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

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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL,

AND
Christian Record ;

FOR
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Letter by the Late Mr. R. Barnes	23
A Bishop in a Garret	50
And Abundant Entrance	42
"An Hour Nearer Heaven than I thought for	71
"A Poor Sinful Creature"	113
A Thorn in the Flesh	151
A Word for Publishers and Authors	209
A Leaf from the Note-book of a Physi- cian	229
A Pattern for Christian Young Men	268
A Preaching Tour of 15,000 Miles in South Australia	87, 116
A Pattern for Preachers	313
A Remembrance of an Interview with a Brother Deacon	329
A Christian Drowned in Australa ...	370
Answer to Mr. Edwards	367
Brilliant Rays of Light and Truth ...	27
Blessed Moments	182
Churches in the West end	215
Cast Your Anchor Aloft, Mates	78, 146, 211

CHURCHES AT:—

Mr. John Bloomfield's Removal from London, 31; A visit to Bethany, 32; The Clay and the Potter, 33; Willenhall, Little London, 34; The Best Way to Build a New Tabernacle, 34; Mr. W. Crowther on the Death of Mr. John Poynder, 34; Who will go? 35; Barking road, Plaistow, 35; Hoxton, 35; To Good Ministers of Jesus Christ, 36; (Tring, 36; The History of Baptists, 36; Homerton, 36; A Preaching Tour of 15,000 Miles in South Australia, 46; Mr. Bloomfield's Farewell, 58; Surrey Tabernacle, 58; The Testimony to Mr. J. A. Jones, 58; A Letter from Mr. Abraham Howard of Birmingham, 60; Richmond, Surrey, 61; Willenhall, 62; Jubilee Meeting at Two Waters, Herts, 63; Midnight Meetings, 64; Aylesbury, 64; Dalston, 65; Irthlingborough, 65; Farnborough, Kent, 65; Braintree, 66; Sutton, 66 Colney Hatch, 66; Doncaster, 67; Strict Baptist Church, Southampton, 67, Lee, Kent, 67; Long Marston, 67; Model Prayer Meeting, 67; Mayford, 68; Peckham, 68; Birmingham, 64; Cheltenham, 68; Sturry, 68; Public Recognition of the Rev. John Bloomfield, at Bradford, 92; Bethnal Green, 93; New Brompton, 93; A Good Example, 94; Birmingham, 95; Mr. Charles Hill at Meard's Court, Soho, 97; Nottin-hill, 98; Pulpit Utterances, 99; Mr. Blake at Dalston, 99; "A Model Prayer Meeting," 100; The Church at Newport Pagnell, and Recognition of Mr. W. Ward, 125; Melbourne, Australia, 126; Chatham, 127; St. Luke's, 128; Islington, 129; The History and Present Prospects of Eld Lane Baptist Chapel, Colchester, 129; Clapham, 131; Bethnal Green, 131; Irthlingborough, 131; St. Neot's, Hauts, 131; Soho, 132; Bradford, 132; Camtridge Heath, 132; Woodford, Northampton, 132; Old Ford, 132; Homerton, 132; Good Friday at the Surrey Tabernacle 156; Artillery street Chapel, Bishopsgate street, 159; Colchester Chapel Case, 159; Suffolk, 160; The Late Benjamin Mason, 161; Messrs. Bloomfield and Anderson, 162; City Road, 162; Chatteris, Cambs, 163; Bermondsey, New road, 163; Woolwich, 163; Borough, 163; Homerton, 164; Mr. John Bloomfield at Bradford, 164; Norwich, 164; Notice 164; Hornsey Rise, 164; Woburn Green, 164; The late Mr. Edward

	PAGE
Warren, 164; A Walk in Cheltenham, 185; Soho Chapel, and Mr. Pells' Friends, 185; Bethnal Green and South Hackney Evangelical Missiou, 187; Dalston, 189; Broseley, Salop, 189; Houslow, 190; Blackheath, 191; Pastors Without Purses, 191; Mr. Wells' Visit to Newcastle-on-Tyne, 192; Clapham, 192; Gutteridge street, Hillingdon Heath, 193; Ateleade, 194; Irthlingboro', 194; Happy Meetings at Mendlesham, Suffolk, 194; Glemford, 194; Stepney, 193; Hope Chapel New schools, 195; Braintree, 195; Glemford, 195; Homerton, 196; Deal, 196; Plymouth, 196; Dalston, 196; Tring, 196; Foxcote, Gloucestershire, 196; Cheltenham, 196; A Plain Countryman's Visit to the Anniversary of the Suffolk and Norfolk Association of Baptist Churches, held at Laxfield, June 4th and 5th, 1867, 218; Seeking for Pardon, 220; Happy Services at Rye Lane, Peckham, 222; Mr. John Corbitt Defended, 224; West End, Chobham, 225; East Bergholt, 226; A Sunday at Knowl Hill, 227; Woburn Green, 227; Shambook Bells, 227; Newton Abbot Devonshire, 228; Orpington, Kent, 228; Stepney, 228; Southwark, 228; Broseley, Shropshire, 228; Particular Baptists and Strict Baptists, 252; Strict Communion, 252; Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, 254; Islington, 254; Sutton, Isle of Ely, 255; Norfolk, 255; Sible Hedingham, 255; Halifax, Nova Scotia, 256; Plymouth, 256; Asket, 257; Foxcote, Gloucestershire, 257; Woodford, Norths, 258; Knowl Hill, 258; Wimbledon, 258; Surrey Tabernacle, Waltham road, 259; Newport Pagnell, 260; Dalston, 260; Bexley Heath, 260; A Letter from a Soldier in the United States of America, 283; Unhappy Suicide of the late Mr. George Wright, 285; A Letter by Mr. Thomas Edwards, of Tunbridge Wells, 286; Lower Tooting, Surrey, 287; The British and Irish Home Missionary Society, 288; Waltham Abbey, 288; Devonport, 289; Irthlingborough, Baptist Chapel, 289; Kenninghall, Norfolk, 289; Mr. Kershaw, and the Deceased Ministers, 290; Ordination of Mr. Thomas Steed, 290; Hitchin Herts, 291; King's Langley, 291; Jireh Chapel, East Bergholt, 291; Presentation to Mr. William Stokes, 291; Ipswich, Bethesda Chapel, 292; Birmingham, 292; Newbury, 292; Brockhampton, Gloucestershire, 292; Stepney, 292; Coggeshall, 292; Second Anniversary of the Opening of the New Surrey Tabernacle, 316; Death of Mr. John Carr, 318; Anniversary of Brother Richard Smith's Chapel, on the Forest of Dean, Cooper's Hill, and Cheltenham, 313; Bath, 319; Appeal from Sydney, N. S. Wales, 320; East-n Road, 321; Myddelton Hall, Upper street, Islington, 322; A Good Day at Kingston-upon-Thames, 322; Heywood, near Rochdale, 323; Baptising by Mr. Thomas Pooock, at Ipswich, 323; Wimbledon, 323; East Bergholt, 323; Pimlico, 324; City Road, 324; Billingsborough, in Lincolnshire, 324; Death of Mr. J. Hamblin, 324; What is wanted in London, 324; Mr. John Bunyan's Cure, 345; The Inauguration of a Revival of the London Strict Baptist Churches, 345; Peckham, 346; Jireh Chapel, East road, London, 347; Harvest Thanksgiving Sermons, 348; Plymouth, 349; Boston, 349; M. Wilkins' First Anniversary at Soho Chapel, Oxford street, 350; Mr. George Wyard on the late J. Palmer, 350; London Itinerant Baptist Ministers' Association, 351; Sible Hedingham, 352; Clapham, 353; Clare, Suffolk, 353; Bath, 353; Kingsbridge Trinity Chapel, 354; Bigbury, Devon, 354; Totnes, 354; Treet, Somerset, 354; Hertford, 355; Hoxton, 355; Newton Abbott, 355; Cheering Note to our Esteemed Brother Milton, 356; The late Mrs. Taylor, 356; Striking Sentence for Ministers, 356;	

	PAGE.		PAGE
Doctor Hawker and the Apostle Paul	23	Thou shalt know Hereafter	51
David's House and Key	75	"I am the Lord, I Change not"	74
Delightful Employment	242	Original Pastorals	74
Deep Distress and Deliverance	152	A Hymn	184
Death of Mr. George Abrahams	357	To the Blessed Spirit	215
Exposition of Psalm lxx.	26	The Penitent's Prayer	278
"	lxxxiv. ... 85	The Lord of the Harvest	299
"	lxxvii. 1—10... 150	Thoughts suggested by the Presen- tation Watch	373
"	lxvii. 1—8 ... 214	One Year Nearer Home	374
" Gal. i. 1—12 ... 243		To the Memory of the Late Mr. John Carr	330
" Jer. xxxi. 6—11 ... 277		On the Death of Rev. W. Parks	338
" Micah ii. 7—13 ... 309		In Memory of Mr. John Saxby	339
Extracts from Mr. Pells' Sermons	313	Reflections by a Young Christian	154
From Calvary to Jordan	135	Responsibility	238
Full Satisfaction in Prospect	293	Recollections and Repose	251
Four Sons Dead in One Day 9, 47, 80, 108, 148, 172, 202,	275	Sudden Death	14
Grace and Glory—What are they? 5, 37, 83		Scripture Illustrations	140
How I became a Preacher of Christ's Gospel	77	Signs of Ho'y Life	138
"He is able to Save unto the Utter- most"	240	Signs of Holy Life	181
Heaven's Four Great Powers in the Salvation of the Soul	306	"Safe! Safe! Safe!"	207
Heaven's Cure for Adam's Sick Sons	340	Strictures on "N. L."	279
Heaven Secured to the Believer in Christ	261	Surrounded by Special Providences	122
"I was brought Low"	55	Solemn Question in Death	332
In Memoriam	91	The Death of an Aged Pilgrim	331
Letters from the Heart 114, 145, 200, 250, 314		The Late Rector of Openshaw	331
Lying on Jesus' Bosom	54	"The Morning Star," and What they Say	335
Letter from Samuel Cozens	363	The Great Rock of Offence	337
My Work and My Authority	17	The Relative Characters of Christ	11
My Brother's Birth-day Letter	155	The late Mrs. J. J. Waite	106
My Soul is full of Troubles	179	The Church between Two Bridges	55
"My Medicine is Bitter, but Christ is Sweet!"	249	The Hunchback Crossing-Sweeper's Conversion and Death	69
Memorials of Departed Saints	104	The Death of Mr. William Palmer	300
" Friends	325	The Three Graves Outside the Church	247
Memoir of Mrs. Elizabeth Turner	364	The Saviour's Cup	270
Mr. R. Wheeler's Experience, and Thoughts of Chastisement	296	The Sound of the Great Trumpet	177
Mr. John Kershaw again at Zoar	168	The Gigantic Powers of Sin	197, 232
Mrs. Prothero's Daughter	249	The Good Man in Life—The Happy Man Death	115
Mrs. Ingalls, of the Baptist Burmah Mission, among the Buddhist Priests	205	The Deliverance and Death of Mrs. John Adams of Folkestone	123
New Books 28, 154, 183, 281, 315, 341, 371		The Church in Madagascar Passing through its Baptism of Fire	133
One taken, the other left	52	The Cross of Christ	153
Our Free Grace Photographic Gallery	54	The Four Anchors: or, Wishing for Day	165
Our Troubles and Sorrows	273	The Experience of a Young Minister of the Gospel	212
On Church Membership	279	Thoughts on the Resurrection	174
Photographic Gallery of Gospel Minis- tration	79	"This is My Beloved"	112
ters	141	The Experience of Mrs. Pearson	369
POETRY:—		"Up and Doing—for Christ's Sake"	280
The Rock of Israel Spake to Me	22	"Unto Him that Loved Us"	359
The Cry of Many	28	Visit to Yarmouth	311
Winter in the Soul	51	Words for Faithful Watchmen	53
The Travail of the Soul from Despon- dency to a Happy Deliverance	361	What He hath done for my Soul	101
		What is the Millennium, and How cometh It?	235
		What Cup was it Christ Prayed might Pass from Him	245
		"Write Ichabod Everywhere!"	282

THE EARTHEN VESSEL,

AND

Christian Record.

Grace and Glory:—What are They?

A BRIEF CONSIDERATION OF

THE SEVEN HELPS OF HEAVEN, WHEREWITH A WANDERING
ISRAELITE RETURNED UNTO GOD.

“ Sure as God is living,
The storm is drawing nigh ;
The warning still is giving ;
The millions pass it by.
To Scripture I'm appealing,
THE TRUTH is there contain'd,
It needs no human sealing,
Its Author is unfeign'd.
“ This storm of heaven's sending
Will come as in the night,
When Christ the Lord descending
Shall all His foes affright :

“ The heaven and earth all flaming,
Away will quickly pass,
And all creation's framing
Will be one flaming mass.
“ THEN—every true believer,
Whose safety is of grace.
Shall be WITH CHRIST FOR EVER,
And see HIM face to face,
His Church, for heaven fitted,
Shall enter at the door ;
No more shall be admitted,
For “ Time shall be no more ! ”

KIND READERS OF THIS “ EARTHEN VESSEL ”—in commencing the twenty-third volume of this wide-spreading monthly—in entering upon the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-seven, I feel the responsibility and solemnity of my work more than ever ; because I cannot divest my mind of the stern conviction that there is an approaching reality in the facts expressed in the lines which I have quoted above, and which, on sitting down to pen this brief address to you, caught my eye, and sunk down my soul almost to sadness as I read them in the November number of *The Gospel Magazine* ; and in printing them here I pray God to bless the perusal of them unto many thousands : for, certainly these are not times for trifling, or thinking lightly of the awful and fast-approaching fulfilment of many of the most important portions of the word of God : much less doth it become us to be carried away with the extravagant speculations, or mere literal predictions which meet us on every hand. Three things appear to me to be of more value than all the writings and anticipations of the wisest of men which the world can produce.

The first thing is, to have THE WORD OF GOD, as Jeremiah con-

fessed before the LORD he had it. He says, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart,—for I am called by Thy name, O Lord God of Hosts." For many years, Christian friends, this one thing has been my stay—my strength—my salvation—my comfort—my secret and holy pleasure, and the main-spring of my ministry; the word of the Lord has been found (dropping in my soul) and I have ate it, and it has carried me into the closest communion with the Lord God; and it has enabled me to stand in the ministry with authority, with liberty, and with some usefulness to seeking and sorrowing hearts. Seek ye, to have, and to hold fast by then, the good word of God.

The second invaluable blessing is to have that which is written of the Witnesses in Revelation xi: "The Spirit of Life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet." We are all dependent upon the incomings, shinings, revealings, and teachings of the blessed SPIRIT OF GOD, if, indeed, we are the quickened and Spirit-born children of God. Without His unction and power, we nothing good can do; but with His gracious and sacred enlightenings we shall be wiser than all the carnal and naturally-gifted teachers in Christendom. To have the SPIRIT—to be led of the SPIRIT—to know His teachings and His power are privileges great indeed!

Then, of course, the third result of all this will be an experience of the love of God in the heart, making it honest and hearty, and humble in His sight and in His service: an experience of the sin-subduing and sin-forgiving blood of the Passover LAMB, and an experience of the convicting and converting grace of the HOLY SPIRIT in our souls from day to day. With these things we are safe, whatever may come.

With Paul I would say—if God will condescend still to spare and use me as His instrument in any measure,—“I will very gladly spend and be spent for your souls—(as the margin says)—“Though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved.” Be it so—if God see best.

There are three sentences which have taken fast hold of me in opening this part of my work for you. They are in Hosea's prophecy, chapter thirteen, verses nine and ten, and read thus,—

“O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself;

“BUT IN ME IS THINE HELP:”

“I WILL BE THY KING!”

If the whole of the Divine revelation concerning man in the fall—A TRIUNE GOD in the covenant of grace—and the ultimate mutual glory of CHRIST and the Church, I say, if the whole of the two-fold mystery is not comprehended in these three lines, then I have not received the true knowledge of the Scriptures; nor have I that wisdom which maketh wise unto salvation. But with confidence I presume to call attention to these words, in these times,—because they are expressive of the three general conditions in which the redeemed Church of Christ has been—is—and will be found—as the Holy Ghost again and again declares,

In the Bible there are, as it were

THREE FAITHFULLY REFLECTING MIRRORS.

In the first place—if the SPIRIT OF THE LIVING GOD be your Teacher, you may see the whole family of Adam in the depths of darkness—in

the destruction and misery of the fall. And over the top of this first mirror the terrible words are written—"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God!" So that whatever may be said of "the redemptive quality and property in man after the fall, by the cultivation of which he may recover himself, and beginning to return to his Maker, the Lord will meet him, and help him, and save him:" whatever gloss may be put upon this most false but popular sand-bank of free-willism, it is to be discarded as one of the most dangerous stepping-stones down to perdition that ever was laid by Satanic ingenuity and power. If anything was required to prove the entire ruin of man in the fall, it is surely realised by the regenerated believer in CHRIST,—who, after grace has done great things for him, finds a law in his members warring against the law in his mind, bringing him into captivity to the law of sin and death.

And if the question be asked—To what extent is it possible for this law of sin in the members to carry any of the Israel of God? then Hosea's revelation comes in with the answer: for this prophet actually opens a scene before us, wherein, as we may almost say—not irreverently, but as speaking after the manner of men—here is God weeping over the cavern and captivity into which Israel has fallen, and exclaiming with an intensity which no words of ours can fully explain, "Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself!" Mark you, it is not Ephraim only—it is not Judah merely—it is not the external *professing* Israelite simply—nay, it is God's Israel, over whom the lamentation is made—Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself"—thou hast done it thyself!

Murmuring against God, unbelief, and idolatry, brought the tribes of Israel into a civil, a national, and a spiritual ruin; and had there not existed a previous covenant—had there not been a Covenanted and Substitutionary Head and Hiding-place—the destruction must have been for ever,—without remedy—without recovery—without help, hope, or salvation of any kind.

Ah! brethren, how many of us, like ancient Israel, have destroyed ourselves! Our spiritual comforts; our peace of conscience; our usefulness in Zion; our position in the world; our unity with the saints; our fellowship with the Saviour; our joys in the Holy Ghost; our prospects, our possessions, yea, our all, in every sense, in many cases, has been destroyed. And like the broken and crushed vessel which has been wrecked, and torn asunder by the waves and the winds, we have laid a wretched spectacle to angels, and devils, and men! The cup of despair has been presented to us by the foul adversary of souls, and although we have not been permitted to drink enough of the deadly poison to sink us finally into perdition, we have tasted enough of it to understand something of the fearful cries of David, of Heman, of Job, and of even Jonah, when he said, "Out of the belly of hell cried I, for thou hadst cast me into the deeps; into the midst of the seas; I went down to the bottoms of the mountains, and my soul fainted within me." How boundless the mercy! God gave him grace to look again, to cry again: that look was not disdained; that cry was not unheeded; for the Lord brought him from even the deepest misery, to shout aloud, "Salvation is of the Lord!"

I have felt thankful unto the God of my mercies, for three things. First, because, immediately after the Lord has said, "O, Israel thou hast destroyed thyself," he adds as in the same breath, lest Israel die in

despair, "But, in ME, is thine help." Secondly, because the Lord has proved that although vain is the help of man, yet, He is the all-sufficient help of His people; and, thirdly, because, seeing we are so weak, and so foolish, the Lord determines to glorify Himself in our eternal and complete salvation, and therefore, carrying His thoughts and purposes and promises, right into the Glory World, where neither the sense nor sound of destruction can ever enter, He adds unto all the rest, "I WILL BE THY KING!" The full interpretation of which I have found in the metaphors employed in the Canticles of which, as yet, I cannot write. That, I hope, will be in its place.

Brethren, at the commencement of another year, we expect we shall have some long, and dry, and hard, and logical, and college-learned addresses by the editors of our magazines; some of whom will be reprobating every body, but their own most excellent community; others will be writing their borrowed essays respecting the necessity of preaching Christ and his cross. Not a few will be prophesying of solemn things, shortly about to transpire; and many will be exhorting us all to do good, and to be good, and to get good, and thus prepare to meet the Lord.

Brethren—we will not dispute the sincerity of any of these annual admonitors. We have our commission. We believe, in the Churches of Christ now upon the earth, and in the world at large, there are thousands of the vessels of mercy who are so deeply wounded, so fearfully bruised, so seriously afflicted, so fast bound in captivity, so much under the influence of the sentence of death in themselves, that it is not one minister in a thousand that is of any use to them; nor is there one book out of a million that conveys one drop of consolation to their hungry and thirsty souls. Much as I may expose myself to the ridicule and contempt of the plausible, the penetrating, the clear-headed, and hard-hearted hosts which thrust themselves into our churches, I will not fear to write down this one thing, that my deepest desire, my largest aim, my most constant purpose, is, under God, and as an instrument in his hands, to be (unto the poor sin-sick souls in the secret hospitals of our Zion), that very character of which Elihu spake to Job, who, when discoursing upon the heavy afflictions endured by those who know they have destroyed themselves, he said, "If there be an interpreter with him one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness, then He is gracious unto him;" and his recovery is certain. If the Lord has still any work of this kind for me to do, none will be more willing than myself, still to be found in the humble huts which stand close on the edge of the battle-field, and into which they often bring the blind, the halt, the maimed, and the half-dead, and if the Lord himself will give me the power to convey to them any of the healing medicines His kind hand provides, I will, as ever, rejoice to see the lame man leap like a hart, and to hear the tongue of the dumb to sing, and to our GLORIOUS HEALER'S NAME, I all the praise will give. I am still the living witness of God's free, unmerited, and undying grace. He speaks in me, He works by me, although my measure of usefulness may appear to be small, and my position somewhat obscure. Blessed be His holy name, He is my portion, and with such a treasure, I desire to be most gratefully content.

I think I envy no man, let his influence be what it may. Nor would I for one moment, desire to stand in the place of any man now

living on the face of the earth. "God has set the members every one of them in the body as it hath pleased Him." Whether all the great men and the little men of the day are members in the body or not, is not mine to determine. I am called upon to be faithful to the commission given me, and to be found in faithfulness is my most hearty prayer.

Here, of dire necessity I find I must defer the seven helps until February, and the other two mirrors. To this, if I may be permitted, I pledge myself, in the fear of the Lord, and subscribe myself still to be an anxious and unworthy servant in the Church.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

1, Portland Terrace, Victoria Park Road,
South Hackney, Dec. 24, 1866.

Four Sons Dead in One Day.

A SHORT PAPER ON
THE PRIVILEGES, TRIALS, AND TRIUMPHS OF THE
CHRISTIAN FAITH.

"Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will."

It was one Saturday night in November,—ah ! I remember well, it was the same Saturday evening which belonged to that morning when I officiated at the marriage of a noble-looking and very honourable farmer, and his most handsome bride—(a sight on earth more pleasing, a service of the kind more solemn, never passed before the sight and sense of my mind). The church wherein this ceremony was performed, too, was singularly chaste, most excellently arranged, and fitted up so thoroughly comfortable and substantial, so lofty and so spacious, I could not but admire it. It is called, "Trinity Free Church," and belongs to a man of earnest devotion, of high principle ; one that fears God above many. He was an ordained priest of the Church of England, as they call them ; but his conscience would not allow him to read all, and do all, and believe all, and teach all which the "Common Prayer Book" demands ; so he sacrificed all his interests, all his prospects, and nearly all his connections in the Church of England, and came out. Not like Mr. Philpot, or Mr. Tryon, or the late Mr. Tiptaft ; not as Baptist Noel, and others of whom we might write, who left Church, Prayer book, surplices, gowns, christening, organ, bells, belfry, font, fees, churchings, church-goings, chants, church-wardens, and all the other antiquities thereto belonging, and joined themselves unto that sect which is everywhere spoken against. No, this gentleman renounced his position and prospects in the Church of England ; but he retains part of her litany and some of her liturgy. He has no bell or belfry ; but he has organ, Prayer book, clerk, reading-curate, chanting, communion table, and many other little things, which might almost make some think they were still in the National church ; while others might wonder where they were got to ; for he told me himself, that he had three services, and

at one of them he preached in his surplice, at another he preached in his gown, and at another he simply stood up in his black coat. "The Popery the people talk of," said this spirited minister, "is neither in the dress, nor in the church, it is in the false doctrines; it is there where the devil blinds and deceives the people." And it is amazing how deluded even those people are, who make great professions of the Gospel. Why, an enlightened mind can scarcely credit one half of what we are obliged to hear, and see, and know in these days of "genteelly returning back to Romanism." Here is an instance: close beside, or near unto this "Trinity Free Church of England" stands another called "The Congregational Church;" and a grand building it is. Its tower and spire reacheth high up toward the heavens, and its whole exterior and interior is of the highest order. Every stranger would decidedly conclude it was "A district church." Its minister wears his beautiful gown, and on special occasions, he takes numerous little lovely infants into his arms, and sprinkles, and christens them, and thereby initiates them into the Christian church; the dear mothers and tender nurses feeling assured as they take them from that ceremony, that their babies are now in a much safer and holier position than they were before. But an old minister's wife asked one of these ladies who was so highly delighted with the "amiable appearance" of this Congregational clergyman, and so enamoured with the graceful style in which he held and sprinkled the darlings, that made some fear she thought much more of the sweet clergyman than she did of "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." To this lady of all ladies, the old minister's wife said, "I do not believe those christening services have any foundation or authority in the Word of God; no, none whatever;" which startling assertion to the half-blinded devotee, appeared too shocking to be received in any other way than by a flirt, and a flying from the scene of discussion. A discussion I will not enter upon any further now, for it is futile and mischievous; and we live in days when the sprinkling of infants is more than ever popular, while the disposition to despise those ministers and churches who abide by the plain New Testament order, grows stronger on every hand; and the Open-communion medium is, in tens of thousands of cases, most highly appreciated.

The Saturday morning, the Saturday evening, and the Sabbath which followed, were seasons to be cherished in sacred remembrance for long time to come. As I stood by the communion table, as they call it, in that church, I saw the procession approach, and in the face of the bride, I saw the strong features of the deceased father re-engraved by Nature's powerful hand so correctly, that the sight touched my heart; and for a moment threatened to prevent my proceeding with the service; but, while all stood silently waiting for the commencement of a service in every way interesting and solemn, I said, "Let us ask God for His presence and blessing;" and by opening my heart and my mouth before the Lord, I recovered my strength; but, truly, I felt, "The memory of the just is blessed;" and when we see the holy and happy features of the departed parent raised up again in the blooming offspring; the sight to sensitive spirits is grateful and good. That father to whom I refer, was a man of God indeed. He was a kind of Elijah over again. He believed firmly all the doctrines of Divine Grace; he prayed unto his heavenly Father fervently and frequently; he lived a life of faith upon

the Son of God; and, without prejudice, or undue exaltation of the creature, I may say, he walked in all the ordinances of the Lord's house blameless. His children revere his memory, and deeply mourn his loss unto this day.

He had set his house in order. He had gradually retired from the world. He had reached a ripeness of age, yet none expected his end; but one Christmas-day, in driving some of his children out, the horse fled away, the fright touched his heart, in his own little chariot he fell back, and breathed his last; in a moment, it was "absent from the body, and present with the Lord,"—and here I pause.

The Relative Characters of Christ.

"Thou art the Christ."—Matt. xvi. 16.

WHAT a statement for sinful man to make! how unlike the language of flesh and blood! surely it is the utterance of a lesson taught by the great Teacher, and learned by a highly favoured scholar. Yes, this is true; for Christ says of the man who speaks such a glorious confession, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven." Hence, if you from your heart can give expression to this distinguished acknowledgment of the Sent of God, who was and (to such as are in nature's darkness) still is "as a root out of a dry ground, he hath no form nor comeliness," it must be by the revelation of the Spirit of all Truth; for "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost."—1 Cor. xii. 3. See also 1 John iv. 15. Nor can I write or you read of so sublime a character with true pleasure and profit, but by the same Agency.

The subject is placed before us by the evangelist Matthew in a most interesting form, chap. xvi. 13th to 20th verse, and shews to us the world's carnal and unsettled, as well as the believer's spiritual and established view of Christ,—*"Thou art the Christ."*

What a beautiful fulfilment does this confession give to us of Isaiah's words, when in his prophetic language he says, "My people shall know my name;" and this has ever been the sweet experience of those of whom it so clearly speaks. They have known its meaning, felt its power, rejoiced in its efficacy, realised its preciousness, and often have sung of its value and life-giving power in the words,

"Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace."

Let our thoughts now dwell upon some points in relation to the Christ of God, the true Messiah, as he stands in relation to His people.

I.—*As the anointed Corner Stone*; or as Isaiah directs our attention to the great truth that Christ was set apart to this sacred position, in those beautiful words, "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation!" On which all that the believer is or has, which is of real worth, must rest every grace, must spring from and rest on the immovable Rock. This

precious Corner Stone unites and bears the whole weight of the vast and eternal building to which His Church is compared. This Foundation is laid deep in the purposes of Divine grace and God's everlasting love; and that one sentence just quoted, "Behold, *I lay in Zion* for a foundation a Tried Stone," is indeed sufficient. What higher authority can we have than this, and this alone is *the* "Foundation?" Every other must fail, with all that is built thereon, in the solemn morning when God's word shall speak their destruction; but not *one* on this Living Stone shall ever be ashamed. When every false hope shall become a complete wreck, and the candle of the wicked be put out, this Foundation, with all the spiritual polished stones placed on it shall stand in everlasting security, "and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

II.—As the anointed Head. Christ is the Head of the Church. Here is another precious truth which the Word that cannot pass away gives us concerning Him who is the Head of the body, the Church, Col. i. 18. Strike thy harp afresh to celebrate this marvellous name:

"Is He the Head each member lives,
And owns the vital power He gives?"

Let this be our motto—No Headship for the Church but Christ. Whoso owns another, has not this; who has not this, has not Christ; who has not Christ, must perish. The government shall be upon His shoulders; and none but Him, who is the Anointed One, can rule in or for His Church. Who dares rob God by giving to any creature the power which only belongs to Him? He is the Righteousness, the Peace, the Joy, the Love, the Light, the Life; and all we have of these must be through Him, who is all this to His people. As the Head He has all knowledge, so that all we are, and have, as well as all we need, is known to Him. Can any of His members in their persons or necessities be overlooked by Him? As the Head He feels for and with each member; yea, so close is the sympathy and interest between the Head Christ and the body the Church, that "thus saith the Lord, he that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye." As the Head He dwells in the high and holy place, the palace of the great King; so also must we: He is with His people now, according to His own promise,—"*Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!*" but we shall dwell with Him in His own mansion: for "*I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also; so shall we ever be with the Lord.*"

III.—As the anointed Redeemer and Resurrection. Oh, precious pair of special offices, given to the Christ of God, who has richly filled and fulfilled them both in Himself and for His Church. As Redeemer, both prophets and apostles, Old and New Testament saints speak of Him. Job, in spiritual exaltation, rejoiced when he said, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*" Isaiah also, "*As for our Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts is His name, the Holy One of Israel.*" So the highly favoured among women sang, "*My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.*" Again, that great apostle of the Gentiles did say, "*Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.*" Gal. iii., 13. Is not this the fulness of redemption? and will not this constitute the glorious song of the redeemed when the ransomed of the Lord shall be brought home, the whole Church shall join in that grand chorus which shall swell the anthem of praise to our Redeemer? "*For thou wast slain,*

and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." And is not a knowledge of this in relation to us the spring of our joy, peace, and love even now? As our Resurrection we view Christ as the confirmation of all our hopes and expectations; but for this our Redeemer, redemption and hopes, however sanguine, must have been for ever buried in the same sepulchre. "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." Therefore are our hopes gladness, and our redemption everlastingly secure. Thus, Christ's own words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," assure every believer in Jesus of his personal resurrection to eternal life.

Doubtless you with myself have looked into the cold, dark grave with its narrow earthen floor, and rough mud walls, and asked the startling question, Must I lie here? Yes, you and the noblest earth's sons can share but little better; but the humblest, the poorest member of the redeemed family may rejoice in this, that his Saviour is the Resurrection, and that as his forrunner Christ Jesus rose at the appointed day; so at the appointed moment shall he also rise and reign with Him in endless day.

IV.—As Intercessor. See this glorious part of the great work assigned to the Christ referred to in Isa. liii, 12, and lix, 16, and then rejoice that as your Intercessor He ever lives to make intercession. Did He not nobly begin this work on earth? O listen to His earnest cry for His people in that remarkable chapter, the 17th of John, and select from it those golden sentences in reference to them: "*I pray for them: Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me. I pray that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil. Sanctify them through Thy truth. Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory.*" Again, on the cross hear Him with strong crying to Him who always heard: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And if so earnest then, is it less now? May we not say in reference to this, if when we were enemies He pleaded thus, much more being reconciled will He not carry on for them those pleadings in Heaven? O yes, "He ever liveth to make intercession for us;" and as He loved us even unto the death, so now He loves to intercede for us in heaven. Has not that cry uttered on the cross, "*Father, forgive them,*" been echoed in heaven on behalf of His wanderers below? And is not that same sentence,—"*I pray that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil,*" used on behalf of His children as they travel through and are exposed to the temptations of the world, sin and Satan? may we we not sing,

"Still He remembers Calvary,
Nor lets His saints forget."

V.—"I (said Christ) am the good Shepherd," not only pleading up there, where all is pure and happy, but as a *Shepherd* guiding down here, where sin and dangers beset on every hand,—pouring out a loving heart there for His erring ones who are still in the wilderness; imparting wisdom, mercy, and goodness down here to instruct, lead, and provide for them as they ever require; and it is when this is known by Christ's sheep that they can sing,

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

The great Shepherd knows His sheep, and is known of His ; they know His voice, and follow Him ; they know His love, and feast on it ; they desire to know His way, His will, His work. And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, they shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Happy the man who by the teachings of this wise Shepherd can say, "Thou shalt guide me by Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory." No foes, no dangers, no paths, nor wants to which such are subject, but are known to Him who is their Shepherd, and who will lead them in "paths of righteousness for His name's sake." Note one short question, Is the Lord thy Shepherd? If so, take one last point for your special comfort.

VI. Christ your triumph,—your Conqueror and Conquest is the Christ of God. Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous ; be of good cheer, ye followers of the Lamb, for He hath "overcome the world." God has set His Son on His holy hill, and there will He reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet ; and that complete conquest includes that of all His followers. His enemies and theirs are one army, against which the spiritual host are marching, with Christ the Messiah leading them on, the King Himself heading all His troops, and in the exercise of His infinite wisdom cheering on His loving people, saying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of glory." Mighty King, who among Thy blessed host can be conquered whilst Thou art with them?

"A feeble saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way."

A complete victory is before thee ; not such as some great warriors have won, mixed with much disappointment and loss. Not one unconquered rebel, not a single unsubdued thought, not a sinful desire, not one lofty look—*all, all* shall be brought down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day ; and each and every one of His exalted with Him. Everything that is the cause of pain and sorrow *lost* ; in the conflict everything giving peace, and joy, and unmixed happiness, *gained*,—and that for ever.

Banbridge.

S. J. B.

Sudden Death.

THE PROVIDENCE AND THE GRACE OF GOD are so tenderly and beautifully delineated in the *Memoir of the late Benjamin Tatham*, by his widow, that we can heartily recommend it. Mr. Tatham's life was one singularly marked by special manifestations of mercy, and his settlement as minister of the Gospel at Eastbourne, it was hoped would have been a long and happy one. He had, however, scarcely become planted there before an unexpected and brief illness carried him away from all that was dear to him on earth, to all that was ten thousand times dearer to him in heaven.

His death-bed scene is given in a few words. They had just removed into a new house ; of which, and the subsequent events leading to his death, Mrs. Tatham says :—

"We removed to Ceylon place in February, and I think I never saw

him in such a sweet spirit ; everything was right ; he appeared well both in soul and body. About a week after we had entered our new habitation, we thought we should like to invite a few friends for an evening to join with us in thanking the Lord for His manifold mercies, and to ask Him for His blessing to rest upon us for the future ; and I think all that were present could testify the Lord was with us, and my dear husband spoke of it several times afterwards. He continued well until the 21st of March, when he complained of a slight cold. On the following evening he was very happy in his own soul while preaching, and was heard very sweetly by several friends ; one dear woman said to me after service, "I do believe, but I cannot lay hold." It appeared she had her feelings traced out, but wanted the application, which the Lord saw fit to withhold from her at the time. After my husband left the chapel, he complained of the cold, and walked home very fast. On reaching the house he went in, and drew up to the fire, remarking, "How nice to have such a comfortable home ;" and added, with tears, "How good the Lord has been to us." The next day, Friday, he was out collecting for the chapel fund, and on Saturday morning he went to visit some of the poor amongst us ; the remainder of the day (as was usual) he spent in his study. On Sunday the 25th he was better from his cold ; in fact, I never saw him look better, and he was very cheerful and comfortable through the day. He preached from the 118th Psalm, 14th verse, "The Lord is my strength and my song, and He is become my salvation." The word that day was very much blessed. Several friends remarked how much favoured he was in speaking, and he appeared so fully to enjoy in his own soul the substance of his text. It was the quarterly collection, and his people manifested their love indeed ; for they gave him a better collection than he had ever received. He said after the service, "I do think the dear people love me more and more." He was very tired, and after supper lay down for half an hour before reading and prayer. On Monday he was 'out, and caught a fresh cold, and at night was very poorly. Tuesday morning he was not so well ; his cold tried his head very much, but he was very comfortable, and entered freely into conversation with a friend who called. He left the house to give a man instructions as to his gardening, saying he should "soon come back, and remain indoors by the fire all day." At eleven o'clock I made him some cocoa, which he enjoyed ; and employed himself during the day getting the school-books ready for the children's prizes. He enjoyed his dinner of mutton and carrot so much that I feared he had taken too freely of the latter, and mentioned it ; but he replied, "It was so very nice." He was very happy all day, and in the afternoon we had some nice conversation on the things of God. He spoke of the goodness of the Lord to us, and how He had led and guided us, bringing us together out of our families, as there was not one on either side we could talk to upon the best things ; remarked, he "believed the Lord intended the children of God to be our brothers and sisters ;" and added, "If either of us are laid aside by affliction" (as I was far from being well), "we cannot but see the Lord's hand in bringing us to this house." As he complained of pain at tea time, I gave him a little brandy, which eased him, and he sat very quiet all the evening, until he left the room to pay a man for chopping some wood, when he felt the pain coming on again, and, returning, said he "feared the cold had caught him." I

again gave him some brandy, which relieved him. At half-past eight he read the 38th Psalm, and was very much helped in prayer. I gave him gruel with brandy and honey in it for his supper, put his feet in hot water and mustard, and warmed his bed. As he laid down, he observed, "How nice to have such a comfortable bed when one is tired!" I immediately retired to rest, but had not been in bed more than ten minutes, when he cried out, "Oh dear, the pain is coming on again, what shall I do?" I gave him more brandy, but it did not relieve him this time. I made a bran poultice, and while doing so, heard him retching, and ran up stairs; he had thrown up some carrot, and said he felt very ill. I advised sending for the doctor; but he said, "No, I shall be better soon." However, I called our servant, and sent her to the doctor's, but some time elapsed before he came, during which my poor dear husband felt very sick, but could bring nothing off his stomach. He asked for mustard and water, which caused him to vomit again, and said, "The pain is removed to the left side, I shall be better soon; come close to me, and let me catch hold of you." I did so, and he squeezed me very hard twice. I asked him if that eased him. "Not much," was his reply; but I don't think he thought his end was near. The doctor then came, and examined him very closely, inquired what he had taken, and said I could not have done better; adding he "would take the servant back with him, and send some medicine, hoping he would be better in the morning." He directed me to put on the poultice, which I at once made ready, but delayed putting it on, fearing it was too hot. My dear husband said, "Put it on, I can bear anything." I had just done so, and was covering the bedclothes over him, when he lifted up both his hands, and screamed out, dropping his hand on the bed. I cried, "Oh, my dear husband, don't do so, you frighten me." Thinking he had fainted, I got water and washed his face, and applied vinegar to his head; one of his eyes kept moving, and his tongue moved. I begged him to speak to me, and said, "Do look at me!" but he gave three deep sighs, and then I heard the rattles in his throat. O the agony of my feelings! I knew he was gone. My poor heart felt hard. I cried, "O Lord, my heart is hard; my husband is dead, what shall I do?" The Lord enabled me to cry, and I said, "Lord, help me! Lord, support me! Lord, strengthen me!" And, while leaning over the body of my dear departed husband, the Lord enabled me to commit myself into His dear hands—and He has been my help, my strength, and my support. Oh, how good and gracious has He been to one of the unworthiest of His children!

