gray with very age; have been so shaken by the mighty hand of time that the stones have slipped from their original position, leaving here and there gaping curious crevices, into which seeds have fallen, from which trees are growing, and by their growth accelerating the work of destruction. With carved stones, from temples which have already fallen, the ground literally abounds. Here they lie in heaps unheeded, covered with jungle; while others have been converted to sundry uses, such as houses and walls, verandahs and door steps. A village containing a few hundred inhabitants still remains, but the heaps of carved stones,—the gray tottering temples carry the thoughts of the spectator into the long long

* From Bhuban, world; and Eswar, God.

past; a strange feeling of loneliness creeps over his spirit, and he seems to be standing in the midst of a city not only ancient and ruinous, but the inhabitants of which are dead. Though the majority of the temples are laid in hopeless ruin a few are in a tolerable state of preservation and idolatrous worship—on a contracted state—is still kept up. Near to where our tent was pitched there is a temple elaborately carved, and which bids fair to last for many more years. The temple in the best state of preservation is the Ling Raj, or King. It is the largest, the highest, the most elaborate, the most ancient temple which the city contained, and is said to be the finest monument of antiquity in the whole province. Forty-three years were occupied in its construction and local tradition as well as the histories of the country fix the date of its completion as A.D. 657, more than twelve hundred years ago, or nearly five hundred and fifty years earlier than the Juggernath temple at Pooree. Some of the figures which adorn the tower are of an enormous size and must weigh several tons. They were cut out of blocks of stone. How they were ever got into their respective positions is a mystery to the hindoos of the present age, hence they ascribe the work to gods and not unto men. The Ling Raj temple is certainly a most substantial building, as even now, after encountering the storms of twelve centuries, it exhibits but little signs of decay. Near to this temple there is a large magnificent tank which is deemed most sacred. The water, however, is very filthy, though it is said to have the power to wash away sin. In the centre of this tank there is a moderate sized temple where religious rites are periodically performed. Around it, at certain distances, there are hosts of small temples, each of which could contain a grown-up person only with difficulty. Tradition says that these small temples were once occupied by female ascetics, who lived and died in them ages ago.

But I must not linger. To the antiquarian the ruins teem with interest, but the missionary's heart is stirred within him because it was a city wholly given to idolatry. True, the name of the place tells him that he is in the special presence of God, but the condition of the people tells him with greater emphasis that they are without God in the world. He sees ruined temples, but they remind him of ruined souls. He walks along the broad road which leads to the temple, along which pilgrims have wended their way for a thousand years or more, but he thinks of that broad road which leads to destruction. He hears praises sung in honour of the object of worship, but that object is so disgusting he cannot think of it without abhorrence; he dare not describe it, or the lowest of the low would charge him with outraging decency.

We remained three days, and on the whole we were well received. On several different occasions we went to the gateway which leads to the great temple. Brahmins stood there in the year A.D. 662 on the look-out for visitors; and in the year 1862, brahmins stand there still. But times have changed. According to their own impressions their glory has departed, their gains have been greatly diminished. Pilgrims were few, said they, their offerings were small; but, unwilling to admit the real decline of heathenism, the cause was attributed to the newly imposed taxes, and government came in for no small amount of censure. These gentlemen were reminded, however, that they were the men who taxed the people; that not a change in life could take place without their imposing taxes, not a birth, not a betrothal, not a marriage, not a death; that there was a tax when a child ate rice for the first time; and when its head was, for the first time, shaved; that they prepared the way, by a tax, for a child's reception into the world, and purified the house after its exit out of it; that they taxed the parents for the

child, before the child was born, and taxed the child for the parents after the parents were dead; and further that while the government imposed taxes for the public good, they imposed them for private advantage; and that with a more oppressive and less merciful hand. The brahmins looked not a little ashamed and confounded with the exposure; while the sudras were not a little pleased, and appeared fully aware that there were many taxes gathered besides those of government.

On the Lord's-day there was a festival, but it was not very large, and partook of the character of a market. Books having been frequently distributed here, we were rather sparing. One man gave an anna for a small volume of tracts. During our stay we visited the government school, and were pleased not only with the readiness of the boys to answer questions but to see our books lying on the master's table.

KHUNDAGIRI is another celebrated spot in this neighbourhood, and is renowned for its rock-cut caves. The group of hills in which these caves abound is five or six miles from Bhubaneswar, and as we were so near we determined to ride over and see them. Khundagiri is really one hill only of the group, but to the whole group this name is now generally applied. Some of the caves are in groups and others are separate. They were for the most part miserable little holes, only a few feet square, with scarcely room enough for a man to sit in them upright. The entrances are very small, and to get into them a man must bend almost double. The exterior of one is cut in the shape of a tiger's head, the open mouth being the entrance to the cave. Three or four of us managed to squeeze into this at the same time, and Jugoo, taking a piece of charcoal, wrote at the back, in Oryia, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "There," said Dunai, "there is hope even in the devil's

mouth." The "hati gumpa," or elephant cave, is the earliest, and Fergusson thinks it was excavated two hundred years before Christ, or twenty centuries ago. His evidence for this conclusion is an inscription over the entrance, and internal evidence. The former corresponds, in character at least, with caves found in other parts of India. Years ago the inscription was deciphered, but this furnished no evidence as to the date when the cave was excavated. The characters, however, are those which were in use by the Buddhists, and while the caves are not destitute of sculpture there is an absence of everything in the shape of idols. Some of the caves are of a much later age, as is proved by the difference in the designs and sculpture. "One of the most singular features," says Fergusson, in his *Rock-cut Caves of India*, "in all the Buddhist caves here is the total absence of all images of Buddha, and indeed of any apparent object of worship; a circumstance which alone would, I conceive, be sufficient to place them in a higher antiquity than any series in Western India, for it is tolerably certain that the adoration of images, and particularly of that of the founder of the religion, was the introduction of a later and more corrupt era, and unknown to the immediate followers of the deified." Again he observes with reference to the elephant cave inscription, "we are left entirely to the character of the letters and its internal evidence for an approximate era in which it could have been written. But as it would take up too much space here to enter into all the arguments, I shall content myself with stating that I think the balance of evidence inclines to a date about two hundred years before Christ, and that cannot be very far from the truth."

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO! What a difference there is in England now from what there was then. The old Druids with all their rites have long since passed away; but until very recently—within the last few years—

these caves have been occupied by religious ascetics—not indeed by Buddhists, who occupied them in the first instance, but by the hindoos who succeeded them. Now there is not a single cave occupied, government having expelled the ascetics some few years since. There is, however, a boishnob's hut at the foot of the hill, and through the means of these caves he gains a living. We spoke to him of the folly of his life of seclusion, and told him that he had brought his wicked heart into the jungle. He had very little to say, but a young disciple of his was a great talker. He denied having ever committed a single sin, and affirmed that the only heaven and hell were to be found in the present world. Dunai told him that he certainly had broken one law, he had neglected his duty to his parents, and that instead of supporting them he had fled from their presence. He also reminded him that his kind of religion might do for a few, but not for mankind generally, for if all fled to the jungle the jungle would become a town.

On the top of one hill there is a temple, and certainly the effect is striking. It was built in the time of the Mahrattas, and is open for the inspection of any one. The inner walls are covered with names and inscriptions in different languages. Among others there were several to the effect that every false system of religion might be destroyed, and the religion of Jesus everywhere prevail. To this we say, amen.

We left Bhubaneswar on Wednesday morning for Piplee. On the way we attended a market, and encountered a few impudent shameless brahmins, from Bhubaneswar. Nothing particular occurred and we reached Piplee in the evening. Our

friends, the Taylors', were from home, but we took possession of their house.

“BLOW LOUDER.”

It is said that the celebrated Handel one day gave a grand musical entertainment in London. Among the band there was a German trumpeter. Handel turned to him, and said, “Blow Louder,” and he did so; after some minutes, he repeated the same words, and he blew with all his power; a third time he called on him, “Louder!”—the trumpeter was impatient, and answered, “You call ‘louder,’ sir; but where is the wind to come from?” Thus our brethren call upon you from distant heathen lands, “Send us more labourers, that the trumpet of the Gospel may sound louder, yea, that it may be heard in every town and village in India. Our number is, like Gideon's band, too small to conquer the enemies, and our voice is too feeble to be heard by India's hundred millions. “Louder” cries the misery, the longing, though often unconscious desire, of the unhappy idolater, after God, after peace, after eternal life. For this let us pray, “Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.—Thus saith the Lord God, Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.” And when the Spirit of the living God shall animate His Church, neither means nor men will be wanting to proclaim the glad tidings among all nations; then the dead bones scattered over the great heathen valley will be moved, and the prophetic words will be exhibited before us as a glorious reality,—“Then the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.”—*Missions in Bengal: Weitbrecht.*

Foreign Letters Received.

BERHAMPORE.—T. Bailey, June 17.
 ————W. Bailey, July 17.
 ————J. O. Goadby, July 17.
 CUTTACK.—J. Buckley, June 17, July 4,
 17, 22, August 2.

CUTTACK.—W. Hill, June 16th, July
 10th.
 ————W. Miller, July 2, 17.
 PIPLEE.—G. Taylor, July 29, 31.

Contributions

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
From July 20th to September 20th, 1862.

BIRCHLIFFE.			DERBY, <i>Osmaston Road.</i>		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Public Collections ...	5	18 1	Public Collections at Vale-		
Collected by Miss Lister,			dictory Services, less ex-		
Mr. Lister ...	2	2 0	penses ...	34	10 11
Mr. Gray ...	0	10 0	Profit of Tea Meeting at ditto	1	16 0
Mr. Ingham ...	0	10 0			
Mr. Whitham... ..	0	10 0			
Small sums ...	0	6 2	Hucknall Torkard ...	0	5 0
Miss Lister ...	0	5 0			
	4	3 2	LEICESTER, <i>Friar Lane.</i>		
Collected by Miss Stansfield	1	10 0	A Friend ...	1	0 0
" Miss Sutcliffe	0	9 1	NEW BASSFORD.		
" W. H. Farrar	0	18 0	Collections ...	1	13 4
Girls' Box, in School	0	10 10	QUORNDON.		
Boys' ditto ...	0	5 0	By Miss Balm,		
Sarah Thomas's Box	0	5 0	Mrs. Marsh for Orphan named		
Richard Rowson's ditto	0	1 0	Emma Hart ...	2	10 0
	14	0 2	RUSHALL.		
Less expenses...	0	5 0	By Rev. W. White ...	0	6 6
			SUTTON ASHFIELD.		
			Sacramental Collection for		
			Widows and Orphans ...	0	5 1
			SUTTON-ON-TRENT.		
			Mrs. E. Whate ...	1	0 0

BICENTENARY COLLECTONS.

	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Birmingham ...	4	6 5	Loughborough, Wood Gate	3	10 0
Boston... ..	2	7 10	Maltby ...	0	18 2
Castle Donington ...	1	4 3	March ...	2	11 0
Crowle ...	0	10 0	Peterborough... ..	1	2 0
Derby, Mary's Gate ...	7	3 9	Quorndon ...	1	12 3
Gambleside ...	0	16 6	Ramsgate ...	0	8 0
Hose ...	0	14 0	Smeeton ...	0	6 8
Leicester, Archdeacon Lane	6	4 0	Tarporley ...	2	10 0
London, Commercial Road	2	10 0	Tydd St. Giles, and Sutton		
Long Sutton ...	1	3 6	St. James ...	0	14 2
Loughborough, Baxter Gate	2	10 0	Todmorden Vale ...	1	0 0

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR NEW FOUNT OF ORIYA TYPE.

BILLESDON.			LEICESTER, <i>Archdeacon Lane.</i>		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Mr. W. Fox ...	1	0 0	Mr. Boughton ...	1	10 0
DERBY, <i>Osmaston Road.</i>			Mr. Thomas Russell...	0	10 0
Collected in Sunday School...	2	13 6½	Profits of Farewell Tea Meeting	0	8 6
Mr. Adams ...	0	5 0			
Mr. S. Bennett ...	0	5 0			
	3	3 6½	LOUGHBOROUGH, <i>Wood Gate.</i>		
LEAKE AND WYMESWOLD.			Collected in Sunday School...	1	11 2
Mr. W. Burchnall ...	1	0 0	NOTTINGHAM.		
			Mr. W. Hill ...	1	0 0

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Treasurer, Derby, and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Secretary, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards may be obtained.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST
MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

SAUL, JONATHAN, AND DAVID.*

AND SAUL CAST A JAVELIN AT HIM TO SMITE HIM: WHEREBY JONATHAN KNEW THAT IT WAS DETERMINED OF HIS FATHER TO SLAY DAVID. 1 *Sam.* xx. 33.

THIS act of senseless rage revealed the design of the jealous king. He was impervious to reasoning, for Jonathan had done his best to work the conviction of David's innocence, and he was so carried away by anger as to risk the life of his own son rather than relinquish his design against that of his supposed rival. He meant to kill the shepherd who had now become his courtier. Death, and nothing less, would satisfy him, as the fate of one whose interests seemed to touch his own unfavourably.

The whole of this history of Saul and David is a most instructive play of human passion and natural feeling. The actors in the scene, with the exception of one, are by no means great men. David alone has any claim to greatness. But there are very sharply contrasted hues of character brought to view, even upon this little stage. It seems as though the whole circle of human life were photographed here in miniature. Rage, ungoverned and insane, on the one side, stands op-

posed to faithful friendship on the other. But even the friendship is human, and therefore flecked with human weaknesses; for we have the white lie concocted between David and Jonathan by which David may escape, and again the half-selfish glance at the future by which Jonathan pledges David to his interests when he shall have become successful and risen to the throne. Conscience in those early days was not morbidly sensitive, perhaps it was rather morbidly insensible. David and Jonathan could tell a story about David's going down to Bethlehem to sacrifice, without many qualms, although it was, I am afraid, worse than mythical; and Jonathan does not seem to have felt that it injured the disinterested character of his friendship at all,

*The above sermon is printed at the request of the last Midland Conference. It would have been gladly withheld, as altogether unintended for publication, could this have been done without discourteously refusing a request, which the author can only construe as an expression of undeserved kindness. It is printed exactly as delivered.

VOL. III.—NEW SERIES, No. 11.

when he made David swear to shew kindness to him and to his descendants in the time to come. It is by marks like these that we assure ourselves of the truth of these Scripture narratives. They are the reflection of real life, and must be founded on fact. Art may do much to imitate the real, but art, after all, is not nature. There is something in the very atmosphere which breathes in these old pages that proclaims their truth; no man could invent them. No piece of real life is un instructive. Every throb of genuine human action and experience speaks to all men if they will only listen. It does not matter how long ago, nor how far away the events took place, if they were real incidents of human life and passion; for the human heart is unchanged from age to age. Time is nothing, and space is nothing to the great principles of our nature, so that all the instruction which this narrative contains is ours to day as truly as ever it belonged to earlier readers. Its meanings are green and fragrant across the ages; and it is our fault if we do not appropriate them to spiritual uses. Let us endeavour to do so by a glance at the truths which the story embodies. It teaches us,

I. That violence of character is proof rather of weakness than of strength. We have, I think, remarkable illustration of this truth in the character of Saul. He stands before us as a man whose emotions were very easily touched, and when affected at all, showed themselves in violent manifestations. His conduct towards David is a series of alternations between passionate fondness and equally furious hatred. At first he receives the appointed deliverer of the people kindly. The shepherd youth is introduced to the king when Goliath of Gath sends out his challenge to the hosts of Israel. Saul admires the courage with which one unskilled in war proposes to meet the powerful enemy, offers David his armour, and bids him God speed. But, very soon, jealousy

takes the place of goodwill. When the women of Israel, after David's victory, exclaim, *Saul has slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands*, the vain monarch cannot endure the cry. The courage and skill of the shepherd are forgotten; he has no admiration to spare for patriotism, or for faith; one devouring impulse of jealousy seizes upon his spirit and turns his love to hatred. Again, however, he is to some extent conciliated. David is taken into favour for his many noble qualities. He is skilled in music too, and music has power to drive away a certain nervous malady with which the king is tormented. Yet the idea that this is after all his rival, and will be his successor, is still there; and once and again, in furious rage, he seeks David's life. I need not go further with the narrative; you all remember it. Note, however, the revelation of character which it contains. We are apt to suppose that strength of passion is an argument for strength of general character. A man who rages and storms impresses us with an idea of power. And yet I think no one can read the history of Saul without gathering a sense of weakness rather than of strength. We feel, that after all, this turmoil is the turmoil of a little nature. It is, to borrow a colloquial phrase, 'a storm in a teacup.' We do not think of the deep feeling of a man while we reflect upon Saul; we think rather of the struggles of an unruly child. The first idea of power wears away when we look more closely, and gives place to the truer conception—that of a violence which is not strong but weak. This passing from fondness to anger, and back again from anger to fondness, is more like a schoolboy than a king. It is weak, very weak. It is not true, then, that violence and strength go hand in hand. Violence comes of being easily moved. There is a sort of sensitive temperament which can be flung in a moment into any extreme of feeling. It is obedient to the passing impression, whatever

that impression may be. Flatter such a man, and he smiles; tell him a tale of sorrow, and he weeps; tread upon his prejudices, and he rages. Don't you see that all this springs from want of ballast, so to speak,—or in other words, from weakness of will? There is no power over self, no command of the inner man; and this is what we mean by character. The word which we use to express fury or rage, is itself very instructive. We call it passion, but passion, as you will see, is a word which implies weakness. It is distinguished from action, and it means suffering. A passionate man, therefore, is a man who suffers. He is weakly surrendered to another power, which is lord over him; he is led captive by him at his will. It is worth while to reflect upon that word. It expresses all for which I am contending. It is with men as with the waters; some are like a little lake, which is lashed into fury by a passing breeze; others are like the ocean, which will allow a hurricane to sweep across its bosom, and be scarcely moved. But it is the ocean, not the lake, which is strong. So a great nature is above our little storms, it holds itself in a beautiful self-control. Estimate your power, then, by your power over yourself. Do not imagine because you can strike terror into others by your violence, that you are, therefore, a man of character. You turn your home, perhaps, into a scene of mute fear, when the door is opened and you enter, after your daily work. A small vexation has clouded your brow, and you like to fancy as the children slink away, and your wife looks pale, and tremulous at your approach, that you are a man of unusual moral force. It is a foolish blunder. The true power would be manifested in a calm self-adjustment, which could bear in silence, and so turn irritation into an occasion of moral discipline. There is power in every line of the great portrait of Christ, which is drawn for us in the Gospels. But

there is no display of strength so great as that which comes out in connection with His perfect patience. Look at Him before Pilate. What a self-mastery he must have attained who could stand and quietly allow jeering fools to subject him to all the insult of a mock coronation, with its elaborate parody of robe, and reed, and pretended crown! Oh, my brethren, it would have been evidence of strength in Christ had he swept a lightning flash through the impious crowd, and destroyed them all, but it was unutterably stronger to endure without a word. Let us seek a strength like that of our great Leader.

II. We learn from this history that an ordinary character may become dignified by its friendships. The friendship of David and Jonathan has taken its place among the beautiful incidents of history upon which art and literature employ themselves. It stands side by side with other celebrated attachments, so as to have passed into a proverb. Damon and Pythias, Socrates and Alcibiades—these and others occur to us when we hear or speak of David and Jonathan. And truly, among them all, there is none more touchingly beautiful. I have said that it was dashed by selfishness, and that is true, but then that is only what happens in all developments of our frail humanity. After all, it remains a most uncommon example of devoted love. When we remember the force of circumstances which tended to separate these men, we are surprised that it should survive. Their interests were almost violently in opposition. If David survived he would, so said the prophet, succeed to the throne, and if he succeeded, then Jonathan was excluded. David's prosperity meant ruin to Jonathan, or at the best, it involved subordination and servitude. Yet Jonathan loved him, and racked ingenuity in contriving his escape from the effects of the royal anger. I do not envy the man who can read the story of the lad and the arrows contained

in this chapter and remain unmoved. It touches every generous emotion in our nature. Yet it does not seem to me that Jonathan was a man of extraordinary endowment. The compass of his nature was not, I think, unusually large. Probably, if he had survived and been left to win his own way, he would have gathered no additional glory to his family name. At any rate the friendship between him and David was a friendship of marked inequality—the talents, and genius, and enterprise going all on one side—so that Jonathan is taken up and loved by a greater than himself. And, what I want you to notice, is, that Jonathan becomes ennobled by his connection with David. He rises out of himself, so to speak, to a higher standing-place. While we see him in connection with David he seems to catch some of the light which plays round the character of his greater friend. If not intrinsically great, he becomes almost so for the time; he expands into importance by the love with which he loved. In this he illustrates a very frequent fact. One of our great writers is so impressed with the ennobling effect upon character, of admiration for higher natures than our own, that he proposes what he calls hero-worship as the grand remedy for all our social miseries. We must disinter the memory of the past, and fill our hearts with love for the great and good who are no more. As one has sung—

‘Ever their statues rise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
By bed and board they lord it o’er us
With forms of beauty, and words of good.’

Whatever of exaggeration there may be in this, it has a nucleus of truth. The mind was not made to live alone. All its higher powers are drawn forth by contact with other men—men who are in some respect our superiors. You may not be poetic, but a strain of Shakespere will wake some degree poetic of feeling in

your understanding; or you may have very little reasoning power, yet your wits will be wonderfully sharpened by the reading of Bacon, or Aristotle. Most of all, this is true of our moral nature, which is almost the creation of society. Bad companionships deprave the conscience till they annihilate it; good ones enlarge and purify its activity till it becomes as quick as lightning and as true as steel. A higher mind than ours overlaps us, so to speak, embraces us in its greater amplitude, and stirs us to a participation of its own thought and feeling. Even when we look upon it at a distance, this is so. The good men, saints, heroes, martyrs, speak to us out of very remote places, and from centuries gone by. But it is, more so still, when a higher mind stands to us in the closer relation of friend. For one friend influences another in a thousand subtle ways. History can only bring part of a man’s character into view; even his literary works don’t completely express his inmost life; but in the case of our friend the whole man is there. Words express him and make corresponding impressions upon us, movements and gestures even have a share in the general influence. I have sometimes thought that everything we do is an expression of our whole character, if we could only see it. If you could look at any action, through what I may call a moral microscope, you would find that, however small in itself, it contained a full length portrait of the actor. So that we go through life scattering little photographs of ourselves into the minds with which we meet. What must it be, then, to be under the influence of an intimate and noble friendship? It is just the most powerful influence for good in the world. I would have you guard your friendships, my brethren. If you cannot be David, at least play the part of Jonathan. Even Boswell is better than nobody, and assuredly Boswell, the friend of Johnson,

is far nobler than Boswell without Johnson. You will catch nobility from your friends, if they be really noble. The light of their character will play round you and transfigure you. More solemnly still, it is upon this principle that the Gospel works its effects. It offers us a *friendship*, the purest, the only perfect one, in the universe, that of *God manifest in the flesh*. By the intercourse of that Mind with ours, by the presence of His Spirit with our spirits, and the operation of His life upon our tempers and conduct, we are to be purified, even with the purity of heaven itself. Do you urge against me, that you have no choice of friendships? Do you say that you know no exalted minds in the dull circle by which your poverty or your ignorance has surrounded you? At least, my brethren, you know Christ, and to know Him is enough. The essence of all perfect friendship is included in His. No social circle in the world, however pure, can cast around you influences like those which come from Him. If you will only have it so, He will inspire all your words and thoughts, and draw up your very life into His own, till the beating of your heart keeps time with the harmonies of the heavenly world.

III. A third truth which this narrative implies, is, that God interweaves his own designs with the fabric of each man's history.

Saul had endeavoured to destroy David in more ways than one;—first, by hurling a dart against him, as David sat among the courtiers, in the royal presence, and then by sending him in an unequal war against the half-savage Philistines, who were constantly troubling the kingdom. The incident of our text—the hurling of a javelin at his son Jonathan—while it is wholly senseless in itself, as well as hatefully cruel, yet proves how determined an enmity he still cherished towards David, when even his son's goodwill for his rival flung him into so insane a rage. Yet though he

was king and full of hatred he could not succeed in procuring David's death. We must not imagine that he was restrained by any difficulty of law. In those times, when society was as yet only half settled, the limits of a king's authority were not very nicely defined. There were no constitutional barriers to check the abuse of prerogative. It was just that he *could* not kill his supposed enemy. His plots and his storms came to nothing. David was still unhurt. And Saul himself, hit at last upon the true reason of that immunity. We are told in the previous chapter that *Saul saw and knew that the Lord was with David*. He found, that is to say, that he was arrayed against a providential design, and measuring his strength with that of the Eternal plan of the universe. David was not to be killed thus. He was immortal till his work was done, and it was not done yet. Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean to say that David was rescued from the hand of Saul by a series of miracles—interferences, as we call them, with the course of nature. I do not believe it. All that took place was natural enough. The javelin would have killed David if it had struck him, and it would have struck him if it had been rightly directed. But it was not rightly directed—David was able to evade it; and what I do maintain is, that the whole combination of circumstances, royal anger, casting of the dart, nervous swiftness of David's movement; the whole taken together, lay foreknown in the Divine Mind, and so far prearranged that David's life was saved. Why should that require a miracle? Why should it need any after 'interference?' It was part of the Eternal plan, *known unto God before the foundations of the world*. It altered no quality or property of matter, and no attribute of mind; it only worked itself out through those which already existed. Now, is there not such a divine thread through all our histories? Does not our life lie out before the

eye of God, perfectly well known in every part of it? And do you believe that what is perfectly known to God can take place without His guidance, His superintendence? I do not; I confess it seems to me absurd. I do not pretend to say at what point God touches the mighty scheme of things so as to make it work out His designs, but I cannot believe in a God who is mastered by the world which He has made, so as to sit and watch it whirling about in the dust of its own grinding, without the power to control or influence its workings. As the laws of nature are God's will made manifest, so are all the effects of those laws; the whole chain of causes runs harmoniously together, and the last link is held in the hand of our Father. Brethren, 'our times are in His hand.' The old word remains true, *Not a sparrow can fall without His knowledge. The hairs of our head are all numbered.* Whatever may have been your course through life till now, He has been leading you, and He will lead you till His will is fully accomplished. Rest, then, in that leadership; it is God's. You may pass through sorrow, very bitter, yet His hand 'conducts unseen' the whole arrangement, and be assured that if you allow it to work out its appointed fruit in you, *your sorrow shall be turned into joy.* Oh, brethren, learn to 'know your Father near' in every event of life. His breath is on your cheek as you lean upon His bosom; His arm clasps your weak frame as you step upon the sea of uncertainty, from one day,

from one hour, to another, and he will guide those faltering steps of yours until you walk firmly upon the streets of the shining city, and drink eternally of *the river of the water of life.*

IV. Lastly: There is here a confirmation of what we find in all history and experience, that those who are destined to great things are schooled to them by suffering. David ascended to the throne by steps of adversity. The contest with Goliath, the hatred of Saul, and the exposure to peril which came afterward, were all elements which entered into his education for the work which he was to do *after God's own heart.* They tempered his spirit like steel until it was firm, and they increased his knowledge of life so as to qualify him for rulership. Like every other great ruler, he was trained to govern by first learning to obey. A ruler must first rule his own heart, for which there is no school like adversity. God puts us here to keep a bridle on our desires; while we go whithersoever they would direct us, life is only a sham. And those who have a great work to do, must learn to do it by a discipline which gives the grasp of that bridle into their hands. This, brethren, is the meaning of affliction; you are learning to conquer and to rule. 'No cross, no crown.' Do not then be afraid of the angel of discipline.