David, when penning the Psalms, was moved by an internal teaching; and while speaking his own experience, set forth the sufferings, glory, and majesty of Jesus Christ, and also the experience of all true Christians in all ages.

Christian, lean on the promise of Him that can help, and not on man, or thy God will let down that prop.

Christians don't like to live in Lapland or Iceland, they want to be in a warmer climate.

All for whom Christ died, shall enjoy the saving benefits of his death. He accepts nothing of us, who is author of all. Christian: art thou afraid of thy Judge? consider who he is, viz., Christ, to whom the Father has committed all judgment; can He damn thee, who has redeemed thee by His death, for whom he offered Himself, and whose eternal life He knows to be the reward of His death? Would He not say, what profit is there in my blood, if I condemn him whom I have died to save?

My Work and My Authority.

A REVIEW OF THE CONVERSION, MINISTERIAL LEADINGS, AND FAITH OF MR. JOSEPH WILKINS, PASTOR OF THE CHURCH MEETING AT SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EARTHEN VESSEL.]

It is not wise too much to dwell on the past ; either on past prosperity, or past adversity : each has his work to do and then go hence. Mr. John Pells, the predecessor of Mr. Wilkins, though short his ministerial career, was in some respects successful. He rapidly gathered together a people, many of whom, from various causes, have been scattered since his lamentable death. We venture, however, to congratulate the people of Soho, on their choice of their present pastor, Mr. J. Wilkins, whose recognition it is now our duty to lay before our readers.

On the previous Sabbath, Dec. 16th, Mr Wilkins preached in the morning from Zechariah vi. 13, " Even HE shall build the temple of the Lord, and HE shall bear the glory," dwelling chiefly on the glory of Christ in the Church, under the figure of a temple. In the evening from Genesis xlix. 10, " And unto Him shall the gathering of the people be ;" when the subject was Christ as the great object of attraction.

On Monday, the people met in the chapel for special prayer, when the attendance was remarkably good ; a holy and fervent spirit of prayer evidently pervaded the meeting, the brethren earnestly seeking a special blessing on the coming day.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. John Foreman delivered a discourse on Eph. iv. 3, " Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit." Before entering on his discourse, he expressed his heartfelt pleasure in meeting the friends, and his brother Wilkins, on that occasion, which he hoped would be a blessing to many souls for years to come. He was privileged to call the Soho people his old friends, he having preached for them as far back as 1825 in the old chapel. They had continued on the best of terms ; he had travelled many miles, and often preached with his late friend, and one of their former pastors, Mr. Comb. In Soho they had as much peace as most places, and they still abided by the truth. When he first went to Mount Zion he preached from, " O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity." He hoped this blessing would be realized on his brother whose settlement they were about to celebrate.

Mr. Foreman then made some allusion to the text : FIRST, on the unity of the Spirit ; SECOND on the exhortation, " Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit." The sermon was not without thought and savour.

Tea was provided in the chapel, which was QUITE FULL, and over 100 had to take tea in the school room in addition. After tea, the chapel became crowded in every part, and much interest was evinced in the proceedings. Among the brethren present, were Messrs. Foreman, Adams, Box, Anderson, Woollocott, Alderson, Bax, Towell, Bloomfield, Keely, Wyard, Green, Leggett, of Suffolk, Flack, Crowhurst, Curtis, Bracher, Porter, Attwood, Osmond, Meeres, Milner, Wi e, of Pimlico, Hazleton, G. Webb, of St. Pancras, Griffiths, Garrett, Williamson, &c.,

Mr. Wilkins presided. The meeting was opened by singing,

" Come, thou fount of every blessing,"

and Mr. Box, of Woolwich, engaging in prayer.

Mr. Wilkins then proceeded to give a relation of his

CALL BY GRACE AND HOW HE WAS LED INTO THE
MINISTRY.

In giving his statement, he said he found some difficulty in extract-

ing what might be considered the Spirit's work from his ordinary history as a creature. As far as possible he would confine himself to matters relating to his own Christian experience. In the providence of God he was removed from his father's house before he was seventeen years of age. His father had relinquished his purpose of bringing him up to his own particular calling, a gamekeeper, and was induced to apprentice him to a builder at Tring. For a short time he pursued a moral course under the influence of an aunt. Shortly, however, he broke from this restraint, and became acquainted with ungodly companions of his own age and station. He then made rapid progress in sin, the chains of Satan were about him, at the same time the stern realities of a future state often disturbed him. Sabbath-breaking and gambling were among his particular crimes, the latter was especially congenial to his depraved heart; but this state of things did not last. Having what was called good luck at gambling, which elevated his animal spirits, he was the first to propose on the following Sabbath that he and his party should go out as a pic-nic and for gambling. They went out not a great distance from the Tring station; a violent storm arose; one of the party spoke of the shame of thus spending their Sabbaths, and proposed returning to their homes. This Mr. Wilkins positively refused,—no, not if it rained devils and pitchforks, points downwards. When the thunder and the lightning were at their height, the tempest raging most fearfully, his companions left him, he being without his coat was wet to his skin. The storm having abated, he went into a green lane leading into the Berk-hampstead-road; at this time a more terrible storm was raging in his own breast than had raged in the heavens; he sat down on the green bank, nature around him seemed all serene, the birds came forth and sang melodiously, making the place echo with their songs; but he felt himself one of the basest wretches out of hell,—a wretched creature. This was the first powerful and lasting impression; God put a bit into his mouth; he could not go on in sin as he had done before. His mother was a godly woman, and was much distressed on account of his sinful course. As he would not meet her, she used often to write to him; but she was not wise in her letter-writing. The first part always contained the general news, or all he wanted to know; and then came the mother's counsel about matters of religion. He read the *first* part of her letters, but never the last. She should have so mixed matters that he could not have read the one without reading the other. On the Saturday following the Sabbath before alluded to, he called at the post-office as was his duty for his employer's letters. One letter was for himself,—he recognised his mother's hand-writing; being somewhat distressed, he secretly proposed to read this letter quite through; he repaired to a secret place for this purpose: as usual, first came the news about home, &c., then she told him how concerned she was about his soul, and how unhappy the thought made her, that while they were in *this* world they could meet each other—could live together, but as she was going to heaven, according to his present course she could not even venture to hope she should meet her Joseph there, and quoted that verse, "Let both grow together until the harvest, and at the time of harvest I will say to my reapers, Gather ye together first the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them," &c. He could not for some time leave the place where he was then for weeping. After the labours of

the day he felt very wretched; he thought it was no use giving way to such feelings; he would seek his companions and dive into gambling and gaiety with all the energy at his command. That evening was spent as usual in gambling, but he was not free in it as before; there was a deal of forcing work going on in his feelings. At the close of the evening's pastimes, the question arose as to how and where we should spend the next day, Sunday. One said there was to be a funeral sermon preached at the General Baptist Chapel, on the death of a young female, a frequenter of the dancing-room. He said, "We will go and hear it; if she is gone to heaven, I know I shall go." They went to hear this sermon and, strange to say, the text was the one mentioned in his mother's letter, which he had in his pocket: "Let both grow together," &c. He dropped his head; he could not conceal his tears; his terror was great and much increased because he had engaged to meet a gambling party at the close of that service; he thought he could not run from his engagement; he went, but could not stay with them: from some pretext he went out the back way and ran home to his room, and there that night for the first time in his life as a real penitent with a contrite spirit and bleeding heart he prostrated himself before God and sought forgiveness. Thus it pleased God to stop him in his mad career; but for months he remained in darkness and extreme ignorance: so sunken in the slang of the gambler, he could not understand the ordinary words of the preacher. He could hear what he said, but did not know what he meant. After awhile he wrote to his mother. She, judging from the general tone of his letters, concluded some favourable change had taken place, and sought an interview. Accordingly he went home one Saturday evening, prodigal-like, and never was there such a meeting in that cottage; the father, mother, and himself wept and prayed together, and having unbosomed himself to them, he felt somewhat relieved. After this his horror of mind seemed not so severe. Soon after this, his brother wrote to him, and made use of that scripture, "Who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." He could not tell what this meant, especially the word "meet;" at length he ventured to ask one of the members of the church, who told him he thought it meant to be made *eligible* to go to heaven. Another member standing close by, said he thought it also meant to be made *fit* to go to heaven. This was a great comfort to him to think what a great thing it would be if he was *fit* and *eligible* to go and live with a king in his palace; what then must it be to be eligible and fit to go to heaven! Still the darkness was not altogether removed from his mind. About this time "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" was lent him; it was his constant companion wherever he went; he literally devoured it; he often wished it had been a reality instead of an allegory; that there was really such a road,—he would soon have packed up and been gone from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. Shortly after he became very anxious to possess a Bible; he had bundles of songs and other such like things which he burned, but had no Bible, and was ashamed to go into a shop to buy one. He once entered a stationer's shop to make some small purchases, thinking he might see one on the counter: but left the shop without a Bible. Just about this time a boy from the Sunday school brought one home with him. He bought this Bible from the boy, giving him one shilling beyond what it had cost him. Mr.

Wilkins held the same Bible up in his hand, saying, "This is the book, which now became my companion by day and by night." It was with peculiar feelings he now looked back to the day when he first turned to that text, "Christ the end of the law for righteousness sake." Here he found some little sips of comfort from day to day, with gleams of light here and there, the peace and joy of mind increased by littles and littles: it was gradual and growing like the morning's dawn. He became exercised about baptism, desirous to know whether it was God's will that he should be baptized or not. He retired to his room and prayed to God if it was His will that he should be baptized, there might appear a black cloud opposite his window. He prayed once, twice, and thrice, but the black cloud did not appear. The thought occurred, what right had he to expect it; the Father had commanded it in the New Testament and that should be sufficient. On Easter Sunday, 1848, he was baptized, when he experienced *great* joy, and for some time afterwards. It was his delight to rise with the birds and take his Bible or *Rippon's Selection* of hymns and retire into the fields. Verily everything seemed beautiful at that time; all nature seemed beautiful; the hills, trees, flowers, &c., seemed more lovely than they had ever done before. Often since he had wished he could bring back the same happy feelings. Shortly after this his father died,—this event affected his circumstances, and ultimately caused his removal to Luton, where there was no General Baptist church, so he attached himself to a Fullerite cause under a Mr. Davies, a talented and devout man.

HOW MR. WILKINS WAS LED INTO THE MINISTRY.

Having joined himself to Mr. Davies he was soon brought into full work, first into the Sunday-school, then sent out as a substitute to read sermons in villages. In reading sermons he utterly broke down, and having been accustomed to address the children in the school, he was pressed not to try to read, but to preach, in the villages. One good old man, named Payne, pressed him much to preach, he preached; his first sermon from Matthew xxvii. 13, 14. This was on his birth-day when he was just twenty-one years of age; he met with much encouragement, and had full employ in village preaching at various places. About this time he went to preach at Stratley; the sermon was well received, and the people pressed him to come again, which he promised to do. This promise was a turning point in his ministerial career. It was now proposed that he should go to College, to forward which Mr. Davies took great pains with Mr. Wilkins, and set him to write his thoughts on various subjects; the last subject given for this purpose was REDEMPTION. It was in reading the Bible to prepare for writing this paper that Mr. Wilkin's views on Redemption underwent a change. When the paper was laid before Mr. Davies, before he had finished reading it, he looked up and said, "Joseph, you do not believe this?" He replied he did. Mr. Davies wanted him to take the paper back and write another as he could not go on with the matter with a paper containing such views of Redemption. Mr. Wilkins assured him it was no use taking the paper back unless he wrote what he did not believe, as that was the third paper he had already written. "Well then," said Mr. Davies, "here the matter must end;" and here it did end; the matter of going to

College fell through, and came to nothing. Mr. Davies always considered him a little too high, and knowing that he had heard Mr. Wells at the opening of the chapel at Dunstable, always laboured to fortify him against such sentiments.

He was now wonderfully unsettled, and he became a wanderer, and for a while seemed without a settled creed. After a time, he fell in with a Mr. Fox, who was the means of leading him to Calvinist chapels, and to hear Calvinist ministers. He heard Mr. Milner one Whit-Wednesday, at Dunstable anniversary, from "I will be as the dew unto Israel," &c.; this was a wonderful stay to him. He also heard Mr. Foreman, at Markyate street, from "Deliver him from going down to the pit," also C. W. Banks at the same place from "The grace of God which teacheth us the denying of all ungodliness," &c. All these sermons, besides others, were made useful to him, also a paper on the "final perseverance of the saints." It was at this time he was requested to fulfil his promise in preaching again at Stratley. He told the man of the change in his views, that he had left the old cause and joined Mr. Cook's. Still the fulfilment of the promise was pressed. This was on the Monday, and to fulfil the promise made, he engaged to go on the following Sunday, then followed for the whole of the week remaining a wonderful exercise of mind. It was a week of earnest secret prayer that God would show him by that service whether he was called to preach or not; his prayer was that, if called to preach, there might be some signal blessing, so plain as not to be mistaken, attending that service, that if such was the case, he would never say no to any request to preach that might follow. If there was no special blessing he should regard that as a proof that he was not called to that work. The Sabbath came, he went to Stratley and preached from the words, "Ye must be born again;" at the close of the service a man rose in the midst of the assembly and said, "Young man, I bless God I was here to-night," I have been in the habit of attending this place for years, but never met with what I have found to-night." And so it proved, for that night his soul was set at liberty, and he afterwards opened his house for the preaching of the Gospel. The people were much excited and pressed him to preach on the following Sabbath afternoon and evening, which he did, taking this as an answer to his week's prayer. Shortly after this he was invited to supply at Eaton Bray, Biggleswade, and other places.

[We are requested to say, that at this stage of Mr. Wilkins' statements, he was compelled for want of time to pass over all the following parts of his call to the ministry.]

HIS FAITH.

As to his faith, Mr. Wilkins said, there was not much fear of his returning to Arminianism,—he had tried that and found it empty, nor that he should go back to Fullerism,—he had tasted that also and left it. As he could not then give a full statement of his faith, he should begin with the atonement, as he considered that to be a great centre where other doctrines met in harmony. Judging that if a man be right there, he is not likely to go far wrong elsewhere, and if wrong there, he could scarcely be right elsewhere.

I believe that the life, sufferings, and death of Christ were substitutionary, that He suffered and died in the place and stead of a

chosen people; and that the penal sufferings of Christ were a perfect equivalent to the demerit of the crimes of His people, that as the law was fulfilled for them by His life, so justice is satisfied in them by His death; that they are thereby justified from all condemnation, and with perfect equity saved with an eternal salvation.

I believe that all spiritual gifts and blessings, whether of life, faith, peace, pardon, &c., have their origin in the sovereign love of Jehovah; and are conveyed by the Spirit as new covenant blessings, through the atonement of Jesus.

I believe that repentance and faith are pre-requisites to baptism, and that baptism by immersion is pre-requisite to church membership and communion.

As to other doctrines, such as the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the resurrection, and so on, you must come and hear whether I preach them.

That verse was then sung, commencing

“Oh to grace how great a debtor.”

Mr. S. Milner then addressed Mr. Wilkins, giving some wholesome advice on “study;” preaching was hard work, but study was the labour. He was to study himself, study the book, and study to be useful to all classes. This address occupied full forty minutes.

Mr. Wyard was then called upon to offer prayer which he prefaced with some remarks about events twenty-five years ago. After the prayer, which was a very long one, addresses were delivered by Mr. Bloomfield, Mr. Alderson, and Mr. Flack; and this very interesting meeting was brought to a close by singing and prayer.

THE ROCK OF ISRAEL SPAKE
TO ME.

“The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God.”

2 Sam. xxiii. 3.

Rock of Israel, speak to me
Tell me I'm for ever free;
Teach me that the law's demands
Met in my Redeemer's hand;
Tell me that on Him was laid
All my sins, the debt He paid,
All my sins thro' Christ forgiven,
Shew me I'm an heir of heaven.
Rock of Israel, speak to me
Teach me I'm for ever free.

Teach me that my Saviour's love
Intercedes for me above,
And prepares for me a place
In realms of light thro' sovereign grace;
Near to Him whose blood alone
For all my sins did once atone,
Ever to dwell in bliss divine,
And in my Saviour's beauties shine.
Rock of Israel, speak to me
Teach me I'm for ever free.

Teach me that the sting of Death
Lost in Christ its vital breath,
And to know the grave can cry
Now no more its victory;

Tell me that the rage of hell
Proclaims aloud its power's fell,
Bruised for ever in the head
By the woman's promised seed.
Rock of Israel, speak to me
Teach me I'm for ever free.

Teach my heart each day to share
Thro' this wilderness Thy care,
Pledge that all things here below
Tend parental care to shew,
Till thou the summons kindly give
My soul to take its flight and live,
Around Thy throne to glory borne
To wait the resurrection morn.
Rock of Israel, speak to me
Teach me I'm for ever free.

Teach me Thy mighty power to know,
And life, eternal life bestow,
Fear Thee who hast the power to save
From sin, from death, from hell, the
grave;
On Thy kind promises depend,
To be my Father, Guardian, Friend;
When flaming worlds shall cease to be,
To find my all, my all in Thee.
Rock of Israel, speak to me
Teach me I'm for ever free.

HENRY COLE,

4, Milton road, Brighton.

DOCTOR HAWKER AND THE APOSTLE PAUL.

BY RICHARD BAX, MEOPHAM, KENT.

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us,"
—Rom. viii. 37.

"**MORE THAN CONQUERORS!**" Such is the first sentence in Dr. Hawker's *Poor Man's Morning Portion*, for July 6th. In his usual ingenious, spiritual, savoury, and pleasant way, the good Doctor has sought to unfold the riches of divine grace, contained in the above text, that God's spiritual poor may rejoice in their *portion*. But, to the writer's mind, the text has not been expounded so happily, nor so consistently, as is usual with this favorite author. In commenting on the words "**MORE than conquerors,**" the Doctor gives us his idea of the sense of the redundant expression, that we are "conquerors" *with* Jesus, through union with Him, but '*more than conquerors,*' because we *overcome* Him who is absolutely unconquerable. And as a confirmation of this idea, he cites the following words, "Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have *overcome Me.*" Now a brief glance at the natural figure of the text, will serve both to illustrate Paul's meaning, and wherein the Doctor has failed to give due prominence to the leading idea of the figure.

Conqueror, is a military term, and is thus aptly described by Isaiah, "For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood." In the battle of "deadly strife" among men, the slain are usually in proportion to the number of combatants; and in every case where the real strength of the contending parties is brought into the field, the *loss* on both sides testifies to the valour and determination with which they fought. However flushed with victory the earthly conqueror may be, he cannot survey the scene of carnage and blood, without having ocular demonstration of his own loss. Every mortal conqueror has to deplore a *relative* loss, and sometimes a *personal* one likewise, such as the loss of an eye, an arm, a leg, or some other limb. Now apply these remarks to the Apostle's idea of a *conqueror*, and then consider the following things, as to the believers being *more than conquerors*. Note, in the first place, that brother Paul regarded *this world* as the battle field, or place of engagement, where the contest rages; secondly, that this *time-state*, or the believer's *mortal* existence, denotes the period, or duration, of the battle; thirdly, that the Christian's foes are numerous; fourthly, that his foes are visible and invisible—mortal and spiritual; fifthly, that divine Providence brings us into, and keeps us in the field of battle; sixthly, that Jesus Christ is the great commander (Isa. lv. 4) of His people; and lastly, that He is more than conqueror "in all these things," and we also through Him. Standing upon the mount of divine favour, from thence the Apostle surveys the enemy's hosts, and how they are disposed in order for the battle; in verse 35th, he describes our mortal and circumstantial foes; and in verses 38th and 39th he enumerates our spiritual enemies, and lest there should be any other foe, for whom he could not find a name, he adds, "nor any other creature." Consider yet further the enemies JESUS encountered and conquered. First, He had to meet God himself in the majesty and glorious holiness of the law, with all its

lightning flashes of anger, and amid the "blackness" and "darkness" of the lowering "tempest" of the Almighty's wrath, while the loud-roaring thunder of Sinai proclaimed the awful power of Him, whose claims must be met, and justice satisfied, ere "the transgressors" can be set free. (Zech. xiii. 7.) The second adversary was *sin*. This foe the dear Lamb of God overcame, "having PUT AWAY *sin* by the sacrifice of Himself." *Mortality* was the third foe in the long list, and this also he overcame by "*dying*." DEATH—"the king of terrors"—could not turn his body into "corruption."—(Acts ii. 23—31), and the grave could not detain Him, nor of a victory boast. "O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." "The sting (power) of death is *sin*; and the strength of *sin* is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. xv. 56-7.) And as to the *world*, Jesus could say of it before he quitted the field of strife, "I have overcome the world." And then, as to "the *Prince* of this world," even Satan, and "all his angels," Jesus triumphed mightily, "and having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a shew of them openly, triumphing over them in himself (margin.) (Col. ii. 15). Yea, more, for "When He ascended up on high He led captivity captive," "and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." These blessed and glorious facts, proclaim Him to be the mighty conqueror over *sin*, death, and hell. But He is more than a conqueror, for He sustained no *loss*, even though "He was crucified through weakness," for He liveth by the POWER of God (his Godhead). And as to *sin*, Jesus suffered no *loss* of purity, holiness, righteousness, and truth. "He offered Himself without spot unto God," and He arose from the tomb as the Holy One of Israel. And the world could not boast of having allured, fascinated, or charmed Him, by entangling His thoughts, or engaging His affections; and therefore not of exacting homage from Him. Yea, the world confessed Him to be a "righteous man," and "the Son of God."

Neither could mortality, corruption, the grave, nor death, exhibit a single trophy, but were compelled to acknowledge their complete subjugation and defeat. Rev. i. 18. And as to "the powers of darkness," they "tremble" before His awful majesty, craving permission for what they do. Child of God! consider the greatness and glory of the victories Jesus hath won by His lowliness, agonies, groans, bloody sweat, and death itself. "His arm alone brought salvation, for of the people there was none with Him." But to sum up the whole. "In all these things," we more than conquer,—for the law cannot harm us, but must justify us; *sin* cannot inflict a *loss*, for it is for ever put away, neither will the grave be able to hold us when the Firstborn shall appear as the Resurrection and the Life. And then shall Satan himself be bruised under our feet. But who are the *we* of the text? and how are they known? and how may they know themselves? Perhaps next month's VESSEL may be freighted with answers to these important questions.

It is the daily, yea, hourly return of our sense of spiritual need, that makes Christ so intensely desirable, so immeasurably precious, and so singularly suitable to us as poor, empty, helpless sinners.—G. D. Doudney.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. ROBERT BARNES.

DEAR BROTHER,—The following letter was written to my dear mother, by that faithful and devoted man, the late Mr. Robert Barnes, who was for many years the beloved pastor of the baptized Church at Glemsford, Suffolk. If you will oblige by inserting it in the EARTHEN VESSEL I will send another next month.—Yours in the Gospel,
Irthingborough.
GEORGE COOK.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—According to promise I attempt to write you a line, and which line I pray the blessed Spirit to indite and apply, that thereby it may be the means of endearing the glorious Lord Christ to your soul. The God of all grace has wrought in you hungerings and thirstings after righteousness, and has herein discovered your interest in the rich provisions of covenant love, grace, and mercy. All who solemnly feel the need of Christ, are certainly interested in the salvation by Christ. To them is the word of salvation sent, and which precious word the good Lord is sovereignly pleased to apply, in the day of His operative power, to their hearts, for their souls' relief and heavenly blessedness. The gracious words of God are found to be very sweet indeed, when they make a powerful entrance into the experience of broken-hearted offenders. You have been, and I trust are still favoured, my dear friend, to know the vast difference between reading about Jesus and having Him revealed in the soul; between a mere reading of the promises and a blessed application of them to the heart. The adorable God-man revealed in the light of the Spirit, and the amen-promises applied by the sweet energy of grace, produce in the experience a blessedness that is truly heavenly. Such experiences are very choice, rich, delightful, and transforming. God's living and favoured people are witnesses of this truth. They can bear their testimony how unspeakably precious it is to melt in sacred grief, and dissolve in redeeming kindness, through a believing view of the amazing love and deeds of the wondrous Cross. How suitable and precious do they then find the words of highly-favoured Hart—

“ When I by faith my Maker see
In weakness and distress,
Brought down to that sad state for me,
Which angels can't express;
Then ravish'd with the rich belief
Of such a love as this,
I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,
And faint beneath the bliss.”

What fainting that which is beneath the bliss which comes from a wounded, dying, and redeeming Jesus. Oh, for more of such bliss while a pilgrim home-going, to dwell with my Jesus for ever in the heavens! I would sing more as I pass onwards—

“ My treasure is thy precious blood;
Fix there my heart, and for the rest
Under thy forming hands, my God,
Give me that frame which thou lik'st best.”

I suppose you can say that you would have this for your wilderness song also.

To the care, love, grace, and mercy of our Great High-priest I would in faith by prayer commend you.—Believe me to be yours prayerfully,

Glemsford, October 11, 1852.

ROBERT BARNES.

EXPOSITION OF PSALM LXX.

BY MR. JAMES WELLS.

Of the Surrey Tabernacle, London.

"Make haste, O God, to deliver me; make haste to help me, O Lord. Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul, let them be turned back, and put to confusion, that desire my hurt. Let them be turned back for a reward of their shame, that say, Aha, aha.

Now the Psalmist was like the rest of us, that when he was not with the Lord, enjoying the fellowship of his love and of his deep counsels, the fellowship of his presence and of his promises, he then, like the rest of us, feared that the Lord was not with him. But there is a line of distinction to be drawn between our being with him in fellowship, and his being with us. We are not always with him, in fellowship with him, and realizing the blessedness of the same, but he is always with his people, always watching over them, and watering the work every moment, so that he is always near unto them. "What nation hath God so nigh unto them as this nation?" saith Moses, and much more so his own people. So then the prayer here recorded is sure to be answered, the enemy is sure to be defeated, Satan is sure to be trodden down, and if you have a grain of faith in this blessed God you must prevail, for "all things are possible to him that believeth." Faith may appear sometimes to meet with a temporary defeat but it is only temporary. When one said, "Woe is me," yet in the same chapter he rejoiced in the truth that "Although I may fall thus in public opinion, and in the estimation of others, and in my own soul's enjoyment, yet shall I rise." The Lord is sure to hear and sure to answer.

"Let all those that seek thee,"

now this must have been the very much more pleasant part of his prayer; it is a pleasant thing to pray for ourselves, and in connection with that it is a pleasant thing to pray for others as well, which every Christian I am sure is glad to do, therefore he goes on,

"Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee."

"Let those that seek thee." These expressions are very remarkable, as they are descriptive of the acts of living faith and living prayer. Now, if our profession be a mere profession, and we go through the forms of the religion that we have adopted, there we stop, there we are satisfied, and there we are content. But if we are born of God, when we go to the house of God we shall not be satisfied with anything short of the presence of the God of the house; we shall not be satisfied with anything short of the Spirit, and life, and power, of his eternal truth. Hence in ancient times the true Israelites sought to find the Lord himself.

"And let such as love thy salvation;"

Now I should think some of you little ones, when you read a Psalm like this, "Let such as love thy salvation," will say, "Is that the God is to be loved? Is that the way that I am to walk in love to him? by salvation, where he has taken everything away that was against me, and where he has so arranged matters that everything must ultimately go in my favour? Why then I do with all my heart love this salvation," and yet doubt and fear as to whether you belong to the Lord. Well, we will set that doubting down to your infirmity; and if the Lord should be pleased to touch the soul with the finger of his love, away will go all that doubting and fearing, and the good old reasoning will come into operation, that if the Lord meant to kill thee, would he thus have shewn thee his salvation?

"Let such as love thy salvation say continually,"

then this is a continual salvation; let them say continually under all circumstances, for there is not anything can overcome this salvation, there is not anything can defeat this salvation, there is not anything can be too much for this salvation, there is not anything that can stop the progress of the chariot of salvation:—

"Let such as love thy salvation say continually,"

for there is good cause to do so,

"Let God be magnified."

Let the God of this sure salvation,

of this sworn and everlasting covenant, be praised in ceaseless songs of adoration.

"But I am poor and needy."

Yes, we like to see others get on, and we like to get on too, but how often is this the case, that we can see the work of grace in another when we cannot see it as plainly as we would desire in our own souls.

"But I am poor and needy, make haste unto me, O God."

Just mark the language, friends, it is well to notice it, it is so instructive.

"Make haste unto me."

Do you not see how this differs from the religion of man? the religion of man is, you can go to God when you like, cast your burden upon him when you please and run to him at any time. Not so with the Psalmist; his experience taught him a very different lesson. His rejoicing was not that he could get to God when he pleased, but that the Lord could get to him. Who shall hinder him? But we are easily hindered. So David was obliged to wait. Is not this just our own souls' experience? And then he closes with this beautiful expression of absolute trust in God.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer, O Lord, make no tarrying."

BRILLIANT RAYS OF LIGHT AND TRUTH.

BY ADA BROWNING.

THE witnesses of the Most High prophesy now in sackcloth and ashes. The law is one that never ceaseth to upbraid the world with its enmity and disobedience: but no heart repenteth: neither is there one among the multitudes on which Babylon sitteth that giveth glory to God. The Gospel is the second: it preaches of God's love to a chosen race, and all the world casts obloquy and contempt on this word of grace, and all who receive it. Thus is God's judgment dishonoured and his love so despised in the world. Not so, however, in the Church; there both are received, revered, and rejoiced in. Contemplate the great gift of God to Zion! How he laid help upon One that was mighty;

how, in uniting the Church with our adorable Redeemer and King, the interests of the two become one! How great is this salvation—hanging on no obligation but love! Giving the "weaker vessel" all the privileges and immunities of grace, and laying upon him—the Mighty One—all the responsibility of the law.

And here, perhaps, it would not be out of place to observe that those who oppose the doctrines of distinguishing grace, and brand the epithet of Antinomian on those who love "the covenant ordered in all things and sure," that nothing could be more erroneous. We are not only saved from the law, but by the law. The grand theme in which we glory is the cross of Christ. If there had been no law there would have been no death, no judgment, no salvation by blood. To say we do not revere the law shows that our detractors do not understand the case. What! not delight in that law our husband, surety, and great High Priest lived and died to magnify? Assuredly if we have not this spirit we are none of his. We glory in the blessed truth that both judgment and love have opened the gate of heaven for us. The death of Christ was real and satisfactory—not a mere mock bow to the demands of the law. Our heavenly husband loved his bride too dearly to let her bear the ignominy of Antinomianism; and she loves his honour too well to bear the obloquy of so vile a reproach.

Our Father's love, shall we not honour it? our Father's attributes, shall we not reverence them? The great debt our husband paid, shall we not glory in that? What a magnificent proof of his love, ye saints and sinners! behold him toiling and agonising for your salvation; sweating great drops of blood in that holy garden, stretched upon the ground in dreadful conflict with the great cup of wrath you merited. See him on Calvary's tree thirsting for your deliverance and glorification. See! the dark curtains of eternal guilt enshroud him, and, for the first time, shut out the face of his Father. Listen to the bitter cry of his forsaken soul then veil thine eyes with the black

mist of shame, and let thy adamant heart be broken by the deep throes of sincere repentance, since it was for thy sins that he died—even the death of the cross. And then, lift thy weeping eyes, O believer, view the conqueror emerging from that dark, bitter night! Hark! to that voice which is sweeter far than angel choirs, as in majesty he pronounces those words of victory—"It is finished.

THE CRY OF MANY.—Job xxviii. 3.

O that I knew where I might find Him
My Father and my God,
I'd plead his everlasting love,
Tho' now I feel his rod;

I'd tell Him of His former love
I'd plead His special grace;
But, ah! He's gone, my Lord is gone,
His ways I cannot trace.

I forward go, but He's not there,
I backward turn again;
I seek Him on the right and left,
But seem to seek in vain;

Sometimes I seek him in his house,
Where others sing and pray;
I oft go mourning to his house,
And mourning come away.

Sometimes I seek him in his word,
But almost in despair;
O what a dreadful path is this!
Ah! were you ever there?

Sometimes I feel no heart to pray,
And think to pray no more;
And then again I think I'll try
Once more at Mercy's door.

I go, but still no comfort find,
My soul is dark as night;
How dark and dismal is the road
When Christ is out of sight!

Then Satan vaunts, and tells my soul
That I'm a cast-away;
Ah! who in such a frame as this
Can either praise or pray?

In this sad state I've often been;
Then like poor Job I've cried,
"O that I knew where I might find
Some shelter where to hide!"

But Jesus knows my wretched case,
He knows I fear the rod;
Ah, sure the Lord has found me out,
But I can't find my God!

But when my Jesus shines again
His presence makes me bold;
And then I see God's furnace is
To purify the gold.

Lord, cleanse my poor polluted soul
From dross and filth within;
And let me feel thy furnace, Lord,
Burn nothing but my sin.

DUNSTABLE.

NEW BOOKS.

"HOW CAN WE TELL WHETHER A MAN
BE IN THE FAITH OR NOT?"

The above great question stands in the fifth page of a sixpenny book recently issued as *A Defence of the People of God, and the Gospel Foundations*, composed by some extraordinary person, calling himself "Elias Omega." Who he is,—what he is,—or where he is, we cannot tell; one thing appears certain, he considers himself qualified to weigh and to measure public men, to try their spirits, and, without the slightest hesitation, exposes the folly and falseness of many of their pretended pious theories. We have had a large amount of literary twiddle-twaddle during the last few years, some of it so thoroughly contemptible, that we would not condescend to notice it. Flower-makers, school-masters, book-worms, popular parsons, and those who wish to be so; talented collegiate editors, and a host of little mimics have all been aiming to bring such an army against those whom they call "The Extravagant Hyper-Calvinists," "The Antinomians," &c., as should crush and kill them outright; but as yet, they have failed. This "Elias Omega" appears to have been watching the engagements, and minutely inspecting the movements of the different leaders on both sides of the conflict; and now, having taken a walk over the battle-field, and having gathered up some fragmentary documents, and no small amount of the enemy's ammunition, he has opened a kind of Hyper-critical Museum, which leads into some Anatomical Chambers, where "a neat dissection or cutting up of the bodies of men and ministers, is carried on with considerable skill, the several parts of each professor are discovered and explained," and all for the one good object of shewing who is, and who is not in the faith. How we have wondered who this "Elias Omega" is! And as we know nothing of him, we are not prepared to say he is not all that his name implies. If, indeed, he is really an "Elias Omega," we are bound to sit down at his feet, and to receive his words with meekness, thankfulness, and reverence.

"Elias Omega!" What do these words, in plain English, mean? We turn to our old favourite lexicon, and here is the interpretation:—1. "Elias [the Lord, i.e. God the Lord], a certain great Prophet." Such is the first part of his name—a great prophet of the Lord. Then 2. "Omega—the last letter of the Greek alphabet; metaphorically, it is used for THE END of anything." Hence, we draw out this one conclusion, that seeing there has been a severe and unhappy controversy in all parts of the church for a long time, this Great Prophet of the Lord comes to put an end to it. How he proceeds with this work we may notice at some length, in future numbers. Now, as the work came into our hands quite at the end of the year, we only refer to the general character of the book. It is, in spirit, bold, intelligent, plain, out-spoken, and altogether fearless of any man; and exceedingly faithful to that religion which is of God, and which only can save the soul; while its exposure of the heaps of hypocrisy, and of the multitudes of deluded and deceiving priests and hirelings, which abound in our day, is more complete than is "St. Dorothy's Home;" and its author has lashed the hirelings in all the so-called churches, with an unsparing hand. We confess most frankly we believe it was high-time some talented and independent layman stepped into the field. We hope this Elias Omega is such a one, and that his work will prove a real blessing to many.

MR. GEO. WYARD'S "REFLECTIONS."

We referred to this volume last month; and promised to notice its contents more carefully. It is the work of a minister whose standing in the churches is of thirty years' duration or more, which is a guarantee that the daily bread provided in this basket, and the wine in this flagon, are pure, good, and of a heavenly kind. We have often heard the remark that Mr. Wyard, as a preacher, is sound, but not very deep in experience; clear and consistent, but not so adapted to comfort the Lord's people, as some other preachers are.

A perusal of these *Reflections*, and

these original poems, lead us to conclude that his acquaintance with himself, and his knowledge of the daily conflict between the flesh and the spirit; and his enjoyment of the preciousness of Christ, and His salvation, are quite equal to the majority of his brethren who are esteemed men of God, ministers of Christ and pastors beloved in the truth. The grand essential element of a minister's faith and experience are sometimes placed under the heading of a triple C.

First—The everlasting Covenant of Grace, and the sovereign arrangements and provisions of God the Father in that Covenant. The distinguishing mark which the Saviour put upon a true and living faith is not so fully defined in the sermons of many as we think it should be. The Evangelist John put a strong emphasis on the Saviour's definition of that faith. He says in John xii. 44, "Jesus cried, and said, he that believeth on me, believeth not on me, but on Him that sent me. And he that seeth me, seeth Him that sent me." A living faith believeth in the ordination of God, and in the love of God, and in the rich mercy of God in sending His Son into the world, and it also fully believes that God was in Christ, and that Christ was one with, and equal to, the Father, although in His Mediatorial offices and characters He took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in all things like unto His brethren. We have searched Mr. Wyard's volume on this branch of the sacred system of theology, and find him truly outspoken and clear.

Then, the second C takes in Christ and His Cross; or the Person of the Son of God—Emmanuel, and all the branches of His great work of an entire and eternal salvation. We could give extracts on this part of Mr. Wyard's work, sufficient to prove that his faith in the Person and work of Christ is safe, and sound for all the concerns of salvation, and that is enough for a work of the kind.

The third C is, the true and scriptural unfolding of the character, offices, work, and teachings, of the Holy Ghost the Comforter.

On the second chapter of Joel, and many other portions, this divine part of the Church's blessedness is developed; but we can see Mr. Wyard often wanted more room, consequently some themes are contracted. But for private daily reading, there is sufficient. To generations yet to come, as well as to thousands now living, may the Lord make it a blessing.

From No. 1 of *First Fruits*, a maiden essay, by Ada Browning, (published by Mrs. Paul), we take the following paragraph on "A Free-Grace Salvation!":

Why should love be lavished on fallen humanity while angels are eternally lost? Why was not man left to bear the just punishment his rebellious disobedience merited? Because the Angel of the Covenant stood as umpire, and mysteriously united the opposing interests, averting the uplifted hand of judgment by the omnipotent shield of love. That love provided a sacrifice for us, found a ransom in the Darling of Heaven—the chief among all the host of God—the everlasting Son of the eternal Father. It was not a meagre love the Father bestowed on us, not merely a provision for lost souls, but a bountiful gift of grace, an overflowing manifestation of God's love to a chosen race. No right, no claim had we on him as our Creator; we had revolted from him even though all his acts towards us had been full of the tenderest benevolence: but a Father's love we had not forfeited, a Saviour's grace we had not outrun, the Spirit's power and influence we could not resist! Poor fallen wretches that we are, we yielded to the "love of God" while he our Husband, Surety, Brother born for adversity bore the deep, dark curse of God's judgment.

What salvation could have been so grand, so soul-delighting, so Christ-endearing, so God-glorifying as this free-grace salvation! This moment and henceforth, I solemnly protest against any Gospel—so called—that robs the great Eternal of his prerogative. Before him I desire to serve, and with the witness of angels, men, and devils, I declare that salvation

cannot get beyond the precincts of God's love, neither does his Gospel offer it. Doctrines contrary to this plain Bible teaching run foul of all mental and spiritual discernment. True, life is a solemn thing—the fall an awful reality.

Our Sunday school teachers, and children too, will be much pleased to learn that a new and perfectly original, and sweetly interesting little book has been completed and published for their benefit, by that well known Christian gentleman, Mr. George Thomas Congreve, the successful and zealous Superintendent of the Rye-lane Sunday school, Peckham. This little book is entitled, *Eight Acrostics on the Bible*, and these Acrostics are not only full of the most useful instruction, but they are pleasingly and easily given; and such a large variety of pictorial illustrations as to render the book quite a delightful little gem. Superintendents and teachers too, are often much exercised for the want of something attracting to bring before their classes. Mr. Congreve has here furnished a text-book, which, if well studied, will furnish thoughts and subjects for a long series of addresses. This book is sure to have a large circulation. It is published by Elliott Stock, in Paternoster row, finely bound for sixpence.

Living unto God.—What volumes in these three precious words! There is not a soul born of God on the face of this earth but doth, at times, more or less desire, and pray to live unto God; but, alas! ten thousand things appear to hinder the soul in its entire consecration to the service, the fellowship, the honour, and the glory of a Triune Jehovah. Hence, a conflict most severe afflicteth the child of God all through the pilgrimage—unless he falls asleep in carnal security on the one hand, or, is highly favoured to dwell on high on the other. What is this LIVING UNTO GOD? A strong-bound little book, bearing this title, has been recently published by Mr. Elliott Stock, the contents of which we hope to examine next month.

The Children's Prize for 1866 is an elegant gift book for children.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

MR. JOHN BLOOMFIELD'S REMOVAL FROM LONDON.

On the first Sunday evening in the New Year the Minister of Salem Chapel in Meard's court, Soho, is expected to preach his farewell sermon in that place. His resignation and removal to Bradford has been the cause of much regret in many churches. As a minister Mr. Bloomfield has for many years been the pleasant, the affable, the willing, and the useful servant of the churches in London, and in many of the provinces; and we can hardly think it will be easy for him to separate himself from his large circle of old and hearty friends, and settle down in the arduous duties of the pastorate over a large country church. To run and ride hither and thither, preaching at numerous anniversaries, and speaking at tea meetings, and associating with ministers in vestries and in parlours, and taking part in ordinations, attending funerals, celebrating weddings, &c., &c., may sometimes appear very wearying; but the constant changing scene and ever varying association is healthful and enervating to some minds; and when enjoyed for a number of years the reverse and the re-action cannot be altogether a pleasant endurance. We fully believe that what Mr. Bloomfield has been in the Home Counties, that he will be in the Northern districts, with this exception, he may be found moving in circles more congenial to his faith, his fellowship, and his feelings. In the spirit of real Christian charity we will wish him God-speed in all his future enterprises,—so far as he may stand in, and contend for the good, old fashioned faith "once delivered unto the saints."

It appears some erroneous statements have been circulated respecting his movements. One Sunday morning, *The Gospel Guide* says, Mr. Bloomfield prefaced his discourse by making the following remarks: "Of course most of you as members of this church and congregation are aware that I am about to leave you as your pastor, and various reasons are circulated as the cause of my doing so. Some charge me with leaving because of unpleasantness with my deacons, that I must deny, for better or kinder deacons I cannot have. Some say it is through unpleasantness with my people, that is also unfounded: for when I do go, I shall leave with the best of feeling towards every member of this place, and there is not one I would not write to, to that effect, if time permitted. Another report is, that I am leaving because we are not prosperous, that is likewise untrue. Though we have not a large measure of prosperity, it is well known to you all that

there is scarcely a month passes without having some additions to us in members. And I might say there is not another Baptist church in London in a more healthy state financially. Then I am told, I am to be the successor of Mr. Betts,—against that I have nothing to say, but it is also untrue. I am going to the oldest Baptist church at Bradford, in Yorkshire,—a church which has had only three ministers. The first was a man who, when called by grace, was quite illiterate,—but was very successful in raising the cause. The next was the learned and able Dr. Steadman, who preached the old-fashioned truths in a simple manner. The last was Mr. Thomas Dowson; he vacated his position to preside over the Baptist college that was established in the same house in which the late Sir Robert Peel was born. Then it might be said, Who is this Mr. Dowson, we have never heard of him? He had been just what I intend to be, one who gave his entire time to the work of the pastorate of his own place. He had not acted so foolishly as I have done. I have been at the beck and call of every body. I thought I was doing right: I felt preaching was my work, and I felt I was doing right in running up and down the country preaching now for some years, much to my own personal unhappiness, and, if I mistake not, much to mar my own usefulness. Mr. Dowson has not done this, and this accounts for his not being known in almost every town and village throughout the country as I had almost said I have the unhappiness to be known. This man has been preaching the truths of the Bible,—preaching the old-fashioned Gospel without those fearful extremes which many men in these latter days seem exposed to. It has long been the desire of my heart to preach the entire Gospel without those fearful exaggerations which characterise the preaching of many. I make these remarks without having the sanction of my deacons; but for the purpose of contradicting the false reports which have been made. I am going to this large, old-fashioned Baptist church simply because it seems to be the will of God that I should accept this larger sphere of labour. I do not know that I am right; still at present nothing can induce me to believe in my soul from the leadings of Divine providence but that I am right, and circumstances will prove this to be true. I am going determined to preach the same principles, the same Gospel I have been preaching for nearly twenty years, with a good share of success, only I intend, by the help of God, to preach a thousand times better. I will give all my time to my own place, to my own work, and I shall be amazingly a

mistaken man if I am not made a much more useful and a happy man. I have said these things being anxious to clear others, as well as for the satisfaction of my own mind. I have been charged, in my present position, of being fettered in my preaching. I will forgive the man that can fetter me when I am in the pulpit. I have always preached what I believe to be true, and no deacon has influenced me,—if he has he has done it in an amazingly quiet way. I will forgive the man that can fetter me; neither do I believe him to be my friend who would try to gag my mouth in my preaching. My deacons have not fettered me; in church matters perhaps they have; in those things I have given up to them, they have understood these business matters best, as I did before I came here. In the pulpit I have never been fettered, but preached what I believe to be truth."

A VISIT TO BETHANY.—On Wednesday, November the 21st, a sweet time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord was experienced by the little band of lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus, and who meet for the worship of a triune Jehovah in Jireh chapel, East Bergholt. It had been announced the previous Lord's-day that George Dyer, just returned from Australia, would preach on the following Wednesday. Accordingly, about three o'clock in the afternoon he stood before the chapel gate, in company with his brother Mr. J. W. Dyer, of Harwich; and while he gazed upon that pretty, neat, little palace, built for God, he expressed his wonder and admiration in thankful praise to our covenant God, who, in answer to the prayer of faith, had erected that place for his honour and glory. Mr. Dyer said, How wonderful were the Lord's dealings in his providence towards his flock—his own peculiar care! Little did he think when in that far-off land of Australia, he read from time to time the accounts of the rise and progress of this cause that he should stand within its walls and proclaim the precious truths of the glorious Gospel. He was gladly welcomed at Jireh cottage, where, after a profitable conversation, the friends assembled in the chapel, a hymn of praise was sung. Mr. J. W. Dyer read a portion of the word and offered up prayer; another hymn was sung, and our brother, G. Dyer, read for his text Luke xxiv. 50, "And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up his hands and blessed them." He said, 1st, there was a person spoken of in the singular number, he. 2nd, there was the plural, them—the Lord Jesus Christ and his people, and they were in close association with each other,—“He led them out.” He showed how a holy God and unholy sinners could be associated together. 1st, They were the Father's property, were given to the Son,—“Thine they were, and Thou gavest them Me.” Objects of the Father's love, “I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” 2nd, The Son accepted them,

became their surety, laid down his life for them. The Holy Spirit makes known these blessed acts of the Father and the Son by quickening and calling a poor sinner out of a state of nature into a state of grace; and having considered these conditions doctrinally, he next showed it experimentally, “He led them out.” He said, it is much to be lamented in the present day that many preachers are in the habit of leading the people in, instead of leading them out,—that is, they are always leading them to look at what they are in themselves, which keeps them in bondage and distress of soul, and brings no glory to God; when, as they ought, to lead them out and away from what they are in themselves, out into the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, his blood and righteousness, in which, by mighty grace, it is their privilege to stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. He noticed the locality, “BETHANY.” He said the name of Bethany had a fourfold meaning, 1st, The house of song; 2nd, The house of affliction; 3rd, The house of obedience; 4th, The house of the grace of God. 1st, Bethany was the house of song to Jesus; he went from thence and rode in triumph into Jerusalem, and they cut down branches and strewed them in the way, and cried, saying, “Hosannah! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.” It was the house of song: “And Jesus entered into Jerusalem and into the temple, and when eventide was come, he went out into Bethany with the twelve.” Bethany was to him the house of affliction: so with the soul that is called by grace; it is all joy and peace in believing; it is a time of love; Jesus is precious; his word is their delight day and night; his people are their chosen companions. They must go with joy and gladness into Jerusalem, into the temple of the Lord; follow him in his ordinances: it is to them the house of song; they fondly think they shall abide there for ever. But they have to go back to Bethany, the house of affliction; they are brought into soul trouble; the enemy sets in upon them; they have to walk in darkness, and trials without and trials within; no delight in prayer nor in the word; then they think they have no religion; they mourn and cry out, “O that it were with me as in months past!” and this brings them, 3rdly, to Bethany, “the house of obedience,” and they find themselves in the footsteps of their Lord and Master, “who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared; though he were a son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.” So they find it is good and profitable to be afflicted. They learn to think less of self and more of Him; they go safely; they walk humbly; they glorify God. And they are brought, 4thly, to Bethany, and it is to them “the house of the grace of God.” They find all the promises of God are “yea and amen” in

Christ Jesus; as their day so has their strength been; they have had their thorn in the flesh, but his grace has been sufficient; they have found their Jesus—their Surety—their Captain, to go before them, and to make them more than conquerors over all their foes; they have found him their High Priest, touched with their infirmities—in all points tempted like them, and they are enabled to come boldly unto the throne of grace, and they do obtain mercy and grace to help in every time of need,—it is Bethany, “the house of the grace of God.” And it is also connected with glory, and we get here and there a glimpse: it is like the lightning’s flash, but we feel it is a reality, for our God will give grace and glory, “And he lifted up his hands and blessed them,” not imploringly, but as the mighty God. And they are blessed for evermore.

ONE WHO FELT IT GOOD TO BE THERE.

Very recently a good meeting was holden in Jireh chapel, Bergholt, when a sermon was preached by C. W. Banks; and assistance rendered in the other services by Mr. Dyer, of Harwich; Mr. Hanger, of Colchester; Mr. A. Baker, of Tunstall; the brethren Churchyard and Wright, of Ipswich; Mr. Smith, of Hadleigh, and others; the object being to assist the widow, Mrs. Eliza Baldwin, who in connection with the cause there, and being suddenly left with a young family, and a business greatly involved, is struggling hard to maintain a character and conduct, consistent with all that is dear to her heart, and essentially bound up with the interests of the Gospel and the cause of God. We most earnestly pray that this note might attract the attention of many or of some of the Lord’s people who have time to spare, who have means at command, and who have a godly jealousy for the honour and spread of the Gospel of Jesus. To such we would say, Go down to East Bergholt, near Colchester, and see and hear for yourselves, and God help you all.—Ed.]

THE CLAY AND THE POTTER.

“We are the clay and Thou our potter.”
—Isah lxiv. 1.

I am the clay,
And Thou, the potter, Lord;
I will obey,

And Thou shalt be adored.

I am the clay,
Oh! mould me as Thou wilt:
My love, my way,
Whose blood for me was spilt.

I am the clay,
Thy passive silent one,
Oh! grant a ray
My light; my blissful sun.

I am the clay,
I lie beneath thy throne,
What dost Thou say?
Thy will is now mine own.

I am the clay,
The clay beneath Thy cross,

Oh! happy day!
Earth hath no gain nor loss.

I am the clay,
That yieldeth to Thy will;
I only pray
Do Thou, Thy holy will.

I am the clay,
The pressure of Thy hand
I will obey,
And thus adoring stand.

I am the clay,
Amen, I am Thine own;
Oh! take away
The sin ’neath which I groan.

I am the clay,
But oh! I pant to be;
Beneath Thy sway,
And lost my God in Thee!

I am the clay,
But soon transformed by love,
A child of day,
I’ll wing my flight above.

No longer clay,
Thy beauty on me, Lord,
Away! away
To Thine embrace restored.

No longer clay,
But fair as Thou art fair;
Oh! long delay,
Oh! pain too great to bear.

East Bergholt.

A. E. L.

WILLENHALL, LITTLE LONDON.

—Commemorative services were held here on December 3rd, it being the first year of the pastorate of Mr. Isaac Pegg, editor of the “Christian Dial,” over this church. After the tea, at which a goodly number partook, the public meeting was commenced by singing,

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name,”

and prayer by one of the brethren. The friends were addressed by the chairman, the pastor. Mr. Fleming, of Wolverhampton, not being able to be there, sent his golden tribute of respect; after which, being kindly introduced, Mr. Flory spoke and said he was glad to be in their midst, and to hear what the Lord was doing there by the preaching of the gospel, which is—Salvation all of grace. He rejoiced to hear that the Holy Ghost was blessing the word by his esteemed brother, their pastor. The preaching of the gospel was heaven’s ordained method for the feeding, the establishing, and bringing in the election of grace; other agencies the Lord employed for this glorious end, but this was the chief; “it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.” And this preaching was not foolish preaching, not “old wives’ fables,” which he was sure his brother P. did not trade in, nor preach, making faith a condition, but the evidence of grace and of relationship to God. Mr. Whiting, of Birmingham, spoke sweetly of the work of Christ in the redemption of

the Church, in its present and future manifestations of saving friendship by that friend that abides for ever. Mr. Pegg gave some account of his call by grace, which was marked by divine power in his call from infidelity, from the form into the power of godliness, and liberty of Christ,—it was solemn and weighty. The excellent choir sang several beautiful pieces, much to the pleasure of the friends, who silently said,

Here may the attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

A TRAVELLER TO ZION ABOVE.

THE BEST WAY TO BUILD A NEW TABERNACLE.—A kind brother minister (who—by the bye—sent us ten shillings towards our building-fund) writes a gentle hint as follows:—"I see you are going to sing for the benefit of the funds of the New Tabernacle, but I think if you could get twenty that would go to the Bank Divine and present cheques every day to him that has said "the gold and the silver is mine," and who says, "Ask and it shall be given" you, might be blessed with a surprising supply. I recollect in one instance of being connected with a church that built a place costing over £3,000, and was built and paid for before we opened it:—prayer every day and the exercise of faith the means of drawing gold and silver from the Never-failing *Mint*. May the Lord bless and prosper you.—Amen."

We had nothing to do with the singing referred to; neither had we anything to do with the commencement of the fund for building. We leave each FRIEND to take his own course in the use of any means he thinketh best to promote the enterprise which has been set on foot. One of our deacons—who is also our preceptor—our excellent brother Hall, (in connection with other friends), has gathered round him a singing class; and by these friends the entertainment has been prepared, and is—if God permit—to be perfected on Friday evening, January the 4th. We only hope the sacred words then sung may—in many cases—prove a blessing. Our ministering brother's reference to prayer we highly appreciate; and on the last night of the old year, 1866, we hope to meet many friends in Squirries-street chapel to plead for the Lord's blessing. One word more, and we have done for the present. Of course we cannot tell what a day may bring forth. How soon solemn changes may arise, we pretend not to divine; but the strong impression upon our mind is this—we must obey the call of some friends in different parts of the three kingdoms, ere the work will be strongly set on foot. The history of our removal to the East of London, and the subsequent chain of events leading up to the formation of the building committee, with some account of the material and

movements of that committee, will form a singular page in the annals of Bethnal Green, its Tabernacle, and School.

We have cause to thank the Lord that now and then notes like the following lead us to hope our work is not in vain. A writer to our printer says, "I will thank you to convey the enclosed P.O. order for £2 to the Editor of the "EARTHEN VESSEL," with my Christian regards for his welfare, and my best wishes for the increased circulation of his valuable magazine. I wish him to appropriate £1 to his New Tabernacle, to help on the "top stone," and the other £1 to be divided between four of the afflicted and needy saints of Jesus, say 5s. each, for a new-year's gift, and acknowledge in the next issue who the four are." We had no difficulty in appropriating the aforesaid 20s. One of our Dorcas Society friends has handed three 5s. to three Christian widows in our church; and we immediately sent the other by the hands of a deacon to another aged and afflicted widow, who is also a member of the church at Squirries-street, and is in great distress. We have widows and poor families in abundance; and if we had £100, we could make many a heart warm with gratitude.—Ed.

MR. W. CROWTHER ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN POYNDER.

The Baptist Chapel in East-road, City-road, was filled last Sunday evening. Mr. William Crowther, of Lockwood, preached a funeral sermon for the late Mr. Poynder. Previous to the commencement of Divine service we inquired after the health of the minister of the place, John Andrews Jones. We were informed that "he is very weak, not able to stand long at a time; he was here last breaking-bread day; but we don't much expect he'll preach again. His mental faculties are as good as ever; but the old gentleman is only easy as he lies on his couch." This was the amount of information we received of Mr. Jones's health. The late Mr. Poynder seems to have been a most intimate friend of Mr. Jones, and the parting must have been a severe stroke to the latter gentleman.

The late Mr. Poynder seems to have been in very high esteem wherever he was known. He appears to have been "scrupulous to a fault." The preacher said last Sunday that if he had written an epitaph for his departed friend, it would be "An Honest Man."

The text chosen for the occasion by Mr. Crowther was from Psalm i. 15, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." The sermon was listened to with deep attention. In speaking of the day of trouble, the preacher said his departed friend had had his trials. Mr. Poynder was not a minister who took his every trouble into the pulpit; indeed he rarely mentioned them privately, but when he did it was to magnify God's grace, adding his usual words, "God is

good." He had told the preacher he had read "The Bank of Faith," and thought he could write one as full of the wonders of God's goodness as Huntington. He had some severe troubles that none knew but himself and God. He had more than once thought of committing self-destruction, but he was delivered out of the snare. The preacher had known the departed for thirty years. The last time I saw him (said Mr. Crowther) I thought he would not be here long. I asked him if he was satisfied. He replied, "Quite; I am ready to go." I inquired of him if he had all he needed, when he answered that he had. He had his despondings sometimes; but his refuge was in the Gospel of Christ.

When a lad fifteen years of age he came to London. He saw a bill announcing a sermon by Dr. Hawker, and having heard the doctor so well, he followed him to Plymouth, arriving there on a Saturday night, with just enough money to pay for his lodgings. On the Sunday morning he went to Charles Church. When the service was ended he wandered about the churchyard, waiting for the evening service. It happened, however, that an old lady noticed him walking about the churchyard and went and spoke to him. When she heard the circumstances, she gave him food and lodging. The next morning she took young Poynder to Dr. Hawker, who, when he had heard the circumstances, immediately sent for Mr. Bennet, his publisher, and wished him to find employment for the lad.

After some time he was baptised by immersion, and in 1816 he became a minister, and sustained that office at Ely, Chatteris, Lockwood, Newick, and other places. For the last few years he had only preached occasionally.

John Poynder was an honest man—honest in the Gospel and honest in the world. On one occasion he had to preach at a place where the congregation were almost all Arminians. The deacon said, "Mr. Poynder, you must give it to us softly; there is no necessity to be offensive." Mr. Poynder took for his text, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" He was not offensive, but his hearers were not left ignorant of the doctrines of the Gospel. In life and in death he loved the truth.—*Gospel Guide*.

WHO WILL GO?—ADELAIDE, SEPT. 1866. EXTRACT FROM LETTER:—You wished me to give you any information respecting Gospel churches in this colony. We have none, are you surprised? Nevertheless, it is a fact, there are no churches who contend for the order and discipline of the New Testament; there are hundreds of God-fearing men and women here, who love the truth; but not one who can take the position of under-shepherd, and here are those who have left Gospel churches in England, who have here united themselves

with Baptist churches of open order, but not a man of truth to be found over one such church. It is painful indeed, as each succeeding Lord's-day come, not to know where to go to hear Christ preached, and the doctrine of grace proclaimed. Tell the brethren in England, to think highly of their privileges and opportunities of attending such a ministry; the continual cry of the Lord's loved ones here is, "Send aman amongst us, who will thus speak. May He hear and answer speedily. I often think if those in England knew what deprivations Christians meet with in this colony, they would be more thankful that "their lives have fallen unto them in pleasant places."

We have had John Bunyan M'Cure, from Sydney here, trying to raise money to discharge a debt on their place of worship. He preached here several times. Many were pleased to have such an opportunity of hearing once more what they had been accustomed to in the old country. He speaks faithfully, fearlessly, and the truth of God fully. May God be with him, and bless him in his work of faith and labour of love! Could you prevail upon some one to come here, a man staunch to the principles of a Gospel church, one whom the Lord has taught, and able to speak to the edification of the church, the heart of many would leap for joy. I will give you more particulars next time I write, but I took up a VESSEL this morning, and I thought I would write again. Excuse haste and errors, and believe me yours ever truly in the Lord, JOSEPH ALLAN, 31, King William street, Adelaide, South Australia.

BARKING ROAD, PLAISTOW.—On the 12th December a most delightful meeting was held at Mount Zion chapel, Mr. Palmer presiding. This being the annual tea meeting, a full report of God's dealings with us as a church was read by our Junior Deacon, Mr. Joseph Plant, which showed a thoroughly prosperous condition, both as regards spiritual and temporal things, for which we feel grateful to our God. This being the occasion of our brother Plant resigning his office, in consequence of his removing in the providence of God to Oundle,—the Senior Deacon, Mr. John Stammers, on behalf of the church presented him with a copy of "Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible," accompanied with a suitable address, as a token of Christian regard and acknowledgment of the efficient services rendered by him in the various departments in which he took an active part. On the 2nd December six persons were received into the church, our pastor, Mr. Palmer, having baptized five of them the previous Sunday. J. H.

HOXTON.—EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL, HIGH STREET.—The Tenth Anniversary of pastorate of Mr. S. Green over the church worshipping in the above-named place was

celebrated Tuesday, Dec. 4th, 1866. A good number of friends filled the chapel and partook of an excellent tea. At half-past 6 the public meeting commenced, Mr. S. Green in the chair. He said in his opening remarks he was happy after ten years' labour in their midst to find the church was in peace; he lamented the last year had not been marked with so much prosperity as some of the former years. The church had lost some by removals in Providence, and several by death. Mr. Hazelton then addressed the meeting; after he had made some excellent remarks to the chairman, by way of encouragement, he turned his attention to the subject given him, which was Heb. xii. 22. He was listened to with much interest and delight. The chairman next called upon Mr. Foreman, his beloved and venerable brother, who also made a good and telling speech from part of the twenty-third verse. At this stage of the meeting the deacons called upon the last-named speaker to present to Mr. Green, as a token of the church's love and esteem, a purse of gold, together with a very handsome picture, which it appears Mr. Green had often expressed a wish to possess; hoping he might be spared and continue their pastor for years to come. After Mr. G. had replied in words of the best feeling, he called upon the following brethren, namely, Milner, Alderson, and Wilkins, all of whom made excellent speeches. Mr. Flack closed with prayer. The singers at intervals sang pieces with good effect. We pray that great grace may be upon pastor and people.

A SPECTATOR.

TO GOOD MINISTERS OF JESUS CHRIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

Here is an opening for any one capable of keeping a boy's day school. There is no boy's school in our town, except the subscription schools, and those are badly managed. I have a very nice chapel, vestry, and school-room, lying unoccupied for want of a minister, that would be capable of preaching a Gospel sermon, and keep a day school. I would subscribe the first year, if I found him a Gospel man, £20, towards his support; besides if he was a man of any talent he would get a good congregation, as the chapel and school is so well situated nearly in the middle of the town. We have not a Gospel place in the town; and I do think an honest Gospel man would get a large congregation.

TRING.—The Baptist church at West End is still urging on its way. Special services were holden on Dec. 26th, when two sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, when the brethren Henry Hutchinson, of Bedmond; J. Searle, of Two Waters; J. Cartwright, of Buckland common; and many Christian friends assembled to encourage the hearts of the friends who have long laboured for the truth here. This cause at West end, Tring, like many other

causes, requires a minister, a preacher, a studious, laborious, devoted, and earnest pastor. We would say to any really God-fearing and truth-loving man, who pants after a sphere of usefulness, here is one; Mr. Bennett is filling Allenan street chapel, and is doing a good work there. This is joyful, when contrasted with the cold and lifeless state of many of our churches.

THE HISTORY OF BAPTISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

SIR,—As it is evident that the "open communion" Baptists will do their utmost to crush the above work, if they possibly can, allow me space for the copy of a letter of a more encouraging character. It is from a Baptist lay gentleman of long standing, a very standard-bearer in our ranks; it has come to me spontaneously and it exposes the true cause of the opposition to my history that exists in certain quarters:—

"Dear Sir,—Your most valuable and interesting 'History of Baptists' I have read with great pleasure. It well deserves double and treble the sale it will get, though, no doubt, it will meet with a good circulation. Why it will not meet with the sale it deserves, will be, because it will tell rather forcibly in certain quarters, and with none will it be more unpalatable than with the mixed class. The real Baptist—New Testament Baptist, will owe you a large debt of gratitude. You well know that truth is not a very favourite idea, and you know too, dear sir, that the world has pretty fast hold of the churches, and they are ruled by its principles.—I am, dear sir, &c.

The venerable writer of the above, now near fourscore years of age, has correctly remarked, that the history will be "unpalatable" with a certain class. It is so; but who constitute that class? Shall we go to Norwich and Ramsgate to learn who they are? or to Rochdale (West street), and to Bromsgrove, where very recently they have perverted Strict Baptist causes to purposes never contemplated by their founders? The last mentioned church—Bromsgrove,—has existed more than 200 years as a Strict Baptist church, but the spoilers have come down upon it at last. These men have spread a theological cattle plague among the churches; and though the infection has more than decimated the entire flock, they exhibit no signs of remorse.—Yours very truly,

WILLIAM STOKES.

Manchester, Dec. 15, 1866.

HOMERTON.—We understand Mr. William Palmer has recovered from his late severe illness; and that a thanksgiving meeting was held in his chapel at Homerton last Thursday evening.

BIRTH.—On Tuesday morning, 18th December, the wife of E. Edwards, of Peckham, a son, George Moyle Edwards.

Grace and Glory:—What are They?

A BRIEF CONSIDERATION OF THE SEVEN HELPS OF HEAVEN, WHEREWITH A WANDERING ISRAELITE RETURNED UNTO GOD.

(Continued from page 5, vol. xxiii.)

CHAPTER II.

“ While I am in life's battle-field,
Jesus, be near my soul to shield
From every woe ;
O grant me grace to look to Thee,
That I may ever manfully
Resist the foe.

Dear Jesus, look down from above,
O look on me with tender love
And watchful care ;

Melt Thou this guilty heart of stone,
And mould it, till it shall alone
Thine impress wear.

So that when Death shall take away,
My spirit from this house of clay,
With sins forgiven ;
I may not fear His dread alarms,
But fall asleep in Thy bless'd arms,
To wake in heaven !”

Thus did the grace of God in the heart of Ann Amelia Serle pant for the heavenly glory ; and thus will the grace of God lead every heaven-born child of God to look unto JESUS, to plead the merits of His sacrifice, and to rejoice, at times, in hope of the glory of God.

Some have complained that I have given no motto for the year 1867. The words I commenced the year with, is a motto for all the years of time, and for the boundless ocean of ETERNITY ! “ O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself ! But, IN ME IS THY HELP !! I WILL BE THY KING !!” These words spoken by the Lord, through Hosea, (xiii. 9, 10), will be found true in every age of this fleeting time state ; and when the ransomed church has passed over the Jordan for ever, then, (however some may dispute the correctness of our translation) JESUS will be their KING for ever.

The words I have quoted comprehend the three conditions of all the vessels of mercy. As they lay in the fall, Jehovah saith, “ O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself.” A covenant of grace having been made for them,—a full salvation having been accomplished in their behalf ; the Spirit of the living God, proceeding from the Father, and from the Son, saith, “ I will be thy help ;” and this help being perpetuated and perfected by the Lord himself in the souls of all His redeemed, He says, (of the better kingdom yet to be possessed), “ I will be thy King !”

What awful illustrations and confirmations of the first sentence doth the past history, and present aspect of the world afford ! On every man—on the very best of men, the marks of destruction, the lineaments of the fall, the features of ruin are clearly to be seen. The third verse of the 19th Psalm is terrible in truthfulness, and dreadful in reality—“Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men !” The words are as full they can well be of the evidences of THREE THINGS, the consequences of which can never be fully written on the earth. The first thing I refer to is—

THE COMMANDMENT IN EDEN.

Read the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the 2nd chapter of

Genesis. There is heaven's first and great commandment:—"And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden, thou mayest freely eat: but," (ah! this is the first solemn "but" in the Bible), "Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die;"—the margin says, "*dying thou shalt die.*" That was heaven's first great commandment; and being spoken by the Lord God unto man; and being spoken unto the man in his state of innocence and strength, would have been sufficient, as one might think, to keep the man for ever from the slightest approach to anything like a transgression of that one commandment. Was there not scope enough, freedom enough, fruit enough, trees enough, variety enough, satisfaction enough in the heavenly grant—"Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat?" Ah! certainly, enough indeed; and how gloriously everything goes on. "The Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam, to see what he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof."

Here was honour conferred upon the man! Here was constant intercourse between the Creator and the creature! Here was a business carried on indeed; and really it is quite plain, that while there were none but the Lord God and the man, and while the Lord kept the man fully employed, all things went well; and how truly do I know, there is safety while with the Lord I am alone; and while He protects me by the exercise of His power, all is holiness and happiness indeed.

Adam, in having all the creatures brought to him, and in their being named by him, is said to be a lively type of the Lord Jesus Christ. But I will not run so much into the typical here, as to lose sight of the literal. We have seen the first thing: heaven's great commandment not to touch the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, which the studious Bunyan calls a type of the law, or covenant of works. Let us pass on to the second thing; only before we do so, let me say one word to all. There is no safety but in the closest communion with the Lord. While He is coming to us, and while we are employed by Him, there is the soul's safe shelter from every storm, and a shield from every temptation. Often as I walk the streets of the great city, to myself I sing—

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

What, now, is the second thing? It is

THE FIRST GREAT TRANSGRESSION.

The woman is formed, and given to Adam. The serpent is subtle, and beguileth the woman. The very thing which God hath forbidden, to that the serpent tempteth the woman; and so effectually did the temptation succeed, that the woman took the serpent's eyes into her own head, so that she might look at things as he said; and hence we get that dreadful blow at the root of all Adam's primeval happiness, which is written in Gen. iii. and the sixth verse—"When the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant"—(a desire)—"to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise: she

took of the fruit thereof, AND DID EAT; and gave also unto her husband with her, AND HE DID EAT."

There were three in the conspiracy; there were three amazing wonders in that second thing. We wonder how the serpent could dare to enter upon such a piece of business as this; and we wonder how the woman could be thus overcome; but we wonder more than all, that Adam should so soon drop into the snare; yet, so it is. That old serpent the devil, had been watching with malicious jealousy the creating hand of God. He had been cast out of heaven because of his enmity against THE SON OF GOD when He was set up as the Covenant Head of all that the Father gave unto Him, and now Satan beholdeth the power of God in creation. The garden, the man, the beasts, the fowls, the trees, the fruits, the planets, the rivers, the woman, and the dignity and glory which rested upon our first parents. Can he endure all this, and not aim to strike a blow? He could not endure it. He enters into the serpent; he attracts the attention of the woman; through her the man is overcome; the end, as the serpent thinketh, is accomplished!

Oh, the dark deeps of that dread day,
When Satan stole man's heart away
From his Creator-God!
What streams of sorrow since have flown,
What crowds of errors since have grown;
How terrible the rod!

What is the third thing? We have seen the first great commandment. We have sighed over the first great transgression; now comes

GOD'S GREAT SENTENCE UPON THE TRANSGRESSION.

The serpent is cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; he shall have neither feet to walk with, nor wings to fly with, nor hands to work with: "Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life;" and between the serpent and the woman there is enmity for ever. The woman's sorrow is to be multiplied, and in subjection she is to live; but, now comes the sentence which afflicts us all so dreadfully:—

"And unto Adam (the Almighty now in terror) said,
"Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife,
"And hast eaten of the tree,
"Of which I commanded thee, saying,
"Thou shalt not eat, of it:
"Cursed is the ground for thy sake;
"In sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life;
"Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee;
"And thou shalt eat the herb of the field;
"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
"Till thou return unto the ground;
"For out of it wast thou taken:
"For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Here in distinct lines is man's portion since the fall; and from hence, with all the subsequent evils, ariseth the sad lamentation: "Oh! Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself." On every page, this dreadful line is written. In every man's biography; in the annals of every section of the

globe, in every city, hamlet, and street; in every colony, and on every continent, the perpetual groan is heard:—

“ Poor man! weak man is born to die;
 Made up of guilt and vanity;
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just;
 ‘ Return, ye sinners, to your dust!’
 Death, like an overflowing stream,
 Sweeps us away, our life—a dream;
 An empty tale; a morning flower:
 Cut down, and wither’d in an hour.”

The *grave* is signalized by CRUELTY! The *grace of God* delights in VICTORY!! The *glory* of the FATHER’S HOUSE is noted for its BLISSFUL PERPETUITY.

Let not despair fasten upon thy spirit, poor fallen sinful, and self-condemned man. There is a second word which comes down from the eternal throne; its notes are few, but they are full of truth and grace. They are the words of Jesus Himself; He says, “ IN ME IS THY HELP.”

I cannot quit this first section of my paper without remarking that, while I do not believe preachers of the Gospel are to confine themselves too much to THE FALL OF MAN, and its most lamentable consequences, still, I am persuaded that God honours that minister much who faithfully expounds, and enforces the dreadful state and danger of the man who lives and dies in his sinful condition. I will here give two different illustrations.

The first is as dark as it is melancholy. In the memoir of Alexander Paterson, the following leaf is found:—

One night about nine o’clock, two young men called at Mr. Paterson’s house, asking him to go and see a man in St. John street, who was in great distress. Our missionary had been out seven hours that day visiting in the wynds, and had just come home very much worn out with his labours.

“ I’m very tired,” he said, “ and not very able to go. Is the case urgent?”

“ Yes; he is very anxious about his soul—it’s *cholera*, and he is very ill.”

“ Well, I’ll go.”

“ But are you not afraid?”

“ Oh, no; as he is anxious about his soul, I’ll go with you instantly.”

They soon were at the house. As they entered, a dismal spectacle presented itself. There was no fire in the room—all was in confusion; the man’s wife and daughter, the latter a woman about twenty-five years of age, lay in one corner in a state of intoxication—in another corner, lay a man and his wife in a similar condition—in a third corner, stretched upon a pallet of damp straw, was the *cholera* patient, already in a far advanced stage of the disease. Two doctors were there, but they immediately left.

“ You’re very ill?” said the missionary, going at once to the dying man.

“ Oh, yes,” he replied, stretching out to him his hand, which was already as cold as death, “ I’m *very* ill.”

“ Do you think you are dying?”

“ Yes, yes.”

“ What is your hope?”

“ Oh, Sir, I have no hope. I’m going to hell—I have been an awful sinner—I have lived without God and without Christ, and I’ve no hope. I’ve neglected the holy Sabbath, and the house of God, and the Bible. Oh! I’m a great sinner!” Then, looking up to the missionary, and grasping his hand more firmly, he added—“ Oh, Sir, do you think there is mercy for such a sinner as me?”

Mr. Paterson spoke of the blood of Jesus, but the man’s agony only grew

deeper and more harrowing. "Oh! when I look back at my ungodly life," he cried, "I see nothing before me but hell! Oh! my sins deserve hell, the hottest place in it! Oh! what shall I do to be saved!"

By this time the missionary, in the depth of his concern for the poor man, had lain down beside him on the damp straw, beseeching him to be reconciled to God. When he rose to go away, the man clung to him with a convulsive energy. At last, after again praying, he left the house, accompanied by the two young men who had come for him. He went back early next morning to see him, but he was gone—he had died about ten minutes after they parted during the night. It was on 10th September, 1849.

The next illustration is of a different hue. How far it was genuinely better—*better in eternity*, I cannot tell. Here it is:—A man, in 1866, actually hung his own son in a cellar. He fled; but his guilty conscience so stung him, that he flung himself into the hands of justice. He was tried, condemned, executed. A Missionary—one M'Cree, zealously and charitably, and with great perseverance, visited and conversed with him in his cell. After the wretched man was gone, Mr. M'Cree preached a sermon, entitled, "THE LAST HOUR." It is published by J. Paul. At the very commencement of that sermon, Mr. M'Cree says—

Sitting in the condemned cell with John Richard Jeffery, last Sunday afternoon, he said to me, "Sir, what will be your text next Sunday night?" I opened the Bible, and read to him the words which I have just read to you,—"Thou hast destroyed thyself." He was silent for a moment: his breast heaved with sorrow; his eyes filled with tears; and then, taking the Bible from my hand, he turned to the 34th Psalm, and said, "These words comfort me—'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles;' and these words—'O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.'" And then, pointed to the 18th verse, he said, "And these words comfort me—'The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.'" "Well," I said, "when I have announced my text, 'Thou hast destroyed thyself,' I shall tell the people who will be present at the Mission Hall the words which have been a comfort to you." Thus, have I fulfilled my promise. The text was chosen, because it teaches the solemn lesson which I often sought to impress on the mind of John Richard Jeffery, and which I know he felt so bitterly during the last days of his life, viz: that he had destroyed himself, that he had brought himself to judgment and to death by an awfully and abominably wicked life. This he confessed to God on his knees with many tears: and this he confessed to me, time after time, as he narrated, not only the history of the crime for which he was executed, but as he unfolded the story of his life. To this impressive theme, then, I entreat your devout and earnest attention, viz:—*Self-destruction by sin*.

Thus far, I think the Missionary dealt faithfully with the criminal: the issue of his ministrations in the condemned cell would lead to the hope that Jeffery found forgiveness in the precious blood, power, and intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ; but I enter not into that now.