'Oh, fear not in a world like this
And thou shalt know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.'

THE NEWBURYS: THEIR OPINIONS AND FORTUNES.

A GLIMPSE OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER XVI.—'I'M THE PATIENT NOW, DOCTOR.'

EMILY was not killed, but was nevertheless completely stunned and severely wounded. The roof of an adjoining building had given way, bringing down with it part of the

side of a house, and a large stack of chimneys supported by it. Immediately afterwards a tremendous explosion occurred in the lower part of the building, which was entirely

uninhabited, blowing out doors and windows and fragments of barrels, until the street was completely blockaded. At first lifted off her feet by the shock, she was then carried a yard or two, receiving a severe blow from a piece of brick-work which shattered her right arm, and cut a deep gash in her side. A feeble moan was all that escaped her lips. Although at the time of the occurrence there was not a human being upon her side of the barricade but herself, and many of the people were still in their beds, in a very few minutes windows were thrown up, doors were opened, and there was a general hurry and excitement.

'O dear, what shall I do?' cried one, throwing up her arms in despair. 'And I a poor old woman with nobody to help me!'

'Come along!' cried a second, a man, 'let us see what's the matter. We must stop it if we can.'

'Nay, neighbour,' cried a thin cadaverous man, in a night cap, from an adjacent bedroom window. 'Don't go now and expose yourself, and tempt Providence. It's of no use—fire is fire—and we've deserved it all of us: it's a Judgment; and all we've to do is to bear it and repent. I wish you'd be said.'

'I wish you'd leave your judgments alone, and come down and see what you can do—you're never easy unless your talking about thunderbolts and Cities of the Plain. If you won't go—go to bed—or stand by, if you will, and see the salvation of the Lord.'

Forward, through the thick yellow smoke, the scorching air, the flying sparks, the leaping points of flame, went the courageous man to see what he could do. He listened intently but heard nothing: there were then no fellow creatures in suffering. He looked up at the burning building and round at the bellowing flames, lashed and driven by an easterly wind. He saw it was of no use unless some of the houses were blown down to intercept the progress of the flames. And while he medi-

tated, half thinking that what his fearful neighbour had said might possibly be true, his eyes caught a dark mass lying before him upon the ground. He rushed forward at great peril, and beat back the choking, blinding smoke. Mercy! it is a human being. It was poor Emily, by this time in danger of being either finally suffocated or helplessly burned to death. He called to his friends, but waited not for their assistance. Lifting her up in his arms, he bore her out of the smoke and the sputter, and speedily conveyed her to his own home.

'Dead! dead!' said a dozen voices, as a dozen more curious persons crowded around, as in their stupid ignorance they always do, seeming to wish to fulfil their own prophecy by making her suffocation as complete as possible.

'Stand back,' cried the man, angrily, 'You'll choke her with your foolishness, that you will. Don't you see that her nostrils begin to move, and she breathes. You'll have plenty to do by and bye, I can tell you, so you may as well begin now, and leave me to mine.'

Once in the house the man was able to keep off the officious crowd. His wife then laid her upon a bed, administered a stimulant, and loosened her clothing. With a loud heavy sigh the poor girl opened her eyes for a moment, and looked vacantly at the woman. A profuse sweat now bedewed her body, and stood in heavy drops upon her forehead, whilst her blue lips quivered as if in deep internal agony.

'Quick! quick!' cried the woman, 'Some more wine, or she's gone!'

A copious draught of wine was again administered, and she appeared revived. Once more her lips trembled, and this time her effort to speak was successful.

'Nay, father, nay,' burst out the girl, evidently wandering in her mind. 'You won't leave your Emily, will you, and alone in this burning city? O woe is me, woe is me!—they've gone—gone!'

'Her father has deserted her,' thought the good Samaritans.

'And has he left you quite alone?' tenderly asked the woman, bending down and kissing her cheek, with all the rich affection one sorrowing woman shews to another, as though they had known each other all their lives, when they have only met for the first time.

'Who?' Emily asked with an almost imperceptible flush. 'What did you say? My father leave me? Never, never!'

And then the poor girl remembered what she had previously said, gave a rapid startled glance around her, and at once becoming conscious of her position, burst into a flood of tears, covering her face with the uninjured hand. It was some little time before she could restrain herself, or before her kind friends ventured to address her again. She then told them, briefly and clearly, where she was going, and how the accident happened, adding with a girl's frankness, 'I dare say you don't know me, but my name is Emily Newbury; I am but a girl you know, although mother sometimes tells me that I sit on my stool like an old woman.'

There was now a loud knock at the door, and Emily's heart beat fast in an agony half of hope and half of fear. Were they coming back for her? or, was it a further alarm of fire? It proved to be the latter, a summons, in fact, to fly for dear life, and already half the neighbours were equipped for their hurried flight, and rushing along in mad disorder and alarm, the thin cadaverous man flying with the rest, and more terrified than anyone. A number of men were zealously at work stripping off the roof of an adjoining house to break the progress of the flames, and there was busy talk of blowing up the house with gunpowder as soon as that was done. There was no time to be lost. A mattress was procured, several neighbours volunteered their help, and the wounded girl was borne away where she might obtain surgi-

cal aid—for as yet the messenger sent for the purpose had not returned—and be free from the danger of the fire.

She caught the name of some surgeon, as the men chatted amongst themselves.

'Will you take me to Dr. Caffyn's?' she asked piteously. 'Oh, pray do, pray do! He knows me well, and I should so like to see him. He lives in St. Paul's Street.'

'That's a long step from here, Miss,' said one of the men, bluntly but kindly. 'But we'll take you if you can bear up so long—never fear.'

'Don't fear that, good man. I feel much better now I'm in the open air.'

The way was a long one, but the wounded girl bore her journey bravely, only suffering a slight moan to escape her now and then, when her shattered arm was chafed.

Fortunately Dr. Caffyn was at home, and attended to his patient at once, not recognising her at first but doing so immediately she said, with simplicity.

'You see, I'm the patient now, doctor.'

The doctor listened to her little narrative with interest, forbidding her to talk more than was absolutely necessary, and doing his best to ease and comfort her.

Yet the time passed wearily. Now and then she dozed awhile, and dreamed again of that terrible separation in the fire, and then her arm and side would throb and she wandered in broken speech. Half the load of her distress was now removed, and yet she could not help surmising, doubting, questioning, and wondering, opening her eyes and gazing upon the ceiling like one wrapt in profound thought. Where was little Nathaniel? Had he perished in the fire? O that she had but kept fast hold of his hand! Where, too, were the rest? Was the fire about them still? And then she pictured to herself the sadness of the little ones—'I'm sure dear little Richard will cry for me, poor boy!'

she said aloud, trying next to think how her parents would be distressed, and how Ephraim would blame himself for running forward. And again she thought it was all her own fault, and the tears forced themselves into her eyes, and thoughts of self-reproach startled her into trembling and gave fresh force to her grief.

But the doctor would not let her murmur, and endeavour to assuage her sorrow, determined not to leave her for a moment until some of her relatives should have found her. Thanking the unknown man who had been so kind to his charge, he had at once sent with him his serving-man in the direction of the coach-office, so far as it could be gathered from a comparison of the different statements given to him, and he was now momentarily expecting his return.

'Will you tell me what time it is?' she asked quietly, in one of her calmer words.

'It is nearly half-past ten,' he answered. 'Why do you ask.'

'Some one will be here soon,' she returned, dreamily.

'Hark! they are here now. Don't you hear them?'

The doctor heard nothing, but knowing well the acute hearing and exalted sensibilities of the sick, he listened intently and believingly, but still could catch nothing.

'Didn't I tell you!' Emily broke out again, trying to rise. 'It is he—I know it is.'

'Nay, you must not rise—you really must be quiet. I hear nothing.'

'It is Ephraim. Ephraim, I'm here!' she shouted with all the power she could muster.

Another moment, the door opened, and Ephraim entered. He approached her bed, and looked compassionately upon her, but said not a word. And even had he been able, what could he have said more than an over-gushing heart can look?

'Come nearer, Ephraim, nearer! I'm safe now thank God. I am not lonely, now you're here. Are they all safe? All?'

'Yes, Emily—all. Father will be here directly, and the rest are gone away in the coach, and are well, never fear.'

The doctor now withdrew to meet his friends, and Ephraim took her uninjured hand and kissed it, saying in soft tones, 'Emily, dear Emily,' which she well understood, closing her weary eyes, and smiling a heavenly smile that thrilled the youth's heart with unutterable emotion, and flashed along the future the light of a radiant dawn and the life of a holy love.

Presently Giles himself entered, calm, but evidently having passed through deep excitement, and once more the feeble wounded girl gushed out her heart of love, and wept but not in grief.

Immediately after the explosion, he and Ephraim had decided what to do. Giles himself had gone round several streets to avoid the fire, and if possible, get to his separated child, whilst Ephraim had gone on with Maggie and her children to the coach. But to get round was not so easy as Giles had expected, and he had wandered away he scarcely knew whither in the blinding smoke and stifling air, until he found himself far away and hopelessly shut in by the raging fire, which made all progress in the direction he was taking impossible. Weary and hardly knowing what to do, questioning every one he met, but gleaning nothing from any, everyone intent upon his own salvation, he at length made his way back whence he had started, and thence to the coach-office, where he found the coach had started safely, and information had been received concerning his child, and Ephraim had gone away with Dr. Caffyn's serving-man.

CHAPTER XVII. — GOOD NEWS FOR KETURAH.

MONTHS have passed. The whole of the Newbury family are now comfortably settled in the old roomy house at Carlton. Emily's arm is strong again and her health fully restored; Maggie is regaining somewhat of her pristine buoyancy; Nathaniel is getting quite a big boy, and loves to range the fields with the shepherd dog as his father used to do; little Richard is a happy interesting fellow; Priscilla, the baby, a plump, merry-eyed favourite; and even Giles forgets the saddening influences of the past and lives joyously in the future of his children. Elijah is stalwart and blunt as hitherto, a very centre of resistance to all religious encroachments in the neighbourhood, and working nobly for the promulgation of the World's Good Tidings. Keturah is pensive, yet not melancholy, for her life has many stars in its quiet depths and many avenues for its gentle ministrations, and Deborah and her sister, Mrs. Hazzelehurst, are both looking forward to another re-union of which the present one has been but a type and a shadow, and both feel that it cannot be long. Poor Old Midge has gone to his everlasting reward, grey-headed and happy, and Parson Williams is scarcely ever seen out of doors now except upon Sundays, is somewhat meeker than heretofore, although occasionally flaming forth in all sorts of religious and political denunciations, which prove very harmless indeed, from his old-fashioned pulpit in the damp old church.

The winter has passed. Fierce valorous March has charged his last winter-charge in vain, and blown his battle-blasts, and kinder April, with her weeping skies, has blessed the thirsty land. Meek-eyed flowers peep from beneath dead leaves, tender blades shoot through the softened glebe, massive buds sway and swell upon the pendulous boughs, dappled hedgerows breathe sweet odours, and soft-throated buds sing the earth's Resurrection-song. The whole earth is radiant with

Life, and eloquent with Love. Carlton is once more a glad and sunny village. The fields are tempting and the lanes are sweet. The old brick-house with its high gables, its Elizabethan windows, its mossy sides, its solid, comfortable aspect, stands out picturesquely in the warm sunshine. Birds gabble about it, and swallows twitter under its eaves. The bright milk-tins glimmer on the side wall, the breath of kine floats into the spacious kitchen, the bleat of lambs steals gently from the fold, and tricksome sunbeams even dance in the oak-panelled parlour through the rustling leaves, and bring out into bold relief the armour of the old gospeller, hanging in the same spot where we saw it first on the eventful eve ere he went forth to fight for the Parliament, for Truth, and for God.

One morning Giles received a note from London, which made him pensive. And yet he was not sad, for there was a deep brooding joy about his heart. His past and his future life blended with the present, and he felt as if he could scarcely seize the fleeting emotions that played within him. He read the letter in private, and each time he read it his eyes brightened. He felt a selfish joy in its contents, and that not because he alone was concerned in it, but because through it he had power to make others partakers of it also. And yet he would not do it hastily or thoughtlessly. There was some knowledge to be gained in one direction ere his joy or his power could be said to be complete. He must gain that at once.

'Keturah,' he said, 'Let us walk out a bit in the sunshine—'twill do you good. There's an alchemy in sunshine that even touches the lonely and the sorrowing with its own tints. Let us go.'

In a very few minutes she had put on her bonnet, and they went out, as many a time they had wandered ere the solemn scenes of life had opened around them both.

Was it fancy, instinct, or association, that drew their feet in the same direction as they took when Keturah had told him her little story? There was the same brook, babbling and bounding over its mossy stones and between its green banks, and a strange subtle sense of the past, such as almost every one has experienced at some time or other, transfused itself over Keturah's mind, and gave a weird witchery to all about her. Even the sky and the clouds seemed instinct with something like memory.

'I was so young *then*,' she thought. 'I did not know myself, and yet—'

Had her brother, then, divined her thoughts? Was he, too, caught up in this same mysterious resurrection of feeling? He had often asked to go out before, but he had talked then, and was silent now. Yes, he must have read her thoughts, for even inarticulate nature seemed to guess them, to give her them back again.

They were going the old path by the garden wall, whither she had been for months, and whither she felt now as if being passively led, without the power to refuse or resist. Ah! there were the old lines. But how fresh and newly-written they seemed, as if she saw them now for the first time, and was only herself somewhat changed. Surely some one must have scratched them over, or they could not have been so distinct. The silence was getting painful, and rested upon her heart like a burden.

'Do you remember those lines, Keturah,' Giles began at length, somewhat timidly, for it had always been a tender subject, and although it were easy enough to surmise upon

her altered feelings, it was not well to proceed without explicit fact and word.

She was silent and hung down her head.

'He says he'll come again, sister; do you doubt him?'

Again she was silent.

'Was it not here you said "It cannot be," and he grasped your hand and left you? Do you say so now?'

'Oh, no brother, no!' she burst out, half in tears, and scarcely daring to lift her gaze from the ground. 'You know I love him, only that I fear he loves me not, and I wait his coming, and still he comes not, until I sometimes think he cares for me no longer, and I grieve at my past foolishness.'

'Nay he *will* come again, sister.'

'Will he? When?'

'He is coming *now*.'

Oh, how her heart leaped at the words, and the gladness of her earlier youth, richer and mellow, came back in a tremulous tide. She had not seen Giles beckon, but she looked up hopefully.

There was a rustle in the trees before her, a strong man came forward, quietly and dubiously, with eyes fixed upon Keturah, and a warm smile melting his stern bronzed features, until the lines that weary years had left were gone, and the face of an earlier man gleamed out loving and true.

It was enough. Love had conquered doubt, and the old life was re-born in the new love. Keturah recognized him as he approached and held out his hand, and ran forward and fell upon his breast, crying 'Stephen, forgive me! forgive me!'

MEMOIR OF THE REV. THOMAS SCOTT.

THE Rev. Thomas Scott was born Feb. 10th, 1795, at Leicester. His parents were among the number that left the Friar-lane church to form that at Archdeacon-lane.

During their latter days they were hearers, if not members, of the former place. They, and the ancestors of Mrs. Scott, were on terms of intimate friendship

with the family of the Deacons at Barton. This probably led them to place their son Thomas with Mr. John Deacon, who was at that time pastor of the Friar-lane church, and was in business as a watch-maker. It was during his apprenticeship, that our deceased friend became the subject of a saving change, took an active part in the Sabbath-school, joined the church, and when about twenty-one years of age began to preach.

There existed between the master and his apprentice the most cordial friendship and esteem, which terminated only by the death of the former. Mr. Deacon rendered his young friend all the assistance in his power, with a view to prepare him for the ministry, to which he was anxious to devote himself. To the Association held at Spalding, in 1820, the Friar-lane church reported, 'We have one young minister, who is well accepted, and who is now an admitted candidate for the Academy.' It was in the early part of 1821, that our esteemed friend entered that Institution, then located at Wisbech, under the care of the late Rev. J. Jarrom, whose eminent piety and gentleness of disposition won the reverence and esteem of his students. It had been the wish of Mr. Scott to enter the Academy at an earlier period, but he had taken under his special care two orphan brothers, and for their sakes he continued his employment for more than three years, toiling hard, till he had been the means of placing them in situations by which they could help themselves. Such an example of self-denial and generosity is surely worthy of the imitation of brothers. One brother writing to the other, since the decease of Mr. Scott, says, 'Who but those who have known him, as we have, know that loving heart of his. And who but we can estimate that self-sacrificing spirit that was in him, that truly Christ-like character.'

Mr. Scott commenced his studies under rather favourable circumstances, having received from Mr.

Deacon some elementary instruction. He had not much taste or aptitude for classical studies, but paid great attention to composition, logic, and whatever has a bearing on preaching. This, it must be admitted, is of prime importance to one who desires to be 'an able minister of the New Testament.' The vivacity and earnestness of his manner of speaking arrested the attention of his hearers, so that both at Wisbech and other places his labours were well received and appreciated. His uniform kindness and correct deportment gained him the esteem of his associates. At the time to which reference is now made, the paucity of ministers was such that few of the young men remained three years; and much of their time was consumed in walking and preaching. Bearing these things in mind, those who know what time and application are required to gain a competent knowledge of the dead languages, will not be surprised that few of the students of that period attained distinction in that respect. Our friend, on leaving the Academy in 1823, was encouraged by the Committee of the Home Missionary Society to supply a church which they had adopted in the city of Cork, where it was thought there was a prospect of usefulness. His emotions on entering on his duties the first Sabbath will be best understood by a letter he addressed to the Secretary, dated August, 1823. 'Sunday, July 27th, I ascended the pulpit of Marlborough-street, Cork. I looked round on a building in excellent condition capable of seating 300 persons, or more. In this place, with these good accommodations, and an entire stranger to preach, reckoning young and old, were assembled only thirty persons. In my circumstances, at such a sight, an angel might have wept. To refrain from tears was impossible. After service, several cordially greeted the stranger, expressing their hope that he was come to raise the dead to life.' In a subsequent part of the same letter, he adds:—'Our congregations have

increased. On the Sunday morning, instead of thirty, we have from seventy to eighty, but as these come chiefly from the Methodists, we cannot call them our congregation.'

Mr. Scott began to labour from the first with great assiduity, preaching in some of the villages, and taking frequent occasion to converse with the Catholics, whose extreme ignorance and superstition filled him with grief. A gentleman, in a letter to the Secretary of the Home Mission, gives the following testimony: 'You will rejoice with us that through his (Mr. Scott's) labours here, much good has been done; when he came over we were a remnant weak and small, exposed to divisions, and, from local circumstances, left almost without hope. Through his instrumentality we have happily experienced a singular revival. Hearers have increased more than five-fold in the short period of his ministry, and it is humbly hoped that the plainness, affection, and zeal with which the sacred word of truth is faithfully administered to us, has proved a blessing to many.'

Having preached there about a year, our friend received from the church a very affectionate and pressing invitation to become their pastor, with which, after due consideration and consultation with his friends in England, he complied. The Committee in their report of 1824, say: 'A small General Baptist church at Cork, which had been long declining, and seemed ready to die, has been favoured with ministerial and pecuniary supplies. It has pleased God to smile on these exertions. The attention of neighbours has been excited; the congregations augmented; and a few have been added to the church by baptism. The young man, whose labours have been blessed to the producing of these happy effects, has accepted an unanimous and affectionate call to the pastoral office; and the prospect is very encouraging.'

At this juncture Mr. Scott returned to England to enter into

the marriage state with Miss. F. Smither, a sister of Mrs. Peggs, of Wisbech, and of the late Mrs. Allsop. Their father, though not very favourable to dissenters, continued to the last a kind and an affectionate parent to them.

The Association held at March, in Cambridgeshire, requested the Rev. T. Stevenson, senior, and the Rev. J. Jarrom, to go to Cork, to assist at Mr. Scott's ordination, which took place July 26, 1824. In the report of this interesting event as published in the Repository, it is stated, that 'The congregation much exceeded the expectations of the friends, and there is reason to hope that a considerable impression was produced upon the feelings of the audience.'

It not unfrequently happens that after a season of prosperity things assume a threatening aspect. Mr. Scott was surrounded by many warm-hearted friends, but the spirit of dissension, which, before his residence among them, had done such fearful mischief, began again to manifest itself. This state of things, in conjunction with the delicate state of Mrs. Scott's health, induced him in 1825, with the consent of the Committee, to quit the station and return to England. Several kind friends continued to correspond with Mr. and Mrs. Scott for more than seven years. Short extracts from two of the letters will shew in what estimation they were held. One begins: 'It will grieve Mr. Scott to hear that our meeting-house is shut up, and our little congregation scattered far and wide, many of us hourly regret our loss in him. May the Almighty of His goodness send us such an one speedily.' Another says: 'Your kind letter gave us all the most sincere pleasure, as absence or length of time has not in the least lessened our affectionate regards for you and Mrs. Scott, and we should be very happy to have you with us once more.' It was with deep regret, after many years had passed, that our friend looked back on the separation

from a people so warmly attached to him.

On Mr. Scott's return to England he settled at Quorndon, Leicestershire. His labours embraced also Barrow and Mountsorrel. At that period, many persons with comparatively small capital, embarked in the lace trade. Mr. Scott, with an increasing family, and the writer presumes, with a slender salary, was induced to engage in that pursuit, but it did not answer his expectations. It is hoped that the churches generally are now more alive to the importance of providing adequately, and even liberally towards the support of their ministers; and so not exposing them to the temptation of embarking in business.

'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.'

What influence, if any, the step referred to had on Mr. Scott's leaving Quorndon, the writer has no means of judging. It is known that he had to contend against many difficulties, and that his stay in that sphere of labour was not of long continuance.

In 1831, he succeeded the Rev. J. Green as pastor over the ancient church, Priory - yard, Norwich. This church was founded by the celebrated Thomas Grantham, in 1670, and has experienced many fluctuations. The church having been without a settled minister for a period of nearly four years, the number of members had been reduced to fewer than thirty; and, as might be expected, the cause was in a languishing state. No sittings were let, or any other method adopted to raise money. There was neither Sunday-school, nor Missionary Society, not even Missionary services. The friends had become so apathetic, that it was with difficulty their energetic pastor prevailed upon them to commence a Sunday-school; and it was not until the late Rev. J. Peggs paid him a visit, and

pleaded the cause of Missions, that they consented to render assistance. During the first nineteen years of our friend's ministry, 189 persons, chiefly by baptism, were added to the church.

It is admitted by all who have seen the Priory - yard chapel, that its locality is extremely unfavourable. The report sent by the church to the Association in 1860, states that 'the very bad situation of the chapel is a very serious obstacle to our progress.' One cannot help regretting that persons should leave a place on account of its appearance or locality; but we know that such is sometimes the case. In former times, when there were few really godly ministers, there being a stronger bond of union existing between them and their hearers, it was not so much place as principles that kept them together.

Tombland chapel, situated in a respectable part of the city, being at liberty, in 1844, Mr. Scott, with the consent of his friends, hired it for a specified time; but still using the old one frequently. This step, it was thought, would be the means of strengthening the cause, and so it proved to be for a time. A class of persons that were never likely to go to the old place, gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of attending the new one. But the change led, in the end, to so much dissatisfaction that the Tombland chapel was relinquished; and they confined themselves to Priory-yard; the consequence being that not a few of their more respectable hearers were dispersed. During the period just named, Mr. Scott's labours were much increased, as he held services in both chapels. But to this he cheerfully yielded, in the hope that more good would be done.

Years rolled on, and still our esteemed friend persevered amidst many domestic bereavements and discouragements, till in 1851, he was urged to retake Tombland chapel, which was done for a period of five years.

For some time the old chapel was

closed, and at one period, it was let to the other section of Baptists. The same parties who had previously occasioned so much uneasiness, in reference to Tombland chapel, did not rest until it was left a second time. The church, in their report to the Association in 1860, say: 'In consequence of our being driven from Tombland chapel many, both members and hearers, left us, and those who did return to Priory-yard were very unsettled.'

In 1855, the subject of this memoir, was seized with a pulmonary disorder of an alarming description, that brought him very low. From this, he was so far restored as to be able to resume his accustomed labours. He had many similar attacks, but the one in 1860 exceeded all others in intensity, being subject to frequent bleeding from the lungs for three weeks. Feeble as Mr. Scott had long been, he generally preached twice on the Sabbath, during 1859. Towards the close of that year, the Rev. H. Wilkinson, visited Norwich, as a deputation in behalf of the Foreign Mission. It was this visit that led to Mr. Scott's resignation, and to Mr. Wilkinson's acceptance of the pastorate. On the first Lord's-day, January, 1860, our friend preached his farewell sermons, administering the Lord's supper in the evening. The thought that he was taking leave of those to whom he had ministered twenty-nine years, seemed to infuse unusual energy into his address; and there are some who will not soon forget the affection and earnestness, which on that occasion, he manifested. The church in their report to the Association, state: 'This year we have had the painful task of accepting the resignation of our beloved pastor, brother T. Scott, in consequence of his enfeebled state induced by repeated attacks of inflammation of the lungs.'

During his long and heavy afflictions, he was enabled to place a humble and firm reliance on the adorable Redeemer. Severe and

protracted as were his sufferings, no murmur escaped his lips. He would sometimes express a wish to depart, if it were the Lord's will. During the harvest of 1861, though to appearance in a dying state, he was prevailed upon to visit a brother of Mrs. Scott; and greatly enjoyed the daily rides about the farm, returning home much refreshed. A letter to the writer contains the following sentence:—'Had I not been nursed and tended with the utmost care, I must have died long ago, but I have been blessed with a wife and daughters, whose devotion to my welfare has been most exemplary.' In a subsequent communication he writes: 'I die daily, and feel that each day may be my last. "But the Lord liveth, and blessed be the Rock of my salvation." Next to the Scriptures, I enjoy many parts of Newton's letters to the Rev. — Bull.' His love for the Scriptures was intense; even when very near death, at his request, Psalm xxv. was read. His sorrowing widow writes: 'How often has he urged it upon us, not only to read them, but to dwell upon them, till we had worked them into our inmost souls,' In his expiring moments, the following sentences dropped from his lips:—'I am thus far in the valley of death: it is very pleasant, very pleasant. I know not what the end will be, but I am not alone, I am not sinking in the valley.' In less than an hour before he departed, he said: 'It will soon be over now. Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit.' He expired, Oct. 29, 1861, repeating several times the word 'peace.'