The seven-fold help of God's grace in the Gospel shall be next commenced if spared. Meanwhile, let us not forget "the fall is entire," it has so marred and crippled the flesh, that not one man liveth, who is, or can, in himself, be perfect. We are all spoiled, and cannot fully recover until the resurrection of the just. Remember, also, GRACE is called "HELP." Perfect victory over every fault, and over every fear, is not here obtained. An antagonistic warfare between grace and the great giant of the grave has continued for six thousand years; it still continues,—it will continue, until the glorious God and Saviour of His

people shall take unto Himself His great power, dethroning Satan, and exalting the Church in the fullest possession of all His promises. Then shall our eyes behold THE KING in His beauty. Then shall we inhabit the land now so very far off, and, until then, may the Lord Himself be the help of His chosen, and of your humble servant in Christ,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

1, Portland terrace, Hackney.

“An Abundant Entrance.”

A MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH ROOTS, OF HARVEL, MEOPHAM, KENT.

BY RICHARD BAX, PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, MEOPHAM.

How much easier and pleasanter it is to *peruse* a well written gracious obituary of a departed saint, than it is to *write* one. Yet, “in all labour there is profit.” And this is a kind of labour which has oft-times been made very profitable, both to saint and sinner. God’s saints are ever interested in those things which relate to spiritual experience, and are always glad to read a faithful testimony of the power of Divine grace in the heart, that so they may compare notes with those whose ransomed spirits have passed into the regions of unclouded light, and everlasting rest and glory. Nor is there anything wrong in this pleasant exercise, for the spouse of the Canticles was directed in like manner by the great and good Shepherd, Bridegroom, and Beloved, Himself, when thus He spake — “If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, *go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock*, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds’ tents.” Cant. i. 8. There is a right and proper use to be made of the *Christian* experience of a believer, and there is also an improper use which is often made of those experiences of a Christian, which cannot without great impropriety of language, be called *Christian experience*. To recount the various weaknesses, sins, and failings of the believer, cannot possibly result in any good save in those instances where the triumphs of grace are made more illustrious by a faithful and unvarnished relation of the same. But who is sufficient for these things? For, “who can understand his own errors? And if, at times, even the most eminently spiritual of the household of faith, cannot distinguish the actings of the flesh from the strivings of the Spirit, nor resolve their state into a sound judgment, how can it be expected that one should be so acquainted with the heart of another as to write a sermon of his or her experience, the actings of the Divine life in the soul? “For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.” (1 Cor. ii. 11). When we converse with others respecting things spiritual and Divine, and their apprehension and experience of the same, we are obliged to trust to their veracity and judgment of spiritual matters, testing the same by the unerring Word of God, and whether the statement fall with life and savour upon our own spirit, accompanied with the power of the Holy Ghost. Beyond this we cannot go. And hence it is of the utmost importance that we

thus "try the spirits whether they are of God." The apostle laid down as an incontrovertible, discriminating, precious, spiritual, and vital truth, that "he that is joined unto the Lord, is *one spirit*." "And where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," to speak one to another, of the things which we have tasted, and handled, and felt of "the good word of God." There may be great diversity of state and condition between the conversing parties, but still as they both are taught by the self-same Spirit, (if they be Christians indeed,) a spontaneous fellowship of feeling and spirit, will spring up between them. The beloved apostle John, recognises and asserts the same experimental fact, when thus he writes, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, *that ye also may have fellowship with us, and truly our fellowship is with the FATHER, and with his SON JESUS CHRIST.*" 1 John i. 3. But this was not the only reason why John wrote these things unto them, for as he immediately adds, "*that your JOY may be FULL.*"

With these reflections, a few particulars of one who was but a babe in grace, when she fell asleep in Jesus, shall be now introduced for the edification of those who search into this EARTHEN VESSEL for spiritual treasure.

ELIZABETH ROOTS was born October 16th, 1842, her parents being moral, honest, industrious people, belonging to the agricultural class. Though at that time her parents did not, we presume, know anything of spiritual experimental religion for themselves, yet they sent their daughter Elizabeth to the Sunday School connected with the Baptist Chapel, Meopham. She continued in the school for some time, but whatever impressions she may have received there, they were not of an abiding character, but were lost in the "vanities" of childhood and youth.

When of sufficient age Elizabeth left home for domestic service, and continued in her situation as long as her health permitted, but at length the insidious foe—consumption—compelled her to relinquish servitude and repair home, where she hoped to regain her former health and strength. All that a mother's fond solicitude, with limited means, could do was done for her daughter; but the creature's desires were not to be realised in this way. God's purposes respecting this straying one were soon to be unveiled in the deathbed scenes that followed. Elizabeth, like all other of God's children before they are "renewed in the spirit of their mind," plainly manifested that "the carnal mind is enmity against God," and hence she had no love for His ways nor to His people. She was moral, but not spiritual. Poor girl, she seemed to be unaware of her dangerous condition, naturally and spiritually. Her mind and heart were alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that was in her. She was opposed to attending any place of worship, both before and for some time after her illness commenced. On one occasion her mother, who is now a member of the Baptist church at Ryarsh, under the pastoral care of John Jull, asked if she would accompany her to chapel, when she received for an answer, "You go where you please, and I will go where I please." The anxious mother then asked, "Would you like to die?" to which Elizabeth replied, "No." This faithful, affectionate dealing of the mother with her daughter's soul seemed to rouse her from her spiritual torpor, for soon after she manifested great

concern for her future safety in the world to come, being in great trouble about her state as a sinner before God ; and while her mind was gradually awakening to the unspeakable worth of her immortal soul, her health was gradually declining, so that she began to lose hope of recovering again. Now her fears of death became sore, and harassed her mind exceedingly, knowing as she did that she was not prepared for that great and solemn change. Who can fully estimate the anguish of a mortal spirit while in such a frame of mind ? Hoping for the best, but fearing the worst.

About this time it was her lot to spend a short time with a family of very promising children, one of whom, though of a tender age, proposed a prayer-meeting among themselves, and invited Elizabeth to engage in prayer with them, which, however, she declined, adding, " I cannot pray ; I do not know how." Upon this representation the dear child herself knelt down and prayed with such exquisite tenderness of feeling, comprehensiveness of petition, and appropriateness to their several circumstances, making special allusion to the case of Elizabeth, that a deep and lasting impression was produced on her mind, and to which she often alluded, exclaiming, " I wish I could pray like little Harty." Every week now told rapidly upon her departing health, her emaciated body plainly and solemnly reminding her that she was drawing near to the grave, and soon, very soon, her spirit would " return unto God who gave it." In this condition she was visited by an esteemed brother, whose occasional ministerial services have been greatly owned by the Lord, who spoke to her in a very serious, searching, solemn manner, asking whether she felt herself to be as great a sinner as others ? to which the poor girl replied, " No." However, after this brother left, she began to reflect very deeply upon the things that had passed between them in conversation, when it occurred to her mind that she had not properly explained her meaning, and remarking that, what she intended was, she had not been permitted to go such lengths in actual transgression as many had ; but before God she felt herself to be as the chief of sinners. But so tender was her conscience in the truth at this time, that she felt very unhappy in mind, lest she had unwittingly deceived a dear servant of the Lord. Now, she was brought into fellowship with the poor publican in the temple, crying, " God be merciful to me a sinner." Frequent and earnest were her petitions to God now, that He would pardon her sins. Prayer now was the only means of obtaining relief for her burdened spirit. Many and bitter were her reflections now for her past irreligious conduct and temper, concerning attendance at the public ministrations of God's truth, and the various ordinances of Divine worship ; may others profit by her folly.

By this time Elizabeth had become so weakly and feeble that she was obliged to remain within during the greater part of her time, and oftentimes, indeed, was confined to her bed. An aged brother, retired from business, and a deacon of the Meopham church, was constant and frequent in his visits to her, and who read, prayed, and conversed with her from time to time, as to the foundation of her hope, and her prospects beyond the grave, from whence none ever return. The visits of this dear brother were very highly esteemed, and were of great service to the sick, but seeking child of Lord. Often did poor Elizabeth express the pleasure she felt in Mr. Crowhurst's visits to her, observing, " I always feel so

happy to hear his voice, and listen to his footsteps up the stairs." It was about this time that the writer of this memoir began regularly to visit the now sainted sinner. Knowing full well how little dependence is so be placed in deathbed repentances generally, I was exceedingly anxious to know just how she regarded herself as a sinner against God. Various and many were the questions and weighty truths addressed to her, as in the fear and presence of God; and it was no small comfort to find that all her hopes could be expressed in the beautiful language of Watts—

" A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all."

In answer to my enquiries as to the beginning of her soul trouble, she told me that after she was confined to her bed, she began to reflect upon the past, and how unfit she was to die, and stand before the throne of a holy God. Then it was she saw and felt herself to be a lost and ruined sinner, and that her sins became an intolerable burden, and the pains of hell gat hold upon her. The fear of being cast into hell, constrained her to cry mightily for mercy, and to look for the same through the cross of Christ. O how eagerly did she drink in the precious tidings of sovereign grace, through the rent veil of a Saviour's flesh! She told me she did not fear death, could she but be assured by the Lord himself, that all her sins were blotted out. Having conversed with her for some time, she desired that I should read and pray with her before leaving. At her request, I read 42nd Psalm, as being expressive of her state, and the fervent breathings of her soul for the friendship of God. At a subsequent visit, she told me that the 14th chapter of John, had been made a great comfort to her mind, filling her with joyful hope that Jesus would not "cast her out," but, finally receive her into His everlasting kingdom of glory. She appears to have lain awake nearly all the night following her reading the above portion of Scripture, and so precious were her meditations concerning the pity, tenderness, love, and faithfulness, of the dear Redeemer as revealed in that chapter, that in the morning she told her mother she could repeat the whole of the chapter. As the disease progressed, her bodily sufferings increased also, at one time her legs were much swollen, and her body sore and tender, through her confinement to her bed, but still she bore all meekly and patiently, at times expressing her grateful sense at the Lord's great kindness to her. When referring to this one day, she said to her mother, "How merciful God is to me, at one time my poor body was so sore, but now that my legs are bad my body is better." Her mother replied, "Yes, my dear, it will soon be over," to which the dear sufferer said, "Yes,—

" They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare."

At another time she said to her devoted parent, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God;" to which her mother made reply, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Elizabeth joined in by expressing her hope that such should be her blessed and eternal portion.

Being very happy in her mind at this time she spoke to her brother James, who lay very near her heart, and said how she wished she could see a spiritual change in him, and that he might experience what she felt; for, "What is life? It is but a vapour." About three weeks before her departure out of this life, a Christian young man from Halling, a member of the Ryarsh church, spent a whole day with her, conversing about the precious things of God's glorious and infallible salvation to every heir of mercy. This was a day of feasting and rejoicing to Elizabeth. During the week following this visit I saw her again, and could but notice her rapid growth in grace, for whatever lingering suspicions I might have entertained before, they could find no place in my thoughts now: She could express her various exercises of mind in language so perspicuous and intelligent at this time that seemed more like conversing with one who had been long in the way of faith and peace. One circumstance ever encouraged me in my visits to her, viz., the heavenly freedom with which I could address the throne of grace on her behalf. Doubtless the Spirit, who knew the desires and wants of his dear saint, assisted me asking for those things she needed, and of expressing the longings of her heart. On this subject her mother remarks, "She has often said, how much she enjoyed Mr. Bax's visit, she did so like to hear him pray." "The days of her mourning" were nearly ended, and soon she was to "run up the shining way," and enter through the pearly gates, and walk the golden streets, where the Lamb is seen face to face, and where His servants shall serve Him in his presence for ever and ever. A little while before her end came, she began repeating and singing the whole of that sweet hymn—

" Ah! I shall soon be dying,"

and when she had finished, she said, "*I am so happy*; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." After which she exclaimed, "O mother, I can see the blessed angels beckoning me to the skies." And soon after this she said, with great joyousness of soul, "O mother, I can see the blessed Jesus with outstretched arms, ready to receive me." And then she sang the hymn—

" There is a happy land, far, far away,"

Not long after she sang the whole of a Sunday-school piece, entitled, "Shall we meet beyond the river"? This she desired should be sung over her grave, at the funeral. Her thoughts were now wholly taken up with "the glory that was to follow." At one moment, while so employed, she broke forth in the ardency of her spirit,—

" One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin."

The great Shepherd mercifully preserved her from the violent assaults of Satan, so that in her dying moments she had but little else to do than to "sing of goodness and mercy." Almost her last words were, "PRECIOUS JESUS! PRECIOUS JESUS," and having breathed for about ten minutes longer, she was "absent from the body, and present with the Lord" "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." And thus fell asleep in Jesus, Elizabeth Roots, aged twenty-four years, Nov. 21st, 1866.

At the request of the departed, the writer preached a funeral sermon from her chosen words, Phil. i. 23, latter part, to a numerous congregation.

Four Sons Dead in One Day.

A SHORT PAPER ON
THE PRIVILEGES, TRIALS, AND TRIUMPHS OF THE
CHRISTIAN FAITH.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT a scene was that over which I paused in my introduction to this little paper on the trial of faith! It was Christmas-day. The good farmer (who was father to the bride referred to before) had been dining with his family, and as a little recreation, had a new horse put into his chaise to drive a fond one home. A healthier or happier looking Englishman you could seldom meet, than was this devoted Essex agriculturist. I remember well the first time I saw him enter our meeting-place; I thought he must be a minister of the Gospel. He looked exactly like one whose heart burned within him at the thought of Jesus' love, and of His great salvation; but when, subsequently, I came to converse with him, I found him to be one of the most contrite and humble souls you could possibly meet with; yet, more decided for the grand doctrines of distinguishing grace, than many you may meet with among the ranks of even the closest and choicest of the disciples of Christ. His loss to Zion is a trial; but it is his everlasting gain.

To return, then, to the Christmas-day; I think it was the one before the last, or the one before that, he was driving his new horse down the lane leading from his house to the town whither he was going, when all in a moment the horse took fright—fled away—the farmer's heart received a shock—he let the reins drop from his hands—and he fell back a lifeless corpse in his own chaise, beside his own child; while others, who were walking on and around, wondered what it all could mean. Well may it be said, "Death conquers all but heaven."

"O death! Stern power that conquers all;
Since our first parents' fatal fall,
What terror thou hast spread o'er all!

Thou heedest not the mother's sigh,
When one by one her children die,
And in the tomb together lie;
Nor carest for the orphan's moan.
Expressed in sorrow's saddest tone:
Earth seems, alas! a desert lone.

While thus adrift they all are cast
On life's rough wave, 'mid time's rude blast,
Their fragile barque seems sinking fast.

Saviour! if it be Thy will,
Command life's billows to be still,
And with good hope each bosom fill:
That they may throw Faith's anchor o'er
Time's narrow bounds, on that safe shore
Where death, and woe assail no more."

I hope of some of the orphan children it may be said, they are casting Faith's anchor over Time's narrow bound, and that they are hopefully looking for that holiest of all assemblies, where the departed father and his children shall again together meet, never to be separated by a sudden

fright, but where alarming accidents never come ; where there is no more boisterous sea, no more dark and dangerous night—

Where sighs to joyous songs are turned,
Where all is PEACE and REST ;
Where saints their Saviour's kingdom see,
And are for ever blest !

If, over the grave of this departed man of God, I had been called to give an address, it should have been founded, I think, upon Paul's words to the Hebrews—

" For we are made PARTAKERS OF CHRIST, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end."

What is Paul's meaning, " The beginning of our confidence ? How is this holden steadfastly by the believer ? In what sense is he thus made a " PARTAKER OF CHRIST ? "

" The beginning of our confidence " means the fixedness and certainty of our faith. There are, at least, seven things of which the true believer is increasingly confident. His eye of faith, with a most decided confidence, looks at the seven following things :—

(1.) At his state in the fall. His language is—" I know that in me—that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." As he goes on in this life, his confidence in the total depravity and ruin of all Adam's family in the fall is increased. " I know," so firmly saith Jeremiah, " that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." How confident is the tried believer that if the Lord does not hold him up, every moment he is in danger, and may over his own head bring dishonour, and into his own soul bring the deepest distress.

(2.) The confidence of the true believer looks to the law of God. How true, " The law made nothing perfect ; but the bringing in of a better hope did, by the which we draw nigh unto God." The law is a schoolmaster. By the law is the knowledge of sin. The law is holy, just, and good ; but the law never made the covenant perfect, nor the Church perfect ; nor can it ever perfect a poor sinner in anything but condemns him for all and every sin—" I have seen an end of all perfection ; but thy commandment is exceeding broad."

(3.) The confidence of the Christian looks—through grace Divine—unto Jesus Christ as the only hiding-place from the storm, and as the only Saviour which can, from every evil, and for ever, save the guilty and the needy soul. There was a time, one may say, when I had no confidence in Jesus, for I had neither seen Him, heard Him, or been experimentally blest by Him ; but the happy morning came when to my soul He was revealed, when all His glory and power to save, even unto the uttermost, was realised ; and when He so completely filled my soul that to doubt His Divinity, to call in question His faithfulness, His compassion, or the completeness of His work, seemed impossible. Jesus Himself is " the beginning of our confidence " in every sense of the word ; and in that fact is contained treasures and mercies, blessings and joys, more numerical and bountiful than I can attempt to unfold.

My departed friend held fast his confidence in the Person and work of his Saviour unto the end.

(4.) In the grace of the Holy Spirit the confidence of a real disciple resteth. What marks the Christian from all formalists, hypocrites,

and outer-court worshippers? It is this,—he has “the Spirit of Christ,” He is led of the Spirit; confidently, he will declare,

“Without God’s Holy Ghost within
He nothing good can do,”

(5.) The Gospel has been made the power of God unto his own soul’s salvation, and his confidence as regards its origin being in heaven, and its design being for the unfolding of the glory of God in the Person of Jesus Christ, is unshaken.

How many young men I have known wonderfully zealous for the Gospel at first. The late James Smith; that very devout man, William Lewis; that sweet-looking, J. E. Cracknell, and others. How strong and firm they appeared to be in the Gospel; and they would declare that they held fast by Jesus Christ still. So I believe, in an abstract sense, they did. But, how dreadful to such appears Paul’s question, “Is Christ divided?” The Bible, the Gospel, the Holy Ghost, the prophets, the Apostles, never separated Jesus Christ from the Covenant of Grace, or from the electing love of God the Father, or from the essential and saving grace of God the Holy Ghost. And when pleasant and pious preachers say, “We preach Christ;” but they do not preach Him as the Chosen and Covenant Head of a family, elected and registered in the Lamb’s Book of Life before time began; when they pretend to take God’s Christ out of the grand centre of heaven’s most precious covenant-plan; when they will have Christ as they like and where they will,—then I am afraid of them. There are plenty of this CHRIST-DIVIDING work now-a-days, so that louder than ever I will shout, “If we HOLD the BEGINNING of our confidence steadfast unto the end, we are made partakers of Christ;” but when man’s will is set up on the platform, and God’s will is shut up in the study, I look and wonder; and my fears, and even angry feelings sometimes will arise.

(6.) In the promise of God the Christian confides just in proportion as the Holy Ghost reveals and applies it, of which I have not time to be minute.

(7.) THE FINAL JUDGMENT is a period to which the believer looks with a confidence no tongue can ever fully describe. There the conflict will for ever cease; and there the Saviour’s double glory (as an Awful Judge and as a Glorious King) will by every eye be seen.

If a man, like my departed friend, holds the beginning of his confidence steadfast unto the end, it is because Christ Jesus is, in heaven, his Great High Priest; and it is because the Holy Spirit sanctifies his heart by the truth, and blesses unto his soul the ordinances of prayer, preaching, and the study of the word of God. Then, in his judgment, in his best affections, and in his profession of the Gospel, he holds “the beginning of his confidence steadfast unto the end; he is made a partaker of the atoning and justifying benefits of the Saviour; he will in his royal robes at last appear; and even now is constrained to sing—

“’Twas grace which kept me to the day,
And will not let me go.”

I have abode so long over the grave of my good old friend, that I cannot this month get to the other scene, where “four sons were dead in one day.” That comes on next.

A Bishop in a Garret;

A PROFITABLE PICTURE FOR ALL PREACHERS.

THE following original letter, addressed to the Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, must both please and edify its readers. We give it *verbatim* :—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am so cold in this old garret I occupy for my study, that I hardly know how to write, having only a small shop stove in it. I am here, up on high, close to the roof of the house. I dare say many ministers would not look into this old hole to make much of a stay ; but, unsightly as it is, I am glad of it, as I never had the privilege of a study to myself before. As I am now got up, I should say higher for study than many of my brethren, I pray that I may be more, spiritual, devotional, and useful! My prayer is that here I may enjoy my Master's presence, and the teaching of the Holy Spirit ; and I shall esteem this old garret, in this old-fashioned house, far beyond the palace of an earthly monarch.

You ask me my thoughts upon the Gospel. I have just read the Acts of the Apostles nearly through ; and I find the Apostles preached Christ as the Gospel, entirely Christ, from first to last. There is a great deal said in the Acts of the Apostles about preaching, teaching, exhorting, persuading, convincing, reasoning, and disputing ; but not one word about offers, proffers, tenders, and such like things. No, my brother, these belong to another gospel. The Gospel is Christ in His Person, work, offices, and characters ; Christ as our complete salvation, full redemption, righteousness, sanctification, and eternal felicity. The Gospel is the grace, mercy, and love of God, designed for the elect of God, to quicken, call, separate, and distinguish them from all others of every nation, clime, and people ; and the fruits and effects of this Gospel, as wrought by the Holy Spirit, are repentance, faith, hope, love, godly zeal, sincerity, humility, and spiritual-mindedness. In preaching this Gospel we have no authority from it either to offer Christ to the people or the Holy Spirit ; nor are we to offer them justification, sanctification, or the new birth ; but we are to preach these things as being all of them the effectual work of the Spirit in the soul. Neither Christ nor His apostles, I find, ever begged of sinners to close in with any conditions, or to let God save them. Nor can I find one instance in which Christ begged and beseeched His creatures to accept an offered salvation. No, all such things as these belong to another gospel, and not the Gospel of Jesus Christ. How clearly can I see what the first Gospel churches were, in their nature and principles, in reading the aforesaid book. How clearly can I see that the baptised households spoken of consisted of believers in Christ. Cornelius, with all his house, feared God ; and after the Holy Ghost was fallen upon these, which made them confess their sins, and express their hope and confidence in Christ, we find Peter ordered them at once to be baptised in that glorious name which they had openly confessed. Lydia's household consisted of believers, who after they were baptised were comforted by Paul as *brethren*. The jailor's household, I find, consisted of baptised believers, and were such as were capable of hearing

from Paul and Silas the word of the Lord. I find, also, that Crispus, and his household, believed on the Lord, and that all there, with many Corinthians, were baptised accordingly. In a word, I find by the Acts of the Apostles the first churches were not of a mixed kind, but were of one faith and practice; and, with the help of God, I mean to keep as near the apostolical practice of the Gospel, as declared in the Acts, as I possibly can. The sum is, the Christians of the Acts of the Apostles believed, were baptised, and communed together as strict distinguished bodies from all others.

Now, just a little upon the peculiar words used in the Acts of the Apostles, which describe the way and manner of preaching the Gospel. To preach and teach is to declare things just as they are laid down in the Scriptures, and open and explain them as they harmonise with one another, according to their true spirit and analogy. To exhort and persuade is to warn and caution, and admonish against the sins of the people and their idolatrous practices, and labour to draw their attention to the preaching or explanation of the doctrines and ordinances of the Gospel. To reason and convince is to compare Scripture with Scripture, and by the force of plain naked truth, exemplified in plain language, to upset error, and so show the difference between Christ and Dagon. Lastly, to dispute is to contend, by words and arguments, all deduced from plain Scripture, against the heresies of men, untaught of the Spirit, who seek to deceive the simple, and cause disciples to swerve from the faith once delivered to the saints.

These are a few of my thoughts from yesterday's reading in the Acts of the Apostles; and my object in stating them is simply to let you know that with you I still stand, as I hope, by the grace of God, in the old beaten paths, from which many in the present day are turning aside, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.—I am, my dear brother, yours affectionately,

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham St. Mary, January 5, 1867.

WINTER IN THE SOUL.

THE CRY OF ONE SHUT UP IN COLDNESS
AND HARDNESS.

O Sun of Righteousness, arise
On my dark, sinful soul;
Scatter the clouds of doubt and fear
That o'er it brood and roll.
Barren and frost-bound is my heart,
No beauty speaks Thy praise:
Let spring tide breathe, let flowers unfold,
Beneath Thy quickening rays.
Shine on with steadfast light, shed down
Thine influence from above,
Till spring tide's flowers shall sweetly change
To fruits of faith and love.
If Thou, O Christ, wilt thus arise,
No winter shall I know;
But after death, in fairer climes,
Beneath Thy radiance glow.
O Sun of Righteousness, shine forth
To earth's remotest shore,
And then this wintry gloom and woe
Shall cease for evermore.

From Mr. Bertram's Sermon in "The Independent."

THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER.

Lord, 'tis little that I know,
Much from me is kept concealed:
Yet as in thy ways I grow
Know I well 'tis not revealed.
Did I know each joyful state,
Did I know each state of woe,
Which for me in life await,
Forward could I dare to go!
Yet I hear the Master's word,
'Mid earth's shadows dark and dim,
As I wield the Spirit's sword,
As I press my way to him.
What thou knowest not as yet,
Henceforth thou shalt fully know;
When thy sighing and regret
Into perfect joy shall grow.
When the sword is laid aside
For the palm branch green and fair,
And the Master deck his bride
With the robes the ransomed wear,—
Then amid the saved throng,
I shall know that all was well;
When he led my soul along,
By the seeming gates of hell.
Woodford, North. T. J. BRISTOW.

ONE TAKEN, THE OTHER LEFT.

[WE give the following letter because it reveals a genuine work of God's grace in the soul. It was sent us privately, but the testimonies of a vital soul-travail are so scarce, that we believe, in giving the note, we shall render more service than ten thousand of the usual kind of sermons now issued. We solemnly believe in the following case both are taken by grace, although the writer cannot yet see it.—Ed.]

I take the liberty of writing to you again. These words harass me almost day and night, "To him that hath, it shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but to him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." I do not want to "seem to have," I do want the reality.

May I trouble you with a line or two as to how I was first aroused? I had been a Sabbath scholar about a year, and a regular attendant at chapel, &c.; but as to a concern about my soul, I never thought of it until last Good Friday. I went to chapel as usual Mr. M. preached from these words, "Whose house are we;" he quoted these words, "The servant abideth not in the house for ever; but the Son abideth ever." I saw at once that I belonged to the former; also these words, "He is not a Jew that is one outwardly."

I began to try to repair the breach; and thought I was not so bad as some I know; but that seemed like only one edge of the sword; since then I think I know what the "two-edged sword" means. I thought I got a little better for a time; till one night at chapel these words came like thunder, "When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hands, to tread my courts?" They followed me so close that I dared not go to the chapel for a time or two; yet, I could not dare not, keep away. Once especially I tried to ask the Lord that I might have something for a little ease, if not comfort, I felt like the rich man, "Oh that he would send Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water, to cool my tongue," but these words seemed to answer, "they have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them." Now I saw that mercy's door was shut, and shut for ever, I was so full of trouble. I am constrained to use Cain's words, "my punishment is greater than I can bear," not greater than I deserve, for I feel amazed at the forbearance of God in not cutting me down as a cumberer of the ground; unless it is to fulfil those words in Romans ix. 17, 22. I feel I cannot speak to my own dear sister; she don't seem like my sister since she has joined the Church.

That morning she was baptized—oh, I shall never forget it—it was as if some one was speaking these words to me, "The one shall be taken, and the other left." There was a gulf before, but now there is a great gulf *fixed*; an awful thought—fixed for ever!

As to praying for mercy, it would be presumption to the highest degree; and there is another thing that surprises me, things that used not to trouble me at all, now are my greatest temptations. And then where I differ so much from the Lord's people, I read that in the hour of dark temptations Satan cannot make them yield, but I have yielded before I was aware of it. I need that prayer, "lead me not into temptation," and even at chapel the world or some trifling thing often steals

my mind away. Yes, Mr. Banks, and that is not the worst; even when I am trying to ask the Lord for something in secret, even then, the world sometimes creeps in, and I forget almost what or where I am. The depravity of my heart! There's nothing can be like it! Could such things be allowed in one the Lord had set His love upon? I cannot think it. All that I can compare myself to is this: the light shining into a filthy dark dungeon, and shewing the disorder and confusion.

I have made, and do still keep making, resolutions to give it all up, think no more about it, but it won't give me up. I seem like the boisterous sea, whose waves cast up mire and dirt and cannot rest, yet,

Far more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests rolling o'er my head.

It is the treacherous calm and carnal security I do feel afraid of, but shall tire your patience.

Words for Faithful Watchmen.

FIRST SERIES.

[UNDER this heading, we wish to give some good and wholesome words for the faithful servants of Christ. Who will help us?—Ed.]

“MINISTERS must pray much if they would be successful. The Apostles spent their time this way (Acts. vi. 3). Yea, our Lord Jesus preached all day, and continued all night alone in prayer. They used to reckon how many hours they spent in reading and study; it were far better with ourselves and the Church of God, if more time were spent in prayer. Luther spending three hours daily in secret prayer; Bradford studying on his knees, and other instances of men in our time, are talked of rather than imitated. Ministers should pray much for themselves, for they have corruptions like other men, and have temptations that none but ministers are assaulted with. They should pray for their message. How sweet and easy it is for a minister (and likely it is to be profitable to the people) to bring forth that Scripture as good to the souls of his people, that he hath got opened to his own heart by the power of God the Holy Ghost, in the exercise of faith, and love to prayer! A minister should pray for a blessing on the Word; and he should be much in seeking God for the people. This may be the reason why some ministers of meaner gifts and parts, are more successful than some that are far above them in abilities; not because they preach better, so much as because they pray more, many good sermons are lost for lack of much prayer in study.—ROBERT TRAIL, 1667.”

God is our best friend. Shall we adventure contempt from God to avoid the contempt of friends? Read Job xxxi. 34, “Did I fear a great multitude, or did the contempt of families terrify me?” This, says Caryl, is a pattern for ministers; and we think more especially so in times when the profession of religion is rendered so attractive to and seductive of natural passions.

OUR FREE GRACE PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR OF PULHAM.

WHEN we look at the numerous doctors, deans, and dissenting divines of our day, who are well-clothed, thoroughly fed, handsomely paid, and ride in their carriages hither and thither, we are in danger of concluding that the days have passed away altogether, when men like the apostles, men like Christmas Evans, and many more, were to be found, labouring most intensely in publishing the Gospel, and in winning souls to Christ; but, if we are permitted to bring out our "Free-Grace Photographic Gallery;" giving the lives and labours of hundreds of the best of men the churches now have for their pastors; showing the scenes of their ministry; the hardships endured, and the triumphs achieved; we shall then show that there has been, and even now is, a mighty power of holy love to Christ, and of earnest desires for the salvation of poor sinners, working in the hearts of many men, under the influence of which they have leaped over many a wall, run through hosts of troops, faced many a danger, trodden down the strength of even the old adversary himself; and shouted victory over the ingathering of some of the Lord's redeemed, when they have seen the converting and pardoning grace of the Lord Jesus in them. Many a brilliant page could we give of the history of those village pastors, those humble, yet hearty servants of the Lord, whose names are scarcely known beyond the boundaries of their own small diocese. How soon we shall be able to give these pictorial and pen-and-ink illustrations, we must not attempt to say, but we have our thoughts about such an addition to our *EARTHEN VESSEL* as shall render it more pleasingly profitable to very many thousands.

These few words have been written spontaneously on sitting down to write a notice of a new book, entitled, "*Faithful Records of Jehovah's Mercies, during a Ministerial Career of thirty years.*" By Benjamin Taylor, of Pulham St. Mary. Could we here furnish a life-like *carte-de-*

visite of good Benjamin; and in another picture, represent the house of God wherein he has preached with so much comfort, liberty and advantage, we should throw a deal of light upon the man, and upon his book, which a mere common-place review cannot possess.

LYING ON JESUS' BOSOM.

BELoved brother, is this thy pillow, and thy resting place? Does one say to me, "Do not be so bold," and enquire, "Are we poor worms, beloved disciples, that we should be thus privileged?" "Ah, yes! even so." "What! to lean on him on whom archangels lean?" Even so, sigh not, say not, impossible! It is even so! say not, thou least of all the little ones, it is too glorious, too great for thee! It is even so. Say not, you must grow in grace before you can reach so high a bliss. You mistake; you cannot be too little, or young, to take repose upon the breast of Jesus. What, still afraid? Art thou then a little new born babe, without strength, or knowledge, and timidly afraid of presuming on the favour of the Lord? Thou hast a precious refuge! Yes, and only one! and where is that refuge? Even in *Jesus' bosom!* Poor, tender, helpless, feeble little lamb! "He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in *His bosom,*" Isa. xl. 11. The Lord help thee, dear soul, to rejoice in the soft embraces, and in the tenderness of that heart which is ever beating towards thee. Thou hast a little love sip now and then; oh, make much of them. The hour will come when thou wilt long for a lamb's portion again, when thou art traversing the bleak mountains amidst frosts and storms, yes, it is even so.

"The feeblest lamb in Jesus' fold
Is one with Jesus now."

Nevertheless, the sheep shall find their bliss in "leaning on Jesus' bosom," too. Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, *leaning upon her beloved?* Cant. viii. 5.

"Through fire and flood she goes,
A weakling more than strong;
Vents in his bosom all her woes,
And leaning moves along."

Yes, it is possible to lean there when we are not drinking of the love cup, with our hearts bursting with sorrow,

while "all the foundations of the earth are out of course." (Psa. lxxv. 5.) Where else can she lean? "By faith Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph; and leaning on the top of his staff." Heb. xi. 21.

She views the covenant sure,
Her hopes all centre there;
And on his bosom leans secure,
Whose temples bled for her.

GEORGE D. DOUDNEY.

THE CHURCH BETWEEN TWO BRIDGES.

God's church stands at present in this world between two bridges, the bridge of death and the bridge of life. When man sinned in the garden of Eden, the floodgates of death were thrown wide open, in consequence of which the fountains of sin, and the tide of iniquity, overflowed their banks, and threatened destruction to all the human race. God the Father seeing this, in the counsels of eternity devised a plan of escape for all His chosen race, by which he constructed a bridge of life in the gift of His well-beloved Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but might have eternal life. Thousands at the present day have turned their backs on the bridge of life, and chosen to go over the bridge of death. It is a bridge of darkness: "Men love the darkness rather than the light, because their deeds are evil." It is also a bridge of sand; and when the rains descend, and the floods come, it will sweep away the foundations; and all who are found on this bridge will be swept away, as it was in the days of Noah. Mark, there is only one way of escape from eternal death, and that is over the bridge of life. Jesus Christ is that bridge: "For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid," which is Jesus Christ. The church of God, as she is by the fall, stands between these two bridges, and like all the rest of mankind, she chooses to go over the bridge of death; but Mercy comes with her invincible grace, and whispers in the heart, "Save her from going down into the pit, since I have found a ransom." Then we say, Sin ran us down into this valley of death; and then grace found us in this valley of dry bones, dead in trespasses and sins; no life, no

feeling: "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot full of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores."

[The foregoing paragraph is the first in Mr. Christopher Alsop's book, bearing the title, "The Church between Two Bridges." It may be said to contain his faith in the Gospel, his experience in grace, and some evidence of his usefulness in the ministry. We must believe testimonies of this kind will be read to some good purpose by many. Mr. Alsop's book can be had, post free, for seven stamps, or through any bookseller from J. Paul, Chapter House court.—ED.]

"I WAS BROUGHT LOW."

I DESIRE to make mention of the Lord's goodness to me, in bringing me out of a very distressed state of soul (in this way) hoping it will be made useful to some tried child of God, and for His glory. What great things the Lord hath done for me, He has brought me through what I thought I must have sunk under. In my feelings I shortened the Lord's hand, imagining I could not live under it. My distress was very great, I felt to be in despair, could not settle to read or work, my thoughts were very dreadful, from morning until night. Being greatly tried about eating, I was brought very low in body. In God's house I could get no comfort, the conflict going on within, often prevented me from hearing (even with the outward ear.) I several times avoided the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and used to avoid meeting any of our members, feeling I had no hope. If any said a word for my comfort, it often added to my affliction; for what they brought as an evidence for me, made me feel they did not know my wicked heart. I felt greatly afraid I was a hypocrite. Truly I can say nothing is too hard for the Lord. My deliverance was very gradual, at first almost imperceptible, I do not feel I can trace any human agency in it, with the exception of many prayers of the Lord's people on my behalf. The Lord has again made me to delight in His ways, to love His people, and His word, and I hope Himself; and in a great measure brought me out of my low estate.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

A PREACHING TOUR OF 15,000 MILES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

On board the "City of Melbourne" Steamer, bound for Sydney, Nov. 26th, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

A FEW lines just to say that after the long absence of seven months from my home and my people, I am now on my way home, and right glad shall I be when I am. I cannot in this note give you full particulars of all that I have seen and passed through, during a journey of 15,000 miles lecturing and preaching the Gospel to all sorts of people, throughout Tasmania and South Australia. Mr. Cozens having arrived in Sydney, gave me the opportunity to leave my people, to enter upon a money-getting mission by means of my lectures, and a soul-saving mission by means of the everlasting Gospel. When I arrive home, I shall then have travelled 15,000 miles through the Australian colonies, preaching hundreds of sermons in the cities, towns, and bush, of our wonderful Continent. Exposed to all kinds of danger, both by land and by sea, but out of them all the Lord hath delivered me. Notwithstanding my many labours, I am returning home, not only well, but better in health, and stronger in body than I have ever been in my life, but above all, stronger in faith in the Lord, whose name is Jehovah Jireh, the Lord will provide, and the Lord has indeed provided for me, the means by which I am now able to meet all legal demands upon myself, so that I owe no man anything, "Bless the Lord, O my soul.

But, O dear me, the debt, that dreadful debt upon the chapel, still remains, to contend against all its consequences. I fear it will indeed be a contention, and then I shall need to be armed with discretion, prudence, and charity, that I may do battle against the monster debt, by faith and prayer, and hard working with all my might, "Save, Lord, I beseech Thee, O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity."

While steaming away to Sydney, I will give you a few particulars, first of Tasmania. I arrived in Hobart town after a somewhat stormy passage of 800 miles. I arrived on Lord's-day morning at 9 o'clock, and preached morning and evening in the Baptist chapel. The saints there received me gladly, this being my second visit.

While preaching the Gospel in that city, through the regenerating and irresistible power of God, the Almighty Spirit, there was great joy in the kingdom of heaven in the Baptist chapel, Hanington street, over a sinner who was brought to repentance and faith in Christ, while listening to the word preached. It appears that this called one was a woman of the world, never attended any place of worship. She came one Sunday to the chapel through a friend who had likewise been blest on the Lord's-day previous. While listening to the Word of God, she was convinced of sin, and was now the subject of Godly sorrow for sin, and prayed the prayer of necessity, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The Lord heard the cry of the broken-hearted one and spoke to her heart the voice of love and mercy. Thus there was a needs be that I should leave my home and my people, and visit Hobart town, but I am sorry in being obliged to say that the Baptist church there is in a very low state. They want a minister of Jesus Christ who will preach the truth in love, and practise what he preaches. If the Lord would send such a one, I have no doubt but that a good church would soon be built up. They have never yet in Hobart town been blest with such a one.