'Thy chequer'd path in life is trod,
Earth changed for glory and for God.'

The interment took place in the Rosary Cemetery, on which occasion, an esteemed friend of the deceased, the Rev. T. A. Wheeler, officiated in a very affectionate and impressive manner. Besides members of the church and other friends, the following ministers were present:—Revs.

H. Wilkinson, G. Gould, P. Colbourne, E. S. Prout, J. Moorhouse, J. J. Kempster, and J. Hallet. Three funeral sermons were preached, that by Mr. Wheeler, from 2 Tim. i., 12, *I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day*; by Mr. Wilkinson, John xi., 25, *I am the resurrection and the life*; and by Mr. Kempster, Psalm lxxiii., 26, *My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever*.

After nearly nine years of married life, Mr. Scott was called to part with the companion of his youth who died suddenly, Feb., 1833. Six children were the fruit of this union, all, with the exception of two, died in infancy, and these were cut off in their youth. Such losses must have been a source of intense grief to a mind so sensitive as his. After remaining a widower more than three years, he married Miss Sarah Elliott, Dec., 1836, by whom he had two daughters that survive him.

Mr. Scott was of a sociable disposition, which led to considerable correspondence; and in this he took great delight. Being of an unsuspecting turn of mind he sometimes formed friendships too hastily,

and had afterwards occasion for regret.

He did not allow the leading questions of the day to escape his notice; but those that had relation to the cause of Christ engaged his special attention. His discussions with the celebrated, or rather notorious Carlile and Holyoake, were published; and it was very generally admitted that he acquitted himself to advantage. A valued friend, and one fully competent to form a correct opinion, gives the following testimony of Mr. Scott's character and preaching:—'I have always found him a warm-hearted and sincere friend, upright and honourable in all his ways, and impatient of anything like meanness and duplicity. He was held in great esteem by all the ministers of this city, and his preaching was always acceptable to their people whenever he exchanged pulpits with a brother minister, or supplied for an absent friend. His preaching was marked by strong good sense, a full and faithful exhibition of the great truths of the Gospel, and, often as he warmed up in the discussion of his subject, by bursts of genuine eloquence.'

SAMUEL WRIGHT.

Lincoln, Aug. 30, 1862.

Correspondence.

WEEKLY OFFERING.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Being aware that many of our churches are having under consideration the propriety of adopting the weekly offering system at the commencement of the next year, for their information I may state that we have now entered upon the last quarter of our fourth years' experience of the plan, and

we find our receipts this year so far an improvement upon the last, notwithstanding great depression of trade. It will be a blessing to all our churches when their members can be brought to feel, that in supporting the cause of Christ, they have a great privilege, and that free-will offerings to this object from a loving heart become a means of grace. This is the great principle inculcated by the Rev. J. Ross; on this ground a great boon is conferred on the

poorer members of our churches, by the plan of weekly giving in small amounts. Let the more wealthy encourage them by their example, and the cause of Christ will not languish for want of funds.

Yours affectionately,
J. E.

Melbourne, Oct., 1862.

THE BAPTISTS AND LANCA- SHIRE DISTRESS.

To the Editor of the *General Baptist Magazine*.

SIR,—Allow us to call the attention of your readers, especially of the pastors and deacons of our churches, to the resolutions of the Committee of the Baptist Union in relation to the Lancashire distress. It is our earnest hope that the appeal which the committee now make in behalf of their suffering brethren in the North of England will meet with a prompt and generous response.

It is by no means the purpose of the committee to interfere with any of the measures already in operation to accomplish the desired end. Their sole wish, on the contrary, is to supplement and assist them—to be auxiliary to them all. They do not think it desirable that the relief given should assume a sectarian aspect, or should in any degree preclude those who do not agree with us in religious belief from a full share of our sympathy and help; they would therefore gladly be auxiliary to the *General Relief Committees*, whether in town or country. On the other hand there are *Baptist* brethren, both ministerial and private, whose wants are not sure to be provided for by any existing machinery; and others, such as those for whom the 'Lancashire and Cheshire,' and the 'General' Baptist Associations are labouring to provide, and the committee would heartily rejoice in rendering assistance to these.

The object of the committee in requesting the treasurer of the Union

to receive contributions is not to add to the already too great number of separate agencies, but to afford a facility to churches or subscribers to whom it may be either inconvenient or difficult to forward money in any other manner.

Whatever funds may be placed at the disposal of the treasurer by the benevolence of the churches will be appropriated as the contributors themselves may direct, and if no special directions are given, the committee will undertake to distribute them according to its best discretion.

Above all they are desirous that the efforts now made should be so general and liberal as to give satisfactory proof that the spirit of Jesus still dwells and reigns in His church, that so our brethren may be comforted in their sorrows, and our Redeemer obtain abundant glory.

(Signed,)

EDWARD STEANE, D.D.,
J. H. HINTON, M.A.,
JAMES H. MILLARD, B.A., } *Secre-*
} *taries.*

Baptist Mission House, 33, Moorgate-street, E.C., October 9, 1862.

At a meeting of the Committee of the Baptist Union, held at the Mission House, London, Oct. 7, 1862, the Rev. B. Evans, D.D., in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

'1, That the committee feel deeply affected by the tidings which continue to reach them of the painful privations to which so many of their fellow-countrymen and fellow-Christians are subjected through the stagnation of the cotton-trade; and they earnestly pray that the God of all mercy that by His good providence the causes of this great calamity may soon cease to operate, so that the distress may be stayed.

'2, That however, fearing, from present appearances, that the sufferings of their brethren in the cotton-manufacturing districts may yet be long protracted, and dreading for their sakes the rigours of the approaching winter, the committee earnestly sympathize with every effort made to soften their afflictions and provide for their necessities; and hereby express their hearty concurrence in the measures already taken in this behalf by the various Relief Committees.

'3, That they, therefore, affectionately invite their brethren throughout the country to aid in this charitable undertaking, by liberally supporting the funds of these committees both by congregational collections and by private subscriptions.

'4, That George Lowe, Esq., F.R.S., the treasurer of the Baptist Union, is hereby authorized and requested to receive contributions for this object; such contributions to be forwarded either to the Baptist Mission House, or to the account of the treasurer with Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, and Co., 54, Lombard-street.'

(Signed,)

B. EVANS, D.D., *Chairman.*

JAMES H. MILLARD, B.A., *Acting Sec.*

BAZAAR AT THE NEXT ASSOCIATION FOR THE COLLEGE.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to call the attention of your readers to the following resolution, passed at the Association, held at Halifax, in June last:—

'Resolved: That this Association recommends an early effort for paying off the debt still remaining on the College property, and that for this purpose opening services be held at the College at the commencement of the next session, and that the friends at Nottingham be requested to make arrangements for the holding of a bazaar at the next Association.'

In accordance with the former part of the above resolution, a soiree was held at Chilwell, on the 9th September, an account of which appeared in the October Magazine, and I now beg a little space in your columns for a few remarks as to the latter part of this resolution. I believe I am justified in saying that the purchase of the Chilwell property has given the greatest satisfaction to every true friend to our Collegiate

Institution, and that it was a step which all our churches commend. It has enabled us to place our Theological Seminary on a respectable footing, and has evoked an amount of Christian zeal in our Denomination unequalled in its history, as the amount paid and promised unmistakably shews. The property is so settled that it cannot be alienated from the New Connexion of General Baptists, founded in the year 1770, and thus a guarantee is given to our friends that their contributions cannot be misapplied. The original purchase money was £2980, but necessary repairs and alterations have raised this sum to £3300, or thereabouts. Our respected Treasurer has already received £1750, and £650 more are promised, so that the sum of £900 is wanted to relieve us from debt. It should be stated that £1400 are borrowed on mortgage, £400 of which are to be paid off on the 1st January next, so that our Treasurer would be glad to receive as much in subscriptions as would enable him to meet the above mentioned engagement.

But I wish now, Mr. Editor, more especially to call attention to the bazaar, and to invite the cordial and practical sympathy of the churches to it. While most of the churches have been forward to assist us, some, I regret to say, have done little or nothing towards it; and though many friends have generously come forward to aid, others who could, have not done so. Will those who have withheld their assistance allow me again to solicit it, and to press our claim upon all loyal General Baptists for a contribution, however small, towards the forthcoming bazaar? I know that the zeal of the generous-hearted, who have so nobly helped us, needs no prompting to continue their exertions; and I therefore confidently appeal to them for further aid. It has occurred to me that it would be well if every church would appoint a Bazaar Committee, with a view to organize a Ladies'

Sewing Society for the above object, or that where we have more than one church in a town, it would be well if a committee of ladies from each church would co-operate together and collect subscriptions for the purpose of commencing operations as the winter evenings are coming on. Thus a little earnest and hearty labour from those 'who are ready to every good word and work' would provide us with materials eminently suitable for a bazaar, and we should be enabled to obtain a considerable sum towards liquidating the debt remaining on the College premises. In this way all our lady friends who want an opportunity to do good during the long winter nights, would find one eminently worthy of their skill and piety. They know the kind of articles necessary for the occasion; and I need only say with what pardonable and generous pride we should look upon a goodly array of ornamental needlework and articles of general utility contributed by the ladies of our Denomination to the bazaar for the benefit of the College, to be held in Nottingham, in June next. I have thus intruded on your columns, Mr. Editor, to bespeak early attention to the above object, and hope shortly to issue a circular, under the sanction of the Committee, to our churches, inviting their speedy and cordial co-operation. In the meantime, will you permit me to add with what great pleasure I should receive any contributions in money from friends who prefer this method of responding to this request, and that I shall be most happy to give any further information on the matter.

Most truly yours,
 JAMES LEWITT, *Secretary.*
Annesley Grove, Nottingham,
September 13, 1862.

The Association held at Halifax having requested that a bazaar be held at the next annual meeting, for the benefit of the College building fund, the ladies connected with the three churches in Nottingham very

cheerfully respond to this request, and earnestly solicit the co-operation of all friends in the Connexion, in order that the result may be satisfactory. The hearty sympathy shewn by the gentlemen throughout the whole body towards the New College induces the hope that the same interest will be evinced on the part of the ladies.

If by this and other means the New College can be entirely freed from debt at an early period, it will be a source of pleasure and gratitude to all who assist in any way to accomplish this end. *Whatsoever ye do do it heartily, as unto the Lord and not unto man.*

It may be mentioned that a committee has been formed of ladies from each of the Nottingham churches. The plan adopted by them has been to appoint collectors of subscriptions for the purchase of materials; ladies have been chosen to prepare work; and an invitation given to the friends of each congregation to meet together once a fortnight from half-past two o'clock till five, or from six till nine, to assist in making up articles.

Hoping this statement may be useful to some of our churches who may wish to assist in the work.

I remain, on behalf of the committee,

JANE HILL, *Secretary.*

P.S. Any contributions of money, work, or materials, which may be used for making up articles, will be thankfully received by the above, (addressed to Mr. Thomas Hill, Arboretum-street,) or by any of the ladies of the Nottingham Bazaar Committee.

CONINGSBY NEW CHAPEL.—The following resolution, passed at the Annual Association, at Halifax, in June last, is, by mistake omitted in the 'Minutes':—'That we rejoice in the endeavour of the people at Coningsby to erect a new chapel, and we recommend those churches and friends, who have the means, to forward their assistance.'

THOMAS GOADBY, *Secretary.*

QUERY.

DOES the New Act, passed for the enrolment of chapel deeds, empower the Association of the General Baptist Connexion to dispose of the

property without the consent of the trustees, who are the only persons responsible for the debt incurred by the building or repairing of chapels?
INQUIRER.

Notices of Books.

THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated from Griesbach's Text. By SAMUEL SHARPE. Fifth Edition. London: J. Russell Smith, Soho-square.

GRIESEBACH's text of the Greek New Testament is a well-known authority to biblical students, but opinions are now divided as to whether it is the best. Mr. Sharpe has rendered this text into English, for the benefit of those ignorant of Greek. He has adhered, wherever practicable, to the words of the authorized version, and has made use of such commentaries and helps as were within his reach. He lays no claim to anything new or peculiar, but has striven to give the meaning and idiom of the corrected Greek text. If his translation do nothing else, it will convince the English reader that even Griesbach's text, 'corrected and settled,' does not alter any great fact of gospel history, or change any great doctrine based thereon. There are many features in the 'getting up' of this volume which we should be glad to see introduced into our Bibles generally. The pages are numbered. Each book is printed in paragraphs. The quotations from the Old Testament are given, if poetry, in smaller type, if prose, in italics. The speeches in the Gospels and the Acts are marked by inverted commas. Why these necessary helps to the understanding of ordinary books should still be left out of our Bibles we are at a loss to conceive. We know no more certain way to make difficult of comprehension any book than splitting it up into chapters and verses, and showing in such a division an

utter disregard to the particular parts of which it is composed. Even a newspaper article would be a puzzle if given with such disadvantages. It is surely time that the New Testament especially should be made, as of its mere 'getting up,' as readable as any other book.

HYMNS FOR PASTOR AND PEOPLE. By SAMUEL DUNN. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THESE are hymns on texts rather than on subjects, are simple in their language, far from faultless in their rhythm, and very varied in metre. The writer is a minister of the Free Church in Camborne, Cornwall, and has been in the habit for years of writing a sermon and a hymn from the same text. His brother issues this volume as one that, from its freedom from sectarian bias, may be profitably used by ministers and private Christians in every section of the church of Christ. We have read many of the hymns and thoroughly agreed in this judgment. At the same time we must beg those who may purchase this volume not to expect therein the finished works of a true artist. They will find, rather, the rhymed renderings of familiar texts by a devout man.

CHRISTIAN CHURCHES. The noblest form of social life; the representative of Christ on earth; the dwelling-place of the Holy Spirit. By JOSEPH ANGLUS, D.D.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH HISTORY from the Reformation to 1662. By JOHN WADDINGTON, D.D. London: Ward & Co. (Bicentenary Prize Essays.)

THESE are two of three successful essays for prizes offered by the last

autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union. The publication of the third, by Mr. Lord, of Hershham, Surrey, is delayed for the present. Dr. Angus, in the first essay, treats of the nature, discipline and government of Christian churches. Under the first section he verifies the threefold description of Christian churches given in the title, but notes in the second that this is the *ideal* and not the *actual* church. Hence the need of discipline, &c. The third section treats of the officers and general government of the church. The essay is concise in style and treatment, and is full of point.

Dr. Waddington begins by adverting to the defects of the reformation and the influence of the continental reformers on the English Exiles. The Puritans and Separatists, with their point of divergence; martyrs and exiles; Pilgrim Fathers; Presbyterians and Independents; men of Commonwealth; conflict of principles; parties before the Restoration; development of Congregationalism—such are the several subjects of the different sections into which the essay is divided. The narrative is well written, and *very* readable, which is more than can be said of many Bicentenary historical essays.

THE CHRISTIAN BISHOP: his office and qualifications. A sermon preached before the Annual Meeting of the Baptist College, Pontypool, May 21, 1862. By REV. HUGH STOWELL BROWN, of Liverpool. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS discourse is full of strong common sense on the office and qualifications of the Christian bishop, and is founded on Titus i. 7-9. The following passage is characteristic: 'The apostle says that the bishop must be "no striker," or, as we read in older versions, "no fighter." I cannot suppose that this admonition was ever needful in a literal sense; though still all persecuting ministers may be

regarded as all but literally strikers. Happily, however, our ministers have no persecuting power; but there is a figurative sense, in which it is quite as important as in the literal sense, that a minister should be "no striker." The Psalmist speaks of men whose words are as drawn swords; and a very puny man may strike with his tongue much more heavily than Hercules could with his club. The jaw-bone of an ass, wielded by Samson, though it slew a thousand men, is nothing to the jaw-bones of some asses in human form. "No striker"—Now I think, that when a minister so far forgets the respect due to himself and to his office as to stoop to personalities, when it is obvious that he is attacking some one from the pulpit, he is a "striker;" and if a minister, by speech or otherwise, assails the character of a brother minister (and this is no uncommon thing) he is a "striker." And further, I find these striking pastors amongst those who are much given to controversy; for few of those who engage in this amiable and edifying exercise can refrain from attacking, with more or less virulence, the men who hold the opinions which they denounce. I know that the word of God is called a hammer; but I would call attention to the fact, that though a hammer is occasionally used for destructive purposes, it is much more frequently used as an instrument of construction. The blacksmith, the carpenter, the engine-fitter, have hammers, but they wield them to some better purpose than that of knocking their fellow workmen down.'

ENGLISH PURITANISM: its character and history. By PETER BAYNE, M.A. London: Kent & Co.

THE pamphlet before us is the historical introduction promised to the 'Documents relating to the Act of Uniformity,' published by the Central United Bartholomew Committee. It is a very able production.

Obituary.

MR. JOSIAH ROPER.—The Baptist church at Diseworth, has lost in the death of Mr. J. Roper, one of its oldest and best supporters. He had been a member of the church nearly fifty years, and died on Tuesday, March 11th, 1862. He was impressed by religious truths under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Felkin, by whom he was baptized and received into the church at Kegworth. He listened to the preaching of five pastors of this church—the Revs. Mr. Felkin, Mr. Butler, Mr. Jones, Mr. Wilders, and Mr. Taylor. For fifty-three years he was connected with the Sabbath-school, either as scholar, teacher, or superintendent. During twenty years he discharged the duties of an elder in a faithful and exemplary manner. He possessed talents that would have been usefully employed in Christian labours, but his diffidence and unobtrusiveness prevented him exercising them in public. He had, however, the cause of Christ at heart, and would frequently evince intense delight at the signs of its progress. He was a liberal and constant contributor to every good cause with which he was associated. His conduct in this respect is highly commendable. He has been known frequently to limit his own domestic comforts, so that he might be able to present a better offering unto the Lord. The esteem in which he was held by men of every class who knew him, bears valuable testimony to the worth of his character. The illness which caused his death came on very suddenly, and lasted only a short time. He was precluded from attending to his employment only during the eight days immediately preceding that on which he died. He spoke little whilst he lay on the bed of death, but his composure when his end drew near, the rapture he manifested when the subjects of his faith were mentioned to him, and the character of his

long Christian life, afford valuable assurance that his end was peace. The tears of his friends, and the grateful recollections of him which are embalmed in many hearts, are the worthiest tribute of his memory, and form the best mementos of his name. The grief manifested by his friends over his loss is deep and wide-spread.

We would not mourn, 'tis little kind to thee;
But hence in our horizon thou shalt be
A star that may not set,
We would not wish thee back, and yet, and yet—

SAMUEL BAILEY, was born at Odstone, Leicestershire, August 9th, 1778. His parents who were in humble circumstances, cultivated habits of industry and sobriety which were kindly rewarded by the agricultural society, by a donation of three guineas, for having brought up a family of seven children without parochial relief. But they were not only thoughtful for the life that now is, but also for that which is to come. They were honourable members of the General Baptist church at Barton, and trained up their children in the fear of the Lord. In early life the subject of our notice, seems to have been providently preserved from many of the common vices of the age by being placed under the care of religious persons. By these he was constantly kept under the means of grace, and at the age of nineteen, became deeply convinced of his sinful state before God. These convictions seem to have been of the terrific kind, and to have been rendered more intense by a vision, in which he thought he died, came to judgment, and received a letter for the bottomless pit. In this state of unhappy suspense he continued for nearly two years, for though in the service of religious masters, their reserved

habits prevented them from discouraging upon religious subjects with their domestics. During this period it pleased God to make him more fully acquainted with his fallen state, his actual guilt and danger of eternal woe; but so great was his spiritual darkness and ignorance about the things of God, that he could neither find the Saviour nor understand the way of salvation. Being prevented one Sabbath evening from attending public worship, he took his Bible and read about the crucifixion of Jesus, when the Holy Spirit so enlightened his mind that he immediately found joy and peace through believing. He now sought communion and fellowship with the saints, but an obstacle arose in the way, prevented for some time its accomplishment. This was a new trial, and he was advised to withdraw his name, but his answer was, *I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back.* In this season of probation he found great comfort and fortitude of soul from the promise of the Lord, Isa. xliii. 1. 2. In the year 1800 he removed his residence to Thurlaston, but still continued to attend public worship at Barton, and in 1806, he with twelve others were baptized and received into the church. On March 15th, 1807, he was united in marriage with

Ann Smith, a pious member of the same church. By this step, connected with the removal of a few other persons to Thurlaston, a way was prepared for the spread of divine truth, and a new church formed at Thurlaston in 1813. For some time after this date he enjoyed great prosperity of soul, which prepared him for approaching troubles. He lost his wife in 1820. By this bereavement he was left with five children, but he still rested upon the faithfulness of Jehovah—*I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.* In the year 1827, he entered the second time into the marriage state, a happy union which continued till within two years of his own death. His steady, faithful, and persevering habits, recommended him to the respect and confidence of his brethren who selected him to fill the office of deacon, which he held for about twenty years, with satisfaction to the church and honour to himself. The last two years of his life were attended with great bodily infirmity, but his soul was filled with holy triumph for all the good things which the Lord his God had bestowed upon him. At length the weary wheels of nature stood still, and he entered upon his eternal reward on March 30th, 1862, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. S. R.

Intelligence.

CONFERENCES.

THE NORTH DERBYSHIRE CONFERENCE met at Langley Mill, August 4, 1862. Brother Caladine presided. Thirty-four had been baptized since the last Conference, and twenty-two candidates were reported.

1.—Some account was given of the Belper case.

2.—Something was said respecting the proposed union of Milford and Duffield.

3.—There was a long and interesting conversation concerning Home

Mission collections and operations.

4.—The Secretary was directed to write to the churches in this Conference, reminding them of the resolution of the Conference in August, 1861, and urging them to carry that resolution out before our next meeting.

5.—The next Conference to be at Wirksworth, on Good Friday, 1863. A revival meeting to be held in the evening.

In the evening, brother Needham preached a good evangelical sermon, from 1 Cor. ii, 2, *I determined to*

know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

The attendance at this Conference was good for the time of the year, and 'a right spirit' appeared to prevail.

THOMAS YATES, *Secretary.*

THE CHESHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Macclesfield, on Tuesday, October 7th, 1862.

The Rev. J. B. Lockwood opened the morning service by reading and prayer, and the Rev. G. Hester, of Loughborough, preached from 1. Cor. vi. 19, 20.

The meeting for business began at two o'clock in the afternoon, when Mr. R. Pedley was voted to the chair. The representatives were not numerous, but the reports of the churches, were, on the whole, of a pleasing character. Baptized, since the last Conference, twenty-four.

1.—That the thanks of this Conference be given to the Rev. G. Hester for his excellent sermon in the morning.

2.—That the thanks of this Conference be given to the Committee, appointed six months ago, to attend to the interests of the church at Nantwich.

3.—That in consequence of the expences incurred by the registration of the Nantwich chapel deeds, the eighth resolution of the last Conference be carried into effect.

4.—That this Conference highly approves of the course the Committee has taken in inviting Mr. Cross to Nantwich, and will be pleased to hear of his acceptance of that call.

5.—That the gentlemen named in the eighth resolution of last Conference, with the Rev. R. Pedley, Messrs. T. and R. Pedley, be a Committee to render assistance to the church at Nantwich till the next Conference.

6.—That the Committee obtain further legal advice upon the trust deed of the Nantwich chapel.

7.—That the next Conference be held at Wheelockheath, on Tuesday,

the 7th of April, 1863, and that the friends at Wheelock select the preacher.

JAMES MADEN, *Secretary.*

THE WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Union-place, Longford, on Monday, September 8th, 1862. The morning service was opened by Rev. J. Harrison, of Birmingham, and an earnest and practical sermon was preached by brother Lees, of Walsall.

In the afternoon, brother J. Salisbury presided. Birmingham, reported five baptized; Coventry, one; Longford, one; Union-place, Longford, three; Netherton, three; and Walsall, nineteen; total, thirty-two. There are remaining for baptism, seventeen. There was no official report in regard to Cradley Heath. A report of the state of the cause there was given by brethren Cheatle and Harrison, and it was resolved:—'That we are happy to learn, through brethren Cheatle and Harrison, that the prospect of the cause at Cradley Heath has assumed a somewhat encouraging aspect.' Some remarks were made in relation to the distress in Lancashire, and the following resolution was passed:—'That deeply sympathizing with our distressed Christian friends and others in the cotton district, we earnestly recommend the churches of this Conference to do what they can to promote the object of the circular issued by the Yorkshire Conference.'

The next Conference is to be held at Birmingham, on the second Monday in January, 1863. W. Chapman to be the preacher. Brethren Cheatle and Griffiths opened and closed the meeting with prayer.

In the evening a Home Missionary meeting was held. Brother Lees presided, and in connection with brethren J. Salisbury, J. Harrison, —Griffiths, and W. Chapman, addressed the meeting. The meeting was well attended, and manifested considerable interest. £2 were collected.

W. CHAPMAN, *Secretary.*

BAPTISMS.

KIRKBY-WOODHOUSE AND KIRKBY.—

On Lord's-day, September 7th, after a discourse by Mr. G. Wright, of Derby, to an unusually large and attentive congregation, in the open air, Mr. Scothorne baptized five persons; one, a Wesleyan Reformer, who remains with his own people; another had exceeded three score years and ten. In the evening, at Kirkby, after a sermon to a full congregation, the four that remain with us were received into fellowship, when a greater number sat down to the Lord's supper than had done for years, nearly the whole congregation remaining to witness our order. Also, on Lord's-day, September 28th, after a sermon by Mr. Ferneyhough, of Nottingham, from Acts ii. 38, Mr. S. immersed eleven on a profession of their faith in Christ. Although the weather was rather unpropitious, a larger number attended than had been seen on any previous occasion. In the afternoon, at Woodhouse, eight of the newly-baptized were received into the church, two were Wesleyans and still remain with their own people. Out of the above, ten have been scholars in our Sabbath-school, and eight are now teachers. May they all prove faithful unto death.

T. C.

OLD BASFORD.—On Lord's-day, September 7th, seven persons publicly confessed the Saviour in the ordinance of baptism, three of these were from the Arnold church.

W. B.

GOSBERTON.—Four persons were baptized by Mr. Jones, on Lord's-day, September 14th, three of these were from one family, viz: mother and two daughters.

LEICESTER, *Dover-street*.—On Wednesday, September 24, two friends were baptized.

LEEDS BAPTIST MISSION TO THE UNCONVERTED.—On Wednesday evening, October 1st, before a numerous audience, in South Parade chapel, fourteen believers were baptized by the Rev. Jabez Stutterd.

One was formerly connected with the Primitive Methodists; two with the Wesleyan Free church; and two with the church of England. The rest have, through a blessing on Mr. Stutterd's labours, been gathered from the world. One was a reclaimed infidel. They will unite with the various Baptist churches in this densely populated town, which numbers upwards of 207,000 inhabitants.

PETERBOROUGH.—On Lord's-day, October 5th, two persons were baptized in the General Baptist chapel, Peterborough, and were also received into the fellowship of the church.

NOTTINGHAM, *Stoney-street*.—On Lord's-day, October 5th, we baptized and added to the church, eighteen friends, most of them from the country.

B. Y.

ANNIVERSARIES.

KIRKBY.—On Lord's-day, Sep. 14, two sermons were preached on behalf of the Sabbath-school, by Mr. Greenwood, from the College. The attendance and collections were quite equal to our expectations. It rained the whole of the day.

T. C.

PRAED-STREET CHAPEL, *Paddington*.—The anniversary services were held on Sunday, October 12th. The Rev. J. Clifford, B.A., preached in the morning, and the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., in the evening. At the anniversary tea meeting, on the following day, it was stated that over seventy had been added to the church during the year, and that since the commencement of the Rev. J. Clifford's ministry, four years ago, 329 persons had been received into church fellowship. It was also shown that near upon £400 had been given during the year, chiefly by members of the church and congregation, towards the New Chapel Fund. £250 more are intended to be obtained by May 1st, and then the question of *site* will be decided. Of this sum over one hundred guineas were promised at

the public meeting. It was further stated that a bazaar will be held on the last three days of this year for the same object. Will our brethren help us?

TARPORLEY.—On Lord's-day, October 5th, the Rev. J. Greenwood, student, preached our annual missionary sermons, in the public hall, to attentive congregations. On the Monday evening following, the cause of Christ in heathen lands was pleaded by Mr. J. Aston (whoably presided), also by Messrs. R. Bate and R. Dutton, and Revs. J. B. Lockwood, J. Greenwood, and Giles Hester, of Loughborough. Collections and subscriptions were upwards of sixty pounds.

OPENING, &c.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—The new and beautiful chapel recently erected on an eligible site, was opened for divine worship on Tuesday, Oct. 7. Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., Classical Tutor of Rawdon College, preached in the morning, and Rev. C. Stovel, of London, in the evening. The day was fine, and many friends were present from Burton, Loughborough, Barton, Measham, Melbourne, Derby, Leicester, and other places. The collections were, including £20 taken at the bazaar, upwards of £70. On Lord's-day, October 12, the Rev. J. B. Pike, of Bourne, preached in the morning and evening, and Rev. J. J. Goadby, of Leicester, in the afternoon. The weather was very unfavourable, but the collections were upwards of £25. On the following Lord's-day, Oct. 19, Rev. C. Clark, of Halifax, preached, and more than £30 were collected. The debt left upon the new place is less than £400.

REMOVAL.

THE REV. W. TAYLOR, late of Castle Donington, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate, from the Baptist Church at Stoke-upon-Trent, and hopes to enter upon his labours there the second Lord's-day in November.

RECOGNITIONS, &c.

ILKESTON.—Very interesting meetings in connection with the recognition of the Rev. W. M. Anderson, as pastor of the church in Queen-street, Ilkeston, were held on Tuesday, September 6th. Shortly after four o'clock, a large party of friends sat down to tea in the old chapel. At six o'clock, a meeting was held in Queen-street chapel, at which Mr. Briggs presided. Mr. Joseph Shaw, of Lenton, offered prayer. The Rev. J. Staddon, of Quorndon, gave a brief sketch of Mr. Anderson's ministerial history—detailing the circumstances which led to his being received into the Connexion, and gave the charge to the new pastor. The Rev. T. T. Wilson, of March, spoke of the duties of the church to the pastor. The Revs. J. Wenn (Primitive Methodist), J. S. Rendall (Free Church), W. G. Campbell, Esq., and Messrs. W. Smith, and S. Barton, also addressed the meeting on Christian unity, and other topics appropriate to the occasion. Special prayer, for the Divine blessing to rest on the pastor and the church, was offered about the middle of the service by the Rev. J. Staddon. At intervals several pieces of music, chiefly from Handel's 'Messiah,' were well rendered by the choir. Soon after ten o'clock the chairman closed the meeting with prayer.

LEICESTER.—On Tuesday, Sep. 9, after a tea-meeting in the school-rooms, a recognition service in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. J. Goadby as pastor of the church and congregation of the Dover-street Baptist chapel was held, the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., of London, in the chair. A suitable hymn having been sung, an earnest and appropriate prayer was offered by the Rev. J. C. Pike. The Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A., of Nottingham, gave an admirable and eloquent address on the duties of pastor to the church, referring at the close to his long and intimate friendship with the newly-elected

pastor. The Rev. J. P. Mursell, after alluding to the fact that thirty-six years ago he had preached in that chapel for the father of Mr. Goudby (who was for twenty-three years minister there), spoke eloquently on the obligations of the church to the pastor. The Revs. Johnson Barker, LL.B., J. C. Pike, R. W. McAll, J. F. Winks, and J. C. Smith, briefly addressed the meeting, and expressed their best wishes for the welfare of both pastor and people. The Rev. J. J. Goadby then gave a brief autobiographical sketch, and the chairman pronounced the benediction.

HALIFAX.—On Monday evening, September 22nd, very interesting services were held in North Parade chapel, to welcome Rev. C. Clark to the church and to the town of Halifax. 350 friends took tea in the school-room, and afterwards assembled in the chapel. Rev. R. Ingham, late pastor of the church, presided, and expressed his continued interest in the prosperity of the church and the happiness of their new pastor, assuring them that as they manifested affection to Mr. Clark, and co-operated with him in his work, he should himself feel honoured in his previous ministry amongst them. Letters from the Revs. J. Pridie, J. C. Gray, W. Roberts (Independents), and T. Michael (Baptist), were read, expressive of cordial welcome to Mr. Clark, and regret that previous engagements prevented their attendance. Mr. Thomas Oakes, one of the deacons, then spoke on behalf of the church, referred to the perfectly unanimous invitation which had been given to Mr. Clark, to the anticipated advantage both to the church and town from his coming among them, and to the fact that already appearances showed that the blessing of God was with them. Mr. Clark, in a brief and eloquent address, expressed his satisfaction in being with them, and hoped that his connection with the church at Halifax might be the means of doing good ;

he felt sure that if the minister and members prayerfully laboured together their desire would be abundantly fulfilled. Appropriate and practical addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Gray, J. Cowell, T. Gill, W. Salter, and C. Springthorpe. J. A. R.

VALE, near *Tadmorden*.—After public tea in the school-room, on the 27th of September, a numerous and deeply interesting meeting was held in the chapel, for the recognition, or welcoming of the Rev. R. Ingham as the pastor of this church. The Rev. T. Horsfield, the former and much esteemed pastor of the church, kindly acceded to the request of his friends that he would preside. After appropriate introductory remarks by the chairman, by Mr. Jas. Crabtree, who gave the principal historic facts in connection with the church from its commencement to this date, and by the Rev. R. Ingham, who made a brief autobiographical speech, and said a little respecting his hopes and intentions in regard to the future ; addresses, interesting and adapted to profit pastors and churches, were delivered by the Revs. Gray, Potts (Methodist Free Church), Dearden, Finn, Salter, and Gill.

WENDOVER, *Bucks*.—The recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. E. Foster, late of Leicester, took place on Wednesday, October 8th, afternoon and evening. In the afternoon, the opening service was conducted by Rev. W. Sexton, Tring ; the address on the 'constitution of a Christian church,' by Rev. J. Lawton, Berkhamstead ; the 'questions to the church and minister,' asked by Rev. H. Hood, Ford ; the 'charge to the minister,' by Rev. C. H. Harcourt, Great Missenden. A public tea was provided, to which about 300 sat down, after which Rev. E. Foster took the chair. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. W. Gray, after which addresses were delivered on the following subjects: the 'duties of the minister to the church,' Rev. J. J.

Owen, Princes Risborough; the 'duties of the church to the minister,' Rev. A. Dyson, Haddenham; the 'duties of the members of the church toward each other,' Rev. W. Sexton, Tring; the 'agencies of the church, and the best means of promoting their success,' Rev. W. Cheetham, Tring. The day was one long to be remembered, the services being largely attended and of a deeply solemn and interesting character.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHOTTLE, *Jubilee Meeting*.—Fifty years having elapsed since the Baptists began to preach at Shottle, the event was celebrated on Monday afternoon, August 11, 1862, by a tea meeting; and in the evening by a religious service. The day was remarkably favourable. The attendance of friends was very large; the repast was truly excellent; while the singing and speaking, &c., were all that could be reasonably desired. Mr. Alderman Pegg, of Derby, who had kindly engaged to preside, was unavoidably absent, which was much regretted; but he very considerably requested his pastor, the Rev. W. Jones, to assist in his stead. Mr. Jones was, therefore, called to the chair; and he opened the meeting with prayer, and an animated address. Mr. Yates, of Wirksworth, then read an historical account of the rise and progress of the cause, which he had prepared expressly for the occasion, and which the chairman hoped would be printed and circulated. Mr. G. Malin, of Shottle, then related in an impressive manner, his own recollections of the cause in its earliest times, &c., and the Rev. W. Underwood, President of the Baptist College, Chilwell, spoke at considerable length on many interesting and useful topics. The service was varied and enlivened by several appropriate hymns and pieces, selected for the jubilee. Altogether, it was a deeply interesting day, and will be long remembered by many. In the after-

noon, the Sabbath-schoolers had a bountiful treat, and received Bibles and other books as rewards.

THE BAPTISTS AMONG THE TWO THOUSAND.—It has by many been too hastily assumed that the ejected clergy of 1662 held few opinions in common with modern Nonconformists; and it has even been the fashion in some quarters to affirm somewhat superciliously that in all but a few minor matters, which their punctiliousness magnified into importance, they were at one with the party which ejected them. A little investigation shows, however, that with regard to a large proportion of the ejected this is the reverse of the truth. Many were the shades of opinion which separated them from one another as well as from their antagonists, and amongst these opinions that of the Baptists was not wanting. It may surprise many to learn that believer's baptism was ever preached from Church of England pulpits, and practised by any of the clergy. It must be remembered, however, that in the period preceding 1662 uniformity was not enforced. A Baptist clergyman had signed no assent and consent to pædobaptism, and a voluntary might refuse to receive tithes (as some did) and accept for his support the free-will offerings of the people, still retaining his incumbency. That Baptist sentiments had many adherents during the Commonwealth is clear. The Protector favoured Baptists, perhaps partly through the influence of Milton, whose Baptist opinions are well known. Soon after the Restoration a Pædobaptist champion thus significantly entitles his pamphlet, 'An Essay to revive the Primitive Doctrine and Practice of Infant Baptism.' When the sequestered clergy were reinstated at the return of Charles II., a special exception was made against those who had discountenanced infant baptism. These and other facts show that Baptists were numerous, and it is probable that a larger number of the Two Thousand were of this persuasion than

can now be ascertained. Dr. Calamy, though generally impartial, had rather an unfriendly feeling for the Baptists, and does not always memorialise this part of their Nonconformity. From his pages, compared with those of Crosby, about thirty may be discovered, whose names, &c., were as follows:—The Rev. H. Jessey, M.A., rector of St. George's, Southwark; J. Gosnold, Charterhouse-school; J. Maisters, Magdalen College, Oxford; Wheeler, rector of Cranfield, Beds; W. Dell, rector of Yeldon, Beds; P. Hobson, chaplain of Eton College; G. Fawns, vicar of High Wycombe, Bucks; F. Bampfield, vicar of Sherborne, Dorset; T. Jennings, rector of Brunfield, Gloucestershire; T. Paxford, rector of Brunfield, Gloucestershire; P. Frewen, of Kemply, Gloucestershire; J. Head, of the same county; J. Tombes, B.D., vicar of Leominster, Herefordshire; W. Woodward, of Whitchurch, Herefordshire; D. Dyke, M.A., rector of Hadham, Herts; L. Wise, of Chatham-dock, Kent; R. Adams, vicar of Humberstone, Leicestershire; J. St. Nicholas, rector of Lutterworth, Leicestershire; Thomas Ellis, rector of Lopham, Norfolk; Edmund Barber, rector of Somerley, Suffolk; J. Harding, D.D., rector of Brinkworth, Wilks; R. Brown, rector of Whitelady Aston, Worcestershire; T. Harcastle, vicar of Braham, Yorkshire; T. Froude, rector of Cheriton, Glamorganshire; J. Miles, rector of Ilston, Glamorganshire. Besides these about twelve are mentioned by Crosby as Baptist sufferers for conscience' sake whose names also occur in Calamy, but concerning these, the identity is uncertain. Of those above-named some appear to have embraced Baptist sentiments after their ejection, or at least the contrary cannot be proved of all. Several, however, were Baptists, both in principle and practice, while they remained in the National Church. The most conspicuous names are those of Mr. Thombes, Mr. Dyke, Mr. Bamfield, and Mr.

Jessey. The reader will find very interesting accounts of these in Calamy. The two former had been on the Commission of Triers during the Commonwealth, the only Baptists on that commission. Mr. Thombes was a great disputant, and once entered the lists in public discussion with Baxter on the Baptist question. The great Presbyterian called him 'the chief of the Anabaptists;' and on one occasion 'publicly asked pardon of God and him for some unhandsome things which, in the warmth of debate, he had said against him.' He suffered much on account of his opinions, though afterwards he was the friend of more than one bishop, and was even introduced to the King. Mr. Dyke, though a Baptist, was one of Cromwell's chaplains-in-ordinary. His last years were spent in ministering to the congregation at Devonshire-square, London, where he was succeeded by Mr. Adams, another of the Two Thousand mentioned above. Mr. Bamfield suffered more than most of his contemporaries. The story of his apostolic labours and frequent imprisonments is a very interesting one. One of these imprisonments was of eight years' duration. He died a martyr to the truth, having been seized while preaching to his congregation at Pinner's-hall, and lodged in Newgate, where his constitution, naturally delicate, succumbed to his long-continued privations. Mr. Jessey was, perhaps, the greatest of all, conspicuous alike for scholarship, piety, zeal, and sufferings. He was an indefatigable student. 'The original languages of the Old and New Testaments were as familiar to him as his mother tongue.' The masterwork of his life was a new translation of the Bible, in which he was assisted by scholars of various countries. To his great sorrow he did not live to complete it. Archbishop Bancroft supervised this work, and 'altered it in fourteen places to make it speak the prelatial language.' Mr. Jessey placed over his study-door this appropriate motto—

' Amice, quisquis huc ades
Aut agito paucis : aut abi :
Aut me laborantem adjuva.'

He was equally distinguished for charity, entirely supporting above thirty-four families. He was much interested in the conversion of the Jews, and in 1657 sent £300 to Jerusalem to relieve the wants of its inhabitants, then impoverished by war. In 1644 he was led to study the question of Baptism by some in his congregation. He took the precaution of consulting several eminent ministers but they failed to satisfy him of the Scriptural authority of infant baptism, and he became a Baptist. Before the Commonwealth he suffered much from persecution, and after the Restoration he was ejected from his living and imprisoned, soon after which he died. The account of his last hours is very touching. The funeral of this Baptist rector was attended by thousands. 'I wish,' said a controversial opponent, 'that there were more such anti-Pædobaptists as he.' He is the only one of the Baptist confessors honoured with a portrait in the 'Nonconformist Memorial,' where we see him attired in a rabbinical-looking skull-cap, large white collar, and Geneva cloak, his face unspoiled by the razor, his eyes of thoughtful and kindly expression,—a man evidently to be loved as well as respected.—*Freeman.*

TASMANIA. GREEN PONDS.—On March 26th, 1862, the foundation stone of a new chapel and school-room was laid at Constitution Hill, near Green Ponds, on land generously set apart for the purpose by Mr. Speake, and adjoining his own garden. Mr. S. has for many years opened his house for religious services, conducted by ministers of various sections of the church of Christ. Some years ago he established a Sabbath-school in his own house, and now at his sole expense he has decided to erect a chapel for the use of the Baptists, but which shall be open to ministers of all denominations, until the Baptists are sufficiently numerous to support a

minister for themselves. The proceedings connected with the laying of the foundation stone were exceedingly interesting. The devotional services were conducted by Messrs. Jesse Pullen, Deer, and others, and addresses were delivered by the venerable Father Dowling, Baptist minister, of Launceston, and Mr. Waterfield, Independent minister, of Green Ponds. The ceremony was performed by Mrs. Elizabeth Speake. The following document was deposited in a cavity prepared for its reception:—"On the 26th day of March, 1862, and in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, this stone was laid by Mrs. Elizabeth Speake, being the first of the foundation of a building for a Sunday-school and place of worship for the members of the Baptist Community, who baptize by immersion, and receive, embrace, and defend the doctrine of the One Jehovah subsisting in Three Personalities, denominated the Trinity. The place for Divine worship intended to be built on this foundation will be erected at the sole expense of Mr. Henry Speake and his wife, Elizabeth." This document was signed by Messrs. H. Dowling and J. Pullen, Baptist ministers, and Messrs. Waterfield and J. W. Shepherd, Independent ministers. The building, which will be thirty feet by twenty-one feet, and capable of containing 180 persons, is to be of stone, and will be so constructed as to admit of a gallery being added when required. At the close of the services refreshments were provided. Mr. Speake, who is seventy-five years of age, then addressed the school children, and after other addresses the company separated, expressing great satisfaction with the proceedings of the day. Our correspondent adds, "We cannot praise too highly the liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Speake, who in the absence of a Baptist church in their locality, have been liberal contributors to the funds of the Independent church, and have constantly and consistently

aided the cause of Christ. Our prayer would be that God would raise up many more like Mr. and Mrs. S., who can see the want of suitable accommodation, and provide it out of the abundance wherewith God has blessed them." We have been informed that four persons were engaged in the proceedings recorded above, whose united age was 302 years.'

COPY OF AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE 'AUSTRALIAN EVANGELIST,' APRIL 19TH, 1862.

To the pastors of Baptist churches.

A respectable settler, in Tasmania, being desirous to promote the preaching of the Gospel in a country township, by the instrumentality of a Baptist minister, is now building a place of worship and a school-room for that purpose, and is willing for himself and neighbours to guarantee a comfortable support to an accepted minister for a given period.

If any one is invited on probation for one or two months, his expenses to and the proposed field of labour will be paid.

The intention is to hold two services on the Lord's-day, and to promote Sabbath-school instruction, reserving the week evenings for missionary work around the township, which is extensive and respectable.

Applications to be sent to Henry Dowling, pastor of the Baptist church, Launceston (Tasmania).

PROTESTANTISM IN PARIS. — It is pleasant to find that the cause of Protestantism increases. The fact is so palpable, that it has forced itself upon the notice of the Municipal Council of Paris—not the most quick-sighted body, we may be sure, to discover the growth of reformed opinions; and they have resolved to erect a new Protestant church in the city, as a part of their national duty. — *Evangelical Christendom.*

THE JEWS AT JERUSALEM.—Jacob Saffia, a Jerusalem Rabbi, is in Australia, collecting funds for erect-

ing Jewish buildings on Mount Zion. The rabbi speaks English and converses fluently in Hebrew, German, Spanish, Italian, and Arabic. There are now nearly 8,000 Jews at Jerusalem. An opinion prevails amongst them that Scripture warrants a belief that the Holy City is to be re-established on Mount Zion.

ANOTHER CONVERSION FROM SECULARISM. — On Wednesday evening, Oct. 8, Mr. W. S. Ellison, formerly a Secularist, delivered a public statement in Ebenezer Chapel, Leeds, to upwards of 1,000 persons (hundreds being unable to obtain admission), in which he gave his reasons for having abandoned Secularism, with an account of his conversion to God. The statement, which was very lucid and interesting, will be published in a few days. It was listened to with profound attention, and the meeting throughout was characterized by the greatest decorum.

EPISCOPAL INCOMES. — At the present moment it may be interesting to give the incomes of the Bishops, as there have been a great many misstatements, especially as to the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury:—Canterbury, £15,000; York, £10,000; Bangor, £4,000; Bath and Wells, £5,000; Carlisle, £4,500; Chester, £4,500; Chichester, £4,200; Durham, £8,000; Ely, £5,500; Exeter, £2,700; Gloucester, £4,200; Hereford, £4,200; Lichfield, £4,500; Lincoln, £5,000; Llandaff, £4,500; London, £10,000; Manchester, £4,200; Norwich, £4,500; Oxford, £5,000; Peterborough, £4,500; Ripon, £4,500; Rochester, £5,000; St. Asaph, £4,200; St. David's, £4,500; Salisbury, £5,000; Sodor and Man, £4,200; Winchester, £10,417; Worcester, £5,000; Armagh, £14,494; Dublin, £7,786; Cashel, £5,000; Cork, £4,000; Derry, £6,000; Down and Connor, £4,000; Killaloe, £4,061; Kilmore, £4,000; Limerick, £4,377; Meath, £4,068; Ossory, £4,000; Tuam, £4,000.

INTOLERANCE IN SWITZERLAND. — The Grand Council of Argau, in Switzerland, having voted almost unanimously (there being only one

dissentient) that the Jews should, to some extent, be admitted to political rights, the opponents of the measure immediately issued a petition demanding the revocation of the Grand Council. According to the terms of the constitution, as soon as this revocation is demanded by 6,000 citizens an appeal to the people becomes a matter of course. The petition having received more than 9,000 signatures the people were convoked in their comitia, and decided by 25,000 to 9,000 that the members of the Grand Council should have their mandate revoked. 'It is,' says the *Independance Belge*, 'a strange thing, and one deeply to be deplored, that such an example of intolerance, and such a flagrant infraction of the principle of religious liberty, and of civil and political equality, should be given in a country essentially democratic, which Europe has been wont to regard as the most impregnable citadel of freedom.'

SECESSIONS FROM DISSENT. — The Gloucester papers state that the Rev. Mr. Jones, Baptist minister of Cirencester, and the Rev. M. Cunnick, minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel, Gloucester, have intimated their intention of offering themselves to the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol as candidates for holy

orders in the Church of England. Both gentlemen are represented as being accomplished and attractive preachers.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN SPAIN. — The following is the judgment of the tribunal of Grenada in the case of Teva and Matamoros for propagating Protestant doctrines in Spain :—'Are condemned—Jose Alhama Teva to nine years' imprisonment, and Manuel Matamoros to eight years' imprisonment, and both are for ever prevented from following the profession of teacher, interdicted from all political offices and rights during the term of their sentence, and condemned to pay a quarter of the expenses each. The books and papers seized will be retained.' The other prisoners, to the number of eleven, are acquitted. The *Correspondencia* says:—'These men were condemned, not because they were Protestants, seeing that nobody is punished in Spain for religious opinion, but because they openly, with tongue and pen, excited a propaganda in favour of Protestantism, which is forbidden by the constitution of the State—a constitution which, in this respect, is in harmony with the most democratic institutions which have existed in Spain since 1812.'

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

September 25, at Regent-square church, London, Colin Munroe, Esq., of Brisbane, Queensland, to Mary Neill, eldest daughter of Rev. Dr. Young, of London.

On the 7th October, at the General Baptist chapel, Pinchbeck, by the Rev. E. Foster, of Wendover, brother of the bride, assisted by the Rev. J. Cholerton, of Sutterton, Benjamin, third son of G. Baker, Esq., of Hull, to Mary, only surviving daughter of Mr. E. Foster, seedsman, Spalding.

DEATHS.

August 6, at Margiri, near Kuru-man, South Africa, Robert, the elder son of Rev. R. Moffat, aged 34.

September 14th, at her mother's residence, Loughborough, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. E. H. Burton, of Portsea, and daughter of the late Thomas Chapman, aged 50.

September 30, at Champion Park, Camberwell, Mary, the wife of Rev. E. Steane, D.D., aged 65.

October 6, at Leicester, after a long and painful illness, Elizabeth, relict of the late Rev. John Green, aged 67.

Missionary Observer.

DESTRUCTIVE FLOOD AT KHUNDITTUR.

BY REV. J. BUCKLEY.

Cuttack, Sep. 1, 1862.

SINCE I last wrote we have been in danger of a flood; but it has pleased God mercifully to preserve us. I am sorry, however, to state that our poor christians at Khundittur are severely suffering from a more destructive flood than has ever been known in that region. The chapel there has been so much damaged that it must be entirely rebuilt. Some of the christian houses have been wholly destroyed, others partially so, while two or three of our native friends have escaped with comparatively little loss. It will require considerable expense to repair the damage done, but I hope local benevolence will be sufficient; if not, you may expect to hear from me again. Khundittur, as you know, is on the Khursua river, but the adjacent country is intersected by other rivers, as the Brahmuni, the Patooa, the Byturini, and the Solanda; and, when all these overflowed, the country for many miles was like a little sea. Communication was stopped. For five days we got no post from the North. Travellers waiting for a few hours in government bungalows soon found the place of their sojourn three or four feet deep in water, and outside the flood so great that it was impossible for bearers to get on. I heard of one gentleman in these circumstances getting a boat, and pursuing his journey for about twenty miles by water, instead of by land, as he had expected. Nothing like it has been known in that part. Many of the natives suffered great privations. Some, when they fled from their falling houses, had to climb trees, and remain for a long time without food, while others with their wives and children sought

some elevated spot of ground, where they had to stand without shelter amidst the fury of the storm.

Our christian people did not suffer so much as many of their heathen neighbours. The Khursua overflowed its banks on Sabbath-day, the 17th August, about eight o'clock in the evening, and the inundation was so great and so rapid that they had quickly to leave the village. They found shelter in the mission bungalow, which, being on higher ground, was quite dry; and, so far as I have heard, this was the only place in the neighbourhood which the flood did not reach; the Government bungalow, at a little distance on the other side of the road, was several feet deep in water; and a new bridge recently built by Government (though I think not quite finished) was carried away by the violence of the flood. They had some difficulty in getting from the village to their ark of refuge. The men had to swim, or to go through water nearly up to the neck. The poor women and children were conveyed in a little boat. Here they were safe; though too numerous to be very comfortable, especially as they had to stay till Tuesday afternoon. The water continued rising higher and higher till Monday, two o'clock p.m., when "the floods of great waters came nigh" their temporary dwelling place, and they began to tremble for their safety, then it pleased God that the waters began to subside. I am glad to state that their cattle were preserved. This is a great matter. But I fear the crops will be found to be much damaged.