The following letter was addressed to me by the Deacons.

Harrington street Baptist church, Hobart town, May 26th, 1866. Dear Sir,—Having heard your testimony in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, with much profit and edification, we are thankful to bear testimony that your ministrations have

been blest here to immortal souls, one of whom died happy in the Lord, a short time previous to your last arrival.

"It is our hope and prayer that the aid and protecting care of the Almighty will be with you in your journeyings through the colonies, and through life, and that the Holy Ghost will continue to give you many seals to your ministry wherever you may be. With every Christian regard to yourself and the friends at Sydney, we remain, dear sir, yours very truly in the bonds of the Gospel, T. S. Edgar, Henry Hinsby, Deacons.

Before leaving the city of Hobart I visited Mount Wellington, and ascended the summit, 4,500 feet above the sea. There is one part of the mountain that has excited much wonder among excursionists,—I allude to the "Ploughed Field," as it is called. That immense pile of rounded stones has been, by some persons, looked upon as evidences of a terrible convulsion having taken place at a remote period. This immense heap of stones, piled one upon another, is made up of shattered columns of stone, which have been split off the side of the mountain by the action of the frost. The presence of frost, as a geological agent, is almost marvellous; and in this case we have a remarkable example of it. These stones, as is well known, present a very rough rasp-like surface, thereby affording a very secure footing to the mountain climbers. Having passed over this vast accumulation of shattered columns, and gained the summit of the mountain, we found ourselves, as it were, spell-bound by the magnificence of the panorama beneath, one indeed that might well defy the most graphic pen to do it justice. The effect upon the mind of the spectator is doubtless enhanced by contrast. All beneath him, so far as the eye can reach, typical of luxuriant life and repose. The dark green waving woods, the verdant fields, the gently undulating hills through which the noble "Derwent" flows in its fantastic course, with the city spreading upwards from its base, makes up a picture that contrasts strongly with

the air of desolation and death which everywhere appears on the mountain brow. The "Rocking-stone," as it is called, is a well-known object of interest, and has given rise to much speculation on the part of visitors, as to how it came to occupy such a position. As it is well known, this immense stone is poised upon another stone and can be made to oscillate by the ordinary strength of a man without being overturned. The belief entertained by geologists is, that it is a part of another column which, while falling, came in contact with the one that serves as a pedestal for it, and obtaining its equilibrium thereon has retained it ever since, although exposed at times to the most terrific gales of wind.

I left Hobart-town by steamer for New Norfolk. We steamed our way up the beautiful Derwent in the pouring rain, a distance by water of about fifty miles. The scenery from this river is the most magnificent I have ever seen. When I arrived at the end of the journey I put up at the Bush Inn. I there discovered that I had, while in Hobart-town, fallen among thieves, and that they had taken possession of me without leave. In all my travels I have never before met with the like. I have been in perils of storms, in perils of bush-rangers, in perils in the bush, in perils in the sea. I have been in perils among men, among bugs, fleas, sandflies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, rats, mice, dogs, native cats, snakes, scorpions, &c., &c., but never before have I been seized upon and taken possession of by the dirty, filthy wretches that I have not here named. Oh, the beasts! I had no idea of such things.

While at New Norfolk I was requested by the Government to exhibit my dissolving views to the inmates of the Lunatic Asylum; there were about 300 present; the proceedings passed off in a highly satisfactory manner; the lecture and exhibition was much appreciated by those present, and was concluded by a warm expression of thanks. Many of the poor creatures came and shook hands with me, and declared that it was the happiest time that they had

spent since they had been in the asylum. All the time that I was with them the saying of a lunatic to a friend of mine was continually sounding in my ears, "Have you ever thanked God for your reason?"

To be continued next mail.

JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE.

MR. BLOOMFIELD'S FAREWELL.

On Tuesday, January 7th, 1867, the farewell meeting at Salem chapel, Meard's crt., Soho, was holden, when several hundreds took tea, and were addressed by Sir John Thwaites, who presided; Messrs. Foreman, Milner, Collins, and other ministers, among whom was Mr. William Stokes, of Manchester. As a fair and rather full report of the meeting was given in *Gospel Guide*, No. 135, we do not report the same here, as most of our readers either have, or can read it in that paper; besides, we expect to publish the two last sermons in a compact, neat, and entire form, and may append thereto a faithful account of the meeting; therefore we only add the following address by Mr. W. Stokes, of Manchester, which not having been issued before, will be entirely new to all our readers.

Mr. William Stokes, of Manchester, begged permission to say a few words. Coming as he did from the North, he, perhaps knew more than any other person present of the district to which Mr. Bloomfield was about to depart. For his own part, he had never been convinced by the reasons assigned for the departure of Mr. Bloomfield from London. To him it appeared that Mr. B. had been useful, and by preaching among so many churches in and around London, he had acted on the great command, "preach the Gospel to every creature." However, Mr. B. was the best judge of his own duty, and it was not for any other person to dictate to him that duty. But in the district to which he was removing he would find the theological sentiment fearfully low, and but few churches really strict in their communion. Of the various churches in Bradford he (Mr. S.) believed their was but one strict, and that was the one of which our brother was about to become the pastor. That was the largest church in the North. There was not another so numerous in Leeds, or Liverpool, or Manchester, though they were much more populous towns. The late pastor of that church was an excellent man and a very superior preacher. He had been for a time secretary or other officer, to the Rawdon College, which it

was feared, did not much over favour strict communion. Should our dear brother Bloomfield maintain his standing there amid the debilitating influences around; he would prove a general blessing, and be like some elevated mountain top on which the sun of heaven ever shines. But if from any cause he might fail, yet, maintaining the pure truth of God, there were churches both in and out of London who would welcome him back again as one who had contended for the faith. There was however an alternative, and that was just the possibility of his being melted down to the level of things around him. He (Mr. S.) had in his mind's eye a case of that sort which occurred not long ago in that district, where a man went among them sound, but left another, he would not say a better man. He sincerely trusted that our beloved brother would be preserved from such an affliction, and that at the end of his career he might be able to exclaim, "I have kept the faith."

SURREY TABERNACLE.

MIDNIGHT services were holden this year in the New Surrey Tabernacle, when Mr. James Wells preached a sermon at near midnight to over a thousand people; it was a most solemn service. Mr. James Mitson, in a letter to *THE GOSPEL GUIDE*, says:—

"At the appointed time, Mr. Wells, accompanied by three of his deacons, Messrs. Carr, Edwards, and Beach, came upon the platform, and gave out that beautiful hymn—

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound."

After which brother Smith was sweetly led out in prayer, proving that he had a deep experience in the things of God. Another hymn was then sung, and Mr. Fothergill came forward, like a giant refreshed with new wine, and entreated the Lord's blessing on the pastor, church, and congregation. Mr. Carr followed by giving out the 411th hymn, in which the people joined heartily in singing. Mr. Wells then preached an appropriate and impressive sermon, taking for his text Revelation xxii. 5, "There shall be no night there." The sermon is printed. This part of the service finishing just before twelve, profound silence was observed until the clock had declared the death of the Old and the birth of the New year. Another hymn was then sung, and Mr. Wells made a few suitable remarks, the Benediction was pronounced, and thus ended one of the happiest services held by the Surrey Tabernacle congregation."

THE TESTIMONIAL TO MR. J. A. JONES.

On January 16th, the friends of this old Baptist minister, presented the expressions of their regard to this veteran of fifty-eight years' labour among them. Mr. Foreman, who had had with him friendly intercourse forty-eight years, was solicited to present it, which he did after an address in matter and manner most appropriate. It was solemnly and touchingly affecting to the Christian souls present, to see this labourer of the Lord's in his eighty-eighth year, rise and say, how he wished he had words as of yore to say what he felt at such generous kindness which could raise for him £65, (it was made up to £66). As he stood there without, apparently, any direct disease, so feeble and exhausted, yet in voice, for a time, so strong and clear, with countenance so vivacious in earnestness and fire, and determination as bold for truth as ever, at the same time, so softened with the strong presentiment that he must ere long be called to his eternal home, which, he said, he was waiting for, seeing no enemy in death, and drawing support and blessing from the enjoyment of those truths he had so long preached, and so often defended from the press, and was ready to do so again, had the bodily powers been continued him. So with repeated thanks to each, and all who had contributed to this friendly memorial, he sat down. He rose again frequently, however, as the speakers brought past mottoes to his mind, and related interesting reminiscences of his family and ministerial life. Mr. Stokes, of Manchester, Mr. Anderson, now the editor of the "Voice of the Truth," and Mr. Hawkins, of Tunbridge Wells, delivered addresses. The tea meeting was largely attended, and the meeting filled Jireh chapel in every part. Mr. Ponsford, an old friend, prayed at the commencement, and Mr. Foreman concluded this interesting meeting; the like cannot often be enjoyed in this dying world.

The committee of the above fund have great pleasure in laying before the contributors, a short statement of the amount subscribed, and tender their most sincere thanks. Cards were issued to the following friends:—

Miss M. A. S. 3s; Miss A. A. S. 2s 6d; Mr. Foreman £1; Mr. Wilson £2; Mr. Buckoke £6 2s; Mr. Freeman £2; Mr. Topley £1 15s 6d; Mr. Rennard £3 10s; Mr. Sawyer £8 15s; Mr. Minton £4 3s 6d; Mr. Briscoe £1 7s; Mr. Parsons £4 2s; Mr. Cooper £1 10s 6d; Mr. Dinham £1; Mr. Bloomfield 10s 6d; Mr. Milner £1; Mr. Asby £2; Mr. Carr £1 7s; Mr. Crowther £5; Mrs. Barnett 3s; Mr. Comb £1; Mr. Wills £1; Mrs. Avery £6 7s; Mrs. Pocock £6 1s; Mr. Evans 10s; Mr. Paris £2 2s; Miss Salmon £2 2s Total £66 13s 6d: Expenses deduct 19s. £65 14s 6d.

The presentation took place Tuesday evening, January 16th, 1867, Mr. J. Foreman in the chair. The service was commenced by singing. Mr. Ponsford implored the Divine blessing. The chairman then

took a retrospective view of the ministerial labours of our dear old friend, who, as he stated, had always remained faithful to his sentiments, the Father's choice, the Son's redemption and the work of the Holy Spirit. He then presented a purse containing £65 14s. 6d. When our dear aged brother, with some considerable emotion, acknowledged the same, Mr. Stokes, of Manchester, followed with a few remarks, very truthful, and to the purpose. Mr. Anderson, in a few words, then addressed the meeting in a solemn and weighty manner, proving that he was standing fast by the good old truths. Mr. Hawkins then spoke very much to the purpose, and thanked the friends who had contributed on behalf of the family; concluded by singing 881st hymn, Denham's.

Mr. Foreman said they were not met to idolize the man, but recognise the grace of God bestowed on him for so many years, as a champion for Gospel truth and Gospel ordinances. They rejoiced in his decision for the council of God, and met to show their love to truth and to the Lord's servant, that he might feel no burden about this world; hence, his friends had collected £65 14s. 6d., which he now presented in their names.

Mr. Jones rose, and said it was almost too much for him, but he thanked the Lord; and the friends he knew not how to do so. He was an old man, but the truths he had been enabled to preach so many years were his stay; he was "not afraid to die," he knew whom he had believed.

Mr. William Stokes, of Manchester, then addressed the meeting, and said, he regarded it as a privilege to be present on such an occasion, and to speak in the presence of one so venerable and worthy as the aged brother now before them. Long before he had known him personally, he had respected him highly for his manifold labours on behalf of the church of God. Many of his works he had read with great interest and profit, especially the tract by Dr. Gill, on "Church Establishments," Moore's Four Sermons, Bunhill Memorials, and others, some of which had been republished, and the rest written by their venerable friend, Mr. Jones; and he (Mr. Stokes) was under no mean obligation to their aged pastor, for on one occasion, when he mentioned his regret that he had not a copy of Ness's Antidote, Mr. Jones immediately, and most kindly sent him one; so also with Moore's Sermons, and a number of tracts besides. He also condescended to insert in his recollections some verses that he (Mr. Stokes) had written on the occasion of Mr. Jones's ministry, and all this time they had never seen each other. But that which most attached the venerable man to his (Mr. S's) heart, was the unyielding fidelity to principle, the honest and unflinching declaration of truth, the unaltered love to the church of God, which he had maintained through more than fifty years of ministerial life. None could say that he was ever a

changeling; none could charge upon him that he was one thing one day and something else another. You might as well attempt to move a mountain as to move him from his settled, solid conviction. Instant in season, out of season, he was ever the same; and now in his eighty-eighth year he was the same devoted friend to the truth of God that he was when he began his ministry. But where shall we look for a worthy successor? Soon there must be a blank; but when Elijah ascends in his chariot, upon whose shoulders will his mantle rest? That we must leave to God. And now, dear brother, (addressing Mr. Jones and extending his right hand) let me express to you the warm wish of my heart, that like as a shock of corn, fully ripe, cometh in his season, may you be gathered into the garner of your God.

Mr. Anderson next spoke, who said it was worth coming to hear one give such a testimony to the power of faith and confidence of eternal salvation; and truly in this day of change, it gave much consolation to feel the mantle of Elijah fall upon Elisha. It was gratifying to hope it was so in their brother Stokes, who appeared to be taking the place of our venerated brother in his publications of Gospel truth.

Mr. Hawkins (son-in-law of Mr. Jones), spoke of what Mr. Jones' ministry was to him, and that he thought when he first heard him, there was no man like him, with such light and savour was the word preached, and such it had been to very many, the power of God unto salvation, consolation, edification, and praise.

Brethren Myerson, Thurston, Flory, Beazley, &c., were present, but could not speak for want of time. Mr. Jones is weak, and could not stand long at a time, but spoke frequently in the course of the evening; his mind is strong, so is his voice. He does not preach now, not rising till five o'clock in the afternoon. We think he administers the ordinance, otherwise they have supplies. The writer had Mr. Jones' edition of Dr. Gill's Body of Divinity more than twenty years ago, which was to him a great boon, Gill's works then being very scarce. After singing

"Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend,
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Mr. Foreman with unction, prayed.
Bow. J. FLORY.

A LETTER FROM MR. ABRAHAM HOWARD, OF BIRMINGHAM.

MINISTERS are public men; they are the property of the church. If they shine and do well, it is beneficial; if they do ill, it is injurious; if they are mis-represented, it is quite necessary they should have the opportunity of explaining, and of defending themselves. We have known Mr. Abraham Howard from his earliest days in the ministry. We were instrumental, we be-

lieve, in his going to Birmingham. We were delighted, and sincerely thankful, when we saw his success and his acceptance there. We have also been on friendly Christian terms with Mr. Thomas Drew, Mr. Henry Drew, and Mr. Vallis, the deacons of the Constitution hill Baptist church, in Birmingham; and we have thought, no men ever worked harder,—that no men ever made greater sacrifices in order to raise a Strict Baptist cause of truth, than those men did. When Mr. Howard resigned his ministry among them, we were surprised, and sorry; when Mr. Abraham Howard, and some of the friends with him, retired from Constitution hill, and returned to their original meeting-house, in Charlotte street, we were grieved exceedingly. Still, we could not tell how far it might be the Lord's will to raise two causes there instead of one. There is plenty of room, hundreds of thousands of people; therefore, in giving Mr. Drew's explanation of their division and separation, we did think we were rendering service to the one great cause, especially as the church on Constitution hill, all spoke highly of Mr. Howard, and wished him well, as we also did ourselves, and do unto this day. When Mr. Howard wrote us a long letter, we submitted it to one of his friends, who thought with us, it would be better not to insert it. We have delayed, but from many quarters we have been accused of injustice in withholding it which is a charge we will not submit to. Seeing, therefore, that Mr. Howard has forwarded us a second, and revised edition of his letter, we shall now proceed to give it, premising there are some things in the letter which may call for a few words from us, if we continue to think of it as we have done in perusing it. We usually revise and correct manuscript letters for the press; but, in this case we wish to avoid any charge of alteration, or of not giving Mr. Howard's letter fairly, therefore, *verbatim*, as written, it is here presented:—

MR. EDITOR,—As I have afore said to you, and I think it will also appear evident to all, or I should have hastened ere now to have spoken. It is not from an anxious disposition of my own mind to come before your readers, with a plea in defence of my late relation and behaviour to, and separation from, the Baptist church, Constitution hill, Birmingham; but, as a common and open feeling of surprise has been awakened and expressed in Birmingham and elsewhere, that a magazine, for which I have frequently pleaded, should admit letters so false and injurious alike to myself and the cause of truth and righteousness, without any reply from myself; and the more is the surprise as, after an elapse of six months, I will re-awaken the memory and feelings of anguish silently borne, and now partially forgotten, severe and terrible as was the ordeal at the time of enduring.

I now, sir, crave of you, first, to admit immediately this my answer to Mr. T. Drew; and then, second, my reply to Mr. Williamson, if need be. Please let me speak for myself; I know God will help me. At present I will be scarcely aggressive of a truth; I ought to embrace many things; I will, however, strive to be

defensive of these two published letters only. The obloquy cast upon me by them I can with facility remove; and I will do so.

My apology to your readers, for the tone I have indulged in my reply to Mr. Williamson, and will, perhaps, be seen in this is the words of the apostle, "I am become a fool in glorying; ye have compelled me, though I be nothing;" 2 Cor. xii. 11.

Now, the letter of your correspondent, Mr. T. Drew, if nothing worse, it would be mere dress; but it is worse - it is slanderous, writing or defaming the reputation of an unoffending young minister, as I will now proceed to show.

1st. The letter says, "After much prayer, myself and brother deacons set to work, and, as we believe, were led to the present place."

There is not, sir, a person, either of church or congregation, with whom I have conversed on this movement; nor do I think there is one person of any conscience or discernment in the Gospel, but has openly, or will now silently deny this; for every one knows less special prayer and waiting before the Lord could not, in a matter so important, have been done with.

2nd. Says this letter, as soon as Mr. Howard saw the new place he exclaimed, "We must have this if I go out and preach for it."

I admit, sir, this word "exclaim" to be an hyperbole. I did not cry out. I may have said so many words; I cannot now distinctly remember the precise words of my lips; and if I said so, is it matter of surprise when, on the evening previous to this same morning, from the pressure and heat in the crowded meeting-room, three respectable persons fainted, the sermon was broken in two, and service suspended for the space of twenty minutes? Add to this also, I had been spoken to regarding going out to preach; and places were pointed out to me in view of obtaining another place of worship. Moreover, if I said so, on the moment of first seeing this place, when leaving it the second time of our seeing it, as I crossed the entrance threshold, with Mr. Drew in conversation, he said, "O, I don't mind taking this place for seven years upon myself." I gently laid my hand on his arm, just as his own son might have done, as a misgiving feeling arose in my heart regarding the step, and I said, "Oh, do not do that; if it should not succeed see the terrible burthen you would incur." Besides this, sir, Mr. T. Drew knows full well how myself, with his own brother, Mr. H. Drew, deacon, possessed continually strong feelings of doubt regarding the new place, in every advancing step; and so also does my once warm friend Mr. V., deacon, and others also. Is it, then, Christian-like: is it right to take this said "exclamation" in this abstract form, as though I had joined my encouragement and assurance of help, in leading on to the opening of this new place? Verily, no.

3rd. The letter says, "The three deacons, and a kind friend, took the matter in hand, becoming trustees for seven years, and went to work to make the alterations. Scarcely had we done so when, after one of our Monday evening prayer meetings, to my great surprise Mr. Howard came to my house after ten o'clock, and said he had made two attempts to come to ask me a question, which was, 'Would it make any difference to our arrangements about the new chapel, if he were to say he was not going to stay.' I was surprised at the question; but replied, 'Certainly not.'"

Here, sir, I feel Mr. Drew should have explained, he is a commercial man, and leaving home next morning early for a week or two; in consequence of which it would have been utterly inexpedient to defer any question of importance. Mr. Drew also knows that my coming twice, and returning then a third time before I knocked at his door at so late an

hour, arose simply from the deep doubts and strong misgivings of the issue then taking place in my heart, which the true servants of God, both ministers and deacons, have been wont to know much about, in times of Divine reality, and warm spirituality in the Church of God. Verily, indeed, much more so than now; only when in our growing boyish days the new elders, ministers, deacons, and editors, caused us to feel religion as a blessed, sacred, heavenly-saving thing, whether we possessed it or not, and not the dry, profitless, world-like, and often bitterly painful thing it now seems to have become; comparatively few, indeed, seem to know the inner depths of sore soul travail for the house of Jacob, or joy, or the fruits thereof, at present; God, however, knoweth me altogether, if men, if deacons do not. Yet, sir, that your readers could not arrive at any just conclusion on this matter of my visit to Mr. Drew's house, from one snatched expression out of a conversation lasting till near midnight, Mr. Drew very well knows; and if he was surprised at my coming Mrs. Drew received it kindly, and gave me her thanks.

4th. This letter says, "I placed in Mr. Howard's hands a copy of our rules, thinking if he should intend settling amongst as he would then be able to assent or dissent; but after a week he gave them back to me without a remark."

Sir, near to the close of last year Mr. Drew gave me the Look of newly printed rules as above. A cloud was then gathering; an unhallowed spirit in covert I knew was already working. The Lord, however, caused me to be steadfast and faithful in my small measure, by His gracious Spirit and the word; but His gracious power and presence in the worship I knew was departing, and I should but a little while maintain my place; knowing this I deemed it prudent to return the rules without remark.

(To be concluded next month.)

RICHMOND, SURREY.—Our earliest recollections of Richmond—stretching back upwards of twenty years—are pleasantly associated with reminiscences of the venerable Mr. Wild, an aged, experimental, warm-hearted, Christian gentleman, who devoted his time, means and ability, to the furtherance of the cause of truth in this place. His honourable position in the town gave an influence and importance to any movement with which he was allied; and his firm attachment to the fundamental truths of our faith, was a guarantee that neither countenance or support to "any other Gospel" might be expected at his hand. But, notwithstanding these advantages, the Strict Baptists have never yet held a very prominent position here, and no very successful Church has yet existed. The first Baptist chapel here was erected by Mr. Wild, and was opened on Friday, April 17th, 1829; it is situated in Kew Foot lane; and owing to the difficulty that was experienced in obtaining the ground for such a purpose it was named "Rehoboth." At the end of the same year in which the chapel was opened (on the 17th of December) the church was formed when "James and Elizabeth Wild and James Martin, gave each other the right hand of fellowship;" after which five more were added to them, and thus the first Strict Baptist church in

Richmond was formed of eight souls; the ministers assisting being Mr. John Foreman, who offered prayer and administered the ordinance; the honourable George Coombes, who described a Gospel church; and George Francis, of Snowsfield, who "Exhorted the church from Ephes. v. 2." In 1832, Mr. Page became the first pastor of the church, and with much acceptance he laboured with them for sixteen years and upwards; but in the summer of 1845, Mr. Page gave a three months' notice, and left, "he being highly esteemed for his work's sake, his manner of exalting the Lord Jesus Christ, and his many pastoral gifts and graces, will never be forgotten by many." From 1845 to 1848, the church "had supplies." On the 15th of September, 1849, after a lengthened period as a supply, Mr. Marks (now of Cambridge) became the pastor, and continued till the autumn of 1851, when, believing his labours were not successful he resigned. He was followed by Mr. William Winslow, who was ordained August 7th, 1854, when Mr. Wells, Mr. Bracher, and Mr. Chivers took part in the service; and Mr. John Foreman again gave a change to the minister.—But we must not continue further with this narrative here. Rehoboth still remains, but of those who took the more prominent part at the opening, but few remain: "James and Elizabeth Wild," have long been taken from the church below; George Coombe and George Francis have both heard the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servants," &c. One still remains amongst us: John Foreman is yet spared to the churches: and on Thursday afternoon, January 11th, 1867, was once again permitted to sound the Gospel trumpet in this fashionable and aristocratic western suburban town. But Mr. Foreman did not preach at Rehoboth. There are now a body of good brethren who worship at "The Hall," and here a church of Strict New Testament order meet for worship. If we say, the mantle of the honoured James Wild has fallen upon Edwin Jeffs, there might be some to dispute our statements, for still a few gather round the *Standard* at Rehoboth; but none will question our truthfulness when we say, that under his guidance care, perseverance and energy the present cause has thus far succeeded. After a lengthened period, this church has chosen for itself a pastor: and on the day named it held its New Year's anniversary, and, for the first time, the pastor presided. As before intimated, Mr. John Foreman, in the afternoon of the day, delivered an excellent discourse on "Mount Zion," to which a goodly number listened with much pleasure. A hall, nearly full of friends were served with tea in a most liberal manner; and in the evening a public meeting was held; Mr. Frank H. Griffin, the youthful pastor, occupied the chair: and in a few plain, unassuming words, spoke of the leadings of Providence in bringing him to Richmond, and of the

quiet, gradual success that had attended his ministry there. He is a young man full of zeal, very out-spoken as to truth, which we gathered from his remarks had been "burned into his own soul." He had little to say as to their progress: fifteen or sixteen had been added to their number; and the congregation had not decreased but increased; they were in peace; the people's souls had been fed; there was spiritual life in the members, and he hoped they might write on the pillars of the house, "The Lord of hosts is with us," &c. The opening address from so young a man, we took as a good sign of ministerial usefulness; there was no attempt to represent "large success, and a great work," neither was there an assumed modesty in stating what signs there had been given them of a hopeful and growing character. But in a few months, we may possibly be called upon to record a further movement in this place, and then a word or two more as to its pastor; at present, we must just mention the public meeting, and then close. Mr. William Flack, in an address strongly interspersed with recollections of heavy and severe family trials, spoke of "Mount Moriah." Mr. Alderson followed on "Mount Sinai;" and certainly gave a well-arranged, thoughtful, and masterly address on the subject, displaying a mind well-stored with biblical matter. Mr. Anderson's subject was "Mount Tabor," and we had some sweet thoughts on the transfiguration. Mr. Wilkin, the new Soho pastor, was to have spoken on "Mount Calvary," and expressed his willingness to discourse on a subject so grand, but time warned him not to touch on it then, he therefore gave a few words of counsel to the newly-wedded pastor, and hoped the Lord would largely bless him. The Brentford pastor's (Mr. Parsons) subject was "Mount Zion," but as the afternoon preacher had dwelt upon that holy and sacred spot, Mr. Parsons gave a few thoughts upon the city of Jerusalem, remarking that we must go through Jerusalem before we get to Mount Zion: reviewing the city, we had some imaginary thoughts upon the people who reside in Doubting Alley; Bondage Court; Union Street; Liberty Square, and Prospect Place, which the friends appeared to enjoy. Altogether, it was one of the best—if not the best—meetings the Richmond Church has held.—R.

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WILLENHALL.—MR. PEGG'S RESIGNATION OF THE PASTORATE AT LITTLE LONDON. Dear Brother, As in the EARTHEN VESSEL of last month, your notice of my removal from Willenall, was in some minor particulars erroneous, I shall feel glad if, for the information of your many readers, and my many friends, you will find a rectification of those statements. I think you allusion to my health, though perfectly true, yet has a tendency to mislead the public. I have for two years and a half, been afflicted with pneumonia, and

pleurisy, brought on by being insufficiently defended from the inclemency of the weather, when engaged in village preaching in the east of Suffolk. And when I moved thence into a climate like this, several degrees colder than that of London; this, together with the smoke arising from the many furnaces in this district resurrected my then quiescent maladies. This was in no degree remedied by the unhealthy character of the town, a town of over 20,000 inhabitants, which is most inadequately drained. When I, therefore, consulted Dr. Palmer, of Birmingham, Dr. Pope, of Wolverhampton, and Dr. Hartill, of Willenhall, they informed me, there was only one course I could pursue, whereby my health would be ensured, that is, to leave this part of the country altogether. I still, however, continued here, until my wife's health also gave way, and we both were compelled to have recourse to a medical man. Excepting the most unhealthy climate, I could live in most parts, without detriment to health. On Lord's-day, Jan. 13th, I sent the following letter of resignation to the church:—Dear brethren, about sixteen months have now elapsed since I first, in your pulpit, preached the Word of Life. And considering the condition your cause was then in, the result of my ministry during that period, calls for mutual gratitude. Your Sunday-schools are four-fold increased, eight have been baptized, five of whom have claimed to be seals to my ministry; the congregations have been also increased; and the word you have one and all professed to have heard with pleasure. I, however, feel the time has arrived in the providence of God, when my resignation as pastor of your church, becomes expedient. I trust this step will be the fore-runner of a better state of health than it has been my lot to enjoy since I came to Willenhall. I trust your profit may be still promoted, and this step may be mutually beneficial. To those friends whose kindness merits my gratitude, I tender my hearty thanks. They shall still have a place in my heart and prayers. Your form of agreement calls for three months' notice, prior to the termination of my services. I shall therefore preach my farewell sermon, on Lord's-day, April 7th, next ensuing. I am, yours to serve in the Gospel, Isaac Pegg, Willenhall, Jan. 13th, 1867. This being accepted by the church, it was moved by Mr. Foster, the deacon, seconded by Mr. Phillips, and carried unanimously, the following be entered on the church book:—At a church meeting held on Lord's-day, Jan. 13th, 1867, resolved, that feeling bound to accept the resignation of Mr. Pegg, as pastor of the church, for reasons assigned in his letter of resignation, we are happy to add our testimony to his ability as a minister of the Gospel; and pray that wherever placed in the wisdom of God, he may be blessed, and made a blessing. Our good wishes, and prayers will follow him. At a meeting

of the teachers of the Sunday-school, upon my resignation as president, it was moved by Mr. Jabez Beddow, seconded by Mr. E. Bucknell, and carried unanimously, that for Mr. Pegg's persevering and efficient discharge of his duties, in connection with this school, the thanks of this meeting are tendered him; and the good wishes of the teachers will follow him. I still desire to say

"What may be my future lot
Well I know concerns me not;
This still sets my heart at rest,
What His will ordains is best."

At present, I am not engaged to settle anywhere. Yours in truth, ISAAC PEGG, Willenhall, Staffordsire.

JUBILEE MEETING AT TWO WATERS, HERTS.—This interesting village is near Boxmoor station, on the London and North Western line; and has been favoured for many years to have in its neighbourhood, a band of honest and earnest men of God, men of truth, and men of faithfulness in the practice of the Gospel. The following will be read with much interest.—Two Waters, January 1st. 1867.—Dear Brother Banks, I feel thankful to have the opportunity of giving you an outline of our jubilee meeting on New Year's Day. The afternoon service was commenced by singing and reading. Mr. Potter, of Hemel Hempstead, gave a pleasing address on the year of jubilee; our good old friend, W. Ewer, deacon, gave an outline of what he has had to undergo in connection with the place, having stood an honourable member and deacon of the church upwards of forty-one years; and although "he had nothing to say" I could but make the remark, if God should spare us as long, I do hope we shall be able to say as much. He is now infirm, being above seventy-two years of age; has been the principal pillar, with our dear brother G., for many years. But God has turned our captivity. I closed with prayer, after which about 130 sat down to tea. Evening service was opened with singing,

"Come thou fount of every blessing"

Brother Bennett, (of Tring) in the chair. After singing, Mr. Bennett gave us a short and pithy address, and then called upon the treasurer to give over to Mr. Hutchinson, the deeds and certificates which were duly gone into, and then Mr. H., gave an outline of past years. After which, I gave an account of the last four years, how the Lord had enabled us to get the chapel out of debt, by the kindness of the friends, most of them being present. When all this was settled and all handed to the trust, we sang

"Blow ye the trumpet blow,"

Then brother Searle came and spoke in an affectionate manner of his knowledge and connection with the church, and seemed quite at home with us. Next Mr. Cartwright, he was so full he could hardly

express himself. Our brother Bell gave an outline of his acquaintance with the church; and it was with his advice with brother Neat and myself, that the present movement began. It was proposed and carried, and God has prospered us: so that when the last instalment was paid on January 1st., we had but 1s. in hand. After tea, a friend took me on one side, and gave me a cheque for £3 to go on with. We then sang

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Mr. Bennett concluded by prayer. It was the happiest meeting that has ever been held in this place; and all wish to acknowledge their thanks to Almighty God and friends, for their kindness. I remain on behalf of the church, truly, W. Hutchinson, deacon, Salem chapel.—[We never inserted anything with greater pleasure. We believe a more faithful band of truth-loving followers of Christ will rarely be found.—Ed.] We give the following note; hoping some subscribers to Aged Pilgrims' will help the friends to obtain for the venerable deacon Ewer, a home in the asylum; or some relief. He is a most worthy man of God.—Dear Editor, we have tried to enter our brother Ewer on the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society. If you could give it publicity, as he is so situated he cannot help himself, or if any friend could give a little help to him and family, it will be thankfully received either in money or stamps, by W. Hutchinson, Two Waters, Herts.

MIDNIGHT MEETINGS.—A writer says:—"I was present at the service on New Year's Eve in Squirries street, Bethnal Green. Prayers were offered by the brethren Carey, Hall, Allen, Bird, Stimson, Cuttmer, Maxim, Jessop, and others. After the company had been refreshed with coffee, &c., the midnight service commenced. Before the friends took their coffee the minister (C. W. Banks) said, I will give you a new verse—if you will sing it. He said it is one which my thoughts have put together just previous to coming. It is this—

My love to you members,
My love to you all!
You must look to the Saviour,
To Him you must call.
The Old Year is dying,
The New one will come,
And waft us a stage or two
Nearer our home!

Much to the surprise of the minister, on commencing the midnight service, Mr. Hall addressing the friends (and the body of the chapel was now filled), said he had a pleasing task to perform. He spoke in the highest terms of his pastor; and in a warm and fluent manner expressed the church's gratitude to God for having spared their minister to them, rejoicing in the fact that between him, the deacons, and the church, peace and unity existed; and as a token of their esteem they desired him (Mr. Hall) to present their pastor with a

very substantial purse. The ladies of the Dorcas Society had also forwarded a new and really valuable baptizing gown, which they all earnestly prayed might be worn by their pastor for many years to come, and be very often used in the baptism of true believers in Jesus. The minister (C. W. Banks) endeavoured to acknowledge the kindness of the friends, but being taken so suddenly in such an exciting and pleasing exhibition of the esteem of his friends, he could not say much. Before the meeting had far advanced he addressed the people on the present prospects of the world, the Church, and of every individual then present. He reviewed the larger circle of the continental nations; the lesser circle of England's past and present condition; the home circle of their own church; the essential circle of the heart, soul, and conscience of all who profess faith in Christ; and then the heavenly circle where Jesus, under the rainbow of the covenant, sits as the ruler and intercessor of the Church. It was a solemn and profitable meeting.—*Gospel Guide.*

AYLESBURY.—The New Year's social meeting of the Baptist friends at the Walton street chapel, was fully in keeping with the time and the occasion. After taking tea together, a public meeting was held of an interesting and useful description, presided over by Mr. T. Corby. An appropriate hymn having been sung at the commencement, and the 121st Psalm read, prayer was offered by Mr. H. North, one of the respected deacons. The subsequent proceedings were of a diversified character, deepening in interest as they advanced, and consisted principally of speeches, with animated singing between. The speeches referred to related chiefly to topics suggested by the period of time, considered in a Christian point of view, and were given by Mr. Turner, Mr. Sale, Mr. North, Mr. Lester, Mr. Stockwell, and Mr. Marshall, the senior deacon, of whom the chairman spoke as the patriarch of the Baptist denomination in this part of the country. If it be true that coming events cast their shadows before, it may be inferred that this New Year's social meeting augurs well for the future of the cause of God at Aylesbury. For not only were the addresses well delivered, but they also consisted of good matter for sound practical uses, and were pervaded by a tone of real Christian feeling. And though the gravity of the people was sometimes upset by the strokes of humour which were rather freely dealt out, their mirthfulness did not indispose them for listening appreciatively to the weighty and important things evolved in the course of the several addresses that were delivered in their hearing. The congratulations and acknowledgments customary on such occasions having been duly observed, this happy new year's meeting terminated at 9 o'clock, with the benediction, and a vote of thanks to the chairman; and it is the

opinion of the writer, that were such kind of meetings more general in the churches, their good effects would not be unimportant.

DALSTON.—Albion Hall, Albion road, Dalston. It is not very long since we had to record the formation of a new Baptist church in Artillery street, Bishopsgate. Under the the ministry of Mr. Blake the congregation so increased that the chapel became filled. Circumstances have, however, occurred which have led Mr. Blake to resign his pastorate there, but the church, with the exception of three, would not accept the resignation; so they have removed with their minister to the above-named place. The news that Mr. Blake had resigned, or was about to do so, soon got abroad; and invitations were received by him from two churches to become their pastor; one church, beside other inducements, volunteered to provide a new parsonage. But Mr. Blake says, he thinks the Lord has an intention that he should remain in London. The church especially were very kind to him, and expressed their regard for him in terms which could not be mistaken. Therefore, on Sunday, January 29th, 1867, the friends who had lately worshipped in Artillery street chapel, opened Albion Hall for the worship of Almighty God. One of the members, in speaking of the opening day and the new place, says: "The Hall is commodious and comfortable, we felt quite at home in it, and so did our beloved minister, we verily believe." The opening sermon on Sunday morning was from St. Paul's epistle to the Romans, "Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." No words could have been more suited to the occasion; and if we may use the term a more catholic sermon could not have been preached. It was entirely free from stereotyped terms; and neither this experience or that were held up as the standard of a living faith; but the broad and goodly testimony of St. Paul was fully declared, "Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved." Of course the people were informed what it was truly to call upon the Great Name; in a word, the truth of God was set forth in a manner that we believe is likely to do much good. In the evening the hall was full. The text was from the Book of Numbers x. 32, "And it shall be, if thou go with us; yea, it shall be that what goodness the Lord shall do unto us, the same will we do unto thee." This sermon was a kind of address to the people present. Mr. Johnson, referring to the evening sermon, says, "Our pastor preached an able sermon explaining his intentions (subject to the will of God) in entering on his new sphere." The sermon was divided thus: firstly, *Our Hope*, that the Lord will do us good; secondly, *Our Wish*, that many more will go with us; thirdly, *Our Pledge*, "Whatsoever goodness the Lord shall do unto us, the same will we do unto

thee." The sermon was listened to with much joy. And the same kindly feeling characterised the morning and evening services. Further particulars are promised us for next month.—DISCO.

IRTHLINGBORO'.—BAPTIST CHAPEL.

—Mr. George Cook after spending a few days in Suffolk and Essex, was heartily welcomed back on the 29th of December, by the friends connected with the above place, among whom his labours have been during the last six months so signally successful. The Lord has been graciously pleased to bless the word to the ingathering of the lost sheep of the house of Israel. On Lord's-day, December 30th, he preached a sermon to a large congregation, from Acts x. 47: "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost, as well as we?" He asked two questions (we believe to the satisfaction of all present)—1st. What is it to receive the Holy Ghost? 2nd. What is baptism? After which, he went down into the water, and baptized three women upon a profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. A death-like silence pervaded the whole assembly, and all things were done decently and in order. On the last day of the year of 1866, a dinner was kindly given by two friends connected with the cause, to the excellent choir (thirty in number), after which they performed some very excellent pieces of music. At half-past eleven the same night, between fifty and sixty met for prayer in the vestry of the chapel. Three brethren prayed, and Mr. Cook delivered an address from "All my times are in thy hands." It was a good meeting; the Lord was there. On New year's day, a public tea meeting was holden, to which a goodly number sat down; after which Mr. Cook preached a good sermon,—a good sermon it was, for it was full of Christ. The Lord is reviving his work in our midst, he is blessing the word to saints and sinners. If all is well, Mr. Cook will baptize again on the second Lord's-day in February. Brethren, pray for us.