At Cuttack, God has been better to us than our fears. The river was higher than it has been for five or six years; and while it continued rising we were not free from apprehension, but we have to sing of mercy. Our noble river is a grand sight when it is full. The Kajuri (its principal branch) has not been

so full this year as I have before seen it, owing, no doubt, to the skilful and well-directed measures of the engineers; but I have never before seen such a body of water in the Mahanuddi. I was particularly struck one evening with the scenery, as I walked on its banks near the burial ground. We had gone to meet our dear children, who, when the river is high, always expect a day's holiday. The rugged grandeur of the distant mountains from which these waters so rapidly flow, the mighty stream which is here two miles across, the force of the current, the verdure of the trees seen here and there in the distance, above all the bright beams of the sun playing on the waters, presented a scene of beauty and splendour rarely witnessed; nor can I forget that a monster of an aligator was seen enjoying himself in his way at a little distance. As the monarch of day retired behind the western hills, the gorgeous splendour of the scene baffled description. Inspiring thoughts of Him "who maketh the clouds His chariot," and "who measureth the waters in the hollow of His hand," impressed and overwhelmed the mind. The Jordan "overflowing its banks at the time of harvest" was an interesting and exciting scene to the chosen host in days of old; but the course of the Mahanuddi is more than three times greater than that of the Jordan.

I may add that in October, 1834, when the river overflowed and inundated Cuttack our chapel was destroyed, the College was three feet deep in water, and it was computed that about two thousand houses in the town were destroyed.

September 2nd. A comet is now nightly visible here in the northern part of the heavens.

NOTES OF A PREACHING TOUR.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

(Continued from page 399.)

FOR several days the weather had

been unsettled, and the very night we reached Piplee there was a severe storm. As we heard the howling wind, the crashing thunder, and the pouring rain, we congratulated each other that we had good house shelter and were not left to the uncertain shelter of a frail flapping tent. With no wind a good tent will resist a heavy fall of rain. With no rain a good tent will resist a severe storm of wind. The two combined, however, are almost certain to prove fatal to tent shelter, for while the one softens the ground and loosens the pegs, the other brings the tent down on its helpless occupant. It was not our intention to stay beyond a day or so at Piplee, but, by the unsettled state of the weather, we were delayed four days. The time, however, was not all lost, as we were able to visit a market and to spend the Sabbath with the dear native christians who were without their under-shepherd. The Sabbath services were much enjoyed. In the morning we had a prayer meeting; in the forenoon I preached from, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves," 1 Cor. xiii. 5: and in the afternoon Jagoo preached from "Grow in grace," 2 Peter iii. 18. Thus to meet with a few of God's people, after meeting with those who were the followers of only false gods, was indeed refreshing to our souls. We seemed to have got beyond the wastes of heathenism into the garden of the Lord; to have left behind those who were "strangers and foreigners," and to have found those who were "fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of faith."

On Monday, January 20th, we left for NIMPURDA. In a straight line the distance would not be more than ten miles, but we did not reach our journey's end till seven in the evening, though we started at two in the afternoon. With the view of having our tent pitched and dinner ready by the time we arrived we sent the carts off early in the morning. Just as it was growing dusk, however,

we overtook the carts. They were in the midst of a vast rice plain and several miles still from their destination. The tent, which should have been ready for occupation, lay on the cart. The fowl which should have been ready for our dinner was cackling for its own. The cartmen looked completely exhausted and said they had not had time to cook; and to make matters worse still one of the poor bullocks was not exhausted simply but was lying down. Our prospects for the night, therefore, were not very bright; but as we had taken the precaution to have our beds carried, we knew that even at the worst we could sleep under a tree. Another servant also carried with him a loaf of bread and a little tea and sugar; so under these circumstances we felt that we could for once dispense with dinner. As we passed along we thought that our carts would be scarcely able to get at all, the rice being uncut and the fields under water. Some of the country lanes in England are bad enough, at certain seasons of the year, but they are capital roads compared with what we had. In fact we had no roads, but had to pass through one vast country of mud and water.

On arriving at the place of our destination we were pleased to find a government bungalow, and in this we took shelter. We told the man in charge that he must go at once and bring us a fowl. How could he get a fowl at such an unseasonable hour? he replied. We told him, however, that a fowl we must have; and as in the course of an hour it was not only bought and killed, but cooked and smoking hot on the table, it will be evident that there was not much time lost. Thankful for our mercies we retired to rest. The carts came up in the course of the night, and though one had been upset our things sustained but little damage.

Nimpurda is a town of considerable size. One of the principal land owners in Orissa resides here. He pays government an annual

revenue of rupees 132,000, or £13,000 sterling. His subjects by courtesy call him the "Great King." The morning after our arrival we sent him a note in Oriya to the effect that, if convenient, we should be glad to see him. A reply was returned saying that he would see us at once. We went between four and five to his outcherry, or court. The announcement of our arrival having been made to the rajah, he gave directions that we were to come forward into his presence. We were conducted by his attendants into a small, dark, miserable room, where we found the rajah sitting behind a table. His two sons, one about twenty, and the other about fifteen years old, sat by his side, gorgeously dressed. A form was set for Mr. Bailey and myself on the opposite side of the table, and our native brethren stood behind us. The rajah proceeded to ask many questions about England. When, however, I told him of the size of London, of the number of inhabitants, of the number of births and deaths which take place annually, he quietly said, "It is all a lie!" He made many inquiries about the great Queen and about her children, and wished to know how it was that her husband was not the king. Only a few days before we had heard of Prince Albert's death. This information we communicated to the rajah when he replied, "Then the Queen will be in great distress." He was anxious to know about the telegraph and how it worked, but this seemed too wonderful for him to comprehend, or to believe. After a long conversation on general subjects we introduced religious questions; spoke to him of the importance of ruling in righteousness; and especially of paying the homage that was due to our great ruler, God. That, as it would be wrong of his subjects to pay the rent and homage due to him to another, so it was wrong to pay religious homage to any person or any thing save and except the only true God. We also spoke to his sons and expressed a hope that they

would rule in righteousness and become good men. After a brief discussion of religious questions we retired, presenting the rajah and each of his sons with a book. The next morning he sent us a present, consisting of about a pound of sugar, a pound of ghee, or clarified butter; two quarts of milk, some flour and plantains. In the evening he came in his carriage to see us, and we had a long conversation about matters in general. He inquired on this occasion about France and Russia; and about the British army, the number of soldiers the great Queen had, and also about new kinds of warlike implements. He seemed astonished to hear of the Armstrong guns, &c. We told him that it was predicted in our Holy Book that the time would come when the nations should learn war no more, and when peace should everywhere prevail. "Yes," he said, "when some king becomes all-powerful, then there will be peace." "Look," said he, "there is peace in this country now, because no one has power to contend with the great Queen." We assured him that the only king who would bring peace to the world was King Jesus, and that He was the "Prince of Peace." He spoke well of the British rule on the whole, but the Income Tax was a fly in the ointment. We reminded him, however, that by paying a few thousand rupees annually he obtained many advantages; that it gave him a security he could not provide himself for ten times the amount; and that if any foe invaded his dominions thousands of soldiers would be sent, if necessary, to drive out or destroy the aggressor. This he said was quite true.

We preached in the market, which was held on Tuesday, and also in different parts of the town. On one occasion we had a long dispute with the rajah's chief minister. What he believed I could not learn and supposed he did not know himself. To the statement that God was anxious to pardon all offenders he said, that "If God wished to pardon all, all

were pardoned, because there was no wish superior to His." He was informed that this pardon was not unconditional, but that the conditions must be observed in order to secure it. When informed that the conditions were laid down in the Word of God, he inquired how it was that this Word had not been given to them as well as to others, and that inasmuch as it had not been given he knew it was not the Word of God. To this it was replied, that the Queen did not, when she wished to communicate anything to her subjects, visit every part of her dominions and communicate it to each individual separately, but that she communicated with her ministers, and they with others, and so on throughout the extent of her dominions. So it was said God had communicated His will to His ministers, and they were commanded to proclaim it to every creature in every land. By degrees our friend waxed warm, and at length, denying that there was either heaven or hell, beyond what is experienced in the present world, he became angry and walked away.

Thursday, January 23rd. This morning we rode on to GOPE, six miles distant. The following afternoon we rode to KANARACK. Within a few hundred yards of this latter village there is a temple dedicated to the sun, and known to Europeans as the Black Pagodah. It stands on the sands of the sea shore and is a landmark to ships. It was built in the twelfth century but is now one mass of ruin. The high tower is reduced to a heap of stones simply, over which jungle is growing. Until fourteen or fifteen years ago there was one corner standing, but this was brought down by a severe storm which occurred at that period. The front part of the temple still stands and is a considerable height, but from this many stones have fallen. The principal entrance is faced with black stone, but the large stone which topped the doorway, and on which the nine planets are beautifully sculptured, has fallen down.

It rests on an iron beam which appears to have preceded it in the fall. The beam is of wrought iron, is twenty feet long, ten inches square, and weighs about one and a half tons. Strong, however, as it appears to be, it is bent. This seems to have been done by the monster stone which lies upon it and which is said to weigh ten tons. The part of the temple standing had a double roof, but the inner one has given way and is all in a confused heap. The stones are of an enormous size, and others equally large appear ready to fall. We went just within the doorway but were afraid to enter the temple lest the tottering stones should fall upon us. The place is literally given over to the bats which were flying about in all directions, the stench from which was most disagreeable. Scores of black-faced monkeys were scampering about the ruins, and bears also take up their quarters in the temple. With sculpture the walls quite abound, but though the workmanship is of a superior kind the figures are of the most obscene description. I observed to Jagoo that the carving displayed a great amount of skill and was pleased to hear him reply that, "while it displayed man's skill, it displayed even in a more striking manner the wickedness and obscenity of the human heart." They that make them are like unto them. Within a few yards of the temple there is a house or two in which a few ascetics reside. We spoke to them of the folly of trusting to themselves or to their gods for salvation, instancing the temple and the gods which shared a common ruin. One old man told us that he had resided there for sixty years. What with the ruinous temple, the absence of houses, and the waste of sand, never did I see a more striking picture of desolation, while the ocean's roar gave additional solemnity to the scene. The temple is said to have cost many many thousands of pounds, and this we can easily believe. How the monster stones were ever conveyed to the midst of this waste of sand is a

mystery, though we were told that when the temple was built the sea was close at hand, and the stones conveyed by water. The nearest point to the sea now, however, is more than a mile.

Returning from Kanarack on the Saturday afternoon we remained at Gope till Monday morning. On the Sabbath we preached in Gope market but it was very thinly attended. We also divided ourselves into two parties and visited some half dozen villages.

On Monday morning we left for BONAMALIPORE to attend a large festival on the Wednesday and Thursday. Not being able to go the whole distance in a day we did not reach Bonamalipore till Tuesday morning. As it was market day we preached in the market on Tuesday, and in the festival on Wednesday and Thursday. On the latter day, especially, many thousands of people were assembled. All were dressed up in their best attire and the scene presented by the congregated thousands with every colour of dress was very striking. The brahmins, like so many showmen, were busily engaged in enticing and duping the people. Here they were bestowing holy water for a few pois or cowries, and there they were exhibiting the dwelling place of one god, and the death place of another. Here was a woman dancing on a board upheld by men's shoulders, and there were men and women covered with blood, with knives in their hands threatening to cut themselves if charity were not bestowed. One woman held a little child which she declared she would stab if help were not given. It was of course intimidation only, but what with violent gestures, horrid noises, and more horrid looks, the people were glad to give them a trifle to get rid of them. Knowing what scamps they were, I offered a man eight annas to cut his throat. He said he would if I would give him the money. No! I said, first cut your throat and then you shall have the money. He laughed as much as to say you are up to the trick, and then walked away.

We divided our strength and preached both days till we were completely exhausted. Many heard attentively, but the noise and dust were far from agreeable. Several were met with who had read our books, and the applicants were very numerous. As however, many tracts had been distributed here in former years we thought it desirable to be sparing. A few books we succeeded in selling.

Leaving the native brethren to visit another festival, Mr. Bailey and I returned to Cuttack. Over a large tract of country the seed was scattered, and we look to God for the increase.

BAZAARS AT CUTTACK.

A SMALL box received from some kind friends in London, not connected with our denomination, was disposed of on the 15th of February, and realized rupees 190 (£19). We felt thankful and encouraged, especially as our local subscriptions had fallen off the last two or three months, owing to changes and removals.

On the 27th and 28th March, a bazaar was held in the Mission College to dispose of the articles in a box sent by Mrs. Young, of Rothesay; and we are glad to state that, including a few articles since sold, the sales realized rupees 480 (£48), and some articles still remain unsold, which will, no doubt, in due course be disposed of. Most of the labour of the bazaar devolved on Miss Guignard, but other friends cheerfully rendered their help in various ways. The proceeds are to be devoted to three objects—the Girls' School, the Brides' Fund connected with the same, and the Female School at Choga. This box, though the largest and best assorted of any we have received, was not sent by any society, but was the gift of private benevolence. A few friends at Rothesay, who had read with much interest our Indian Report for 1860, aided in the effort, but the labour

and expense of preparing and sending out the box devolved almost entirely on this estimable lady and her family. We hope not to offend the unostentatious christian excellence, which we so much esteem, by expressing the high appreciation we entertain of their self-denying and benevolent effort. Surely, in such a case, we may apply the gracious words, "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love."

LOCAL SUBSCRIPTIONS, CUTTACK.

A FEW months ago our subscriptions were much reduced by the death of one liberal friend, and the removal of several others, but I am thankful to say that God has sent others in their places. The head quarters of the Orissa Irrigation and Canal Company have been fixed at Cuttack. This has increased the European community here, and as several of them are decidedly christian men we are helped in the work of the Lord. One friend gives five rupees a month (10s.) and a donation of fifty rupees (£5); another subscribes twenty rupees (£2) a month; and the monthly subscription of a third is twenty-five rupees (£2 10s.). I cannot but hope that the Irrigation Company will greatly benefit Orissa. It seems so sad that such a body of water as we have recently seen should pursue its course to the sea, not only without doing good, but in many places doing much mischief, when it might be turned to good account.

DEAD YET LIVING.

THE cedar is most useful when dead. It is the most productive when its place knows it no more. There is no timber like it. Firm in grain, and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of no insect will touch it, and Time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it coils,

the worms will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards. All but immortal in itself, it transmits its amaranthine qualities to the objects around it.

Every Christian is useful in his life; but the goodly cedars are the most useful afterwards.

Luther is dead, but the Reformation lives. Calvin is dead, but his vindication of God's free and sovereign grace will never die. Knox, Melville, and Henderson are dead, but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and a Christian peasantry, a Bible in every house, and a school in every parish.

Bunyan is dead, but his bright spirit still walks the earth in his "Pilgrim's Progress." Baxter is dead, but souls are quickened by the "Saints' Rest." Cowper is dead, but the "golden apples" are still as

fresh as when newly gathered, in the "silver basket" of the "Olney Hymns."

Eliot is dead, but the missionary enterprise is young. Henry Martyn is dead, but who can count the apostolic spirits, who, phoenix-like, have started from his funeral pile.

Howard is dead, but modern philanthropy is only commencing its career. Raikes is dead, but the Sabbath-schools go on. Wilberforce is dead, but the negro will find for ages a protector in his memory.—*Rev. Dr. Hamilton.*

Died at Piplee, August 6th, George Buckley, eldest son of the Rev. G. Taylor. Aged 5 years and 6 months. This is the fourth child Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have followed to the grave since they left England seven years ago.

Foreign Letters Received.

CUTTACK.—J. Buckley, Aug. 16, Sep. 3.
—W. Hill, September 3.

PIPLEE.—G. Taylor, August 14.
RUSSELL CONDAH.—T. Bailey, August 28.

Contributions

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
From September 20th to October 20th, 1862.

BARTON.				HEPTONSTALL SLACK.			
Public Collections—				Public Collections—			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Barton... ..	5	17	0½	Heptonstall Slack	6	15	0
Bagworth	3	1	4½	Naize Bottom... ..	1	0	0
Barlestone	1	10	0	Broadstone	1	1	6
Bosworth	0	19	0	Blaighdain	1	1	0
Congerstone	0	5	0				
Sunday Schools for Orphans	7	10	0	Less expenses	0	4	6
	19	2	4¾				
BRADFORD, <i>Tetley-street.</i>				HOSE.			
For W. and O. Fund	0	10	0	Collections and Subscriptions	6	9	6
DERBY, <i>Osmaston-road.</i>				KIRTON-IN-LINDSAY.			
For New Oriya Type—				No particulars	1	0	0
Mrs. Goodale	0	10	0	LEICESTER.			
Miss Challinor	0	5	0	Messrs. Winks and Son, a			
	0	15	0	quantity of casts for the			
				Mission Press, value ...	6	0	0
				LOUGHBOROUGH, <i>Wood-gate.</i>			
				Public Collections	8	11	3

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST
MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1862.

THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY.*

THE writer is perfectly convinced, by long and painful experience, that it is impossible for one man, even under the most favourable circumstances, to meet the spiritual claims of a large church and congregation, both in public and private. The amount of labour devolving upon a minister in a large town is overwhelming; not only has he to prepare diligently and fully for the Lord's-day, and to attend, during the week, various services and public meetings, and these alone are sufficient to occupy all his time and energy, but he has the sick to visit, the discipline of the church to conduct, the unruly to rebuke, quarrels and grievances to redress, religious and benevolent societies to aid, countenance, and advocate, marriages to solemnize, funeral services to conduct, to aid all public institutions, to observe the ordinances, and a variety of other duties. Surely the Divine Master never intended His servants to have accumulated upon them duties too onerous and too numerous to be discharged; and hence, in every large church a plurality of pastors, or elders, is most desirable, entirely in harmony with Scripture, and necessary to meet the imperative

claims which the times and circumstances demand. There is nothing in the arrangements of our congregational churches which requires more attention and revision than their government. Everything betokens the convulsion of present systems, to prepare, it is to be hoped, for a system of ecclesiastical arrangements to which the faithful will submit themselves, in which, on the one hand, the liberty of each believer will be preserved, and on the other, the authority of Christ's laws will be effectually maintained. We have not the least desire to interfere with the independency, or congregational order of our churches, but we would have it tempered with a wholesome conservatism.

The voice of the church, in the present day, demands an efficient ministry. In order to this, besides the gifts and grace required for such a work, far more time is required for pulpit preparation. The entire week spent in

* We have been requested to publish the above brief paper, written by Rev. H. Dowson, of Bradford, and very cheerfully comply. We commend the remarks of Mr. Dowson to the thoughtful attention of our readers.—ED.

the study, and devoted to prayer, reading, and actual preparation is not too much for the work which the Sabbath demands. It is affecting to think how many ministers are compelled by engagements, thrust upon them, to ascend the pulpit with brief and scanty preparation. The marvel is, not that they sometimes fail to interest and edify, but that they are able, under such disadvantages, to edify their congregations at all. *The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint*, under the pressure of labours, which others should perform. It is the fault of the churches that the ministry becomes feeble. *They bind heavy burdens grievous to be borne*, and place them upon their ministers' shoulders, and, sometimes *will not touch them with one of their fingers*. Services of a public, and not unfrequently of a private character are required of the preachers of the gospel, utterly estranged from their calling. Few, amongst the professed disciples of Christ, have any conception of the mental anxiety and effort necessary to sustain the successful preaching of the Word. It is not so difficult to fill up half-an-hour in desultory remarks upon a passage of Scripture; but, to meet the spiritual wants, Sabbath after Sabbath, of an assembly composed of persons with a variety of experience, difficulties, prejudices, and mistakes; to adapt the message to the conscience of each of them, *rightly to divide the Word of Truth, and to give to every man a portion of meat in due season*, this can only be done instrumentally by the most diligent preparation, reading, and thought. We would not for a

moment discourage a friendly and confidential intercourse between the minister and his people, (and their are occasions of personal and domestic sorrow, where his absence would be improper and unkind,) but this we seriously believe, that the low state of religion in many of our churches is connected with the constant harass of engagements which preclude the duties of the study, and render the pulpit exercises defective and barren; and it generally appears that the individuals who have been most solicitous to engross the pastor's time, and estrange him from his own sacred employ, are the first to complain of defective ministrations, and to require sermons of a higher order, as the demand of the times. The preaching of the gospel of Jesus, the declaration of the whole council of God, is a minister's chief employ. He is to give himself *wholly to it*. It is a work in itself, requiring the entire energies of his mind;—sufficient to absorb a life in its interests and responsibilities. Everything besides must be subordinate to this. It is not the press, though that instrument is mighty for its purpose; not private conversation and enforcement of Divine Truth in the domestic circle; not visitations from house to house; it is *the work of the evangelist*, the public, solemn, proclamation of man's ruin and Christ's salvation, that the Spirit of God will own for the conversion of men. The emphatic and reiterated commands of our Divine Lord make this certain. This admonition sounds from His throne, *Go thou, and preach the kingdom of God*.

THE NEWBURYS: THEIR OPINIONS AND FORTUNES.

A GLIMPSE OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER XVIII. — A DOUBLE WEDDING.

HAPPY were the days that followed the meeting of Stephen and Keturah, and joyously the opening summer symbolized the newness and richness

of their existence. There was asking of questions and answerings, gentle touchings upon sacred memories and solitary hours, swift glances back-

ward, and forward, and heavenward, and silent hoverings upon the deep griefs that only served to knit them closer even when they bowed them most. Many pensive pilgrimages had they to well-remembered scenes, many moments of melodious feeling, many whisperings of grateful prayer. And the days grew long and sunny, the landscape rich and blooming, and the ether bright and balmy.

Life in the old home was full of pleasant idyls. Stephen would coax Giles into telling him about his trials and imprisonment, and then Giles would get Stephen, in his turn, to give them pictures of the New World, of its forests and rivers, lakes and prairies, mountains and Red Men, and the quaint Dutch settlers amongst whom he had found a settlement and a home. And he would twit Stephen with his run-away adventure, and Stephen would always smile when the letter was referred to which set Giles upon the right track in seeking out the Hazlehursts, and when at last Keturah produced the identical note with its now faded ink and somewhat obliterated characters, which she had preserved as a treasure unknown to any one, Stephen said, 'Oh yes, I know a good deal about that letter, don't I Giles? But you didn't suspect me, did you?'

'Hardly,' replied Giles, 'but some one else did, you know—women are so much deeper in these matters than we are—eh, Keturah?'

Stephen was a great favourite with the little ones. He had marvellous tales to tell them whenever they took him by the hand, and lead him to a corner, saying, 'Now, uncle, tell us about the big world across the water.' One day, indeed, Nathaniel was very taciturn for some time after a feast of such charming dainties, and looked very meditative.

'What is the matter, my boy?' asked Giles, 'you don't seem so spiritry as usual. Is Ponto sulky? or have you and be had a quarrel?'

'Oh no, father,' the lad answered, 'I've been wondering about the funny words and picture-writing uncle talks

about, and how the Red Men can manage to read their Bibles, only he says they haven't any, but if I was a man, father, I'd go and teach them how to read about God and Jesus Christ, for uncle says they are—what is it?'

'Idolaters, my boy.'

'Yes, they've wooden gods, that's what I mean, and a good many of them. And will you let me go, father, and try and teach these poor men better?'

'Yes, my brave boy, that I will, and give you my blessing too, as God will give you His.'

'And, uncle, will you tell me more about these strange men, and their talking, and pictures?'

'Certainly, Nathaniel—everything I know myself.'

'Then,' responded the stripling, 'I'll go and see what I can do.'

'Come, now,' said Giles, 'go and romp with Ponto, there's a good boy.'

But Nathaniel hesitated. He was evidently anxious to begin his lessons at once, with all a boy's eager impetuosity.

'To-morrow, to-morrow,' answered Stephen to the lad's questioning eyes, and he slowly betook himself to the kitchen door where Ponto lay sprawling by the milk-tins in the warm sunshine, with one eye just sufficiently open to see his master, a beggar, or better, his romping pet, should either chance to come near. Ponto immediately wagged his tail and got up, and away they went to the fields, Nathaniel feeling continually inclined to say, with a boy's simplicity, 'Now, Ponto, don't romps, you know I'm going away to teach the Red People when I'm a man.' But somehow Ponto would jump, and run, and bark, until Nathaniel himself caught his hearty exuberance and ran and leaped as vigorously as the most frolicsome of Ponto's could wish.

Not only were the little ones anxious to get about the returned traveller, climb up his knees, and look wistfully up into his brown loving face, from which wrinkle

after wrinkle was fast softening down under the magic of renewed and ripened affection, but the older ones, and the two grandmothers even, were always eager for his narratives whenever they could secure his company. It was so throughout the village. Nowadays, when no one but dolts stick at home all their lives, and an excursion train will carry you into quite a *terra incognita* in half a dozen hours, a man who has crossed the seas and penetrated into dreary wastes, is not so much of a wonder, but then it was different, and in a village too, where one can always find the past green enough if we will but seek for it. So that the Carltonians regarded him with a sort of superstitious awe, coming to their doors to catch glimpses of him as he passed, pointing him out to their children, and gossiping over every little scrap of his adventures they could gather from the farm labourers of the Grange, in the most eager and excited manner.

Amidst all these by-whisperings and open festivities there was evidently something definite in preparation at the Grange. The spinning wheel had hummed earlier, louder, and even later than hitherto, nimble fingers were busy, and secret conclaves were held amongst the ladies that at once foretokened what was going to take place.

'Let us have it over quietly,' said Stephen; 'I hate your fuss and pother.'

And so due arrangements were made for its being done as he wished, and Gossip, for once, had her long-whispered narratives and curious disclosures about who, and what, and when, most unceremoniously disturbed. It was only when Stephen's sister arrived from her aunt's in Cumberland, that the knowing ones began to guess what was really shaping itself about them.

About this time Giles received a note from Ephraim in which he said, 'Of course I shall be at Stephen's wedding, as you kindly request, but you will be a little surprised, perhaps, when I ask to be in a similar position to my

brother. You know that Emily and I have long ceased to be strangers to each other, and as I am very lonely now you are gone and I think you may well spare her, I ask to make her my wife at the same time that Stephen and Keturah are married, and I feel sure that you will not refuse me so rich a boon. Will you, now?'

'We're to have a double wedding,' said Giles, rather surprising one of the secret conclaves in the oak-panelled parlour. 'What do you say to it, Emily, eh?'

She blushed, and was silent.

It is not necessary that I should enter into details about the ceremony itself, since it was performed so privately that half the village sight-seers were taken aback, and only a select few were present, and weddings are really so common as not to need it, and the curiously-minded can find plenty of such careful descriptions elsewhere. Let such then select the very truest and have it in their minds.

Parson Williams, the rector, having been very quietly and very politely requested to officiate by Giles himself, could not well refuse, and went through his part as well as might be expected under the circumstances, although not without some slight compunctions of conscience for his previous treatment of the family at the Grange. There had never been so many Dissenters within the church for many a year, few people as were present, and as he now and then glanced slyly around him and saw their cheery, honest, and yet steadfast countenances, his crabbed nature was further mollified, and he was more than half inclined to think that he had made a mistake in preaching them down, and using hard words and even legal force against them.

'If they would only come to church and be good churchmen,' thought the rector, 'how nice it would be!'

'If Parson Williams would but turn Baptist,' thought they, 'and discard his forms, what a good fellow he would make!'

CHAPTER XIX. — PATIENT IN TRIBULATION.

So thoroughly had Giles Newbury's politic movement, recorded in the last chapter, ingratiated the Carlton Dissenters to the rector's good favour, that his kindly feelings towards them continued for several years after the notable event which evoked them. A very fair amount of religious freedom was accorded them by his connivance at their meetings and visitings, and the mildness with which even fines were extorted by the legal authorities was something wonderful and exceptional.

The chief changes, indeed, as far as the Newburys were concerned, were not religious but domestic. Deborah and Mrs. Hazzlehurst had departed this life, and doubtless enjoyed that happy re-union for which both had so long wished, waited, and prayed. Keturah had a brace of rosy, dimpled boys, one three years' old and the other five, who added much cheer to the household, and what with Giles's growing family added thereto, Elijah was so thoroughly happy and father-like amongst them all, that he waived or forgot any inclinations he might have had for entering upon the married state himself, and settled down to a cosy and genial bachelorhood, disturbed by few match-making mammams and pretty faces in so secluded a place as a Lincolnshire village.

But political changes soon brought religious ones, and once more the Nonconformists were hunted down. James II. had ascended the throne with unmistakable determinations in favour of Roman Catholicism. The Monmouth rebellion followed, and then were enacted some of the bloodiest scenes in our religious or even constitutional history, brightened only by the undaunted faith of heroic men and women, and not a few remarkable deliverances. The Mansion House, in London, was built by fines levied upon Dissenters in this and the previous reign, and we have the testimony of eminent authorities to the fact that by far the

more numerous portion of the general sufferers were Baptists, noted for their staunch uncompromising principles and practices. The historian Hume, indeed, tells us of a Mrs. Gaunt, an Anabaptist, who sheltered many persons of different religious persuasions in their difficulties, but was at last betrayed by one of them, and he adds, 'He received a pardon for his treachery; she was burned alive for her charity.'*

It was impossible that Carlton should escape, or be any longer suffered to have special privileges. The old rector had been removed and a genuine Papist had been inducted, who sat in his shrubby-hidden rectory hatching all manner of harassing schemes, and sometimes, if tradition is to be believed, occupying the belfry of the church the whole of the night that he might espy a light anywhere, or detect the sound of worshipping, and then set his men to pounce upon an unwarned or illegal assembly. The devices whereby dissenters everywhere managed to hold together and carry on their meetings in the face of such difficulties as were common, are most of them by this time well known, and it may readily be imagined that the Newbury family were not a whit behind in clever concealment and cautious manœuvring, even though they occasionally met with surprises when their security seemed to be greatest. It was at such times that Carltonians would say, 'That fellow has been in the belfry again, depend upon it.' Elijah had been several times haled to Lincoln for bold speaking and illicit meetings, and twice had he lain in gaol there for several months, each time because he had had the courage to say 'No,' and with a will, even when it would have been easiest, most pleasant, and even expedient to have said 'Yes.' But Stephen had not lived close upon the wily Delaware Indians, mixing with them often,

* History of England. Vol. VIII. p. 222. Edit. 1825.

and plotted against by them frequently, without gaining some experience which helped them wonderfully in evading informers, man-takers, and magistrates. So that, what with his planning and Elijah's bold rapid execution, the little flock not only kept together but actually increased. As the pastor elected by them upon their first formation was now infirm and bed-ridden, it generally fell upon Giles to conduct these mostly midnight meetings, and his eyesight failing him greatly, partly in consequence of his long imprisonment and the ill health it engendered, and partly as the result of that blinding search in the smoke and flame for his lost daughter, he drew chiefly upon his memory for their exercises—his prison studies having amply stored it with narrative, psalm, and epistle—and was by this means the more easily enabled to escape the letter of the law, by turning the preaching and exposition into a prayer meeting upon a pre-arranged signal.

Once, when they were holding a midnight preaching, as they called it, in a gravel pit, some two miles away from the village, and a little more than that from a neighbouring market town, they were pounced upon so hurriedly as that either the signal-men were surprised, or the signal was not heard, and a constable, and half a dozen men were in their midst before they could help themselves. Giles was immediately seized and borne off, the captors getting a few yards away before anyone knew what to do. But Stephen did not seem at all disconcerted. He let the men proceed, hushing the people by his uplifted hands, and whispering to them to rush down along the open ground after him when he should give the alarm. Pulling his cap over his eyes, he then crept stealthily down the nearest dyke until he came close behind the men, when he rushed out, flung up his arms, and yelled out an Indian war-whoop. The effect was magical. The constable and his men loosened their captive, who had very wisely refused to speak though

kicked and cuffed for his silence, and looked around them in amazement. Down rushed the people from the top of the field with a sounding echoing tramp as of a mighty host, but otherwise in perfect silence, when taking Stephen, who still danced and gesticulated wildly, either for a wizard or a fiend, evoking his legions to his aid, the men ran as if possessed, over dyke and fence, through slush and bramble, away, away to the town, never looking behind them or halting for a moment until they were safe whence they had started. Breathless, speechless, and horror-stricken, they could answer no questions, and glared and panted like so many madmen, until their friends believed they had encountered Satan himself. Ever afterwards the gravel pit was called by the persecuted the Pit of Deliverance, and by the persecutors the Place of Devils.

I need not linger upon such scenes. The blasphemy and cursings, the butcheries and martyrdoms, the huntings and imprisonments, the cryings of the persecuted, the torments of the patient, the wrongs of the pure, the agonies of the weak, and the heroisms of the strong, are matters that can never be known upon earth. The king himself knew them not, even the good Christians themselves were happily in ignorance of many of them. But they *were* known, seen, and registered. Many a tender woman and loving child perished in secret, and yet not in secret, and many a wrestle in prayer that seemed useless, unheard, and unanswered, was not so. The smoke of their torment went heavenward, and although retribution seemed tardy and its very processes hidden, it nevertheless was shaping itself and came out plainly at last; for it is always darkest a few hours before the dawn, and the exhaustion of humanity is frequently the starting-point of the Divine. A good many of the tossed and wearied ones began to see signs of better things and better days. How these presages took form and substance, and whither the expectations of the generous and the far-seeing were

directed, an eloquent historian has nobly and fully declared.

* * * * *

‘We must meet to-night,’ said Giles one day, as he played with the locks of his stalwart boy, his eyes now so dim that he was chiefly led about by Nathaniel, and his heart tenderly regretting and yet patiently bearing a loss which deprived him of the contemplation of the returning image of his father in his own beloved boy. ‘We must meet to-night, Stephen, and in our old meeting-house, closed now for these many years, for I am too weak to bear long standing in the night air, and I have many things I wish to tell our friends that will cheer them, as you know, and I may not have another opportunity.’

‘If you wish, certainly,’ returned Stephen. ‘But there will be great danger attending it, although of course our enemies will never expect us to do so bold a stroke as that, and if we manage our lights, and have a plentiful supply of scouts, we may do it safely.’

‘Do you think you can manage it?’

‘Well; I’ll try. We’d better have Elijah to manage as guard and communicate signals, had we not?’

‘Oh yes, by all means: he’s so cautious and cool.’

‘Agreed, then. You get your speech ready, and I’ll see to the rest.’

It was little in the way of speech-making, as commonly understood, that Giles meant to do, and so he needed no elaborate preparation. He was so familiar with what he was about to say, and every thought and expression was so much a part of himself, so to speak, that it was impossible he should miss his mark, or not make himself thoroughly understood. And yet he liked to brood over such matters, watching the play of his own thoughts and the interpenetration of his own feelings. And so, when Stephen had gone to see after the arrangement of the meeting, he turned to his faithful companion.

‘Let us take a turn in the fields,

my boy,’ he said. ‘I want to be quiet a while, and listen to what God’s creatures have to tell me.’

And soon they were out in the fields, Nathaniel leading him quietly, and himself brimful of a boy’s musing and wonderment. Occasionally they would stay their gentle walk, resting upon a gate, or a rustic bridge, Giles putting his arm around the boy’s neck, and lifting up his almost sightless eyes to catch the mellow glow of an October sun. And then there would come to him swift-footed thoughts and trembling pulsations of spiritual life, and he would think aloud.

‘Ah, my boy,’ he said in one of these moments of reverie. ‘Your grandfather was a warrior, stern, strong, and indomitable—I, too, have been a warrior, but others have oftener made war upon me. It has been mine to suffer as well as to enjoy. How he treasured that treatise of Mr. John Milton’s on the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, and I too, little thinking the same pen should give us a noble song about man’s disobedience, leading us to see that every man is related to God, and picturing for us the happy pieties of such a holy state before it was broken by sin. Ah, those few lines, how they haunt me!

“Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song.”—

The evening came, and with it the meeting which had been pre-arranged. By various paths and in various disguises a goodly number of Carltonians and their neighbours had reached the old meeting-house, in its somewhat obscure locality at the rear of a row of labourers’ cottages, the occupants of which were all, fortunately, inclined to the tenets formerly promulgated with such zeal so conveniently near them. Signals and signal-men were all duly arranged by Stephen, and the meeting began. Giles would not enter the pulpit, now worm-eaten and mildewed, but stood beside it, leaning

with his left arm upon Maggie and supported on the right by his son. The light was so arranged that it fell only on the faces of these three, and all the rest were in shadow, which gave to the assembly a peculiarly picturesque as well as impressive effect.

Giles commenced by reminding them of the past with a tenderness peculiarly his own; of the old meetings in the farm house at home, of the work and worth of their late Protector, Cromwell, and of the vanished forms of loved ones, and the duty they all owed to their memories; and then he referred for a moment, but only for a moment, to his own sufferings, saying, 'But have ye not all suffered for Truth's sake, in body and mind, in purse and goods, abroad and at home, husbands parted from their wives, mothers from their children, and all from your homes—and shall any claim to have suffered more? God forbid!'

The allusion was almost too much for his audience. There was weeping, and sighing, and broken exclamations as of sorrow still keen and unsubdued. The scene was getting an anxious one, for first one and then another broke out, crying, 'O, my poor father!' 'O, my poor wife!' 'The Lord help me, and my poor fatherless children!' 'O that I had never borne him, then had my sorrows had an end!'

'Patience, my dear friends,' continued Newbury. 'We have all need of patience—it is a most holy virtue. Pray strive to control your feelings for your own sake, as well as mine, for your weeping will betray us, and then bitterer your grief may be, for many of us may never meet again in this world, but be banished over the seas and sold to the sugar-planters as slaves.'

Silence gradually ensued, and it was well it did. The rector, it appeared, had had a suspicion, he was always having them, of a meeting about to happen in the district, and told the constable to just walk round at midnight and see what there was to be done. Stephen had set a watch

upon the constable's house, and so immediately he left home the fact was communicated to him by a whistle which he heard as he stood guard under the dark porch of a doorway in the main street. He immediately sent on the information by a similar signal to Elijah. A low growl, as of a half-awakened dog now issued from a yard adjoining the chapel, and the light of the only lantern they had within the building was immediately extinguished.

'Keep silent, even as death,' whispered Maggie to the astonished audience, who now began to get alarmed and looked round wistfully to see what was coming. 'There is danger coming, and quickly too.'

Five minutes elapsed, and yet nothing was heard except the wind without, moaning in occasional gusts, and the restrained lungs and beating hearts of the men and women were getting to their limit of endurance. Again the low growl was heard, and this time more softly. Footsteps were very soon heard upon the gravel walk without, their regular patter being occasionally interrupted by thick tufts of grass which had grown here and there in wild negligence. A man's voice was next heard, evidently that of one who had got such pleasant thoughts that he could not keep them in, but must say them out to a phantasmal self conveniently created for the occasion. He tried the door: it was locked. He shook it, and still it held firm, the sound echoing in the building. He smote it with his fist, once, twice, thrice; but gained no reply, although he made terrible havoc with the hopes of those within by every blow.

'I could have sworn there had been somebody here,' he muttered disappointedly to himself, 'I'll look through yon window though and see.'

He then clambered up an adjacent wall, and endeavoured to look within, and had just reached forward to put his face to the pane when his foot slipped from under him. Maggie had just caught sight of his well-known broad face as it approached,

and clutching Giles she whispered, 'All is lost!' but in a second the man fell to the ground with an oath, declaring that he was a fool for his pains, and, getting up, he hobbled away home as fast as he was able, with mingled imprecations upon the wall, the meeting house, the anabaptists, the parson, and humanity in general, including his wife, whom he speedily aroused to do something to ease his injured foot.

Another ten minutes of anxious tension, and a man passed the chapel door, whistling carelessly as if returning home from a distance, and immediately the audience breathed freely, for they knew that the danger was over.

Newbury now proceeded with his fatherly address. He told them to bide their time, for the day was coming when it would be no crime to meet as they then met, or to worship God according to their own convictions. There was no time, he said, in a Christian's life and in a church's history that was so dark as not to have many promises in its horizon, and dark as it was then and terrible as their sufferings were, they had still heavenly promises and earthly hopes. The former they all knew, the latter he would explain to them. He then pointed them to a Prince who had been asked to come to their relief, and to rid them of a king who wished to shew his kingship by crushing and scattering his own people instead of uniting and helping them. He dwelt upon his noble nature, his generous assurances, and his righteous inclinations, sketching out for them, in simple colloquial phrases, the situation of affairs at home, the conflict of parties, the dwarfage of many, the boldness of some, the treachery of others, and the parleying, insincerity, and double-dealing of the king.

'It is coming, coming, my children,' he added affectionately, lifting up his hands as in gentle blessing. 'I'm sure it is, our long wished for emancipation. You and I have worked for it, prayed for it, suffered for it, yea, some from amongst us have died

for it, and it may be others may yet, but not without signs of victory about us and songs of triumph. For, my friends, it is *here*. Yes, *here*! Read them the letter, Maggie.'

And Maggie read the letter that Stephen had received that morning, through Ephraim, by a special courier, from a friend whose acquaintance he had made in America, and who wrote from Holland. That part only which referred to a specific fact need be given here. It was as follows:

'The Prince of Orange left Nimeguen yesterday with an army for England, and you will very soon receive his Declaration and know how he will execute it. All good Protestants amongst us await the issue with anxiety.'

'And now, my dear children,' said Giles, when Maggie's clear voice ceased, 'we must go back to our homes, continue our prayers, and not forget our faith. It may be that I may never see you again, but I shall always think of you, and how you have clung to me, and how we have suffered and sorrowed in company with each other. God grant that we may all live to see the day of His rich promise that is coming over us, and be the better and the nobler for it that we have known the night-time of lamentation and sorrow!'

'Amen!' added they all quietly but fervently.

The meeting then gradually dispersed.

'Father,' asked Nathaniel, as they stole homewards circuitously over the dark fields with their sleeping cattle, whilst the morning star burned brightly and beautifully in the east, 'mayn't I go soon, now; though it will be hard to leave you in your years and blindness; and yet—'

'Yes, my child,' answered Giles, softened into tears as he remembered the conduct of his own father towards him on a similar occasion. 'Our partings in this life are not for long.' 'Twas only a little while ago I parted, and I shall meet him soon, *very* soon.'

Our story is at an end. With the settlement of the English crown upon William Prince of Orange and Mary his Princess, 'to recover what was lost, rescue what was in danger, and rectify what was amiss,' to use the words of the House of Commons when they gave their reasons for concurring in the general movements of the House of Lords—* and with the Bill of Rights, settling the future succession, and the Act of Toleration, whereby Dissenters were secured freedom of religious worship, an era of civil and religious liberty was commenced in which it is our great honour and blessing to live, increased as it has been by various subsequent measures.

Gilcs Newbury lived to see his children, relatives, and friends enjoying the precious boons the new king allowed them by the removal of the old restrictions. Yet it was not for long. His parting with Nathaniel was a sore blow to him, and yet he said, 'He must go, even if it kills me.'

There were many long years of quiet prosperity and religious peace to the Carlton household and neighbourhood, and after a time Ephraim and Emily, with their family, came and settled near the dear old home, and all nestled amidst its precious memories like the swallows beneath its eaves; and then tidings would come from the far-off land, tidings of hope and toil, of patient working and heroic trust, for a Delaware chieftain had been one of Nathaniel's earliest converts, until at length they heard from the mis-

sonary no more; and how he died, and where he lay, was a mystery they never fathomed and a sorrow they never forgot.

And so passed the three generations. Years have rolled on, kings have died, kingdoms fallen, nations arisen, and even the earth and sea have changed, and we are here to-day, living, struggling, believing, and dying. Have we forgotten their example, despised their faith, and denied their principles? They won for us freedom of conscience and the liberty of private thought. Do we use them, or abuse them? Claim them for ourselves, and then deny them to others? There is a holy solemnity in the very trust such labours bring with them. We have received not one talent but many, not one blessing but a very multitude, and where shall we show the increase of them which alone is really ours? If our idea of perfect civil and religious liberty is that of simply entering into the labours of those who have made it what it is: if we are still harsh, unloving, and intolerant to those who differ from us, and our highest notion is nothing better than liberty to be a Baptist, and liberty to think everybody else heretical, by gradations of judgment differing according to their distance from the individual unit of infallibility: if this be our liberty, and there be nothing higher, purer, holier, then with shame it must be confessed that we have misused a most precious legacy, and shall have to pay the penalty of our petty absoluteness, and reap the righteous reward of our exclusive self-glorification.

EDWIN GOADBY.

* See the London Mercury; or the Moderate Intelligencer, from Dec. 24 to Dec. 27, 1688.

THE HALLOWED SPOTS OF ANCIENT LONDON.*

SOME of the greatest charms of life in a great city are its ancient memories, its honoured names, its crumbling ruins, and its hallowed places. In the open fields and winding lanes Nature speaks so much of the present time, and even granite hills

and giant oaks are someway re-

* The Hallowed Spots of Ancient London. Historical, Biographical, and Antiquarian Sketches, illustrative of Places and Events made memorable by the struggles of our Forefathers for Civil and Religious Freedom. By Eliza Meteyard (Silverpen). London: E. Marlborough and Co.

moved from our sympathies, even when most eloquent. But in the city we tread upon pavement where great men have trodden before us, and we can behold their handiworks, and glide backwards into their lives by mysterious mental processes in which time, place, and personal identity are almost annihilated. Here is a wall, a house, a picture, a church, a fragment mayhap, a veritable morsel, yea, a worn and solitary face built into modern brickwork. But what virtue they have! We are beside them in sadness, and by swift and silent magic they cheer us—in hope, and they caution us—in vanity, and they rebuke us. They break into the dead monotony, the feverish shallowness, the grasping worry, and base-heartedness of our modern life, preaching to us, though with ‘dumb mouths,’ so that we cannot forget them, and warming us into grateful recollection and puissant endeavour.

To a dullard, we know, a piece of old stonework is but a geological specimen, a fragment of Samian ware but baked clay, and the spots where great men have wrought and lived are but common earth upon which one can build a house, graze cattle, or grow potatoes. They will regard these matters in a trifling, find-fault spirit, as so many pettinesses, and all regard for them as so much good human emotion wasted upon dead things. Very well, we are quite willing. They have no taste for trifles, no reverence for the past. It is well we know so much even as that, since we can politely request them, in reply, to remove like matters from their lives and characters, and show us what they have of pure soul, and undiluted virtue, and massive intellect. Life is made up of trivialities, as the world of atoms, and it is he who can best fuse them into some bold unity that shows most might of manhood. History is a compound of littlenesses, and archaeological curiosities give us the genuine article in nuggets. Moreover, no man who does not love the past for

something, can ever really live in the present, or abide in the future; and it sometimes happens that those who churlishly prate of relic-worship, if what we have hinted at can be so called, are found to make gods of other things in the present time that are tenfold more childish and stupid. Nay, these particularities have other uses, for as Miss Meteyard writes, in endeavouring to localize the brave Sir John Eliot's connection with the Tower, ‘it sometimes happens in history, as in actual life, that *minutiae* perform a service distinctly its own; and that the hallowed spot consecrated by a peculiar and sublime greatness in the cause of truth, serves in retrospect a double purpose; that of abstract repayment through the reverence of memory; and that of inspiring an ardent belief in the ultimate fruition of all truly virtuous and unselfish acts: a belief which we think constitutes in a great measure the religion of patriotism.’

London is peculiarly rich in these *minutiae*. Every successive wave of British civilization, come whence it might, has left its mark upon it, and as one stands amidst its busiest thoroughfares, it is pleasing to think that other voices than those that immediately salute our ears are eloquent about us, and that other scenes will instantaneously gather before us to the magic of honoured names and the mention of great events. It is some consolation, after all, in town and city life, that one cannot quite crush out the past, no matter how vain, empty, and jejune the present may be, and all researches that help to indicate such vigorous contrasts, or such approaching currents, are doing the world a genuine and an acceptable service. Blot out the past and we should be like a bridge without a foundation: reveal the past to us more vividly, let us feel its strength, and even go into its details, and our present life shall be firmer, purer, nobler.

To hunt up old memorials, to

ransack even old parchments, to verify important places, con over old maps, and so revive long cherished scenes in more truthful guise and fuller charm, has been the unwearied delight of the authoress of the handsome and opportune volume before us. The result is an accurate, fresh, and earnest book, distinguished by an amount of research that only a fellow-labourer can appreciate, and sustained by a great love for the lofty virtues that bigotry failed to crush and the stanch faith that martyrdom could not move. Already known to a considerable circle as a pleasing and piquant writer to many periodicals, the present volume will secure her both position and praise. In some respects the world resembles Knight's London, although on a smaller scale, and with a speciality never lost sight of where there are so many temptations to wander from the main theme. It is, in fact, a very fair transcript of the religious history of our great metropolis, in so far as its many periods of religious movement are concerned, from the twelfth to the eighteenth century, arranged in convenient chapters, and prefaced by such antiquarian notes as put the reader, if he be at all familiar with London localities, into a position rightly to comprehend and picture to himself the events and scenes which the subject opens. The introductory chapter on the city and its site is very appropriate, revealing earlier and less familiar aspects, when the Thames was wider and purer than it is now, and the primeval forest had not fallen, and the Fleet was a limpid considerable stream, and rural life sent its happy sounds into the growing city.

It is impossible that we should follow Miss Meteyard in her narrative. A volume of nearly three hundred pages is not to be compressed into a paragraph, or even condensed into half a dozen pages. All we can do therefore is rapidly to indicate the points she

touches upon. First, then, we have Smithfield, its monastery and its martyrs, in which we behold good and compassionate Rahere, of whom a monkish biographer quaintly says, 'whosoever that was unfortunate and came unto him, him he clipped to him within the bowels of his soul;' also William Sautre, a Wycliffite, Joan Broughton, Anne Askew, and others, who yielded their lives sooner than forswear their faith. We pass onward to the Tower, and its illustrious prisoners, Fisher, More, Thomas Cromwell, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and Sir John Eliot, whose lives, deaths, and sayings are very agreeably narrated. An estimate of Lord Bacon follows, in connection with York House, the Strand, and Gray's Inn, in which we remark that no reference is made to Hepworth Dixon's recent vindications of that great man, simply, we suppose, from its being a controversial subject that would have occupied her space, and given her book an undesirable aspect; and the old Fleet prison is presented to us, where Hooper, Barrow, Greenwood, Carew, Cartwright, Leighton, and others, many of the early General Baptists, the followers of John Smyth, the Gainsborough pseudo-clergyman amongst them, were confined, fleeced, and maltreated, under the direct connivance of those two infamous tribunals, the High Commission and Star Chamber. The Temple and Lincoln's Inn introduce us to Cooke, Selden, Cotton, Hale, Prynne, and the famous Petition of Right; St. Stephen's chapel and Whitehall present us with Charles I. and Cromwell; and Bread-street, Aldersgate-street, Petty France, and Cripple-gate, give us an image from many details, hard to be got at, of the ups and downs and habits of the brave blind bard who waged such valiant war for us in many ways, with the same hand smashing down old abuses and smiting out from his harp a crash of music over a ruined world. And then we meet with the Independents in Southwark,

and the church of the Pilgrim Fathers, men, as they said 'well-weaned from the delicate milk of their mother-country;' and in Bunhill Fields, we are with Dr. Goodwin, Dr. Owen, and John Bunyan, whilst the Bull and Mouth Meeting-house, and White Hart Court, Gracchurch-street, bring forward gentle loving George Fox, and the sufferings of the Friends. We have now reached the night before the dawn, and are with Baxter and Locke in Hampstead, Acton, and Oxendon-street, and Stoke Newington, and Freeman's Court, Cornhill, soon show us shrewd, sturdy, and plain-speaking Defoe, and the sun is about our heads and it is morning.

From such hasty indications it will be easily seen that the perusal of a volume like this, and a further examination of the authorities used and mentioned in the foot notes, so far as these are accessible, will do more to convince a dispassionate man of the real points at issue in religious matters between Churchmen and Nonconformists, and the real dangers which have to be met and the ends to be obtained, than any string of formularized doctrines, backed by repeated affirmations, and defended by the most logical convictions. Here are the Facts, round, hard, solid, not to be sneezed at, sniffed out, or smothered over, with an eloquence powerful as the silence of a starry midnight. It is, indeed, quite piteous to see so many men, preachers, or pretenders that way, growing up to maturity without any fair acquaintance with the religious struggles of their own country, county, or town, who are very often consequently — for as Miss Meteyard says, 'intolerance, civil and spiritual despotism, and the coercion of opinion, are only terms for ignorance,' and we may add, ignorance of historical teaching — not only bigots to the young, but bigots to themselves, and absolute torments to everybody, — men, who if they should by any chance whatever get any kind of a notion about anything, straightway buzz and

bustle about it like a cockchaffer round a pin. A book like this will do them good, and relieve them of a little of their emptiness, and if they should make the mistake of supposing that because they cannot see beyond the tips of their own noses therefore there is nothing beyond it, or take a bigot's rage for a fervour acceptable to God, a study of these same Stonehenge remnants of many old World-Facts, may help them to become a little wiser, a trifle humbler, and a good deal more charitable.