FARNBOROUGH, KENT.—Mr. Editor,

—A pleasant meeting took place at Farnborough Baptist chapel, Kent, on New year's day. I believe we had the warm influences of the Holy Spirit working our hearts to sing for joy. It was intended to have been a gathering of the members from the neighbouring churches at Eynsford, Cray, Orpington, and Down; but owing to other meetings, this arrangement was not realized so fully as we desired. There was a goodly gathering in the afternoon, and a chapel full in evening. In afternoon, friends partook of the Lord's Supper, pastor C. Alsop, of Old Ford, breaking bread, and addressing the church upon the symbolical character of the ordinance in his happy and forcible manner; the pastor, Isaac Ballard, taking the cup; brother E. Knight, of Brixton-hill, followed with an

address upon lukewarmness, from Rev. iii. 15, 16. Brethren Odd, of Eynsford, and Haydon, of Tooting, likewise addressed the meeting. After a most substantial tea, provided gratuitously by the lady-members of the church, the evening meeting commenced with a short address from the pastor, followed by brother Oold. An aged and well-known Christian in this part of Kent, who gave us an old fashioned speech, such as might have been delivered by one of the old puritans, quaint and pithy, full of sound advice, and rich in consolation. It will not soon be forgotten at Farnborough. Pastor C. Alsop followed on Christian Union, and brother Haydon on the same. Brother E. Knight spoke upon the sympathy of Christ, concluding with the following lines as a tail-piece:—

Showers of blessing rest upon thee
Farnborough, dear to many a heart;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
Be each member's daily part.
Showers of mercy rich and free
Rest, dear Farnborough, still on thee;
May thy sons and daughters growing
Through the Spirit's gracious power,
In the grace and love of Jesus
Spread His praises every hour.
May thy pastor, ever faithful,
Standard-bearer of the Lord,
In thee daily learn to labour
With the trowel and the sword.
Soon may all thy cords be lengthened;
Soon a goodly fabric rise,
And souls be saved and trained below
To fill the mansions of the skies.
May the temple's latter glories
Far exceed the former days;
Pastor, people, ever living
To our God and Saviour's praise;
Showers of blessing, rich and free,
Rest, dear Farnborough, still on thee.

The testimony of all is, that it was a happy season, a time of refreshing from the Lord.—Yours very truly in Jesus,
E. K., Brixton-hill.

BRAINTREE—**SALEM BAPTIST CHAPEL.**
Dear Mr. Editor, — It affords me great pleasure in recording to you and all those who have an interest in the cause of Christ, of a cheerful meeting connected with the above cause, on Monday evening, Jan. 14th. Never perhaps was a greater feeling of love one towards another manifested than on this occasion. We partook of a good substantial tea, after which our brother Debenham, of Maldon (as chairman) commenced by giving out a hymn, which was sung with much sweetness, to our favourite tune "Calcutta." Brother Mason, deacon, implored the Divine blessing upon the meeting, praying that some soul might be released from nature's sin and set at liberty, through the blood of the Lamb, and that God would be graciously pleased to bless the efforts made for the furtherance of His Gospel in the above place. Our worthy chairman in his cheerful style urged upon

the friends to unite one with another more closely in the bonds of Christian love and sympathy, endeavouring to do their best to promote the cause of Christ in that place; and to pray earnestly that the grace of God might be made more manifest this year than it was last, by the bringing of souls out of darkness into the marvellous light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ Jesus. Turning to Mr. Watkinson, the chairman presented him with a handsome present in the name of the friends for his valuable services rendered, showing their love and affection towards him, and hoping that he would still continue his services there, and then the singers sang a short anthem, after which Mr. Watkinson made a very suitable reply and addressed us in a very impressive manner on love. Two or three other friends addressed us in a very appropriate manner; and the singers enlivened the meeting by singing between each address. "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," was sung, and our worthy chairman brought this happy and soul-stirring meeting to a close by prayer.

C. T. W. R.

SUTTON.—**ISLE OF ELY**.—The way in which the friends of Christ spent their time at the close of 1866, and the commencement of 1867, in this village, was, it is presumed, not very far behind many zealous causes dotted over the wide, wide land of our glorious Immanuel. On Lord's-day, Dec. 30th, three sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. R. G. Edwards, on subjects bearing towards the season, and one again on the evening of Monday, at half-past six, and another at half-past ten o'clock, when several brethren engaged in prayer, and just as the midnight came and the year was in transition, a solemn silence in secret prayer was observed. At the same period of silence here last year, a soul was born to God, and since been added to the church. Mr. Edwards also preached on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, three times on Lord's-day, and again on Monday night, making a total of fourteen sermons from Dec. 30th to Jan. 7th, 1867, besides a greater number of petitions sent up to the throne of Jehovah by our praying, some of whom never prayed publicly before; and many could testify that they were soul-refreshing seasons, the savour of which is not yet lost, but pray the fruits may be seen after many days. It may be that the reader saw the old year out and the new year in, under different circumstances and different pleasures, let conscience speak; where were you? what were you doing? did you begin with prayer? Perhaps, "this year thou shalt die."

COLNEY HATCH.—**CLOCK AND WATCH MAKERS' ASYLUM**.—The opening services of the Baptist cause, was held in the above place, on Wednesday, Jan. 9th, when Mr. Foreman preached from Acts

xiii. 47, and notwithstanding the pouring rain, a goodly number gathered together to hear this venerable servant of our covenant keeping God. A good tea was supplied to which upwards of twenty sat down. The evening meeting commenced by singing 309th hymn, Denham's selection "Come all ye saints of God." Mr. Blagdon having offered prayer, a statement was laid before the friends, of the way the Lord had led us into this place after two years of earnest prayer, that he would come and record his name and bless us. Mr. Wheeler delivered a suitable address, and the meeting was brought to a close by singing that good old hymn "All hail the power of Jesu's name." The collections were good and greatly encouraged us. The people here are as the dry bones in Ezekiel's vision, very many and very dry, and our cry is "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these dry bones," that they may live, and we wait patiently the Lord's time, then they shall stand upon their feet an exceeding great army.

DONCASTER.—We gladly give the following cheering, and very Christianlike note.—Mr. William Bloom, formerly a member of Mr. Flack's church, baptized six believers. On Lord's-day, December 30th, he says, "I am sure, my dear brother, you and the churches in and around London, where I have proclaimed the Word of Life, will be glad to know, the Lord is blessing my labours here. Many are awakened to a sense of their sinfulness, and have received Christ by faith, as their all sufficient Saviour. Praying that all the churches may receive grace, to lay aside all wrath, bitterness, and evil speaking, and seek alone their own growth in grace, and the ingathering of the election of grace.—I am, yours truly, WILLIAM BLOOM.—[To such a seasonable prayer we add our sympathising, and hearty amen; but, when such a desirable state of things will arrive, it is hard for us to guess. Still, we hope in the hearts and churches of many of the Lord's own, this blessing is to be found.—Ed.]

STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH, SOUTH-AMPTON.

THE church and congregation assembling in the Victoria rooms, Southampton, for the last three years, have taken a chapel in Bedford place, near the Upper Park which was publicly opened for Divine worship on Lord's-day the 9th of December last, when the pastor Mr. William Ohappell preached in the morning from Jude iii., and in the evening from Psalm cxlix. 2. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was celebrated in the afternoon. There was a good attendance at each of the services, and the presence of God was evidently in the midst, and many found it good to be there. The chapel having been unoccupied a considerable time, was in a dilapidated state, but it has been put in repair, fresh seated, and lit

with gas the friends assembling there have been both liberal and assiduous in procuring funds to meet the necessary expenses, and have nearly been able to complete the same. The Lord be praised. "Save now, I beseech thee O Lord, O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity, Psa. cxviii. 25. Yours in the truth, W. CHAPPELL.

LEE, KENT.—**DACRE PARK CHAPEL.**—On Monday, Jan. 14th, a tea meeting was held at the above place of worship, to commemorate the accession to office of Messrs. Mote and Peplow, as deacons, in conjunction with Messrs. Buckingham and Trounson. A very pleasant evening was passed, enlivened with speaking and singing, and in the course of the meeting, the pastor, B. B. Wale, presented the senior deacons with testimonials expressive of the Christian love, respect, and esteem in which they were held by the church; and as a slight acknowledgement of the unwearied energy, zeal, and patience, and the harmonious working together which has characterized their deaconship during the past eleven years. To Mr. G. Buckingham were presented Kitto's Bible in two vols. and Bunyan's Works in three vols., superbly bound. To Mr. T. Trounson, who in the providence of God, has been laid aside for some time by sickness, had been sent a very comfortable and handsome easy chair.

T. G. C. A.

LONG MARSTON.—On Monday, Dec. 31st, the friends associated with the young and rising Baptist cause here, had a pleasant social gathering at the chapel to celebrate the close of the departing year. In the afternoon a goodly company sat down to tea, which was nicely arranged and agreeably superintended by the ladies, and all present seemed to feel happy and quite at home. Additional interest appeared to be given to the occasion by the presence of a number of visitors from Tring, and also from Aylesbury, including among other speaking brethren, Mr. Turner, Mr. Lester, and Mr. Corby. In the evening a public meeting of a deeply interesting character was held, presided over by Mr. Corby. A suitable opening hymn having been sung, the chairman then read the twenty-third Psalm, and brother Kempster offered prayer. The meeting then assumed a most lively character, the speeches, interspersed with singing, were remarkably good and telling, and we ended the closing service of the year in high spirits.

MODEL PRAYER MEETING.—On Monday afternoon, January 7th, a special meeting for prayer was holden in the vestry of Dacre park Baptist chapel, to implore the out-pouring of the Spirit upon our churches. In less than one hour and a half, twelve petitions were presented; and parts of several beautiful hymns were sung. The pastor B. B. Wale presided; read Psalm xlvi., and implored the Lord's presence.

C. W. Banks followed; after which the brethren, W. Leach, W. Frith, Baugh, Alsop, Geo. Webb, Silvertown, W. Palmer, H. Myerson, and Hunt, all addressed the Lord in earnest prayer. It was a sacred season. Tea was bountifully supplied by the ladies, Mrs. Wale, and Mrs. Buckingham, presiding; and in the evening, the public meeting for prayer, and edifying addresses, was numerously attended. Why should not ministers frequently meet in this manner?

MAYFORD.—Dear Mr. Editor,—As there was in last month's VESSEL announcement of the forming of a church, at Mayford, on New Testament principles, some friends might take it that the former church had not been as such, but allow me to say, there has been a church there for some years standing in the faith of the Gospel, but from death, providential removals, and other causes, it was brought low; therefore, after fifteen years faithful preaching of the Gospel, it was considered best for me to resign; but a few friends separated from other causes, joined themselves together to try to keep open the cause, thus accounting for a new church, and by all means, I wish them God speed. Being now at liberty, I shall be most happy to serve any cause of truth.—Yours faithfully,

JAMES STEVENS.

Boro' hill, Chobham, Surrey.

PECKHAM.—At the sale of useful and fancy articles, &c., which took place at Peckham, in the Christmas week, the sum of £130 was realized beyond all expenses, for the Enlargement Fund of the Rye Lane Sunday School. First rate cartes-de-visite of the minister, (Mr. Moyle), and the superintendent (Mr. Congreve), also a large number of Mr. Congreve's new book, "Eight Acrostics on the Bible" were sold at the Sunday School stall, for the benefit of the School. Some remaining cartes-de-visite at 1s. each, or the two for 1s. 6d., or both portraits in one carte for 1s. 3d. on receipt of stamps, post free; also the book for seven stamps, post free, may be had from Mr. Congreve, Coombe Lodge, Peckham, for benefit of the building fund.

BIRMINGHAM.—CONSTITUTION HILL BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The friends belonging to this struggling cause, held their half-yearly tea meeting, on Monday, Jan. 14th. On the previous Sabbath, preparatory sermons were delivered by the Bilston and Willenhall pastors, (Messrs. D. Lodge and J. Pegg). The tea meeting on the Monday, was attended by about seventy persons, who seemed to enjoy the opportunity

of meeting together. After tea, a public meeting was held. Mr. H. Drew presided, and animating addresses were delivered by the brethren Lodge, Whiting, and Isaac Pegg, who were followed by an opposite address from our zealous and persevering friend, brother Thomas Drew. This cause has much to contend with, and is deserving of the help, the sympathy, and the prayers of all who love the truth. T. J. M.

CHELLENHAM.—A telegram gives us an encouraging word for "Bethel" once the scene of the late James Smith's ministry; subsequently, the field wherein J. Bloomfield ripened for further and more extensive usefulness; for a long time, lately, good John Freeman laboured there, until he departed for a healthier and happier clime; now, after many others have preached the Gospel, we have Mr. Isaac Pegg, a talented and zealous young man, who is well received. Mr. Jones, in the public hall, is gathering up a congregation from Dr. Brown's, from the late Mr. Lewis's, from Mr. Cracknell's and from other congregations. The people say, he must soon have a monster tabernacle; but, of the sound and safe endurance of all this, we know nothing; we sincerely hope, Isaac Pegg, as the Lord's servant and instrument, may build up the walls of "Bethel" with living stones, and give glory unto the name of the Lord God of Israel.

STURRY.—We are glad to learn the Baptist church in this place is enjoying peace and prosperity. The cause in Sturry began (nearly thirty years since) out of love to the truth as it is in Jesus. That same principle has held them together, and made them fruitful. Our brother, Samuel Foster, still lies in his little hospital, and a blessed letter he wrote us on the Maidstone cause has been delayed insertion, through a pressure of labour, preventing our careful revision of it. We must bear the censure of many who know little or nothing of the perpetual efforts we are making to secure the churches of truth. We hope to redem.

DEATH.—Died, at his residence, Well street, South Hackney, suddenly, on the 6th January, 1867, Mr. James Bennet Ashby, in the 71st year of his age. "A succourer of many."

"He lived a debt r to God's grace,
Rejoiced in sin forgiven;
Died in his Father's fond embrace,
And flew from earth to heaven."

MARRIAGE.—At Hoxton Academy Chapel, on New Year's-day, by Pastor E. J. Silvertown, George Sankey, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. T. Wrigglesworth, late of Tottenham Court road.

BAPTIZINGS.

MINISTER'S NAME.	NAME AND SITUATION OF CHAPEL.	DATE.	NO. BAPTIZED.
Cook, G.	Irthingborough	Dec. 20, 1866	3
Silvertown, E. J.	Trinity street, Southwark	" 30, "	3
Waterer, W. S.	Ebenezer, Hornsey rise	Jan. 3, 1867	3

The Hunchback Crossing-Sweeper's Conversion and Death.

BY JAMES HOOPER, MASTER OF THE HOME FOR CRIPPLED BOYS,
KENSINGTON.

WE are thankful to be enabled, at any time, to record clear and conclusive testimonies of the salvation of any who have died in the faith of Jesus; but, to be honoured and favoured to publish such striking and encouraging cases as the following, is a sweet reward for the toil and anxiety connected with our work. We confidently believe more real good resulteth from faithful revelations of the saving grace of God like the following, than will ever follow the learned disquisitions of the anti-Christian philosopher and essayist, who, by dint of theoretical reasoning, labours to becloud the shining forth of Divine Sovereignty. We have pleasure, too, in announcing that the following narrative will be issued in the form of a neat little book for extensive circulation.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Although circumstances, wherein I have had all my attention engaged, have prevented me for nigh twelve months from communicating with you, yet I have not failed to watch with deep interest the Lord's dealings with you, in making you the instrument in His hands to build up another edifice, wherein the blessed Gospel in all its integrity shall be proclaimed, and the great truths which have ever been distateful and foolishness to the carnal mind by reason of its enmity to God, heralded forth with unswerving zeal, for the comfort and encouragement of those amongst our race who “sigh and cry for the iniquity done.” And although there are difficulties presenting themselves, as there always are, incidental to the incipiency of any undertaking, and more especially so when it be to promote the glory of our Master (for then hell's energy is awakened and its latent power displayed); yet in the main I am sure that you, like all the blood-bought family, will rejoice and triumph in acknowledging the faithfulness of our God, and His verification of His promises in your case, wherein he says, “As thy days so shall thy strength be.” And again, “I will lead the blind by a way they knew not.”

Shortly after last seeing you, now more than twelve months ago, I accepted the appointment of Master of the Home for Crippled Boys. I was led in the providence of God to take the position, because, when I came from America my health was in a shattered state, and my medical advisers prohibited me from again engaging for some time in the work of the ministry; and this appearing an opening wherein I could proclaim, in a quiet way, the blessed tidings of salvation, and thereby aid in the extension of our Master's kingdom, I accepted it; and greatly has my Master honoured me in it. Souls, I believe, have been saved amongst these poor crippled lads, gathered from all parts of England, some, by kind hands and hearts, taken from off the streets of London;

others, from dens of infamy and vice ; many of them having histories that would appear romantic were they here related. Variously deformed and maimed, some without legs, others completely paralysed, and obliged to crawl along on the ground, and when all gathered together presenting a scene which would awaken the feelings of the most unsympathetic, and cause a tear of pity to fall from the eye of the most stolid. And so the Infinite Being of all mercy has felt towards them ; for He has not only blessed them in a way of providence, by bringing them in here to receive of the liberality of the humane, but He has also bestowed upon several the greatest of all gifts, namely, " Life eternal." Many of them, I trust, to meet around the throne of God and the Lamb ; and one in particular, whose case I am sure will interest you and your readers, is now amongst those who make merry in the better land.

T. W. was aged about fourteen years ; was a hunchback, and had been a Street-Crossing-Sweeper in Cambridge Terrace, Paddington, when one day he was taken ill upon his crossing, and was placed by a kind young lady in the Orthopedic Hospital. There he remained dangerously ill for some twelve months, and was sent, when somewhat recovered, to this institution. His manner and ways, when he entered the institution in February last, were much the same as other boys, showing that, in spite of his severe illness, and also the fact that he could not possibly, by reason of the nature of his complaint, live long in this world, that his heart was still alienated from God by wicked works, and that he did not feel his need of the Saviour's salvation. Some few months after he came in, another hunchback lad was taken dangerously ill, and one day I sent T. W. to read a chapter in the Revelations to him. That chapter was used by God while he read it, like in the Eunuch's case, to open his (T. W.'s) blind eyes. This I did not learn from him at the time, although I perceived a great change in him at this period, and not until he was himself laid upon a bed of suffering, from which he never again arose, did I fully discover that God had opened the eyes of his understanding, and caused the quickening power of the Holy Spirit to be felt by him.

He sent for me to come to him one night, and when I saw him he told me of the love of Jesus which then filled his soul ; and there was a look within his poor sunken eye of such ethereal joy as one often sees in the dying Christian, and which I have thought must be a reflection of the Master's image, as He stands near to give divine consolation. I asked him when he was first led to feel his need of Jesu's blood ? He told me it was whilst reading the chapter in Revelations to the other sick hunchback lad. Since that time he had never been able to erase from his conscience the solemn impressions then made ; and had been at length brought to feel the love of Jesus in all its soul-satisfying power. He lingered on after this for some time suffering great pain of body, but having the peace of God within ; and often have I seen him, when sweating with pain, triumphing in the love of Jesus, which filled his bosom. One night I said to him when in great pain, and when he was calling upon Jesus for relief, " Dear friend, you are not afraid to die ?" His face changed in an instant from its expression of pain to one of joy, and looking up to me he said at once in a triumphant tone, " Oh no, sir, the Master died." The morning before his death, which was at length sudden, he called the domestic out of bed and asked her if she heard " that singing ?" She asked him of what singing he spoke, as she heard

nothing. "Oh," said he, "they are singing so sweetly; they are singing Glory! Glory! Glory!" It would appear that the Master was then strengthening his soul by giving him foretastes of his heavenly home, so that he might the more cheerfully enter into the last conflict, and with greater assurance pass through the swellings of Jordan; for, in the evening of that day, I was called away from addressing the boys to see him die. When I got to his room he had almost triumphed. Speechless; yet on his brow the radiant smile of victory and glory, as though his spirit, when about to wing its flight, had received the Divine rays of consolation from the Sun of righteousness so powerfully, as even to leave upon his face its impression, and lighting up his visage with that glory which is enjoyed by all who stand before the Throne. Such a glad smile had he that it seemed to me that at that moment his face must have resembled, in its expression of gladness, that of the proto-martyr—Stephen's—when, as it was said of him, "They saw his face as it had been that of an angel."

The person that was with him just before his death, and ere he became speechless, told me that the last words he heard him utter were, "I am ready! I am ready!" And well he might have said that; for had there not for him been made an atonement by the shedding of blood, infinite in its character, by no less a person than the Son of God! and had he not been covered in the God-man's righteousness—that righteousness which beautifies, sanctifies, and adorns the most defiled—that blood which cleanses every stain?

In conclusion, allow me to say that I envy both his life and death, and take shame to myself that I so little exemplify in my life the character of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Yet courage—days and years shall glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.

"Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place."

Yours, in the Covenant,

JAMES HOOPER.

To Mr. C. W. Banks, Baptist Minister.

"An Hour Nearer Heaven than I thought for."

"WHAT time is that, ma?"

"Three o'clock, my dear," was the reply.

"O, I am so glad."

"Why are you glad? what difference can it make to you?"

"O! I thought it was only two, so I am an hour nearer heaven and Jesus, than I thought for."

The above conversation took place a few days since, between a dear little dying boy, and his God-fearing mother.

The writer of this narrative was requested by the father of this

dear little fellow, to visit him some few months since, relative to the concerns of his soul. At my first visit, I saw sufficient indications to warrant me in concluding his stay with us would be very brief. I questioned him with regard to his state, and whether he thought he should die, and what hope he had beyond the grave. He promptly replied, "I know I am a sinner, but Jesus died for my sins; and I am not afraid to die. There is not anything to be afraid of; for I am going to heaven to be with Jesus." Many precious things were dropped at that time. Before leaving I said, "Shall I pray? Is there anything in particular that you would wish me to pray for, that you would wish me to ask Jesus to do for you?"

His reply was, "Don't ask for me to get better. I want to be with Jesus."

At subsequent visits, I found his views of the utter depravity of his nature,—the change that had been wrought in his soul,—the saving work of Jesus,—the teaching and grace of the Holy Ghost,—were so clear and Scriptural, that they would have done credit to an old believer. Having been educated some time in our Sabbath school, and privileged with God-fearing parents, I thought it was possible to a certain extent to be the result of the teaching he had received; I was, therefore, exceedingly anxious to draw from him, something of what he had experienced; whether he knew of any change that he had felt. "O yes," he quickly replied, "I know what it was to have a wicked heart. I did not love Jesus then, nor the Bible, but now I do. I love my father and my ma very much, but I love Jesus, and my Bible better than them."

I said, in reply, "What made you feel like this, do you think anything your teacher or parents said to you produced this change?"

"No," was his quick answer, with considerable emphasis, "Not them, *but God the Spirit*. I was very wicked," he said, "and felt if I died I should go to hell, and I was afraid to be alone; and I was afraid of the dark; and one day I felt so strange, I tried to say my prayers: I was so miserable I could not recollect them. I felt I must ask Jesus to save me, and forgive my sins; and all at once I felt I loved God, and Jesus, and the Bible; and I was glad then when Father would read or ma talk to me about my soul and about Jesus."

Some few days before his death I called to see him, and found him in a sweet frame of mind; but that fearful disease, consumption, making rapid strides upon the small attenuated frame. After some conversation, I was led to pray, the Lord would be pleased to cut short the work, and enable him, ere he departed, to leave some testimony, that his sorrowing parents might be comforted with the thought that he had gone to be with Jesus. This appeared to have rested upon his mind, for the next day he said, "Ma, can you sit quite quiet with me?"

"Yes, certainly, my dear, but why do you wish it just now?" "I have something to tell you." He then began to open his mind in a way he had never done before, being naturally of a quiet close manner.

"Ma, you know when I went to stay with grandma, she made me read the Bible, and I didn't want to do it; and I pretended being poorly one night, and I went to bed, but I could not sleep. I was so frightened, I thought I should die, and go to the wicked place; and when I came home, you know I was afraid to be alone, or to go to bed,

or be in the dark ; but when Jesus forgave me, I was not afraid then of being alone, or being in the dark, and I am quite happy now, and I shall soon be with Jesus in heaven. Why, do you cry, Ma ?”

“O, I don't know how we shall part with you, have you no wish to live with us any longer ?” “No, ma, while I do live, I should like to be a little stronger, that I might tell Jemmy (an elder brother) not to be wicked and rough, to read his Bible and pray to Jesus.”

At my last visit, a day or two before his departure, I said to him, “Do you remember anything you ever heard at chapel, or Sunday school, that did you good ?”

“Yes,” he replied, “when you gave us an address in the school, and your text was, ‘Thou, God, seest me ;’ and when I felt I was wicked, I thought God could see me, and He was angry, and He could send me to hell. But when I prayed, I remembered you said, ‘He could see us when we could not see Him ; and if we had no words, and felt we could not pray, God could see not only our bodies, but what we had never seen ourselves, our hearts, and our most secret thoughts.’ And now I know He sees I love Him.”

I said, “Your poor, pained body rests upon this nice soft bed, but it cannot give you ease, nor prevent the cough ; where is your soul resting ?”

“He promptly replied, with an animated expression of countenance, “Why, ON JESUS ; THERE IS NO WHERE ELSE TO REST ; and *Jesus is with me now, and I shall soon be with Him.*”

Soon after he said to his mother, “Ma, what do you mean to do with my clothes when I am dead ?”

“O, my dear,” she replied, “I have not thought about them.”

He said, “They will not be large enough for—— ; and he is a poor weak little fellow, I don't think he will live to want them.”

“Well, my dear,” was his parent's reply, “have you any particular wish with regard to them ?”

“Yes,” he answered, “I should like —— to have them.”

“Why, my dear ?”

“Because, poor little fellow, he has got no ma.”

“Well then, he shall have them.”

“And mind he is to have my best ones.”

He then divided his toys and books as deliberately and collectedly as if going for a visit.

A relative having given him a small sum of money one day that he might have a little cash at command for any little delicacy he might fancy, this money he had spent in Bibles and the names of different friends written in them, feeling it was the best present he could make them.

Thus sweetly fell asleep in Jesus this truly experimental and practical little Christian, at the early age of eleven years, in Devonshire, January, 1867.

Can we not gather from the foregoing, some profitable hints ? Do we not see the sovereign, condescending, and discriminating grace of a Covenant God, in calling this young Samuel out of nature's darkness and bondage into an experimental realization of peace ?

Do we not see in this young believer's experience, an unmistakable refutation of the wretched Colenso assertion, that Christ is not to be

praised or prayed to as God? This child prayed to him and had the testimony in his soul, that he was not only a God-hearing but a God answering prayer, and a soul-saving, and sin-pardoning God, agreeable to the language of the sainted poet,—

“ That Christ is God, I can avouch,
And for His people cares,
For I have prayed to Him as such,
And He has heard my prayers.”

Mark also, how he looked beyond all instrumentality, and was enabled to see by faith, the Godhead, personality, and work, of God the Holy Ghost.

Praying parents, who travail in soul for your dear children, that that you may see Christ formed in them the hope of glory, pray on. The Lord would never have put it into your hearts thus to pray, if He did not intend a gracious answer.

Faint-hearted Sabbath school teacher, cheer up, your God is all-sufficient, your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord; it may be weeping time now, well, it will soon be over, the rejoicing will soon begin, and that will last for ever.

Poor tried perplexed brother in the ministry, you, perhaps, are ready to say, “ Who hath believed our report? Perhaps the children in your Sunday school give no evidence of good received, and their noise and inattention in the house of God may grieve you; but fear not, it is not lost in every case. You are sowing good seed in the good and prepared ground; you may not see its upspringing, nor matured fruit, but it shall be brought about at God’s time, in God’s manner, in God’s own pre-appointed place:

So that instrument and seal shall be constrained to say, “ Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory.”

IOTA.

“ I AM THE LORD, I CHANGE
NOT.”

CHANGE is our portion here!
Soon fades the summer sky;
The landscape droops in autumn sere,
And spring-flowers bloom to die;
But faithful is Jehovah’s word,
“ I will be with thee,” saith the Lord.
Change is our portion here!
E’en in the heavenly road,
In faith, and hope, and holy fear,
In love towards our God;
How often we distrust that word,
“ I will be with thee,” saith the Lord.
Change is our portion here!
Yet midst our changing lot,
Midst withering flowers and tempests
dear,
There is that changes not;
Unchangeable Jehovah’s word,
“ I will be with thee,” said the Lord,
Changeless the way of peace;
Changeless Immanuel’s name;
Changeless the covenant of grace,
Eternally the same.
“ I change not,” is our Father’s word;
“ Thou art my portion,” Holy Lord.

ORIGINAL PASTORALS.

By Wm. LEAY, Incumbent of Downside, Bath
“ Be ye not unwise.”—Eph. v. 17.
ETERNAL Love! the Shepherd died
To save the sheep! the Crucified,
The Lamb once slain I preach!
Oh! for a seraph’s harp to raise
The melody of song and praise,
A waiting flock to teach!
To feed the flock, fresh streams provide,
And safely through the desert guide
The lambs so prone to stray:
Ah! “ who sufficient!” Lord, inspire,—
Enlighten with celestial fire
A Pastor on his way.
On Israel’s fields of old, as now,
In Surrey, Meath, or Linlithgow,
The sheep are seen to rove,—
Lo! multitudes who needed grace,
Once saw the Saviour face to face,
Yet knew not of His love!
For why? because not taught to seek
Or come to Him who “ lowly, meek,”
Himself the Ransom gave.
Oh! Holy Spirit teach the flock,
Instruct them now to ask and knock,
Till taught Thy power to save.

David's House and Key,

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, PULHAM ST. MARY,
NORFOLK.

“The key of the house of David.”—Isa. xxii. 22

IF WE attend to the literal meaning of the history before us, we shall see that the prophet refers us to Eliakim. This Eliakim was one of the chief treasurers of king Hezekiah, a minister of the state, and master of the household. He was one of Hezekiah's ambassadors that was abused by Rabshakeh, the ambassador of Sennacherib, king of Babylon. Doubtless, Eliakim was a type of Christ, who is the chief minister of the sanctuary, the treasurer of the Church; having the care of all her riches; is faithful to His trust, and, however much abused by self-righteous Pharisees, will defend His Father's household, and take care of His property. We notice

1st,—*The house of David.*—2nd,—*The key and its use.*

I. THE HOUSE OF DAVID.—The word David means beloved, pointing us at once to Christ, the beloved Son of God; and the house of David here means the Church of Christ, which is a choice dwelling, desired above every other habitation, an everlasting rest for God, and abundantly blessed with the choicest provision. The nature of this house is beautifully described by Solomon, who says, “The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.” It is a beautiful and glorious house; it has a golden foundation, silver sides, a purple covering, and is paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem. Ah, say God's fearing and trembling ones, we admire the form, beauty, and riches of this house; we love to see it and hear about it, because of its wise master builder; but do we belong to its inhabitants? Do we form a part of its distinguished family? Why, beloved brethren, you remind me of a certain people spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles, “And of the rest durst no man join himself to them, but the people magnified them.” You cannot help admiring the house; it gives you pleasure to speak of its inmates; and you find such a feeling in your heart towards them as you have towards no others; and that you would give a world to have a clear evidence you are bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh. Now this is absolutely one of the marks of these children; for they are a little flock, subject to fears, liable to many changes, call themselves dry trees, and cannot believe but what they are separated from the Lord's people. Notwithstanding all this, these poor down-cast tried ones love the brethren, choose the things that are right, take hold of God's covenant, and really have an everlasting name that shall not be cut off. Ah, says poor little faith, but these things do not belong to me. I am not satisfied that I have a real work of grace in my heart; I cannot say I have those evidences I want: how little do I know and feel of the piercings and terrors of a righteous and holy law! And what do I know of the glorious liberty of the sons of God? Since I first professed to believe in Jesus, and thought my sins might be forgiven, and I might be justified through grace, alas, how dark, hard-hearted, and barren have I been! How worldly-minded! And O how dull and stupid concerning the greatest and best things? What are my prayers, desires, and

thoughts? and what are my ends and motives in all I say and do? O Lord, I beseech thee to search me, and neither let me deceive myself nor others. Ah, my friend, David knows all about us, what kind of house he owns, and what is the state and condition of all his children. He knows they are crooked and perverse, stubborn and self-willed, and that they are more liable to do evil than good. Hear his complaint: "Although my house be not so with God; yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure: for this is my salvation and all my desire, although He made it not to grow."

II. Let us now say a word or two upon THE KEY OF THIS HOUSE, AND ITS USE.

Let me remind you of the fact that the key of my house is not intended to unlock the doors of other people's houses; no, it belongs to my own house, and is for the entire use of it. The key of David's house does not belong to the house of Pharaoh, nor to Caleb's house, nor Saul's house, nor Joab's house. The Church is God's house; the master of that house is Christ, and He has a key—a certain key belonging to this house fitted to every door of it, and will readily unlock every door when applied. The key, mind you, cannot unlock the door of itself; no, it must have an agent. I know my heart was locked and barred against holy things; I know what key opened it; and I know also who used this key. The key is the word of life; and the Holy Spirit is the divine agent, who makes use of this key to unlock the doors of all those who compose David's household. With this key, the Holy Spirit unlocked the doors of three thousand hearts all at one time. The moment the key was thrust into the lock, there was a creaking noise heard in the opening of the doors, and that sound was this: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" You know also the creaking noise that was heard when the Holy Ghost put in his key and unlocked the door of the jailor's heart: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" and when the heart of the publican was unlocked, he cried out, saying, "God be merciful unto me a sinner." Now, if the Holy Spirit has opened the door into your soul, you know what it is to hope in God, long for the Spirit's teaching, the consolation of the Gospel, and communion with your God. Again, the Lord Jesus also, being Master of the household, has the key, and knows when and how to use it. He opens eye door, ear door, and mouth door; and when He opens, none can shut, and when He shuts, none can open. Our Lord Jesus has the key of the Holy Scriptures, and can open them when He pleases, and to whom He pleases. When He opens the Scriptures to His saints, and refreshes their souls by this means, they know who is the agent, and what is the key He makes use of, and they say, "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" Christ then, has the Bible-key to open its sacred mysteries; He has also the church-key to fix ordinances, bestow gifts, and grant blessings. Christ has also the key of heaven, to open a way into that by His blood and righteousness; and He has also the key of hell, to open the door of the pit, and put in those whose names are not in the book of life, but who worship the beast and bear his mark in their foreheads. Hear the words of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, and when you hear them, fear and tremble, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death."

January 3rd, 1867.

How I became a Preacher of Christ's Gospel.

To Henry Wise, Pastor of Carmel chapel, Pimlico.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I address this letter to the readers of the *VESSEL* through you, partly because of our long and tried friendship in the Gospel, and partly because you could, if necessary, verify all the statements I have made. Much has been omitted, which you know might have been inserted, and what is written has been written only that "The Lord might be magnified." Yours truly, J. BRUNT.

I WAS called by grace in my sixteenth year, under the ministry of a man of God, of the Independent persuasion, but was led to see that I should be immersed before I could properly join a church: I was baptised at Watford, Hertfordshire, by a Mr. Hall, under whose ministry I was much instructed and greatly blessed. Being engaged in the Sunday school, I was asked to accompany some friends into the villages, where they went every Sunday to preach the Gospel. I was requested to read and pray, and afterwards encouraged to say a few words, as I might feel at liberty. This continued until I was sent forth alone to hold a service. Time passed on, and our pastor sent in his resignation, this being accepted, we had supplies, and among them a Mr. Pottinger. I heard this minister of Jesus Christ, with a strange delight. I now know, that he preached differently from our other supplies, but then I did not know that there were differences of opinion, and of doctrine.

Mr. Pottinger did not settle with us, but left Watford for Newcastle, and I have never been favoured to meet with him, and perhaps I never may this side Jordan. However, the Lord blessed the occasional ministry of our brother to me, yet was I as ignorant as a child in the matter. His ministry left an aching void, that all our other supplies, could never fill.

Will any reader credit what I say? I know not, yet must I say it, "I knew not wherein he differed from his brethren. I only knew that I had heard from his lips what I had never heard before. I became dissatisfied under the ministrations of the various supplies, and also under the teachings of him who became our pastor; but really why I objected, I did not know; I could not explain the experience of which I was then the subject. For the first time in my religious life, I was dissatisfied with what might be called the preaching of the Gospel.

In God's good Providence I was led to a little chapel in our town, where some people, who I had been told were Antinomians, met, who having no settled pastor, had the services of men who were some Baptists and some Independents. I remember creeping into the chapel, almost afraid of being seen, and truly seeking something which, had I been questioned, I could not have defined. Yet here, the Lord made the crooked straight, the rough plain, and the darkness he turned into light. Under the ministry of Whittle, Eason, Tite, Osborne, Southall, Blackstock and others I heard, I rejoiced, and truly, if ever any soul was brought out of prison, or brought back from captivity, mine was that soul.

I left the fellowship of the church, where I had spent about twelve years, but I could not join this people, for they did not practise immersion, but they did practise open communion. I began, I trust in the fear of the Lord, to speak in the name of the Lord one night a week, in a school-room hired for the occasion. Some of the Lord's people gathered

round me, some said, "If he were not so young we could hear him;" others asked me if I had read Huntington, Gadsby, Philpot, Murrell, Foreman, Wells and others. I answered, truly, that so far from having heard them, I had not heard of them. Twelve months passed thus, and some friends took a little chapel for Sunday worship; suffice it to say that here a Church was formed, and we called ourselves "The Particular and Strict Baptists." I thankfully own that during the five years I preached in Watford, the Lord gave many signs of approval, such signs, in fact, as will be my comfort as long as I stay in the wilderness. May I say that I preached for no salary, being in business; but, by a singular Providence I was invited to preach at Bedford one Sunday; here the Lord so blessed the word that I received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate, and was persuaded that I should give up my business and "go into the ministry." I did so, and my salary, was twenty shillings per week.

Reader—I had at this time a family of five children. The Lord gave me a text to go with, "I will never leave you." He never has. He says, or, rather the word declares, "The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish."

Thus the Lord made me a preacher of Christ's Gospel, and why do I thus speak? Because although I talked about the Gospel, before the events above narrated took place, yet I preached the Gospel according to Moses, "Do and live," and what I now know to have been the Gospel according to Fuller, "That men ought to believe in Christ for life and salvation."

When the Lord graciously brought me into love, light, and liberty, I preached THE GOSPEL, and hope to continue in the same until the end.

Yours truly,

JOHN BRUNT.

Wycombe, Bucks, January 7, 1867.

Cast Your Anchor Aloft, Mates.

WHEN I behold men, rational creatures, possessing a never dying soul, casting anchor, during their life voyage, in their health, or strength, wisdom, or wealth, or in a fancied future long-life, as Dives in the parable, my heart exclaims:—

Cast your anchor aloft, mates.

When I see gallant vessels sailing over the ocean of time, making anchorage in beauty, blue blood, fine dress, or mental accomplishments, I cannot help saying, "cast your anchor aloft, mates."