In conclusion, we may say that there is an amount of genuine impartiality, nice discrimination, and philosophical treatment, rarely seen in works of this kind, so that we may justly regard it as an evidence of a newer method and a broader spirit. So honestly, indeed, are all parties criticised and dealt with, that the authoress has successfully concealed her own religious belief, although she exhibits such a warm loving faith in the future, and such a bold ideal of civil and religious liberty, gradually growing out of her successive criticisms, as completely smothers all petty curiosity. All material progress, all social distinction, all national greatness, is shown to be useful only as it develops the full freedom of the individual, and cements his union with the Divine Father of us all. The rack, the faggot, and the axe have ceased to do their terrible work at the bidding of bad bishops, and blind kings, but she is very careful to remind us that we have still plenty of avenues for persecution, prejudice, and narrow-minded intolerance; and by so many gentle womanly touches she conveys this noble lesson of righteous freedom, individual nobility, and independent worship, believing and trusting in a coming race of which she takes Milton himself as the type, blending 'democratic purity and simplicity, and aristocratic love of art and excellence,' that few of her readers, we believe, whatever their belief may be, will fail to be inspired to

put it to the test of earnest and continuous practice. Nothing, she tells us, is Eternal but God and Truth, and her book is a witness of the government of the one and the evolution of the other. 'Great actors and great thinkers proclaim the advancing points of immortal truths,' she says, finely; 'but it is we, the lesser people of every day, who, through our rectitude, our faith, our self-abnegations, have to turn these truths to practi-

cal account. Still with all this—still with what advancing knowledge and science sublimely teach—that ours are no narrow bounds, for the Universe is ours—something ennobling, call it prepossession, or love, or patriotism, or what we may, glows through the heart and quickens its pulsation as we tread this city of our fathers, consecrated by so much genius, so much worth, so much of righteous endurance in the cause of secular and religious truth.' E.

Notices of Books.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING FOR THE PEOPLE.

By an Old Inspector of Schools.
London: Wertheim and Co.

THE "old inspector" is mistaken if he thinks that he is the first who has wished to adapt religious teaching to the present wants of the people; but he is not mistaken in thinking that his way of putting things will help those working men who may be induced to read his series of lessons. He starts by a short paper on spiritual, moral, and physical certainties—showing for how many things man is responsible, and how true it is that even the blessings of this life are conditional. He follows this by one on the teaching of facts, referring especially to the wonderful influence of the Bible. Brief chapters succeed on Old and New Testament history, the personal application of spiritual laws, the soul's wants, the happiness of God's children, &c. Each lesson is divided into numbered paragraphs, and a list of questions on every section is given at the end of the book. If working men could be persuaded to read this book it would prove to them of immense service.

THE GOVERNESS. *By Rev. J. T. Barrs.*
London: Partridge.

THE TWO APPRENTICES. *By the same Author.* London: Partridge.

PLEASINGLY written tales—the first

descriptive of an orphan governess who was wrongfully charged with theft through the wickedness of an envious servant, who confessed her sin on her death-bed; and the second, revives a tale that was once familiar through Hogarth's pictures of the idle and industrious apprentices. One apprentice is dishonest and ends his days as a convict, the other is faithful in little and soon becomes faithful in much.

SERVICES ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF REV. JOHN BURNET, OF CAMBERWELL. London: Snow.

MR. MIALL's address at the funeral of Rev. John Burnet is a warm and faithful eulogium on a man of rare geniality and robustness of character. The pamphlet also contains Dr. Alexander's funeral sermon, and Mr. Pillan's, Mr. Burnet's co-pastor.

ARBITRATION, AND A CONGRESS OF NATIONS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR IN THE SETTLEMENT OF INTERNATIONAL DISPUTES. *By John Noble, junior.* London: Tresidder.

A VERY well-written pamphlet on a subject that every Christian man would rejoice to see adopted. The universal evils of the present unhappy contest in America may do something to revert the attention of Europe and of the world to this once popular theme.

THE BAPTIST SCHOLARS' CATECHISM OF NONCONFORMITY. *By Thomas Goadby, B.A.* London: Marlborough, &c.

THE rule of faith and practice, the nature and constitution of a Christian church, the ordinances of a church its discipline and government, the State and the church—such are the

subjects of the respective chapters of this Catechism. The Catechism is clear, comprehensive, and brief.

THE GRAVE OF JESUS. A Dialogue on Christian Baptism. *By B. Furrington, B.A.* London: Tresidder.

A USEFUL little book on believers' baptism.

Correspondence.

OUR SUFFERING BRETHREN.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I left home at five o'clock this morning, and in two hours was in the midst of the unhappy cotton district. With heart-agony, I send you a few hastily written lines about our brethren there. No words, however, that I can pen, will truly picture their appalling misery. I was quite prepared, from the letters sent me, and the reports given in the press, to find a large amount of wretchedness; but the half had not been named. 'It is impossible,' said one friend, 'to exaggerate the intensity of distress;' and I found it so.

Months since, I was in the happy homes of members of our churches. I met with men, having a good deal of blunt honesty, and rough real warm kindness, and Christian goodness. Their eyes sparkled with energy when speaking of their chapels, and schools, and co-operative societies, in which they had shares. Their houses were filled with substantial furniture, that would have adorned the homes of the affluent, and they were honourably bringing up their families, as well as laying by a little for a stormy day. I saw them, mothers, priding themselves on the neatness of their nicely furnished rooms and happy healthy children; and the lads and joyous lasses bringing home good wages and increasing the household comforts with which their

homes abounded. These families were in the receipt of three, four, and five pounds a week. But all is changed now. Strong and resolute men are crushed to the earth. Their own sufferings are endured; but to see wife and poor dear children wasting away before their eyes is too terrible for human nature to bear. The young men look careworn and aged; and the pallid hollow cheek of many a maiden tell a tale of days spent almost without food. In many cases the co-operative shares, so highly prized, have been sold for a trifle, or are taken by the parish as a return for relief. The savings of years were spent long ago for bread;—furniture is gone, clothes gone. In gloomy dejection and sorrow they starve in bare rooms, cold, and in rags. In other homes it is equally melancholy to see rich mahogany drawers, couches, handsome chimney ornaments, &c., (retained only because they could not be sold,) and a fireless grate, and a foodless cupboard. The cold was biting when I arrived; and since it has set in, the circle of misery has been expanding day by day. This compels me to write plainly and tell you that many have scarcely any bedding. In one house there is not a blanket, two thin sheets are the only covering. Neatly dressed young women, I am told, have scarcely a petticoat or any under clothing whatever. In another house there were father, mother, and three children, and no fire. It appears incredible; but it is, alas!

too true, they had *not partaken of food for three whole days*, except the babe at the mother's breast. God of mercy, relieve and comfort them. I could not but be struck with the sallow and sorrowful looks that nearly all presented; so contrary to their usual florid and cheerful appearance. It was unutterably painful to talk to the men about their trouble. To see fine fellows of iron constitution and unaccustomed to evince tender emotion, through weakness and months of sorrow, crying like children, was enough to wring a heart of stone. I respect their tears. To save rent several families are huddled together in one house. Their food is a little oatmeal and plenty of water; or a scanty supply of bread. In some cases fever has broken out, and in others the foundation of future disease is laid.

With the assistance of ministers in the locality I have tried to ascertain the *number* of our brethren in such circumstances, and reckon that fifteen hundred are suffering severely, and of these not fewer than *eleven hundred General Baptists, with their children, are in the most horrible destitution*. Do not dream that the *National Relief Fund* will reach them. It does not. In districts of thirty-thousand people not one penny has been received from the General Fund. The Committee do not grant relief unless certain local arrangements are made. We have six churches where there have not been any such arrangements, and the relief fund does them no good. They are in an awful distress. Employers kindly help their own operatives as far as they can; but what becomes of the rest? They starve on the one shilling and sixpence allowed by the parish. The pastors and deacons of our churches have kindly co-operated with our Committee in distributing the small sums entrusted to them. We knew they would relieve the most tenderly, and assist the most wretched cases. I must say that our ministers in the district are noble-hearted men, and quite equal to the emergency. Their

labours are untiring amid scenes that make the heart sick. What their own circumstances are I dare not enquire. It is a subject, however, about which the Connexion should be concerned. The fact did ooze out, that they are dependant upon their salaries, and these the people cannot raise. One nobly said to his church, 'I will not leave you. I will take whatever you can give me. We will starve together, if we must starve.' Another useful and beloved pastor with a large family cannot, for his children's sake, say this; though his people with tears implore him not to leave them. The utterance of another was choked while telling the sad tale of his friends' distress. Another has gone miles to beg a shilling to take to some specially painful case. His labour and anxiety have laid him prostrate for several weeks. Let our people of wealth privately help these devoted servants of Christ.

The state of churches is alarming. Large amounts of interest *must be met. How?* Can the General Home Mission Committee save these churches from destruction?

When these lines are read our friends will be plunged into all the horrors of one of the gloomiest winters ever known in their region. Is it, dear sir, to be calmly borne that such facts as these are to reach us without evoking a spirit of kindness? The Particular Baptists, the Wesleyans, and the Independents are acting liberally. At one place I visited, the Independent minister had more than enough sent him for his own people, and offered to assist some of ours. Is this a time for our Denomination to be cold-hearted and close-fisted? Our Committee has received about one hundred and fifty pounds and some valuable clothing. Dr. Burns has also sent money and apparel. Every shilling and garment has alleviated real suffering. But what is this divided among more than a thousand people? Distributors are disheartened at giving sums that only relieve the pressing wants of the day, and know

that hunger will return in all its fury on the morrow. Now, if ever, we all need the benevolent mind of Jesus. Surely it will be a sin and a shame if there be not a warm-hearted, open-handed liberality until the crisis is past. *We require at least one hundred pounds a week to fill up the great gulf of misery.* That amount can for a time be given by us as a Connexion, if we will it. I cannot believe that our more favoured ministers will be apathetically dumb; or refuse to plead for their Master's humble friends. On our dear brethren in the ministry a heavy responsibility rests. They can awaken sympathy if they will. As I am anxious to save the expense of circulars and advertisements, I shall be glad if these poor lines be read from every pulpit. Our people will not be slow to give a prompt and hearty response. Is there not some good woman in each church that will obtain subscriptions and collect warm clothing, tea, and other things, that she so well knows poor families require? Mere sentimental emotion—very pretty, but very useless—is out of place. True practical sympathy is essential. Believing that it will be shewn,

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
RICHARD HORSFIELD.

Newton Grove, Leeds,
November 17th, 1862.

The following are a few extracts from letters sent me by pastors and deacons in the cotton district:—

Extract No. 1.

'The distress in this part of Lancashire is daily increasing. The sufferings of the people are much more severe and extensive than they were when I last wrote to you. Many of our people, and indeed the people in general, who were dependant upon the cotton trade, are now dependant either upon the parish or upon the Relief Fund for subsistence.* A few

* Local arrangements, of which Mr. Horsfield speaks, have been made in the town referred to in this extract.—Ed.

are partially employed, but their earnings are miserably small.

'Yesterday I visited a number of families connected with our congregation, and found most of them suffering from want of food, coals, and clothing. Some told me that they had neither food nor money in the house and did not know how to obtain any. I relieved a few as well as I could, but I could not possibly relieve all who needed relief. I could not, dear sir, describe my feelings when I think of those of my friends who two years ago were in good circumstances but are now in a state of destitution.'

Extract No. 2.

'I acknowledge, with many thanks, the parcel of clothing. The sum previously sent has been distributed among from forty to fifty of the worst cases. We regretted that we could do so little towards meeting pressing necessities, but expressed our hope to several of the patient sufferers, that by the continued kindness of Christian friends in more favoured districts we should be able soon to give a little more.

'One cause of anxiety for the future is, as to whether sister churches will continue their kind help, and how long? Your committee can only forward to us what the Christian liberality of the Denomination transmits to them.

'In our church and congregation the cases of destitution or deep distress are still becoming more numerous and painful. And our case is no worse than those of our sister churches on the average in these districts; not so bad as some of them.

'We cannot look without serious apprehension to the dark months of the winter, already set in with severity.

'To one family of ten persons, in which we had three members, we gave three shillings in our first distribution from your remittance. They had been without income for several weeks. In our second distribution we gave three shillings, and found

they were now receiving one shilling and sixpence per head from the parish. They have now no other income, and are steady, worthy people. We allowed three weeks between our first and second grant.

'From the above you will see the limited character of our resources as compared with the claims upon us.'

Extract No. 3.

'I regret to state that the distress amongst us is day by day rapidly on the increase, and on every hand there are evident signs that it will continue to do so. The few cotton mills that have worked only a day or two per week are gradually being brought to a total stoppage, and the poor operatives, who for months have barely earned sufficient to keep body and soul together, will be thrown upon charity for their entire subsistence. This is mournful to think of in the month of November, with every prospect of a very cold and severe winter. Such a state of things has naturally been a source of great grief to the officers of the church, and I can assure you that it is to us a matter of considerable anxiety as to how our poor brethren and sisters shall obtain food and clothing during this terrible calamity. Our church is composed almost entirely of those engaged in the manufacture of cotton, and, as a consequence, the circumstances of at least three fourths of our members are very seriously affected, and I am sorry to add that amongst those are many tried and consistent Christians, who for years previously to the panic were liberal supporters to the cause of Christ, but sheer want of the common necessities of life has forced them to beg the limited allowance of parochial aid.

'The protracted duration of the famine has begun to tell its direful tale upon our congregation; some of our suffering friends, we find, are absent through being dispirited by the privations attending actual want, and others because of not having suitable apparel to come in. Our Sabbath-

schools are likewise greatly reduced in numbers in consequence of the children being without shoes or clothing. You will see from my brief remarks that our prospects are very gloomy indeed.'

Extract No. 4.

'The extent to which the distress affects our churches is almost entire. Take our own church of one hundred and forty members. Of those one hundred are factory operatives, another thirty closely connected with the works, and the remaining fraction affected by it to a greater or less degree. Most of our churches in the neighbourhood are affected by it in nearly the same proportion. Within a quarter of a mile of our chapel, we have four out of five of the mills standing; this, you must see, entails great distress. Previous to the entire stoppage many of our people have told me that they worked hard a whole week for half a crown. Men and fathers could earn so little that their families did not average one and sixpence a head for twelve months. So bad was the work, that when the entire cessation of work came it found them unprepared. It was, as the Yorkshire proverb says, 'Ill upon worse.' The length of time makes the severity greater, for it began before last winter, and during the year no clothes were bought, all the household requisites, except the bare necessities, were staved off, hoping for better times, but worse have come.

'In visiting a neighbouring church, two old persons, members a long time, were taking a farewell of friends. I was informed that one of them a few years since was prosperous, had a share in the bank, and lived in comfort: now, his grocer's shop was shut up and he driven to a distance to seek his home with his son, his money all out in small debts. His adieux were mixed with tears.

'In a sister church I know a worthy local preacher among us whose children have been sent to bed supperless and were stinted of poor oatmeal porridge as thin as water gruel, and

himself without food for a day together, hating an application to the parish.

'A good man that I visited this week, a member of a sister church, was a short time since employing hands; now he has no work for himself, and when I called had no food in the house for his children; and there, too, was sickness in the house of poverty.

'Scores of our members in our own and sister churches who had twenty or thirty pounds have gradually come down to seek help from others. Our Sabbath-schools are approximating to ragged - schools, for the scholars have already overcome the shame of coming to the school in clogs and patched clothes.

'If ever there was a case in which the duties of Christian churches was clear, it is here; and if ever there was an opportunity of increasing their riches a hundredfold by giving to Christ's cause and to Christ's disciples, it is here. This is the golden opportunity of displaying our love to Christ in his disciples, that at last He may say to us, *Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.*'

Extract No. 5.

'I think I may say, without the least exaggeration, that five sixths of our friends are immediately or remotely affected by the 'Cotton Famine;' of these five sixths, some have been nearly twelve months out of employment, others varying from a period of nine months to three, and others who are not entirely unemployed are working two, and in some cases three days, in each alternate week; and none of our suffering friends, until a few weeks ago, could be prevailed upon to accept eleemosynary aid. But their little store, the product of years of honest industry and careful economy, is now exhausted; and if our brethren are to be spared the pains of extreme poverty, and the humiliation of an application to the guardians of the poor, the aid which has already been so generously given and so thankfully

received, and has carried joy into so many suffering hearts, must not only be continued but increased, so as to cover as far as possible the increasing distress. Until recently the sufferers have as far as possible concealed these sufferings even from myself. Tongues that are mute, eyes that are tearful, and faces that are pale with sorrow, are now turned in imploring expectancy towards their more favoured brethren. And, in the name of our common faith, we join their plea: We beseech you, brethren, to remember the saying of our Lord, that *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*'

COTTON DISTRICT DISTRESS.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—In again appealing to the congregations the committee need only point to the famishing kindred in Christ whose present suffering condition no pen is able to describe. Their privations and sorrow, alas! must be seen to be fully understood. Thirteen small grants of money, distributed already, have been most gratefully acknowledged, and by a second distribution, which is now going on, all the money at present in my hands will be exhausted. And what then? Are their bodies and souls to be kept together?

If heart-rending statements are to come to us respecting further distributions almost in vain, we shall be sorry; for obligation rests on every congregation and individual as regards continuous benevolence, until it can be said, 'The calamity is overpast.'

Along with cash contributions the committee earnestly request the appropriation of cast-off clothing, of all kinds and sizes; also, materials for making clothing, or for bed-covering; in fact, anything that may or can be useful in distressed families. I may also hint that some improvement to their scanty meals is certainly most desirable. Depôts ar-

ranged at convenient centres would be very advantageous: sympathizing friends, therefore, are requested to see to this in their several localities. The Rev. T. Stevenson, A.M., Derby; the Rev. T. W. Mathews, Boston; and the Rev. J. Clifford, Praed-street Chapel, London, will gladly take charge of all that may be sent to their care.

Packages may be directed to the Rev. R. Horsfield, Byron-street Chapel, Leeds; and (to save carriage) the directions should specify, 'For the Distressed in the Cotton Districts.'

G. T. WOODSON, *Treasurer.*

Leeds, Nov. 15, 1862.

P.S. Six small packages of cast-off clothing have been distributed already, and two or three others are going, but what are these amongst so many?

G. T. W.

List of Contributions received at Leeds, in October and November, 1862, for Distressed General Baptist Christians in the Cotton Districts:

	£	s.	d.
Byron-street Chapel, Leeds	9	1	0
Praed-st. Chapel, London	6	12	0
Ditto	5	0	0
Ford	0	10	0
St. Mary's-gate, Derby	9	2	2
Boston	4	1	8
Spalding	11	3	3
Lyndhurst	1	5	0
Call-lane, Leeds ...	1	0	0
Dover-street, Leicester ...	7	3	0
Hugglescote	1	11	6
Hastings	3	0	0
Kirkby Woodhouse ...	2	0	0
Byron-street, Leeds ...	4	5	9
Sheffield	3	3	0
Lyndhurst	0	10	6
Tring	2	3	6
Barrow	2	10	0
Walsall	5	12	6
Leicester, per Rev. T. Stevenson ...	7	3	6
Ilkeston	1	1	0
Hitchin	1	0	0
Barrowden	3	8	6
Osmaston-road Derby	10	10	7
Baxter-gate, Loughbro' ...	4	0	0
Rempstone £2 Os. 6d. & £1	3	0	6
Holbeach	1	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Boston	3	7	8
Burton-on-Trent	1	10	0
Louth, per Rev. W. Orton	3	0	0
Louth, per Rev. T. Horsfield	4	0	0
Praed-street, London	6	13	6
Mrs. Wherry, Bourne ...	0	1	0
Two Widows, Derby	0	1	0
Hose, near Melton ...	1	13	6
London, per Dr. Burns	2	0	0
Mr. Stocks	0	10	0
A Friend at Bradford	0	5	0
Rev. J. Taylor and Friends	1	15	0
Kegworth	1	5	0
Mr. Woodhead, Low Moor	2	0	0
Bourne	5	2	0
Halifax	5	0	0
Tarporley	5	0	0
Leicester, per Mrs. C. ...	0	10	0
Allerton	0	2	6
	£155	0	1

CLOTHING FOR THE DISTRESSED.

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR, — Be good enough to insert the following in the Magazine for December:

DISTRESS IN THE COTTON DISTRICT.

The ladies at Byron-street, Leeds, have a meeting every other Thursday, and oftener if required, to arrange, pack, and forward articles of clothing, blankets, &c., for the distressed members of our churches and congregations.

Mrs. Stevenson, St. Mary's-gate; the Rev. W. Jones, Osmaston-road, Derby; and Miss Rackham, London; have already forwarded a very valuable collection of suitable clothing that has been most thankfully received. It was divided and sent to several districts. The parcels reached the evening before a severe snow storm, and proved a great comfort to many sufferers.

The ladies of the Connexion are respectfully and earnestly requested to co-operate in this work of true benevolence.

Warm clothing for men, women, and children, and articles of domestic utility will be specially acceptable.

MARY HORSFIELD.
Newton Grove, Leeds.

QUERY ABOUT THE WORD
'CHAPELS.'

To the Editor of the General Baptist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Will you (or the learned classical tutor of our college, or some other competent authority,) have the goodness to inform me how it is, that though the General Baptists render neither *douleia* nor *hyperdouleia* to Saint Martin, they call their places of worship *chapels*?

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

QUERY ABOUT CANDIDATES
FOR CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

Is it a rule observed among General Baptists that no candidate for fellowship shall be admitted into any church so long as there are decided objectors to his admission? If so, what are the scriptural grounds for that rule? If there is no such rule, your correspondent would ask whether it is advisable, supposing there *are* objectors, to admit any candidate to church fellowship?

AN INQUIRER AFTER TRUTH.

QUERY ABOUT CARDS.

Is it right for professing Christians to use playing cards either in public or private?

J. P., N.

Obituary.

SAMUEL SHARPE had been connected with the church in St. Mary's-gate, Derby, nearly twenty-three years. He died on the 17th of February, 1862, not quite four months after the death of his wife, whose happy end greatly supported him under his heavy loss. Of him it may be said, 'He filled his space with worthy deeds, and not with lingering years.' He was one of the most active and useful members of the church, ready for every good work, connected with most of its active agencies, and was generally selected to advocate the cause of the Tract Society, Juvenile Mission, or Sabbath-school, at their anniversary or other meetings. As a working artizan he was intelligent and well informed on general subjects, and had a considerable acquaintance with ancient history, which made him a favourite in the Sabbath-school. He had been a

teacher for a number of years, and during the last year and a half of his life he had the charge of the adult class at the Junction-street branch of the church. His kind, gentle, and affectionate disposition soon secured their entire confidence and esteem. As a teacher he excelled in the power of depicting life scenes. The vividness of his descriptions of the Saviour's love, and the beauty of his precepts, left impressions that will never be forgotten. The interest and attractions of his lessons always secured a large and increasing attendance up to his last illness. He was also a very acceptable occasional preacher, and much loved for his natural, simple, and practical sermons. He took a great interest in his children: he was a child with them, the companion in their holidays, and provided for their pleasure and enjoyment. Few Christians have passed

through this world more generally respected than our late friend. He only had to be known to be loved. He was a lover of his Bible and displayed much of that kind, gentle, unassuming, and benevolent spirit which it teaches. On the last Lord's-day in November, our late friend was unable to meet his class, his illness rapidly increased. Early in the present year he began to improve, but it was of very short duration, he gradually grew weaker until he was unable to leave his room. His five little children unprovided for often greatly oppressed his mind. He believed till near his end that for their sakes he should yet recover. He said they had been most wonderfully provided for during his illness, and that if spared he intended writing out the most remarkable instances of the providence of God towards him for the instruction of his children. One day when the writer called to see him, he said, 'Now this is worth living for, worth suffering for. It is real. I have no doubts, no clouds. It is heaven.' For two or three days before his end he became very weak, too feeble to talk till early on the last day of his life, the Lord's-day, he revived, became cheerful, and talked much. With two friends who called to see him, he conversed freely, spoke of his happy confidence, expressed his wishes about his family, made arrangements about his funeral, &c. In the afternoon he wished to see his class. When they came, he took each by the hand, called by name and gave his parting admonition suited to what he believed to be the state of each. This was a scene that cannot be described. While the class was almost broken-hearted, there sat propped up the teacher in perfect peace, with joy and glory bearing on his countenance. They retired with one impression resting on their minds, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.* Later in the day some of his fellow teachers called to see him. To one he said, 'I am glad to see you, we

have often sung together, and what will it be to be there.' He replied, 'You will soon know, yes you will soon be at home.' 'Bless you, I am enjoying it already.' To another he said, 'We shall soon meet again and talk old things o'er.' He continued in the same cheerful happy state through the night, evidently seeing and realizing more than people in health can know. He asked those who were watching by his bed to sing—

'Sweet Jesus on Calvary he died for me,
He died for you, he died for all,
Sweet Jesus on Calvary he died for all,' &c.

He joined in singing, some time after he experienced a slight nervous movement and remarked, 'I thought I was going; I want to go. The time is come. One leg is over the stream and the other almost.' He took each friend by the hand and bid them farewell, and in a few minutes he gave one gentle gasp and fell asleep. From the very high and affectionate esteem in which he was held by the school and congregation a considerable number followed him to his grave. As soon as the coffin was placed upon the planks, a beautiful wreath composed of laurel leaves with black and white rosettes was placed upon it, and as the little orphans drew near and the procession parted, the females drawing up to the right and the males to the left of the grave, such a general scene of weeping presented itself that is seldom seen. The Rev. J. Stevenson delivered a most appropriate address. The service ending by singing—

'Hear what a voice,' &c.

A funeral sermon was preached in Junction-street chapel the following Lord's-day, by the superintendent, from Acts xiii. 26; and on the next Lord's-day, the event was improved in St. Mary's-gate chapel, by the Rev. J. Stevenson, from I Peter iv. 8.

J. H.

SARAH ANNE FIELDING was the only and beloved daughter of Thomas and Mary Jane Fielding, of Castle Donington, was born at Cosby Hill, Leicestershire, October 20th, 1847. She was naturally amiable and conscientious, uniformly obedient to her parents, and kind and obliging to all about her. She was never known to tell an untruth, nor to endeavour to conceal a fault when she had committed one. Blessed with parents who feared God, she not only felt the influence of religion at home, but was brought early and habitually to attend the sanctuary. She was always serious and thoughtful, and sometimes deeply impressed, particularly under the ministry of the Rev. G. Needham. In January and February, 1860, a series of special services were held at Donington, and many, it is hoped, were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Miss F. was amongst the number. Her conversion, though not so remarkable as some, was yet clear and satisfactory. Her sorrow for sin was genuine and deep, and was followed by a delightful assurance of forgiveness. One night as she lay in bed, after long and earnest prayer, she was enabled to look to Jesus as her Saviour, and confiding in his power and love, she felt perfectly safe and inexpressibly happy. Her joy was so new and so great, that she could hardly contain it. 'Mother,' she said in the morning, 'rejoice with me, for I have found Jesus.'