Or, looking to professors of religion, as the Pharisees, casting anchor in their self-righteousness, the church-goers in their christenings and confirmations, the Papists in transubstantiation, the Arminians in their own free will, the Puseyites in their dolls and pictures, their millinery and perfumery, and many others in their fooleries, why, had I ten thousand tongues they would all be calling out, "Cast your anchor aloft, mates."

Methinks our brave British tars will laugh to scorn my simplicity in nautical matters; "Whoever heard of such a ridiculous fellow in the world as that 'land-lubber,' here we are pitching and tossing, whilst the

breakers are ahead, and all he does is crying out, 'Cast your anchor aloft, mates.' Does he expect we are to heave the anchor above the blue sky, and fasten anchor there, instead of down at the bottom of the blue waters? Never was such a thing done, I know, so it is no use trying to pitch us a yarn like that."

Stop, master Salt, one minute with you, don't be quite so hasty, I must tell you that my Royal Master, King Emmanuel has the most noble fleet in the world, and his command to all His sailors is this, "Cast not your anchor on things on this earth, but cast your anchor aloft, mates," where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, "which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." Look here, master Salt, in casting anchor below, what security is there that in a storm the vessel shall not follow the anchor down below to the bottom, as hundreds have, doubtless, during the past year? It is said that in this kingdom sixty thousand drunkards, all of whom cast anchor in their pot and glass, go down every year; ah! what millions go down, their vessels dragged to the bottom, every year, who delight in the way of the world, casting anchor below the skies; 'tis true, master Salt, solemnly true, and it is none the less true that the "patent invention" of His Majesty, my Royal Master, has secured every vessel from destruction, so that he has never lost a vessel of mercy in his life, and declares he never will. You stare, master Salt, and seem to be rubbing your eyes, I hope you will see clearly presently. Look here, you see that one end of the cable, which is called "the faith of God's elect," is fastened by Jehovah Himself to the sanctified heart of the vessel of mercy, which can neither be loosened nor broken, the other end is fastened to "good hope," as our anchor, which lays fast hold of the wounded bleeding heart of Jesus, which cannot fail, and the fact is we must draw Jesus from His throne, or he will draw every vessel into the haven of eternal rest; the first is impossible, the last is sure to be done. Our frail bark shall outlive and outride every storm, because our anchor is above. "Bravo," cries master Salt, shouting with all his powers, "Cast your anchor aloft, mates."

Sutton, Isle of Ely,

R. G. EDWARDS.

PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

WHO is a pilgrim? To such men or women I write. Those who know not the pilgrim character of God's saints have much to learn. Still they are pilgrims, and I write for their edification. Living, as we do, in cities and towns, we well-nigh forget our pilgrim character. That we are pilgrims is as true of us, as a matter of fact, as of the patriarchs. Yes, we are pilgrims! The world to us should be but as a wilderness; and the Heavenly Canaan should be looked forward to as our home. Our blessed Jesus is gone to prepare a city for us, for we should not be dispersed in towns and villages, but be the inhabitants of a city. These are, of course, only "figures of speech," to help our thoughts and imaginations in the present state.

Well, reader, how are you living? If the world does not see in you a pilgrim, you dishonour Christ your Saviour. We must look to the things of this world, but not unduly so. It is one thing to be getting a

living, and another to be making a fortune. Here it is we fail in testimony to an unbelieving world. It is in this we deny our principles and our profession of Christ Jesus our blessed Lord and Saviour. Let us retrace our steps; our God and Father will help on and bless us if we acknowledge our sins and failings.

The coming of Christ is nigh at hand, and many are observing the signs of the times. Still a large portion of the Church requires to be aroused as to this. Yes, some are ignorant, and some are disbelieving, and some doubting; some must love Christ? If so we shall both be looking and longing for His appearing and kingdom. Though pilgrims now we shall then be manifested as the sons of God. We who may sleep in Jesus shall be raised. We who may remain shall be changed. Then, called away, we shall together come with Christ. What a change! Now pilgrims, but then kings and priests.

Dear brethren in Christ Jesus, all this should comfort our souls. If cast down by the way, and who is not, at times? this should lift us up. God's truth is His blessed instrument of sanctification. Blessed Spirit, sanctify us by this truth, and help us to sustain our pilgrim character better than we have as yet done.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

May our God and Father, help us in this matter. His be all the glory.
J. CULVERHOUSE.

January, 1867.

Four Sons Dead in One Day.

A SHORT PAPER ON
THE PRIVILEGES, TRIALS, AND TRIUMPHS OF THE
CHRISTIAN FAITH.

CHAPTER III.

"When Jesus whispers to the soul, 'tis then we recollect
That tribulation is the lot of all God's own elect.
Then go, and tell your fellow men what God has done for you.
Go, tell them all God's promises are absolute and true.
Go, tell the heavy-laden souls who own their base behaviour.
Go, tell them God will save that man who feels he wants a Saviour."

THAT is the very kind of commission which I have, if I have any from the Lord at all; and when in my retirement I reflect upon the way, ministerially, in which I have been led, I cannot but seriously hope that the Lord has condescended to make use of one who feels, in every way, his unfitness and unworthiness more than he will ever attempt to tell.

Daniel Herbert, in the lines at the head of the chapter, speaks of two things which, for many years, I have been made to understand a little.

"When Jesus whispers to the soul."

That is one thing. The soft, silent, to me, at first, quite imperceptible whispers of the Lord, the most gentle breathings of the Spirit,

have been great blessings; the rich main-spring of all my contemplations, fitting me for my work. Then, secondly, Daniel suggests—

“Go, tell the heavy-laden souls who own their base behaviour.”

Here, again, is another tremendously deep feeling of my soul; it is to seek out, to speak unto, and to try to lead to Jesus Himself the poor, the afflicted, the guilty, the bruised, the wounded, and those almost in an agony of despair. I am not, I never was, and I expect I never shall be, a preacher to the good, the great, the learned, and the wise. I never shall be able to “offer” Jesus Christ, indiscriminately, to all men; nor can I find either the will or the wisdom to “invite all to come to Jesus Christ,” telling them they can come, they may come, they ought to come, that it is their duty to come, and all that ministerial stock in trade and preaching capital, which gathers, in these days, so many thousands. Not having the power to minister in that general line of things, I am dreadfully despised; set at nought; reckoned up as an hyper of the most dangerous class, and to be avoided and shunned by all who wish to be thought respectable. Yet, after all, there is not a man in all the free-will ranks; there is not a fellow in all the duty-faith army, that can feel more heart-bleeding concern for the salvation of souls, for the ingathering of precious immortals to Jesus than I sometimes feel; but I cannot tell men to do what I know they have neither will nor power to perform. I dare not put the will and work of the fallen creature in the place of the Sovereign Almighty Creator. Let God be true, let His true word be spoken, whatever dying men may say!

I am panting to come to the unfolding of that scene where I saw “FOUR SONS DEAD IN ONE DAY;” but in writing it is with me as in speaking, I cannot have my own way, I must follow the leading of One who taketh my thoughts, mind, spirit, soul, tongue, and mental powers, altogether; and useth them as He will. Before, then, I can return to the Saturday evening I referred to at the very commencement of this series of papers, I must have a few words upon three or four things which have sprung up in the way.

I hope no improper feeling will arise, if I here attempt to give

A SOLEMN WORD OR TWO
TO THE FASHIONABLE AND POPULAR MINISTERS
OF OUR OWN DAY.

And in the use of these words, “fashionable and popular ministers,” I intend no insult or offence. Every man (apart from the grace and special vocation of God) is just what Nature, education, and circumstances, make him; and I can respect every man who, in any honest and earnest way seeks the welfare of his fellow men; but if a minister make it manifest that he is both blind and deaf; not having the golden eye-salve which Christ exhorted the angel of the Laodicean church to buy of Him; without which he cannot clearly see the genius and scheme of the Gospel of God’s salvation; and if in his ministrations he follows his collegiate tutors and professors, and not the teaching of the Great Master; follows the theology of the popular preachers, and builds not (his ministerial pillars) upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone: then, to such a man, I would, in the kindest spirit possible, present a word or two from the lips of Him who once said of His Father, “The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a

word in season to him that is weary, he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned." To all such ministers, and people who are so indiscriminate in their views and preaching I would present the following fact.

— ONE SUNDAY MORNING —

very lately—I was walking to my chapel, thinking upon those words of Peter, "giving diligence to make your calling and election sure," when a whisper in my soul said, "There are, in the words of Christ, four distinguishing marks of that call which is connected with salvation."

The first mark which Jesus Christ Himself puts upon an effectual and saving *call by God's grace* is **EXCLUSIVENESS**. Upon this feature of a Divine call our Lord is emphatic and reiterative. Please take your Bible in your hand, good Mr. Preacher of universal offers and invitations, and do mark the variety with which the Saviour expresses this feature of exclusiveness in describing a sinner's real coming to God. In John vi. 44, Jesus answered the murmurers, "Murmur not among yourselves. No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." The Holy Spirit, by the Word of Truth, is the Great Power, wherewith the Father draweth His chosen unto Jesus Christ, the Great Covenanted Head and Husband of the whole redeemed family. Next, look at John vi. 65. It appears that the truth was as unpleasant to the people in the day of Christ's Personal Ministry, as it is to the teeming thousands of professors in this day. Hence, Jesus said, "There some of are you that believe not. For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed not and who should betray him. And he said, Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto me except it were given unto him of my Father."

What a word of immensity is that little word, "IT," "except it were given him of my Father." I am tempted to discourse upon that little word "IT;" but I must not stop upon it here. This feature of **EXCLUSIVENESS** is still more emphatic and concise in the fourteenth chapter of John and the sixth verse, Jesus saith unto Thomas, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; *no man cometh unto the Father but by me.*" Here, every rag of our own righteousness, every act of our own working, every device of man's devising, every thing of every kind and degree is excluded: it is by Jesus Christ alone, by faith in His power, work and pleading, a sinner comes unto a holy, just, and righteous God; and coming thus, that coming sinner will say, in the Lord's good time, "and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ." This is a blessed coming indeed.

The second mark the Saviour puts upon an effectual call is, **THE EXPERIENCE OF DIVINE TEACHING**. In the forty-fifth verse of the sixth verse of John, the Great Prophet from heaven expounds and confirms one of the testimonies of the ancient seers, "It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard and learned of the Father, cometh unto me!" If any man would wish for light upon this deep saying of the Saviour, let him turn to the ninety-fourth Psalm, and in the twelfth verse, he will find this exclamation, "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law, that thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, until the pit be digged for the wicked. For the Lord will not cast off his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance."

These are days of Adversity. In these days the pit is preparing for the wicked; but of these days it is said, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every man whom he receiveth;" the end of all God's chastenings are, to give us a final and an eternal rest. Ministers, do pray consider the second feature of a Divine and saving call.

The third mark the Saviour places upon the call, is that of SAFETY. "*Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.*" Christ is the desired haven. Thither the Spirit carrieth all the redeemed; and there for ever and for ever, they shall in safety dwell.

The last mark of a gracious call which attends it in this time state, is that of PERPETUITY and ENDURANCE. "If any man will be my disciple," said our Lord, "let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me."

If these four marks of an effectual call are considered, they will not allow any minister to mislead his people. And I have evidence in store that the Lord doth bless his truth, although by weak and feeble instruments proclaimed.

Only one case now: A lady met with a poor burdened conscience in the person of a respectable domestic. Finding her trouble great, the lady said:

"Betsy, if you would have your soul saved, go and hear Mr. Banks."

Betsy came: she came, unknown to anyone; and the Lord met her; and a more grateful, honest creature you will but rarely meet.

My limited space compels me to adjourn. I have to travel and labour in some of the Provinces; but the scene, "*Four sons dead in one day,*" haunts me daily, and until I have discovered it fully, there will be no rest for your servant in Christ,
 CHARLES WATERS BANKS,
 1, Portland Terrace, Victoria-Park Road.

Grace and Glory: What are They?

A BRIEF CONSIDERATION OF
 THE SEVEN HELPS OF HEAVEN, WHEREWITH A WANDERING
 ISRAELITE RETURNED UNTO GOD.

CHAPTER III.

"The time, the place, the when and where,
 God manifests His grace,
 Is fixed in His eternal mind,
 And this may be the place.
 Come, Lord, and prove it to be so—
 Come! let thine unction fall;
 O, let us prove a present God;
 And Christ be all in all!
 Oh! come—thou precious Jesus, come!
 And conquer every sin;
 Come! drive those deadly vipers off,
 That plague us so within."

THE Seven Helps of which I have to write, are all recorded in the fourteenth chapter of the Book of the Prophet Hosea; and a richer cluster

of free-grace mercies can scarcely anywhere be found. I have said in previous chapters of this series of papers, that my motto-text was that word in Hosea xiii. 9., "O, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help;" and when I came to the consideration of the latter part, "*In me is thy help,*" I was led very sweetly through the whole of that fourteenth chapter; and was favoured to enjoy the distinct steps which Divine grace there takes in the recovery of poor Israel from captivity and a terrible chastening; and being led to view this cluster of mercies as belonging to all the true Israel: but more especially to that class, or portion of the Lord's people, who have been made more terribly to realize the consequences of the fall, than what others may have done, I have desired to write a few words upon the unfolding of the grace of God, as revealed in the closing chapter of this singular prophecy.

One precious thought, at the beginning of my meditations, I cannot let pass. It came out of this prophet's name, "HOSEA!" There is salvation in that word; the same as there is in Joshua; and the thought which was so sweet to me, was this, That whenever the Lord's people, in ancient times, were found in real trouble, the Lord, in his own time, raised up and sent forth to them a deliverer, or a consoler, and in his very name, in the name of the deliverer or consoler, there was sure to be found some strong indication of the grand design Jehovah ever had in view, that is, that "Israel should be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation!"

Of the Prophet Hosea we said, "His name is the same with Joshua or Jesus, and signifies a Saviour! Hosea was not only, as all the true prophets of the Lord are, as all the faithful ministers of the word are, the means in the hand of God of saving sinners; but Hosea was a type of Christ the Saviour, as well as a real Prophet who prophesied of him and of his salvation.

The very word "Salvation" is to me so sublime, so solemn, so full of meaning, so awful in some of its aspects, and so full of grandeur and of glory, in others of its features and phases, that I cannot help bursting out, with one of the best of all our poets:—

"Salvation! O, that joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears!"

That one verse comprehends the greatness and the completeness of this darling scheme of Divine mercy. The next sinks down into that dreadful pit where sin had hurled us; and which rendered such a salvation necessary, unless Satan was to triumph over the choicest of God's works for ever. This, the Great Author and Creator of all Good, would never permit. Still, the fall is dreadful.

"Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heav'nly day!"

And being raised up by grace divine, having obtained mercy ourselves, having seen something of the eternal beauties and perfections of the Son of God; and being by him delivered, and justified, and saved, our

inmost souls, in their leaping desires after the salvation of others, burst out, as the Doctor expresses it:—

“Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.”

After all, what is this salvation? What is grace? From whence is it? To what doth it lead? Simply to answer these questions from the Word of God, from the testimony of all the divinely-instructed witnesses to the truth, and from the inward experience of the living saints of God is the present desire of my heart.

The fourteenth chapter of Hosea's prophecy opens upon the scene of Israel's ruin and destruction. The valley of death, the fields of the slain, are all open before the eye of the great Restorer. He comes down into the valley himself; and as

“His heart is made of tenderness;”

so

“His bowels melt with love,”

and from the deep fountains of his everlasting affection for his people, he comes

FIRST WITH AN INVITATION TO RETURN.

“O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.”

This is the first step in the exercise, and in the manifestation, of grace divine. It is God Almighty, in the Person of his Son, and by the power of his Spirit, calling the sinner to come home to himself. “O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God.”

Now, having reached the door-step of mercy, let us pause here. It is of this “Calling of God” so many make mistakes, at least, I believe so. This, then, shall be the subject of my next little paper, if in this low land I am longer spared.—C. W. B.

EXPOSITION OF PSALM LXXXIV.

BY MR JAMES WELLS,
Of the Surrey Tabernacle, Walworth Road.

“How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.”

Who but the Holy Spirit can bring the soul into such a state as this? But if we are born of God, we shall not be happy in a state that does not accord with this. For when we can see a blessedness in the ways of the Lord, in the Lord Himself, and in the house of the Lord, such as can be found nowhere else, then it is his ways are pleasant unto us. And why should not his ways be pleasant unto us? What is there in his ways

to make them unpleasant? It is true the world opposeth us, professors oppose us, and worse than all, our own hearts oppose us; but nevertheless, unto the soul, unto the conscience, unto the new man, how exceedingly pleasant are the ways of the Lord and his presence! It is then we can say, “How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights.” Why, I sometimes think that while we shrink at death, yet in our right minds if we were asked the question, if the thing were possible, would you like to go heaven just as you are, without undergoing an essential change in the body; why, I myself should say, painful as death might be, I would rather die in order to have that change, that my body may be raised in a state of fitness for glory, as well

as the soul being fitted ; so that when, as the apostle saith, we are clothed upon with our bodies from heaven, and every impediment is removed, then in divine perfection the ways of the Lord will appear ways of pleasantness.

Hence the Psalmist goes on to envy the little sparrows, as a mode of bringing out those spiritual, holy, and heavenly aspirations with which he was blessed.

"Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my king and my God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be still praising thee."

This has an allusion to the Levites. The Levites, as you are aware, dwelt, in God's house, and their work was from day to day to serve the Lord and to praise him.

And then the next verse describes those that are not yet brought so into the presence of the Lord as they could wish, but are seeking after him.

"Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee ; in whose heart are the ways of them."

Now if this character refers to the preceding verse, then it comes to this, that those who dwell in the house of the Lord praise the Lord after the order of those mercies that he has bestowed upon them ; and those who are on their way do have the Lord as their strength, and they have in their hearts the same sentiments concerning God's grace and God's mercy as those have that have the full assurance and enjoyment of His presence,

"Who passing through the valley of Baca,"

or "the valley of drought," as some render it, and which I think is the meaning ;

"make it a well ; the rain also filleth the pools. They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

This verse explains the preceding. You see the people of God are here represented on their pilgrimage ; and the rain filling the pools means that, as the Lord found water to drink from time to time in the wilderness

for the Israelites literally, so he now finds for us the waters of life, leads us from time to time beside the still waters, from time to time favours us to drink of the river of His pleasures. And this is called here going from strength to strength.

"They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

May it be our unspeakably happy lot to be strengthened from day to day in divine things. For we very soon, at least I do, and I suppose it is the same with you, very soon get weak in faith, and weak in hope, and weak in spirituality ; and when we get into that state we are sometimes like a person that is half ill and half well, he does not care to move at all ; and so it is with us when we get into that careless sort of state. But when the Lord is pleased again to refresh us, how lively, how interested we then are in the things which above all other things are interested in us,

"O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer ; give ear, O God of Jacob."

Then mark the prayer ; how spiritual it is. Every one born of God can pray such a prayer.

"Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of Thine anointed."

What a pleasing thought that he looks to Christ as our defence, that he looks to Christ as his anointed, looks to him on our behalf, and whatever he is, he sees us as such ; righteous as he is righteous, free as he is free, holy as he is holy, and worthy as he is worthy. Oh ! what a sweet life is this to live, and what a happy death must this be to die, and what a glorious resurrection must this be to rise in, and what a glorious eternity must this be with God by Jesus Christ.

"Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of Thine anointed."

"For a day in Thy courts,"

when thou art pleased to do so, to look at us by thy dear Son, and to make us feel that we are a part of the happy number accepted in him ; mark this, friends, mind this ; it is at all times better than the tents of wickedness, but especially so when the Lord thus blesseth us ;

"For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand, I had rather be a door keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

Now David spoke from experience. He was driven out by Saul, as you are aware, among heathen nations, and there he heard language and saw deeds which grieved his righteous soul; there he witnessed nothing but blasphemies against the God of heaven and earth; there he saw images set up as objects of worship. How wretched and how miserable he must have felt; just as you would feel in the midst of a Roman Catholic population in the worst of countries. For you do not see Catholicism here in England in its real aspect. It is obliged to appear in decency; it is obliged to put on its Sunday's clothes in England; it does not dare to appear—not yet—in its working clothes. But in some foreign countries you would hear the language and see the doings of Catholicism, and you would feel as though you were next door to hell itself. You would then think of the spirituality of the preaching of the pure Gospel; you would then think of the vitality that is sometimes realized in the house of the Lord. Ah! you would think, what a contrast! I would indeed rather be a door keeper; I would indeed rather as the margin reads, sit in the threshold of the house of God, where God is, than to dwell in these horrible tents of wickedness.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly, O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee."

A PREACHING TOUR OF 15,000 MILES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

On board the "City of Melbourne" Steamer, bound for Sydney, Nov. 26th, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

At the close of my lecture and exhibition of dissolving views, at the hospital for the insane of New Norfolk as reported in my last letter, the Rev. I. Sheehy, Roman Catholic priest, of New Norfolk, came and shook hands with me in the most

friendly manner. He said that he had never seen such beautiful, and life-like views, and behaved to me in the kindest possible manner. I was truly surprised because one of my illustrations represents Christian and giant Pope with the bones and skulls of the martyrs, and the giant is saying to Christian, "You will never mend till more of you be burned." And it is the more remarkable because it is well known that I have been engaged for a long while exposing that gigantic mystery of iniquity, the "mother of harlots and abominations of the earth." And that the Roman Catholics everywhere have been going about to kill me; no one believed I should escape with my life, but I have escaped because the Lord has been my shield. When they found that I was not to be frightened with their threats, then they used other tactics, treated me with kindness, for instance, when I first visited Hobart Town, they were all up in arms against me. One of the Hobart Town papers wrote a leading article against me, because I had written against and exposed Popery, and thus they tried to damage me in the object of my lectures. And at the Queen's Asylum for destitute children, I offered to exhibit my views to the 500 children in that asylum; my offer was refused, in consequence of the dominant influence of Popery, one of the matrons being a Roman Catholic, and of course did not believe in my representations of John Bunyan. But on this occasion the same paper wrote the most flattering and complimentary criticisms upon my lectures. I have inclosed one, and I was this time requested to visit the asylum, with my views and lectures. I went quite prepared for the cold shoulder from the matron. Judge my surprise when I arrived; that lady met me at the door, and received me in the most courteous manner. "Which room would you like, sir? you may have which you please." Having made my choice, this lady who before took no notice of me, now smiling, said, "If you will have the kindness to let me know what assistance you require, you shall have it," &c., &c. When I had made all my

necessary arrangements, tea was ready, and I was invited to tea with four Roman Catholic ladies, who received me with great attention. When the lecture was over, I was leaving the asylum, when the matron invited me to supper which was all ready, assuring me that she esteemed it quite a favour in my accepting her invitation, and that I had placed them under the greatest obligation ! The next day I came for my things ; by the time that they were packed, dinner was ready, when I was again invited to partake of the unexpected hospitality of this rigid papist, who I could now see was acting the Jesuit ; for she had provided a sumptuous dinner for me, and was as extravagant as she could be in expressing her pleasure with my company. Having a lecture to deliver that night at the Independent chapel upon the Pilgrim's Progress, illustrated with the views, I invited my lady friends to honour me with their presence, for that was the only means by which I could acknowledge their kindness to me. My invitation was accepted, and they were present to witness that which they are taught it is their duty to destroy whenever the opportunity may offer. Till then, it will be in this way that the Jesuits will throw Protestants off their guard, by kindness and by charity. And alas, alas ! how many there are in these days of false charity under Jesuitical influence believe Popery is not now, what it was in the dark ages. Strange infatuation, and worse than all, Protestants are neither cold nor hot, and as a consequence of their frightful apathy and indifference, the enemy has been for a long while sowing his tares, and our eyes are now opening with astonishment, at the extraordinary growth and increase of Popery. We may sleep, but Popery never sleeps ; we may cease to watch, but Popery is always watchful, we may become weary, but Popery never tires, never misses an opportunity of inserting the end of the Papal wedge, and never omits to follow up the pressure until it be driven home. What Hogan said when he warned Americans many years since against

the progress of Popery in the United States, is now alas, too true of all the Australian Colonies, Take heed lest ye begin to decay before you come to full maturity. And I regret to say, that symptoms of this are now apparent ; already I can see the hectic flush of moral consumption upon the face of our adopted land ; already I can see a demon bird (Popery) of ill omen, plunging its poisoned beak into the very vitals of our national existence, stopping here and stopping there, only to dip his wings in the life streams of our natural existence, with the sole view of giving its spread more momentum, until it encompasses the whole length and breadth, centre and circumference of our continent. But I must proceed. I left the rural district of New Norfolk, for Hamilton, Bothwell, Green Ponds, Oatlands, Ross, Campbell Town, Perth, Longford, Westbury, Deloraine, and Launceston. I must not attempt to give you any particulars of these towns wherein I lectured and in most of them preached the Gospel of Christ, for if I were to do so, I should fill your *Vessel* to the discomfiture of my fellow voyagers. After having travelled many hundreds of miles through the beautiful island of Tasmania, I arrived in Launceston, and was received with great kindness by my venerable brother Dowling and his good wife. He is now in his eighty-seventh year, and is still preaching the same Gospel that he used to preach when in old England. If it was not for loss of memory and voice, he could preach as well as ever, for in bodily health he is quite well, but of course at eighty-seven, he is now the old man. As we were walking up one of the streets in the town one day, we passed some children who remarked one to the other, "That's old Mr. Dowling." After awhile he said to me, "I can remember the time as though it was but yesterday, when they used to say of me, 'That boy's going to preach,' after awhile, it was 'young Dowling' then it was, 'Mr. Dowling,' and now it is 'Old Dowling.'" During my stay in Launceston I preached and baptized for my dear

brother. By those who love the truth I was acceptable, and many expressed their desire that I might settle in Launceston. Brother Dowling is very desirous that a man of God and truth may be settled over the Baptist church in York street, and that he would gladly resign his pastorate into the hands of such an one. But, alas, such an one is not to be found. I have known some who have come out to Australia as ministers of truth; because of the bitter spirit they have manifested they have deprived the truth that they have preached of its native savour and acceptableness, because they have not preached the truth in love, while they themselves have become fire-brands among the people, and have been the means of more harm than good, for they have caused the truth to be evil spoken of. I could say a great deal upon this subject but for the present I forbear. While at Launceston, I did very well with my lectures and views, but I was in want of £20 more. I could not see how to obtain it unless I arranged for more lectures which would detain me in Launceston longer than I desired. I therefore cast the burden of my want upon the Lord, who in His own way granted me my request. I was requested to preach in one of the inland towns on a Tuesday evening I had preached there three times one Lord's-day on my way to Launceston. On this occasion, there were seventy-two persons present which was a good number for a week night. The people listened to the word preached with great attention, and hoped that I would come again. I was to lodge at the very hospitable house of a rich squatter; the wife is a Christian indeed, and was formerly a member of the late Joseph Irons. She rejoiced with great joy, in that the truth was preached as she loves to hear it. Her husband has not made a public profession, but is looked upon as an hopeful case. He has built the chapel and schools at his own expense. This lady put five sovereigns into my hands saying, "This is for yourself." As we were driving home in the carriage. The gentlemen looked at me and said, "If what you

have preached to night is truth, that which was preached last Sunday is lies." I replied, "Sir, I am confident of this, that what I have preached to-night, I know is the truth." "Yes! yes," he said, "I am sure that it is. I wish that you would come and preach for us next Lord's-day." I told him that I could not as I expected to be 300 miles away by that time. After awhile he looked at me very earnestly and said, "Mr. Mc. Cure, do come." Oh! that "do come," took hold of my mind, in such a way, that I could not shake it off.

Next day I had to preach at Launceston, "do come" went with me all the way, and would not leave me when I arrived, but at length compelled me to write back and say that I would come, and preach on Lord's-day. I therefore made my arrangement accordingly. On Lord's-day I again preached to them the Gospel of Christ. I felt that the Lord was with me and that the word had free course. When we arrived home from the evening service, the gentlemen said to me, that he had never before heard a sermon that had taken hold of his mind as the one I preached in the morning, he wished me good night for he could say no more. I was now warming myself by the fire, when the only son of this gentlemen who is about twenty-two, said to me, "I am truly thankful that you have been here to-day; oh what a contrast between the preaching of to-day, and what was preached in the chapel on Lord's-day! Will you accept this £5 as a small token of my thankfulness to you?" In the morning we were having an early breakfast for I had an engagement at Launceston for the night. While at breakfast the gentleman gave me £5. While we were taking our first cup of coffee, all of a sudden he said to me, "Mr. McCure I wish that you would read and pray, you have only just time to do so, the coach will be up directly." I immediately read the 46th Psalm, and prayed, and was then obliged to hurry off without my breakfast. As I was leaving he said to me, "When you arrive in Sydney if you find that the door is shut against you there remember there is one opened for you here. If

you cannot come yourself, do try and send us some one who will preach the whole counsel of God, I will gladly pay all expenses myself," &c.

I left by the coach with thankful feelings, in that the Lord had directed me to preach in that town, and had made use of me in blessing the word, and that I had reaped some fruit, to the amount of £15, and secondly, I felt that I should like to comply with their request to settle among them if the Lord would send me; for unless the Lord sends me I dare not go. I arrived in Launceston where I was to deliver two lectures for the Benevolent Asylum, and the town mission. I now wanted £5 to make up the £20 that I required; and the steamer was to leave at midnight on Tuesday.

Just as I was about to commence my second lecture, a gentleman came up to me and gave me a letter, which I put in my pocket. I had no personal knowledge of this person, I had seen him in the chapel where I had preached, and had heard that he should say, in reference to my preaching, that the Lord had blest it to his soul, that to him it was like a resurrection. The lecture being over, I hurried off to the steamer, and then opened the letter, which contained blank verse, addressed to me for my encouragement, and a five pound note, signed, LAZARUS.

The following is a copy:—

Go in the strength of the Lord our God,
And seek not acceptance with men of rod;
Let His righteousness be the theme of thy
song,
And the burden thou bearest will vanish
'ere long.
The gold and the silver belong unto Him,
But the finest has dross, and, 'ere long will
grow dim
Till tried in the furnace,—aye, seven times
o'er,
Then its lustre remains to shine evermore.
Tho' the wilderness journey be rough to
thy feet,
The monster before thee, Apollyon to meet;
And should the red dragon—the stream
roll before,
He'll herald thee safe till the journey is o'er
There's a time and a season for all things
below,
And that now conceal'd thou shalt hereafter
know;
Let thine eyes look straight forward, not
even a glance
To the right or the left, lest the subtle en-
trance,

The world is grown heavy, the night's
coming on,
The epoch appointed before the bright sun,
Into darkness is turned; and the doctrine
that's true

From east unto west do the people eschew.
In these days, 'tis written, much evil shall
be
And great is the number that float on the
sea,
Of empty professors, and still must drift on,
But the rock is immovable we are upon.
These things, my brother, be still in thy
mind,
And the brethren stir up as occasion thou
find;
For he who so doth—and the true ensign
hoist,
Shall be deem'd a good minister of the Lord
Jesus Christ.

LAZARUS, Launceston.

Thus my glorious and always faith-
ful Jehovah Jireh provided for his
poor and needy servant the full
amount that I required; and not
only did he thus provide, but, as the
God of all grace did he provide and
give unto me souls for my ministry
and seals for my hire.

I took my farewell of that honoured
and faithful servant of Christ the
venerable pastor Dowling, most likely
never to see each other in this world
again.

At Deloraine, thirty miles from
Launceston, there is a small Baptist
cause of truth, and there is a good
man who is there preaching the Lord
Jesus Christ; his name is Pullen.
Mrs. Pullen was a member of Mr.
Wells, I forget her maiden name. She
is a mother in Israel, and is as much
in love with the truth as ever. I
preached three sermons, and the
certain sound found out those who
know it, "Salvation is of the Lord."
Brother Pullen, the pastor of the
little church, is very much cast down
because of the low state of things in
the cause of Deloraine, and through-
out Tasmania generally. Three
faithful ministers of the Gospel are
now wanted for Tasmania; men of
Bunyan's determination and spirit,
when he said, "The Almighty being
my help and shield, I will suffer until
even the moss shall grow on my eye-
brows if frail life continue so long,
rather than violate my faith and prin-
ciples."

By the steamer, "Black Swan," I
arrived in Melbourne, and from

thence I went to Geelong. There I found that unholy strife has caused a division in the Baptist cause that I had the honour to raise and sustain for many years. My long-trying and faithful friend Brother Friend is preaching to those who have left. They worship in the Zoar chapel Chilwell. Having nothing to do with the cause of the division, and having friends among both parties; I therefore preached in the morning at Zoar chapel, and in the evening at Mount Zion, and was kindly received by all, and by those who at one time had been unkind to me. They were very pleased to see and to hear me once more, and we rejoiced together in the loving-kindness of the Lord.

I left Geelong with feelings of thankfulness, that I had been thus favoured once more to meet with old friends, and that all my enemies were likewise friends. The Lord be praised. I arrived in Melbourne, and there preached for brother Ward, whom I found quite well, and who is blowing the Gospel trumpet with all his might. I stayed for the night with my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, who are as kind as ever to those who preach and honour the Lord Jesus Christ; and at the same time they will not have anything to do with those who want to wear part of Christ's crown themselves; and I don't blame them. The next day I left Melbourne by the steamer "Coorong," for Adelaide. After a fearful passage of five days and five nights (which is sometimes accomplished in forty-eight hours) we arrived in Adelaide; because "The Lord holds the wind in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand." Our steamer behaved most admirably during the gale, which appears to have been very equally distributed all along the coast; for many lost their lives during that fearful night. The captain's fault was, that he called at "Warrnambool to take in potatoes; and, notwithstanding that we were overladen, he took on board fifty-two tons of potatoes, which were packed up on the deck from one end to the other. While this was going on there was the falling glass indicating a change, though it was not until she

sailed that it was down to 28·96, with every appearance of a severe gale. The steamer was kept on her course for some time, till the storm raged with such fury that the helm was put hard up, with an intention to run back to Portland; but the thick weather prevented the land from being seen, and to heave to was out of the question, as the sea at that period had risen to a fearful height; so she scudded before it, and thus we were driven back 150 miles before the storm; and by the good hand of God we came to a place of refuge in "Apollo Bay," where the gale was ridden out in safety.

On Sunday morning the weather became more moderate, and the steamer was under way at eight a.m.; but during the conclusion of the voyage strong south-west and westerly winds prevailed. She would have reached the anchorage at about midnight under a full head of steam; but after passing Cape Willoughby the engines were slowed as we entered the gulf, so as to take the bar at daylight; and by six o'clock we safely arrived at the wharf, with the experience of the 107th Psalm.

"For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof." "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

(To be concluded next mail).

In Memoriam.

MANY believers in the truth have recently been called home. Mr. J. Nichols, many years editor of *Zion's Trumpet*; and a minister of the Gospel in London, Harwich, and elsewhere. After a long affliction, he departed in peace on Friday, Feb. 1st, 1867. Mr. Stringer preached a funeral sermon: and some particulars may be given another month. A correspondent from Cave Adullam,

Stepney, has sent us the following notes —

CAVE ADULLAM, OLD ROAD, STEPNEY.—The Lord hath visited us to gather His lilies. Two old disciples were interred in the same grave, the one eighty-five, one of the oldest attendants at the Cave, the other a member of the Independents, expressed a wish to be baptised, but in both cases they went home without passing through the ordinance.

Next, a valued brother in the Lord, Mr. Manning. Also, Mr. Grigg, a liberal supporter of the cause whose place was never vacant. His end was peace.

“Lastly, the beloved and universally esteemed wife of our beloved pastor, at the age of seventy-eight, by the same destructive disease. Her end was peace. To her dear and sorrowing husband, she said, ‘John, I am on the Rock.’ They were united in Bucks about thirty-three years since; she accompanied him to Corn-

wall, and from there to Stonehouse, in Devon, where they resided for fourteen years, and were favoured with many friends and much usefulness. From thence they removed to Trowbridge, Wilts, and the happiest eight years of their connexion with the church was there; but their rest was troubled, and it was expedient to remove as her husband would never separate a people or quarrel with them, and by the voice of the Church at the Cave Adullam their lot was cast there. •

Her funeral, on the 21st of January, was numerously attended by sorrowing friends, brother Stringer giving a most impressive address in the cemetery chapel, and her bereaved husband committed the body of his lamented wife to the grave in sure and certain hope.

On the following Lord’s-day, the funeral sermon was preached from Romans v. 1, 2, by her deeply afflicted husband, to a crowded congregation.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF THE REV. JOHN BLOOMFIELD AT BRADFORD.

[We received from Bradford the following report, which we give *verbatim*.—ED.]

A PUBLIC meeting was held on Tuesday evening, in Westgate chapel, for the public recognition of the Rev. John Bloomfield as the pastor of the church and congregation worshipping there. The occasion was one of great excitement and interest. Prior to the meeting, no fewer than a thousand persons connected with the congregation and other denominations partook of tea in the school-room attached to the chapel, and, with repeated sittings-down, during an interval of more than two hours, created a scene of pleasant bustle and excitement in the surrounding neighbourhood. The old school-room wore an unusually attractive appearance. The floral and other decorations on every side were unique. Beautiful pictures and choice engravings covered the walls, presenting for the nonce a perfect repertory of art-treasures. Statuary broke the straight lines of the window-sills. Suitable inscriptions and mottoes, on rich grounds, were scattered over the walls. The public meeting was held in the chapel

at seven o’clock. The spacious edifice was crowded in every part. Councillor Whitehead took the chair, and amongst the gentlemen on the platform were the Rev. John Bloomfield, the Rev. H. Dowson, the Rev. S. G. Green, the Rev. J. P. Chown, the Rev. J. Makepeace, the Rev. A. G. Russell, M.B. & C.M., the Rev. B. Wood, the Rev. R. Green (Shipley), the Rev. G. Brockway (Heaton); Messrs. David Abercrombe, John Smith, Henry Illingworth, and Wm. Stead, Councillor Douglas, Messrs. S. Watson, Walmsley, Fletcher, J. Robinson, R. Watson, T. Stead, T. P. Muff, &c. The meeting was opened with prayer and praise. The chairman addressed the meeting at some length, incidentally referring to the interesting history of the church, which has had only three pastors—Crabtree, Steadman, and Dowson—in the long period of 113 years, and narrating the circumstances under which the Rev. H. Dowson had recently retired from the pastorate, and those under which they had found his successor. He said that it was a matter of congratulation to all the members of the church and congregation that their choice of a pastor had been made so happily and so peacefully. They were assembled to give a cordial welcome to Mr. Bloomfield. He was glad to give him a

heartily welcome to a united and peaceful people. All, both deacons and people, heartily joined in giving to their dear pastor a sincere and hearty welcome. The Rev. H. Dowson, on behalf of the church, of which he was still a member, next, in their name, gave a cordial welcome to Mr. Bloomfield, pointing out the mutual duties and responsibilities of both pastor and people. The Rev. S. G. Green dwelt upon the same solemn and interesting relationships, offering much wholesome counsel and advice, especially to the people. The Rev. J. P. Chown followed, in a fraternal address. The Rev. John Bloomfield next addressed the congregation, under deep emotion, expressing his great sense of the solemn responsibility placed upon him, narrating some interesting incidents associated with his acceptance of the invitation to the pastorate, declaring his conviction that the hand of Providence had directed him in this as the way he ought to go, then uttering words of affection and sympathy towards all other denominations, and next expressing his own deep faith in the power of the Gospel to elevate the mind and to sanctify the affections, and his own earnest desire to see the church of which he was the pastor a constant and devoted witness for Christ, and to see it devoting its energies in a missionary spirit to evangelise, to elevate, and to bless all around them. The Rev. J. Makepeace and the Rev. A. G. Russell both addressed the meeting in speeches expressive of fraternal sympathy and affection. Thanks were presented by Mr. Bloomfield to the ladies who had presided at the tea tables, to the decorators of the school-room and to the chairman; and the interesting meeting was brought to a close.