Having given herself to the Lord, it was her wish to be baptized and join the church; but as she was so young, her parents thought it better that she should wait a little. She readily deferred to their judgment in this matter, but endeavoured none the less to walk worthy of the Gospel. It was not to be expected that the results of conversion would be so marked in her as in some. Her natural disposition was sweet and lovely, and her morality all but perfect. There was very little that was positively bad to be destroyed. Religion had only to animate and

adorn what was good. This was done in a high degree. Human virtues were transformed into Christian graces. Her faultless morality was animated with the warmth and glow of a new life, and every feature of her character acquired additional beauty. Such simple and unaffected piety, such meekness and gentleness of temper, such an utter disregard of self, such disinterested anxiety to please and benefit others, are rarely witnessed. She was indeed a burning and a shining light. Her religion was as beautiful as it was precious. All who knew her loved her dearly, and now she is gone her memory is fragrant.

On Lord's-day, August 4th, 1862, Miss Fielding was baptized. Those who saw her on that occasion will not soon forget her appearance. She was apparently in good health. The purity and peace of her mind were depicted in her countenance. Several persons remarked that she seemed more nearly related to heaven than to earth. In the evening of the same day she was received into the church, and partook for the first time, the supper of the Lord. To human appearance she seemed likely to continue long, to adorn by her life the profession she had made. *But my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.* On the following Friday she was taken ill. Hoping a change of air would be beneficial, her parents took her to the sea side, but instead of improving she grew worse. It was found necessary to return immediately. The progress of the disease was now most rapid, and all hope of her recovery was soon gone. Of this she seemed fully conscious, nor was she at all concerned about the issue. She was neither anxious to live nor afraid to die; but seemed entirely resigned to the will of God. She bore her affliction with exemplary patience. She frequently expressed her thankfulness that she had been brought to the Saviour while she was in health. Her confidence in Christ was steadfast to

the end. She finished her course on Thursday, July 17th, in the 15th year of her age, by a death that was as peaceful as her life was lovely. Now she is gone—

'Gone to an early tomb
In all her youthful bloom;
Gone as the roses go,
Ere wintry breezes blow;
Gone with the breath of spring,
A fair and bounteous thing;

Gone from the earth away,
To bright unending day;
Gone to dwell with the good and blest,
Early at work, and soon to rest;
Gone from all future ills,
Over the golden hills;
Gone where no tempest blows,
But joy for ever flows;
Gone from all pain and care,
Unsullied bliss to share;
Gone to her Saviour King,
Where saints and angels sing;
Gone to allure us as we roam,
And bid us hasten faster home.'

Intelligence.

BAPTISMS.

LOUTH, *Walker-gate*.—On the 2nd of October we were favoured to add to our number by baptism, two believers, and on October 30th, three others. They were all received into the church on Lord's-day, Nov. 2, at the Lord's supper, when suitable counsels and cautions were given them.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—After a sermon from Acts xviii. 8., on the 16th day of November, eleven persons were baptized, and in the afternoon were received into the church.

ANNIVERSARIES.

SAWLEY.—On Lord's-day, Oct. 26, two sermons were preached in the General Baptist Chapel, Sawley, by Mr. T. W. Marshall, of Loughborough, on behalf of the day school. Collections about the same as last year.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—On the 26th of October, the Rev. C. Clark preached two sermons, after which collections were made for the reduction of the debt on our chapel premises. The congregations were very large, and the collections, considering the depressed state of commerce, liberal.

OPENING.

CONINGSBY.—Our new chapel, which has been in course of erection during the last six months was opened for

divine service on Thursday, Oct. 30, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. Giles Hester, of Loughborough. After the afternoon service we had a public tea, which was numerously attended; and, on the following Lord's-day, two sermons were preached by the Rev. William Sharman, minister of the chapel. The congregations on all occasions were large, and the sum of £20 was obtained in addition to the previous efforts of the people. The building, which is of the Tuscan order, is much admired and is considered a great ornament to the village. The design was supplied by Mr. Slight, of Kirton-in-Lindsey, and its execution was entrusted to Messrs. Lee and Johnson, builders, Coningsby.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.—A meeting was held at Cambridge, on Monday, November 17, in furtherance of the Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa. The Vice-Chancellor of the University presided, and the bishop designate, the Rev. Mr. Tozer, was one of the speakers. The Rev. Dr. Jeremie, in an able speech, supported the mission, but condemned the warlike proceedings which had taken place in connection with it. He also condemned, in the strongest possible terms, the recent

letter of the Bishop of Labuan, commending the use of the revolver. The Rev. Mr. Tozer, in the course of his speech, expressed an opinion that in allowing warlike measures to be taken the late Bishop Mackenzie had acted under the advice of Dr. Livingstone. Subsequently the Dean of Ely defended the Bishop of Labuan. He described that prelate as a man of good actions but unguarded words, and expressed an opinion that the letter to which allusion had been made was no criterion of his intentions.

DERBY, *Osmaston-road*.—The letter of Rev. R. Horsfield was read on Sunday morning, November 23, by the pastor, Rev. W. Jones, and he invited the friends present to meet him in the vestry to take into consideration its painful contents. In the evening it was read again, and the pastor informed the congregation that since the morning service a liberal subscription had been made and a weekly sum promised until the opening of Parliament. He invited those present who had not contributed to do so, when a hearty response was made. The sum given during the day amounted to between £27 and £28, and the weekly subscriptions amounted to £10. These donations are in addition to two collections already made, the first of which £26 5s. was sent to the General Fund, and the second of £10 10s. 7d., together with two large packages of clothing were sent to the suffering brethren of our churches.

A CHURCH TRANSFERRED TO THE METHODIST DENOMINATION.—It will be remembered that some time since a dispute occurred between Lord Llanover and the Rev. John Griffiths, perpetual curate of Mynyddylwyn parish, Monmouthshire. The parish is a large one, and in some parts exceedingly populous. Lord Llanover is the proprietor of nearly the whole of Abercarn, which is a village, or rather a small town, in the parish. He has built a church there at his own expense, for the express purpose of providing for the religious wants

of the Welsh population, and for many years the services have been conducted in Welsh, as originally intended. Latterly his Lordship's curate received a valuable preferment, and it became necessary to appoint another in his place. This was done, but it appears that before the new curate could enter upon his duties it was necessary to receive the permission of the perpetual curate of the parish in whose cure Abercarn was situated. The Rev. John Griffiths refused the permission unless one service was conducted in English. Lord Llanover demurred to this, and hence the dispute. One of his Lordship's chaplains has been ministering at the church for several months, but finding that there was no hope of an arrangement, Lord Llanover determined to transfer the church to the Calvinistic Methodists under certain conditions. These conditions are that the mode of worship carried on in the Church of England shall be adhered to so far as is consistent with the Calvinistic Methodist creed. Opening services have been held, when the Rev. L. Edwards, B.A., president of Bala College, and the Rev. Thomas Philips, of Hereford, officiated. Lord and Lady Llanover, Mrs. Chancellor Williams, and a number of the clergy and gentry, of the neighbourhood were present.

ALBERTLAND (NEW ZEALAND) CHRISTIAN COLONIZATION MOVEMENT.—The general managers of this movement announce, that owing to an accident to the mail which left Auckland in September, there is no specific news of the safe arrival of the *Matilda Wattenbach* and *Hanover*. However, the monthly summary of the August *New Zealander* has arrived, from which they glean the following interesting particulars with reference to the way in which the movement is viewed on the other side of the water. The first is a letter to the *New Zealander* of a correspondent who signs himself 'H. S. Andrews, Real Estate Agent, Queen-street, Auckland,' who writes as follows:—

'Sir,—In your Wednesday's issue one of your correspondents suggests that an organization be made to welcome the body of Nonconformists who are emigrating to our shores from England, in which suggestion I, with a number of the inhabitants of Auckland and the country, most cordially agree; believing that such a manifestation would be indicative of our good feeling towards them, and the comfort they would feel from at once being legitimately recognized as colonists and friends. To carry out this I will receive the names of all persons feeling interested in the matter, and afterwards call them together to a preliminary meeting—from which will emanate the necessary steps to be taken for accomplishing the object in view.' From this it is manifest, that the pioneer party which left our shores in May last, are likely to receive such a warm and hearty reception from their fellow colonists in that far-off land, as will tend to make their settlement easy and pleasant. A statement in another part of the paper is still more important, as it indicates the block of land set apart for the future settlers:—In another

month, the ships *Hanover* and *Matilda Wattenbach*, with the first draft of the Nonconformists' special settlement party, may be looked for. As it appears that the number of the colonists for this special settlement is likely to be greater than was at first anticipated, application has been made to the superintendent, by the agents, to have the Paparua block added to the land already set apart; an application which entirely met with the superintendent's approval, and which has accordingly been done. The clearing of the roads into the Oruawhoro block is being actively carried out, and nothing which is calculated to promote the success of this interesting immigration has been neglected, either by the pioneer agents, or by the Provincial authorities with whom they have placed themselves in connection for that purpose. The general managers have no distinct information as to the position of the Paparua block, but judging from the little they have received about it, they imagine that it lies about twenty miles to the north of the Oruawhoro—sufficiently near, therefore, to that river to facilitate intercourse between the different bodies of settlers.

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 11, at Croydon, Rev. Henry Ashbery, of Sheffield, to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. William Hems, Aldgate, London.

Oct. 23, at the Independent chapel, Mansfield, by Rev. J. Wood, Mr. W. Tomlinson, of Sutton-in-Ashfield, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of Mr. J. Beaumont, of Mansfield.

Oct. 25, at the Baptist chapel, Mansfield, by Rev. J. Wood, Mr. Thomas Chamberlain, to Mrs. Mary Alcock.

DEATHS.

Nov. 2, at Leicester, Frederick Lyon Collier, aged 20.

Nov. 15, at Leicester, Mrs. Hannah Mills, aged 68.

Recently, in Germany, Ludwig Uhland, aged 76. He was an eminent lyric poet, and much read in England.

Missionary Observer.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSELLCONDAR & THE KHONDS.

BY REV. T. BAILEY.

Berhampore, Sep. 16, 1862.

A FEW days ago we returned from a long and deeply interesting visit to Russell Condah and the adjacent parts of Goomsoor. It was originally proposed that we should go much earlier in the year, but we found it to be impracticable, and it was not until the "early rains" had partially subsided that we were able to move. We then received that call which no missionary can disregard, "Come over and help us," and immediately made the few arrangements that were necessary.

We left Berhampore on the evening of August 5, travelled all night, and after resting at a wayside bungalow during the heat of the following day, reached Russell Condah in the evening. We proceeded at once to the house recently presented to the mission by Captain Mac Donald, which we made our head quarters during our continuance in the neighbourhood.

It was very pleasant at this remote station thus to find shelter and a home, though like all unoccupied houses, especially in this country, it looked for a time exceedingly wretched, but it gradually assumed a more cheering aspect; we even found a garden attached to it, which though neglected and almost wild contained, amongst a mass of rank weeds, a number of plants and flowers both rare and beautiful—there was a delicate-looking pomegranate bearing a solitary fruit, a number of aloes were strong and vigorous notwithstanding the rough weeds that surrounded them; a jessamine was bearing its modest flowers though almost smothered by two luxuriant limes; but more beautiful than all, though almost painful from the power

of association, we found even here, on the very verge of civilization, several specimens of what appeared to be the English rose, the very same in kind that once introduced us to a tender mother's embrace and the sacred precincts of home.

The whole district is evidently one of surprising fertility; rice, the main article of produce, reaches a state of the greatest perfection; sugarcane, cotton, and various kinds of oil seeds thrive well. We also saw the cocoa-nut, pine-apple, plantain, arrowroot, capsicum, and other valuable plants and fruits too numerous to mention.

But alas! as is too often the case, where nature is most lavish in her favours, the people are to the last degree ignorant and degraded; indeed the town of Russell Condah owes its importance chiefly to the fact that it is situated on the borders of Khondistan, a country peopled by wild and barbarous tribes, where every village has its chief, in some parts of which infanticide is common, and what is more dreadful still, notwithstanding the efforts of the British Government to suppress the savage rite, it is to be feared that even now in the remote districts human beings are offered in sacrifice.

It is, however, gratifying to find that, though the Government has abolished the Meriah agency, it has not lost sight of this important subject. Two deputy magistrates have been appointed, also an efficient staff of police to keep constant watch over the people. We are glad, moreover, to learn that the agent in Ganjam to the Governor of Fort St. George is about to make a tour in the ensuing cold season through the whole Khond territory, when his influence will doubtless be exerted to the utmost to bring the people within the pale of civilization.

We took an early opportunity of procuring an interview with two men

of this degraded race. They had come down to Russell Condah for some purposes of business, probably to dispose of their produce at the market. They were apparently in middle life, of good size, well built and muscular; in one the nose was decidedly aquiline. The one who talked to us most wore his cloth much in the manner of a shawl, having it thrown over his shoulders and reaching down to the ankles, strikingly reminding me of the pictures I had seen of the North American Indians; but the more common way is to bind the cloth round the loins, leaving one end to fall down behind within about six inches of the ground. The hair of both was bound up in a knot on one side of the forehead and was kept in place by a porcupine's quill, it also contained a long brass comb and the inevitable "pinkah," or cigar.

They spoke without shame of the habitual drunkenness of their people and stated that only four years ago a human sacrifice had been offered in their village, but declined to say they had witnessed it, lest they should thus render themselves amenable to the law.

The man who interpreted for us was himself a rescued Meriah and of considerable notoriety. He was educated in our own mission school and subsequently became a member of the church at Berhampore, but unhappily, uniting to superior ability a peculiar restlessness of disposition, he became involved in serious difficulties, was excluded from the church and regarded as a vagabond on the face of the earth. He fled to his native wilds, and for a long time nothing was heard of him. He afterwards came down to the low country, and eventually the Government not only overlooked his offence, but on account of his superior ability and true to the policy of an ancient proverb, gave him an appointment in the police. He speaks several languages fluently, has in part prepared a grammar of the Khond, and is collecting words for a dictionary. He attended our service regularly at

Russell Condah, appeared anxious to do all he could to assist us, and I believe really rejoices at the prospect there is of the Gospel being preached to his degraded fellow countrymen. He may be of great importance to us in the future, and has already rendered us valuable assistance in procuring perhaps the only available pundit of the language.

The Oriya population, amongst whom we principally laboured manifested a singular readiness to hear the Gospel. It was specially interesting to see them flocking round us when we began to sing the "Songs of Zion," and on some occasions they even met us at the entrance of their villages and asked us to sing one of our "beautiful hymns;" this is a circumstance which I think full of promise. If we can but introduce these hymns as "the ballads of the people," there is little doubt that the religion of the Saviour will soon follow.

But the most interesting event of all was the baptism of Rama Chundra, which took place at his own village and in presence of nearly all his heathen neighbours. It was a season never to be forgotten, not merely because of the emotions it excited in our own hearts, but from the evident interest it awakened throughout the whole neighbourhood. I was very much amused the following evening, when we were returning to Russell Condah. I was riding a little ahead of my brethren when I overtook a company of brahmins, who were walking in the same direction, and, as is usual with us, I immediately accosted one by saying, "Oh, brother! where are you going?" He said, "To Russell Condah." "Very good," I replied, "come along with me. Do you know me?" "Yes, sahib, we heard you sing at the tank yesterday." "Then you were present at the baptism of Rama Chundra," I replied, "do you know him?" "Yes," they said, "have you taken him away?" "Oh no!" I replied, "why should we do so? Is Rama Chundra a good man?"

To the last question only a slight

assent was given, for Rama Chundra has forsaken their refuges of lies and confessed before many witnesses his attachment to the Saviour; and oh! that many more may be induced to follow his noble example.

COMPLETION OF THE ORIYA
NEW TESTAMENT.

Cuttack, Oct. 1, 1862.

WE have just been singing at family worship,

“How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given,” &c.,

and the psalm which came in course contained a verse strikingly in accordance with what have been my reflections through the day. “The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.” To-day has been an eventful one, and in again writing *Ebenezer* I would record most thankfully the helping hand of God. The New Testament (sixth edition in Oriya) is completed, and this morning brother Hill presented me with the first copy. May it guide many a heathen wanderer to the Sinners’ Friend, and be eminently blessed in promoting the establishment and comfort of our beloved native christians. This is my earnest prayer. I gratefully acknowledge the invaluable help rendered by Jagoo, whose acquaintance with the niceties of the language exceeds that of any native that I know, and far exceeds what a foreigner may hope to acquire. Nor can I forget the warm acknowledgments due to the Bible Translation Society for the help so seasonably and liberally given. I feel that this Society must be endeared to all the friends of Orissa.

The Spirit of God is working amongst us. We have now fourteen candidates for baptism, and several who had wandered from the fold are anxious to be restored. While thank-

ful for these “mercy drops,” which cheer us as we pursue our toil, we long for “showers of blessing.” I must not forget to add, that most of the candidates are young persons, either from our schools or from the families of our native christians, but two of the number have been for many years hearers of the Word but not doers of it. We must not despair of such.

I was much encouraged yesterday by a circumstance which I heard of one of our young members. He is just entering on life, and out of the first five rupees (ten shillings) he received he sent two rupees (four shillings) to the church. Let every christian youth consecrate his first savings to God, and assuredly there will be a blessing with the remainder.

J. BUCKLEY.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

Choga, Feb. 13, 1862.

AN affecting incident was related to me last evening by one of our native christians, which I feel disposed to record. It seems that his father was employed by a rane, or native queen, as a soldier, and at her instigation killed, or was instrumental in killing three men. Confessing his crime afterward to the Commissioner of Cuttack, he was imprisoned in the Cuttack Jail for twelve years. Fearing that punishment would fall upon the whole family, the elder children fled, and the youngest son, the subject of our incident, was taken charge of by a relative, and brought into the district of Athgarda. While here he cast in his lot with our native christians, and for some years was in the service of Mr. Lacey. Whether it was on his becoming a christian I know not, but a report, to the effect that he had become a soldier and had been killed in battle, was got up and carried to his mother. Believing this to be true, she wept and wailed because, as she thought, her younger son was numbered with the dead. Years rolled away, and he was given

up as gone for ever. A few months ago, however, a man came into this district to sell some bullocks. Seeing Ragada Singh, our native brother, he was led to make some inquiries as to whom he was, inquiries which resulted in their finding out that they were cousins. This discovery led to further inquiries, and further inquiries to still further discoveries. From his cousin he learnt that his mother was still alive. He also purchased from him a bullock, and on his departure presented him with one or two of our christian books. The cousin, on reaching his village, asked his mother if she had not stated that Ragada was dead, to which she replied in the affirmative. He then told her that the report was false; that her son was still alive; that he was a christian, and lived at Choga; that he had a wife and children; that he had not only seen him, but sold him a bullock; and that on parting from him he had received some books, books which he produced. "The words that you have told me, are they true? can they be true?" the old lady again and again inquired. On being assured that they were; that her youngest son was still alive; she resolved she would go and see him. The distance was great; the road lonely and dangerous; but a mother's love would not let her rest without seeing, if possible, her Benjamin. To get off, however, was her next difficulty, for did her friends know her errand, they would try to frustrate her purposes. To have visited an idolatrous shrine, as our brother observed, they would have permitted her to go hundreds of miles; but to see a christian son, they would not have allowed her to go as many yards. Unknown, therefore, to her friends, she rose in the night and entered upon her journey. In two days and a half the seventy or eighty miles, over lonely jungle roads, had been accomplished. One afternoon, to his great surprise, Ragada was informed that his mother had arrived at an adjoining village and wished to see him. He immediately went. When they parted, more

than twenty years before, he was a lad nine years old, and his mother was free from those marks of old age by which she is now distinguished. As might have been supposed, the mother knew not her son, and the son knew not his mother. She called him, however, by his name, and to that name he responded. The mystery was solved. It was her son. And, after so many years separation, they again embraced each other; but both, overcome by their feelings, fell to the ground. In her wild excitement, so characteristic of hindoo females, the old lady so beat her head on the ground that blood flowed from her self-inflicted wounds. "He had been dead, and was alive again; he had been lost, and was found." Fearing lest her friends should get to hear she remained with the heathen, but the next morning she came to Choga, and, on entering her son's house, embraced his wife and children. Her little grand-daughter she carried round the village, and visited every house. With all she saw she was much pleased, and remarked that the houses were like those occupied by the heathen, only much cleaner. She also visited the chapel and made inquiries about the pulpit. On being informed it was where the sahibs and others stood to preach, she expressed a desire to see a sahib, saying that no one had ever preached in her village. After remaining three days she returned home, but, before doing so, engaged to meet her son at a heathen festival which is held annually at Kopelas, a place some miles from Choga. To this festival her friends would permit her to go, whereas the probability is that they would not consent to her coming to Choga. Since her return our native brother received a message from her to the effect that, in a little while, she should pay him another visit. May the Lord dispose her heart to renounce heathenism, and with her long lost son, may she at last "be found in Christ."

W. HILL.

LETTER FROM THE REV.
W. MILLER.*Khundittur, September, 15, 1862.*

I ARRIVED here on the night of the 13th, and was thankful to find the dear native christians alive and well, notwithstanding the unprecedented and destructive inundation by which they have been recently visited, and have had their houses either totally destroyed or seriously injured. Before the water reached its highest point our friends had left the village and taken refuge in the mission bungalow. The removal was attended with considerable danger, as there was a great depth of water in some parts. The preacher and another man had to swim some distance in order to procure a boat, in which they conveyed the women and children from their houses to the bungalow. In the bungalow the fears of all were excited by the water continuing to rise until it was within an inch of the floor, which is raised several feet above the level of the surrounding land. Providentially at this moment the waters, which had been pent up by the Calcutta road in front of the village, found a sufficient outlet in the fall of a large and newly erected bridge. The danger was then over and our friends at once ascribed the preservation of their place of refuge and lives, under God, to this occurrence. So extensive and destructive an inundation of the rivers as this has proved, has not occurred before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of these parts. This morning I walked through the village to examine and ascertain the extent of the loss sustained by our people. The scene of ruin presented was quite distressing. Some of the houses are quite destroyed, others have their walls washed away, but the roofs, supported by the centre beams, are crushed up in the shape of a closed broken umbrella. The two end walls of the chapel are down, and the others are so injured that the whole must come down and be re-built. One or two of the farmers

have lost a quantity of grain and other articles, which they could not remove in time from their houses. The rice crops on the village land have not, I am thankful to say, suffered much. I doubt not we shall be able to raise in Cuttack among our friends the sum required to restore the village to its original state. I intend, on the strength of this, to leave in the hands of the native preacher a sum of money to advance for the materials needed, which can now be purchased at a reduced rate.

Yesterday, the Sabbath, was to myself and all here a very interesting day. After the morning prayer meeting a church meeting was held, and two young men, converts from heathenism, were unanimously received for baptism. One was Sadhu Barrecks, who renounced idolatry about three years ago. The testimony borne to his piety and consistent conduct was very satisfactory. You may be aware that this person has been unsuccessful in his efforts to get his wife to join him; instigated by her father and friends she refused, in the presence of the magistrate, to return to him, and went back to her father's house. This was a severe trial for poor Sadhu. The other candidate was Abhiram, a young man of the cloth merchant caste, who with his wife, renounced idolatry, and came to reside here some sixteen months ago. He can read and write well, and has a good knowledge of accounts. His course since he came among the christians has been all that could be desired, and the testimony borne by all to his Scriptural knowledge and piety was most encouraging. His wife, I am sorry to say, died rather suddenly a few months ago; though her sufferings were very severe, her mind was fixed on the Lord Jesus, and her end was peace.

At four o'clock p.m., nearly the whole of the native christian community and three hundred heathen were assembled in the shade of a beautiful tree on the banks of the

Kursua. After singing a baptismal hymn, I addressed the spectators on the nature and requirements of the christian religion, and exhorted all to examine and embrace it. Khombu having offered a very appropriate prayer, I went down into the water and immersed the candidates. On returning to the bungalow the Lord's Supper was administered, and the newly baptized were received into the church.

The Irrigation Company has brought some devoted and valuable friends to Cuttack, who are disposed to help with their purse as well as their prayers. When conversing with one of them, a few weeks ago, he said, "I and my wife have just been talking about subscribing to the Mission, and we have decided to give twenty-five rupees (£2 10s.) per month.

Foreign Letters Received.

BERHAMPORE.—Thos. Bailey, Sep. 16.
 —————W. Bailey, Sep. 15, 16.
 —————J. O. Goadby, Oct. 3.
 CUTTACK.—J. Buckley, Oct. 3.

CUTTACK.—W. Hill, Oct. 3.
 KHENDITTUR.—W. Miller, Sep. 15.
 PIPLEE.—G. Taylor, Oct. 1.

Contributions

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
 From October 20th to November 20th, 1862.

CLAYTON.			£ s. d.			NORWICH.		
Collections	3	4	0	Collected by Mrs. Peggs—	£ s. d.	...
COVENTRY.						Mrs. Cole	0 10 0
Public Collections	4	5	8½	Mr. J. O. Peggs	0 10 6
Sunday-school Children	0	2	1½	1 0 6		
Mrs. D. Liggins' box	0	0	8½	QUORNDON AND WOODHOUSE.		
Mr. R. Compton	0	10	6	Public Collections	6 14 7
Mrs. Liggins	0	3	8	Less expenses	0 4 6
Miss Middleton	0	4	0½	SHEEPSHED.		
			5	6	9¼	Public Collections	1 9 3
Less expenses	0	17	3	SHEFFIELD.		
LKKESTON.						Public Collections	11 16 5
T. Barber, Esq., Eastwood	1	0	0	Children's Contributions	..	3 7 7
E. West, Esq., Caversham	2	0	0	Joseph Wilson, Esq...	..	0 10 0
LEICESTER.						Mr. L. Hiller	1 0 0
A Friend for Special Fund,	per Rev. J. F. Winks	..	10	0	0	Mr. G. Hiller	0 10 0
Friar-lane.						Mr. J. Eberlin	0 5 0
Mrs. Case	1	0	0	17 9 0		
Ditto for Orphan	2	10	0	Less expenses	2 0 6
			3	10	0	TODMORDEN VALE.		
LONG WHATTON.						Rev. R. Ingham, Special	..	1 0 0
Boys' Bible Class Box, per	Mr. W. Wilkins	...	0	10	0	WIRKSWORTH AND SHUTTLE.		
MACCLESFIELD.						Public Collections	4 1 9
Public Collections	9	7	10	Shuttle ditto	1 8 3½
Less expenses	0	15	0	Jane Maskey's box	0 4 4½
BICENTENARY						5 14 5		
Beeston	2	7	4	Less expenses	0 6 4
Kirkby	0	15	0	COLLECTIONS.		
Lyndhurst	1	4	10	Mansfield	1 3 10
						Nottingham, Broad-street	..	4 10 0
						Sutterton	3 10 0

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Robert Pegg, Esq., Treasurer, Derby; and by the Rev. J. C. Pike, Secretary, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards may be obtained.