BETHNAL GREEN.—SQUIRRIES STREET CHAPEL.—One of the most pleasing and really enjoyable meetings of a denominational character, which we have attended for some time past, was held in the above named chapel, on Monday evening, February the 11th, to do honour to the zealous minister who labours there, on his completing the sixty-first year of his earthly pilgrimage. After an excellent tea, a meeting was held for praise and prayer, and the delivery of a few congratulatory addresses. C. W. Banks to shew respect to whom the meeting had been convened, occupied the chair, and that faithful and venerable brother, Mr. Packer,—one of C. W. B's warmest friends—commenced the interesting service of the evening by giving out a hymn. An appropriate chapter was then read by the chairman, and earnest prayer was offered by the brethren Longley and Hall. The first address was delivered by T. J. Messer, who, though only very recently returned from an exhausting four months' tour in Scotland, embraced the opportunity of evincing his respect for his old friend the pastor, by being present, at some inconvenience to himself, on the interesting

occasion. He commenced his address by referring to that striking episode in the life of the intellectual and God-honoured prophet Samuel, who, when Jehovah had by his strong arm delivered his beloved people from the hands of the ruthless Philistines, took a stone and set it up between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—1 Sam. vii. 12. After noticing this peculiar act as being—1. A memento of gratitude; 2. A pledge of future obedience; and 3. An indication that none could deliver like Israel's Jehovah from the hands of the enemies, he referred to the deliverances wrought out for his friend the chairman, and then to his travels and labour, introducing by the way of illustration, an account of certain singular incidents which had occurred to himself whilst wandering through different parts of the kingdom, for the purpose of counteracting in some measure the dark doings of the Alcoholic foe to humanity. Mr. Packer then made a few pleasing remarks; after which, the chairman took a brief review of his past career, noticed how often the Father in heaven had proved "better to him than his boding fears;" how desirous he was still to labour gratefully, earnestly, and lovingly, to promote his glory and the welfare of redeemed sinners; and then announced, to the evident satisfaction of all present, that the ground was secured, on which he hoped to see a new house built for God. After Mr. Banks had closed his address, Mr. Hall made a few appropriate, loving remarks. T. J. Messer followed, by relating a stirring anecdote, and then the meeting was closed by the singing of that cheering hymn "Crown Him Lord of all." All the friends appeared greatly to enjoy the services, and though the meeting lasted over four hours, no signs of weariness were apparent. May the indefatigable pastor of this church be spared to enjoy the return of many similar gatherings of his friends, and when he has seen his last birthday on earth, may the writer of this brief notice meet with him in the world of purity, freedom, sunlight, and song, to join with the myriads gathered from amongst all people's kindreds and tongues, in swelling that jubilant anthem, the sweetness and power of which will increase for ever. Amen.

PHILO VERITAS.

NEW BROMPTON.—BAPTIST CHAPEL, opposite Rouse's timber-yard, Lower Brittain street, New Brompton.—A few friends have been enabled, by the hand of God, to establish and open a place for the Gospel in this dark place. On last Wednesday evening we had a Mr. Dyer, from Ballarat, who told out some good things touching David's God, Lord, and King, from the second book of Samuel; and as we do not often have a preacher we had a nice little company, and we found it a privilege to be there.—Yours most respectfully,
PHILIP FLIGHT.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

TRINITY CHAPEL, BOROUGH.

BAPTIST MINISTERS in general, and those of the Strict order in particular, are seldom persons of large proportions. They are certainly the successors of the "*lean kine*," in a certain sense, although they are not in the general interpretation. They do not hold the doctrine of fasting; yet, against their will, they sometimes have to practise it; they may well chant—

"I feel no care of coin;
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health."

An existence is all that many of them can have; and the churches keep many of them so, out of a most religious and wholesome wish—a wish that they may be humble. And so they are, especially if their boots are looked at; many of them would like to know how to convert a new *sole* to their shoes. Still, one fancies, with all this forced humility, it must be hard to preach and study when the body has only been indulged with homœopathic doses of provision. The flock, generally speaking, do not require to be kept in the humiliating posture; their case is different; so thinks the parson.

Yet, things are looking up. Baptist ministers now begin to think they ought to eat and drink, and have wherewithal to be clothed; and some of them have had the good taste to tell their people, that they can't live upon a paltry £100 a-year; they must have more money or they won't preach. Many feel this but have not the manliness to speak out. All honour to those who do.

Here is a case in point, with this noble exception—that the parson did not have to ask for an increase of salary, but the people gave it *voluntarily*; sweet word, yet not always understood.

The first anniversary of the recognition of Mr. E. J. Silverton, as pastor of the church meeting in Trinity chapel, Trinity street, Southwark, was held on Tuesday, February 12th, 1867. After the tea the public meeting commenced, Mr. Silverton presiding. Prayer having been offered by Mr. Benford,

The Chairman said he was very glad to see so many present. One year had passed away since his recognition as their pastor. For two or three Sundays past he had invited them to take tea with him on this anniversary; they had kindly responded, and he hoped, if spared, they would meet him on many such occasions.

Mr. F. J. Hudson, the senior deacon, then made some very appropriate remarks, concluding with reading the report, which we give *in extenso*:—

DEAR BRETHREN AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

In bringing before you a mere outline of our history as a church of Christ, we begin where we consider God in his providence

began with us. In November, 1823, seven believers, worshipping at Rose court, Dockhead, were formed into a church; six by baptism, and one by dismissal from the cause at Church street, Blackfriars, under the pastoral care of that truly devoted servant of Jesus Christ, Mr. Upton. On the 1st of June in the next year, our number having increased to twenty-three, Mr. Benjamin Lewis was chosen as the first pastor, and ordained at Unicorn yard, Tooley street, Mr. Hutchins being at that time the minister there. The following brethren were among those who took part in the service, all of whom have long since finished their labours and entered into rest: Mr. Chin, of Walworth, the pastor's pastor; Francis, of Snowsfields; Lewis, of Chatham; Upton, of Blackfriars; and Hutchins, of Tooley street. Prosperity now attended this infant cause, and the family so increased that the house at Dockhead was too small for the household,—hence the use of the chapel in Dean street for Lord's-day evening services was sought and obtained; the church at Dean street being then without a pastor, on the 1st of July, 1825, the two were "no longer twain," but one body. In a report read here a year ago at the recognition of our present pastor, it was stated that this church stood in some way related to the cause formerly associated with the learned Dr. Gill. A little digression becomes necessary here to explain this. After the death of that eminent veteran for the Truth, Dr. Gill, of Carter lane, Tooley street, Mr. Rippon (afterwards Dr. Rippon) was chosen to the pastorate; that choice, however, was far from unanimous; about twenty members withdrew, having with them a Mr. Button for their minister. The church remaining at Carter lane considering the separation to be entirely from conscientious motives, showed the utmost friendliness to those who left, and voted the sum of £100 to aid them in establishing a separate interest, with the promise of a further sum of £200 to be paid at the laying of the foundation-stone of a new chapel, when a suitable site should be obtained for the purpose, and they recognised as a sister church. To these friends Mr. Button continued for some time to preach the Word in his own house, in Crooked lane, (now made straight), till a plot of ground was taken in Dean street, upon which the chapel was erected;—and thus is made out our connexion with the church at Dean street, which originally came out of that at Carter lane, under the ministry of Dr. Gill; and to this day we retain in membership a representative of each of these two uniting causes, viz., one female member of the church at Dockhead, and one of the church at Dean street, before that union took place. But to return;—about ten years after going to Dean street, our chapel was taken by the London and Greenwich Railway Company; in consequence of which this house was built, and opened for public worship on the 8th of December, 1835. Some alterations were found necessary, and

for a time it was closed, and re-opened the following June, when we had a debt of about £650; which was swept away entirely among ourselves in about a year. After many had been added to us, and many had left to join the Church triumphant, in 1853, having faithfully served the church for twenty-nine years, our first pastor resigned. Since that period very important changes have transpired; for nearly five years we enjoyed the sunshine of spring, and gathered our summer fruits; then the wind began to blow from the north, and our course for some years, though onward it is true, was in a downward direction; the leaves began to fall, the plants to droop their heads, and at last winter's cold chill came; the adverse clouds thickened around us, and oft did the prayer ascend from some of our hearts, "Wilt thou not revive us again, O God, that thy people may rejoice in Thee?" And surely He who hath set the day of prosperity over against the day of adversity, attended to our cry; and we meet our dear friends to-day with gladdened hearts and cheerful countenances, to unite in giving praise to Him "who hath" again "remembered us in our low estate; and whose mercy" is never clean gone, but "endureth for ever." In July, 1865, our attention was directed to our beloved brother, now our pastor, Mr. Edward James Silverton, from whom also we have gathered that his thoughts (we believe by a gracious providence) had been directed to us. At our first interview, before even engaging him as a supply, in the presence of several of our brethren, some close questions were put concerning his views of truth and church communion; and finding that in all the momentous points of faith and order we were of one mind, he was invited, and came and preached the word among us with much acceptance, and many plain indications of the Divine blessing on his labours; and in the month of November following, by the unanimous invitation of the church, he entered fully into the pastoral office; since which time our hearts have been often cheered with the welcome sound, "We will go with you, for we believe that God is with you." And still the work goes on; our Sunday school is considerably increased; our general attendance is good. On Lord's-day evenings the chapel is nearly filled; our services in the week very encouraging; and continual applications for sittings, intimate that the word is heard with savour and profit; and we may add, as a family, we are living in affection and peace, and cannot doubt but that "the God of love and peace is with us" to bless us. The following statistics of our progress, we trust, may safely lead to this conclusion: Financially, we are healthy, if not wealthy, having no debt to burden us. When our pastor came we were fully £50 in arrear; the whole of that has been cancelled, so that we may now say, "We owe no man anything, but to love one another." Still, to be enabled to maintain this honourable po-

sition we need a little occasional help, having but recently made a moderate but necessary advance in the pastor's salary. For this, with all our mercies, we desire gratefully to acknowledge we are indebted to our covenant God, who has given us the following increase:—Received, by baptism, 21; by letter and visitation, 45; total received, 66. Dismissed, 5; withdrawn from, 4; deceased, 5; total, 14; nett increase, 52 during the present pastorate, being about eighteen months. "Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us! but unto thy name be all the glory." Brethren! pray for us, as we also for you; that the work of the Lord may extend and prosper, "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, to the knowledge of the Son of God, to a perfect man; even to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Amen.

Mr. Silverton said that his brother Hudson had referred in a very modest way to the increase of his salary—"Recently we have made a necessary advance in our pastor's salary." The fact is (said Mr. S.), when I came here the cause was low; yet I told them I would manage with £100 for a time. Now, in a little while, the "necessary advance" which has been made is £50. (Cheers.) And I shall be happy, if by next year, I shall be in the position to say it has been enhanced from £150 to £300. (Hear, hear.)

Addresses were then delivered by Mr. George Wyard, on "God in the Garden of Eden;" Mr. Baugh, "Noah in the Ark;" Mr. Myerson, "The Three Hebrews in the Fire;" Mr. J. Blake, "Jonah in the Ship;" Mr. T. Wall, "Our Blessed Lord in the Manger."

Messrs. Sankey, Flory, and Garrett were present, and assisted in the evening's proceedings.

BIRMINGHAM.—We conclude Mr. Abraham Howard's letter from last month:—

5. This letter saith, "And from remarks made by Mr. Howard, such as this, 'as your minister.' How a man could assume to so important an office, without even being a member of the church, or in any way consulting the deacons or the church, I am at a loss to understand."

I do wish Mr. Drew would speak truthfully. The fair inference from the above by a stranger would be, Mr. Howard was some distant, scarcely known preacher or supply to the Birmingham church, instead of one with whom, so to speak, the whole church, the deacons' families, as I may say, not exempted, were on the most cordial footing with him. But in the Book of the Law it is written, "To subvert a man in his cause, the Lord approveth not," Lam. iii. 36. Mr. Drew at least seems to have forgotten a church meeting, convened only a short time prior to his having handed to me the book of rules. In that meeting I was present by his own request, and in reply to his question on ordination then put to me, I thanked the deacons and the church for their expression of attachment to me and my poor ministrations, and said, "As long as the Holy Spirit is to join in my ministrations, and His blessing on my labours and ministry, and my health moderately well—which at best is frail—I hoped to abide with you; and I considered

that the most important bond." I did not much believe in the validity and power of external ordination.

I have not yet, sir, as both Messrs. Williamson and Drew's letters suggest, named myself as pastor of their church. I cannot remember ever, with any authority, calling myself the minister. I will not positively deny having done so, amongst a people whom God was pleased to gather by my instrumentality. If so, it has been in discourse, in rapid speaking, from the simple flowing warmth of my heart. Indeed, until I read this letter I had no conscious conception of this transgression. Nor can I conceive how any person in church or congregation, rich or poor, ever thought I assumed by words or deeds in my office, save Mr. T. Drew, and the veriest faction possible. Nay, indeed, the church was—though actually formed by Mr. Williamson—formed by my side, four of whom I had had the pleasure of baptizing, being in part brought to know themselves and the Lord under my preaching. The church grew up, under my care as God's servant. Most of the people loved me truly, deeply, in their hearts. I cannot now question it, only of part; and the family grew and increased continuously. Now, who hindered this; who marred it; who brought it to ruin? It is a surprise to all. Not my poor defamed isolated self; "God himself is my witness," 1 Thess. ii. 10. Nor the people as a whole; no, sir, I dare to say of my poor self, and the people as a whole, and this offending word—minister. Would it raise my dejected mind, and restore the happy past, the people would hail me minister an hundred times.

6th. This letter saith, "So matters went on, and our church did not improve under the lengthened supply of Mr. Howard."

I desire, sir, not to be rude; but Mr. Drew has again forgotten we were favoured to baptize and add to the church on both of the two last quarters of the year I was with them. Besides, it was beyond dispute, under the favour of the Lord's abiding, several—five others—were thinking on baptism as being the path of obedience for them, and would have been baptised in the following quarter, in all probability, had my ministry been continued. I can shew the proof of this if need be; and it is also as true that, because of my removal, those persons are as without a home, and waiting baptism now. It has also been remarked that several of our best congregations were our last ones.

7th. This letter saith, "As we were to have special services to raise funds to clear the chapel from debt, upon the last Lord's-day in Dec., 1865, and a public meeting on Monday, January 1st, we put upon our bills that 'the chair would be taken by Mr. Howard, who had for some time supplied.'"

Now, sir, we cannot dispute this statement; it is Mr. Drew's own; and he did so, not the church; but I, himself, and some of the elder part of the church, went into the vestry and asked wherefore he had done so. Mr. Drew replied, "He had with purpose." Now, I submit to the feelings and judgment of every servant of God, to whom these letters may come: Is it not proved there was cause beforehand for me to plead on in patience enduring, knowing—say believing—covert evils, as I said before, were gathering against me? Furthermore, how when I had taken this cause by much pressing entreaty, when it was almost no cause, laden with pecuniary difficulty, came and abode with them, for one pound per month less than they had given me, and once promised to give me, I did it willingly; and through my humble but ardent ministry, and endeavours in my office, God was pleased to prosper and increase from my first going, until we were no longer a few people in a hidden back meeting room, but a

people, an increasing church, in a goodly chapel, not in a back street, but in the ancient open Roman road to London; now anticipating the final meeting for the clearance of chapel debt, and my deacon answers me on the placards of the occasion, as the "Some time Supply." The debt was (£200) at this meeting finally cleared. It had not been expressed to me as the desire for me to take the chair—I saw it on the bills announced, as I also did of the two ministers, younger than myself, who would preach on the Lord's-day of special services; and so I knew. I will here say there was no part of a minister's work I had not been engaged in since coming into this town, from a marriage to a funeral. Did I, I ask, receive a righteous reward? For still Mr. Drew says, through your magazine, he is at a loss to understand how I could assume to the sacred office of a minister, so he advertised me as the "some time supply."

I now saw and felt clearly we were approaching the apex. It was afore hard standing, and the tears rolled down my cheeks as a river. There was, however, a subsequent step or two, and my spirit quailed, my soul shook; it would bear no more, and to this hour I have not recovered.

8th. Says the letter, "On the next Lord's-day Mr. Howard handed to me a letter, containing his resignation as a minister in six Lord's-days."

On the next Lord's-day. Indeed, Mr. Editor, Mr. Drew should keep a diary, or some reference. The bills were published December 17th, and I gave Mr. Drew the above letter January 6th; three weeks elapsing, and almost a week after the public meeting. I was not so hasty.

9th. "Assigning as reasons, that his labours in the present place did not appear acceptable; and that he was humbled from a minister to a supply."

If, sir, Mr. Drew would be pleased to look at my note once more he will find I gave four valid distinct reasons. This continued perversion of all rights, sir, more than serious, seeing these things belong unto God more than unto men. And of assigning my being humbled, &c., it is indeed not true; I merely made reference to it in the postscript of my letter, not as a reason in anywise.

10th. The whole tone and framing of this letter is to make appear, 1st, the ineffectiveness of my ministry; and 2nd, that the deacon having happened to name me as supply, caused me to leap into something like passion, resign the pulpit, and leave the people. God, however, who judgeth righteously, knows it was not so. This word on the placard, indeed, was not the cause of resigning, it only hastened it; for, in deeper seriousness, I informed a member of the church, and of Mr. Drew's family, of my intention some several days before the bills appeared. However, I say not but it was the convincing mark; the ground beneath my feet was gone from me.

11th. This letter also says, "From some unexplained cause, known only to God, Mr. Howard has not got on so well in the present place," &c.

The cause is known unto God; it is known also unto me, and is explainable. There indeed is a cause, but not with Mr. Howard, though we search from Beersheba to Dan. Though cast down and disquieted, yet I trust staying in the patience of a godly hope,—I am, sir, yours faithfully,
A. HOWARD.

GRAVESEND.—The church of Christ meeting for the worship of the Triune Jehovah, in Zoar chapel, has been called to pass through a season of bereavement.

Death hath visited us in quick succession, and taken from our midst two sisters and a brother. Our grief is greatly mitigated from the fact that the departed ones were consistent in their lives and happy in their deaths. They each gave a living testimony of the vitality of their religion, and the Lord greatly favoured them at the last. It was delightful to witness the calm and happy state of mind experienced by them while death was doing its solemn work, the words of the loving disciple were never more appropriate, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Our brother, George Pcarson, was well known by the ministers of our denomination and was highly and justly esteemed for his urbanity and hospitality. For two years our dear brother suffered extreme pain, and though all was done that could be done to mitigate his sufferings, nothing could remove the cause, and he sank under the intensified sufferings of body, on the 24th day of December, 1866. The church has lost a faithful and devoted deacon; the interest of Zoar lay very near his heart, and to the very last, he was concerned to promote the interest of the cause. We are supported under this bereavement, by the fact that our loss is his eternal gain; his mind was calm as he contemplated the glory that he was about to enter upon, hence he did not say "I hope" which through life was his custom, but he was enabled to say "I am going to glory." There is rest for the weary, and we have no doubt he has realized it, and is now shouting Victory, through the blood of the Lamb. We have lost a true and valued friend, no pastor was ever favoured with a more sympathizing and loving co-worker, but the Lord liveth, and blessed be our rock, and let the God of our salvation be exalted. He hath done all things well.—

THOS. WALL.

MR. CHARLES HILL AT MEARD'S COURT, SOHO.

"Observe how regular the planets run
In stated times their courses round the sun;
Diff'rent their bulk, their distance, their career,
And diff'rent much the compass of their year:
Yet, all the same eternal laws obey,
While God's unerring finger points the way."

MR. BLOOMFIELD'S removal from London has been a theme for conversation in our churches; the conclusion which many have come to is no business of ours to chronicle. We have ever been faithful in our work; of giving as much statistical matter in our magazine as space permitted. In this department of our labours some offence sometimes has been given. This has occurred without intention on our part, and

therefore, there has been no need for apology, and we have neither offered it, nor do we intend. Yet, on the other hand, some of those whom we have had a disposition to serve have intentionally thrust at us in all manner of ways; in private, at association meetings, and, in fact, everywhere when an opportunity presented. We expect no apology from such, still, we go on in the even tenor of our way. A very large amount of prosperity has been allotted us, for which we desire to thank God; and to keep on our work as long as He shall graciously please to smile upon our feeble instrumentality. A great part of our work, then, is that of a Christian Record. With regard to Mr. Bloomfield's removal, we have the best authority to believe the way was made plain; and our earnest desire for him is that he may have the blessing of Almighty God, which we believe he will. Changes are often mutually good, and we are assured that as in nature changes, which we cannot fully understand, are fulfilling their Maker's wise design, so in the great work of the Gospel ministry, many changeable circumstances which we do see are working God's great plan of salvation.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

This brings us to remark that Mr. C. Hill, of Stoke Ash, has supplied the pulpit of Salem chapel, for two Sundays. On the first Sunday morning, he opened his embassy, from the words of King David, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thy honour dwelleth." We have no hesitation in saying the sermon was marked with deep thought, and was given in language which would be designated eloquent; while the spiritual part of it, was of a soul-inspiring character. In this last remark, we are bold to assert those who heard the preacher, will justify the statement. The manner in which that sublime passage in the Psalms, "I love the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thy honour dwelleth," was spiritualized, made us think highly of the preacher's power of mental and spiritual discernment. Mr. Hill's delivery is exceedingly good. One little drawback however, there is, which might have been remedied, i.e., a peculiar drop in the voice at the conclusion of every sentence. Whether Mr. Hill will again supply the pulpit at Meard's court, we know not. We must wait. When a talented preacher leaves a church, it is a difficulty to fill the vacuum. Of course the departure of Mr. Bloomfield for a larger sphere of labour, must be a great trial. May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, if it be His will, soon send them another pastor.

"So it falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth

While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why then we wreak the value; then we find
 The virtue that possession would not shew us,
 Whilst it was ours."

We have report of Mr. Charles Hill's second Sunday at Salem. The people were greatly edified; and not a few appeared to wish he might be settled there; but we are informed the church has invited another minister on probation.

NOTTING HILL.—MR. WILLIAMSON'S ANNIVERSARY.—The sixteenth anniversary to commemorate the opening of Johnson street chapel, Notting hill, was held on Thursday, February 12th. This chapel is situated in a densely populated neighbourhood, and here the minister, Mr. Williamson, has laboured for some years, and appears to have gathered round him a numerous body of warm-hearted and sympathizing friends. In the afternoon, Mr. James Wells preached from Mark ix. 28, "Why could not we cast him out?" From these significant words, the preacher referred to the notions of the day, that there were no such things as evil spirits, and that the words had reference merely to some disease. But, however mysterious the thing might be, preference must be given to the Word of God. It was there recorded that there were evil spirits, who trembled lest the Lord had come to torment them before their time. But since this period, Satan seemed bound, he had not the power since the Gospel dispensation. The text referred to a demoniacal possession, and he (Mr. Wells) would first point out why the Apostles could not cast out this evil spirit. Secondly, The means by which evil spirits are cast out. Thirdly, The moral taught by preserving this young man; and then the success of the father on behalf of his child. This was a difficult subject. The reason why the Apostles could not cast the evil spirit out was, because of their unbelief and want of faith. This rendered them powerless, and arose in great measure from a deficiency in their understanding. Before they set about such a work they should have asked themselves, if the Lord had set them at it. To accomplish such a work, they needed first God's authority, and the presence and power of God. Satan cared no more about a Christian than about any other man, only as the Christian was influenced by Christ. The reason, therefore, why they did not succeed, they had not God's authority. If the Lord had commanded, he never ran from his word, as was instanced in many ways by Mr. Wells. Then the Saviour had said, "This kind can come forth by nothing but prayer and fasting." This prayer and fasting mentioned, must be taken more than the ordinary exercise of the Christian. Prayer here, he, the preacher, took to be the

Lord's intercession, and fasting was the humiliation work of Christ. The fasting of Christ consisted in abstaining from everything contrary to the law, and contrary to God's will. Satan and the world tempted the Lord with dainty dishes, the world sought to make him king. Some might ask if he (Mr. W.), repudiated literal fasting altogether. No; if the Christian's soul was troubled or other troubles were so great, there was nothing wrong in fasting and prayer, but let it be done before God, and not as the hypocrites before man. On the preservation of this young man and the success of the father in this hopeless case, for human agency, and how Jesus took him by the hand, were points told with a point and pathos peculiar to Mr. Wells, and to which the people listened with fixed attention. The Evening Meeting.—The friends having adjourned to the school-rooms for tea, they assembled again shortly after six in increasing numbers, the chapel being well filled. The proceedings commenced by singing and prayer. The minister of the place, Mr. Williamson, presided, and read a letter of sympathy with the cause from the venerable Mr. Woollacott, who from weakness was unable to be present. The first address was by Mr. Flack, "The Blind Man's Request," who, after congratulating his friend and brother the chairman, offered a few general remarks on the subject assigned him, showing the poor blind man to be a representative of mankind generally by nature. Mr. Baugh followed on "Healed but not saved." From his remarks he had evidently studied his subject. Without loss of time he at once proceeded to show Christ in his Gospel sought to do good to all men body and soul. He healed their bodies when there was no proof that he saved their souls. It was to be feared that in this, that some in their correctness for theology and dry sentiment, were too often found in the van-guard instead of the rear-guard in doing good. It must not be conceived because a man enjoyed the largest possible share of providential mercies that he was brought into a saved condition. An alteration might place externally, still not the soul saved. Then it did not as a rule follow, that those who were in the receipt of many temporal blessings were inspired with thankfulness and gratitude; neither did it follow in addition to a practical gratitude, that men who were blessed in life had more knowledge than others of God's providence. But it was demanded by God a recognition of his goodness to man. These points were severally dwelt on with a clearness and in an instructive manner. Mr. Williamson offered a few remarks to the state of the debt of the chapel. In 1866, there was owing £691 17s. 8d. to private individuals; since then that had been called in and an appropriation made to a building society to the sum of £850. It would take the friends, as matters now stood, nine years at about £85 per year to clear the chapel of all debt. Mr. Farson, of Brent-

ford, then offered a few remarks on the "Faithful Servant;" Mr. Webster on "Parental Intercession," and Mr. Griffin on "The troubled waters of Siloam." Collections were made after each service towards liquidating the debt, and this harmonious gathering was brought to a close.

PULPIT UTTERANCES. — SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT.—Mr. C. Hill, of Stoke Ash, who preached the above cause, February 10th and 17th, is perhaps little known in the Metropolis. It is not wise to say too much on first hearing a man, but as far as we could learn he was heard, particularly in the evening, with general acceptance. His style and broad accent, at times, sounded harsh to us Londoners, but in depth of thought and originality, Mr. Hill will compare favourably with many of his Metropolitan brethren. In the evening, he preached from "We shall be like him," 1 John iii. 2. He first noticed some of the things in which those that believe are destined to be like the Lord. Secondly, The agency by which this is to be accomplished. Then some of the great results arising from the great work being made like him. He proceeded to show some of the numerous direful effects of sin on the world and on its inhabitants, still, though the fair and beautiful form of humanity which left its Maker's hands all perfect, was soiled by sin and rendered unfit for paradise, humanity must go to heaven. How was this brought about? not by election. He, the preacher, held that great truth with a firm and sacred grasp, but he must assign it its proper place. Election could not make a man like Christ, nor redemption. A man might purchase a slave, he was black still; give him his free papers, he was the same man only in another position of life. Redemption saved from hell, it took the cross of Christ and barred the gates of hell; it liberated the slave, it prevented from hell, but it did not raise to heaven. How was this brought about, if not predestination or purchase? The first impress of the artist's chisel on fallen humanity, was found in the words, "Ye must be born again." Mr. Hill proceeded to show after this great change, then was the sinner transformed into the likeness of him according to the election of God, and by virtue of the redemption and purchase of the Son Jesus Christ. We may perhaps notice this gentleman's ministry a little more at length should another occasion offer.

MR. BLAKE AT DALSTON.—An enthusiastic meeting was held at Albion Hall, Dalston, Tuesday, January 29th, 1867, to welcome Mr. Blake (late of Artillery street chapel, Bishopsgate) to that place, as his new sphere of labour, he having as announced in last month's VESSEL opened it as a Baptist chapel. A reporter says, "the room was filled with a respect-

able audience, happiness and joy beaming on every face." Mr. Blake opened the meeting by giving out "Kindred in Christ for his dear sake," and called upon Mr. Cowdry to pray. He then introduced G. T. Congreve, Esq., to the meeting as chairman for the evening. Mr. Congreve gave us an able and warm-hearted speech, expressing his sympathy with his brother Blake. He was glad Mr. Blake and the church had left Artillery lane chapel, as it was an inconvenient and obscure place, built according to the plan of our forefathers, in a back street, which fashion of putting chapels in out-of-the-way places he was not an admirer of; he hoped they might soon be able to build a good substantial chapel in Dalston. He believed their minister meant work, and he hoped they would be a working people in the cause of Christ, "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Many pervert the doctrines of grace, especially election, by making them an excuse for doing nothing. This ought not to be; it should rather spur them on to know that God had purposed to bless. Five things were necessary for Mr. Blake's success which were suggested by the letters of his name:—Brains, Love, Activity, Kindness, and Earnestness. He believed Mr. Blake possessed each of these qualifications. Three things were necessary on the part of the people.—First, They must minister well to the temporal wants of their pastor. Secondly, Help him in every good work, and—Thirdly, Encourage him by earnest prayer for the Divine blessing on his labours. The chairman said he was very pleased to know their minister was one who preached to sinners. He once heard Mr. Blake say "that he never preached a sermon without addressing the ungodly." A very necessary part of the minister's work, but he feared there was a lack on that point with some in our denomination. Mr. Alderson, of Walworth, then addressed the meeting. He first gave Mr. Blake a very hearty welcome, and also said, he believed he had taken the step in the fear of God. He could tell them, Mr. Blake was not there without anywhere else to go. A large cause in Cambridgeshire had invited him to their pastorate, and were most anxious to get him. Mr. Alderson then gave an excellent speech on the minister's authority and work—preach the Gospel to every creature. Many weighty remarks were given on preaching to sinners. There was an old fashioned notion that we ought not to preach to the ungodly, but he should like to know to whom Paul preached if not to such. The chairman next called upon Mr. Blake to give a few words of explanation as to the cause of his leaving Artillery street; which he did in a truly Christian spirit. He said he had intended to give no explanation, as he was quite willing to forget and forgive all that was passed; it was a very bad thing to be always poring over our troubles. If we were to write tablets of all we had suffered and keep them con-

stantly before our eyes, it would almost drive us melancholy. There were many reasons why he was not quite at home at Artillery street. He stated his grounds of complaint at the church meeting when he offered his resignation; that was the place to do it, and not here. But one reason was, he did not enjoy good health in London, and having several invitations to go into the country, he thought of doing so. At a recent church meeting, he offered his resignation, when there were only three for receiving it, and a very large number for his stopping. This surprised him, as he thought there were several for his going, but the people all rallied round him, and declared he must not go; they would deny themselves anything to keep him. As he had stated one reason of his resigning was, his dissatisfaction with the chapel, the church said they did not see why he should leave them for that, they would try to obtain a better; and at once appointed a committee to look out for a new place. That committee had taken Albion Hall, and thus the church had taken it through the committee. He distinctly told them three times at the church meeting, that if they place themselves in the hands of a committee authorising them to hire a place, of course they would have to abide by whatever that committee did, and then they were voted into power without one opposing vote; so that if it was not the church's own act he did not know what it could be. As to his support, he had for a long time been growing in the belief, that it was better for a minister to live by faith and depending on the voluntary gifts of the people than on a fixed salary, and, therefore, in starting afresh, he had told the people he would not let them have the trouble of making up a fixed salary, but adopt the weekly offering principle. He had stayed because he loved the people; he knew they were deeply attached to him, and he had no fear as to financial matters. They had come there first to try to do good in the neighbourhood, and seek the salvation of souls; and secondly, to live together in union and peace, which they mean to do. At the close of Mr. Blake's speech, the chairman gave out a verse from Denham's—

“Lord, we welcome thy dear servant,
Messenger of Gospel peace.”

And it was cheering to see how heartily every person in the audience and minister on the platform rose and sang it. Mr. Flack next gave an interesting speech on the spirit in which to raise a new cause, which he said must be a spirit of diligence, faith, and prayer. He believed Mr. Blake loved the truth and preached it in this spirit, and wished them great success. The chairman then said it was suggested that they should raise the first quarter's rent that evening, (which was £14); if they did this, it would be turning the meeting to a good account, and to prove his practical sympathy, he handed to Mr. Blake a cheque for £2 2s. This kind start was cheerfully followed,

the amount was soon made up, and in fact, half-a-crown too much was taken by mistake. The chairman next presented to the pastor a very handsome pulpit Bible, in the name of the ladies of the congregation, as a token of their appreciation of his ministry, which kind gift Mr. Blake acknowledged in feeling and suitable terms. It was now getting late. Brethren Baugh, Silvertown, and Wyard, senior, were to have spoken on given subjects, but having no time to do so, each rose, and with a few loving and weighty remarks, welcomed Mr. Blake to Albion Hall, and wished him God-speed. “All hail the power of Jesus's name” was sung, the benediction pronounced, and thus closed one of the warmest and most interesting meetings it was ever our privilege to join in.

“A MODEL PRAYER MEETING.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE “EARTHEN VESSEL.”

DEAR SIR,—I was much struck, and greatly delighted, with the brief account of the “model prayer meeting” reported in the VESSEL for the present month. Having moved among our Baptist churches of various degrees of sentiment for some years past, I have been long convinced that the great want of our age is, the spirit of fervent wrestling prayer. We have been given far too much to run after fine preaching, or deep preaching, or something of the sort, to the great neglect of united mighty prayer. Hence, I regarded as a very healthy sign that “model prayer meeting” at Dacre Park chapel. To me, it afforded intense interest to read of the brethren Wale, Banks, Leach, Frith, Baugh, Alsop, Webb, Silvertown, Palmer, Myerson, and Hunt, as gathered together for so holy a purpose, and I was half disposed to complain that my own remoteness from such a company prevented my adding one more to their number. If a very obscure member of the same general body, may be permitted to suggest a word of counsel, I would say to those and other brethren, Go on in this spirit. Multiply these ‘model prayer meetings.’ Hold them in all the London districts, and as far beyond as time and opportunity will permit. Give your covenant God no rest till he make our Jerusalem a praise in the earth. (Isa. lxxii. 6, 7). The spirit of prayer always precedes the blessing, and if that spirit be cultivated with earnestness and faith, rely upon it, brethren, that there is a large blessing in store for our churches. Trusting you will kindly excuse this liberty.—I remain, Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STOKES.

Manchester, Feb. 12, 1867.

Truth.

Recently, after a short illness, Mrs. COOK, of Grange walk, Bermondsey. Highly esteemed for her humble spirit, and great benevolence, especially to “the poor of the household of faith.”

What He hath done for my Soul.

BY JOHN CORBETT, OF TRINITY CHAPEL, PLYMOUTH.

“Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.”—Ps. lxvi. 16.

WHATEVER may be the form and fashion, the doctrine or practice of scientific preaching I cannot tell; but my text encourages me to speak, out of the abundance of the heart, what the Lord hath done for my soul. It is no uncommon thing to hear a man take a text and preach for an hour, and say nothing about it. It is not uncommon to hear old men talking about the follies of their youth, and old women about the faults and failings of the young, and the parson about anything, rather than what God hath done for his soul. Having had this text laid upon my mind in a particular manner I shall take it as it stands, and intend, as far as words can make it plain, to show you what God has done for my soul, and the manner of His doing it; together with the benefits resulting from such doing; in hope that many of you may be constrained to do the same, and receive the same benefits; and God will be glorified.

I. Without the use of any means, He opened my eyes and softened my heart so as to make me repent, and cry for mercy before Him day and night because of my sin, and the misery that I saw awaited me. Here I found the truth of that Scripture, “The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?” Prov. xviii. 14. Here I found with Job, that “Wearisome nights were appointed unto me; and that the day was as terrible as the night. In the night I wished for the morning, and in the morning for the night; for I found that the morning was as the shadow of death; and if I said my bed shall comfort me at night, then I was scared with dreams and terrified by visions.” Job vii. 13, 14. Thus my soul chose strangling rather than life; and that would have ended me if the Lord had not taken more care of me than I took of myself. Here I was made to feel that “The sorrows of death compassed me, the pains of hell got hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow.” Ps. cxvi. 3. And all this time I dared not pray for fear of being an hypocrite, and that God would strike me dead for presumption. Thus I laboured in the fire of Satanic temptation and the flame of a guilty conscience, until my strength was dried up as a potsherd; for the Lord’s hand was heavy upon me day and night, and my moisture was turned into the drought of summer-time.” Ps. xxxii. 4. I had no Gospel minister to teach me; and I had laid my Bible aside, because all the curses and threatenings were to me what Nathau was to David, and as plainly told me “THOU ART THE MAN.”

Now, I had reached the borders of despair, and expected daily to fall over the precipice into that prison from whence there is no ransom; for now I was experiencing this Scripture, the darkness hath covered the earth and gross darkness my soul; and this was the place, the light which was to lighten the Gentiles, and to guide their feet in the ways of peace broke in upon me, telling me that His grace was sufficient for me,

and pointing me to the Cross of Christ bid me look there, for He was God and none else. Thus I was delivered from the law that drank up my spirit, and I was brought into the substitution of Christ, from whom, by faith, I drank long draughts of consolation. Thus much, and ten times more, the Lord did for my soul, when he convinced me of sin and righteousness. And thus I came by my religion.

Now I began to say, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His goodness?" having received pardon, I wanted to honour Him who had honoured me, by walking in His way. Now I began to long for communion with the saints, but feared I should take the wrong road; so I cried unto the Lord to show me the way I should go. And now I became impressed with the certainty if I searched Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, that I should find the appointed way, and that without any human teaching; so I began prayerfully, without any prejudices, to search the Scriptures to find out the appointed way of the Lord; and in the 3rd chapter of Matthew I found Christ coming to John to be baptised of him; and after baptism as He went up from the waters, "The heavens opened, and the Spirit, as a dove descended; a voice proclaimed from heaven, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Thus I saw that Christ was a Baptist; but having no teacher to consult I read on, pondering over the words "well pleased." Much encouraged by the first ten verses in the fifth chapter of Matthew, and as sharply rebuked as I read through the other part, and the sixth and seventh chapters, and every stage that I went, I found more and more the all-sufficiency of Jesus; and saw the lepers healed, the blind, deaf, and dumb cured, devils cast out, and all things yielding before Him; and I earnestly prayed to be one of His disciples. Still fearing I never should. But the words "well pleased," kept me seeking and saying, "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth." And when I came to the last two verses in Matthew's Gospel He spoke unmistakably to me. I there saw that after He had finished the work, in turning iniquity from Jacob, in destroying death, and rising triumphantly from the grave, that He was risen a Baptist, and that His baptism did not end baptism (as some say it did), for if it had He would not have enjoined it on His disciples after His resurrection. Here I saw that teaching, believing, and baptising were joined together; and His disciples were commanded to teach the people to observe all things He had told them; with the promise of these conditions He would be with them unto the end of the world. Here I saw that what Christ has put together no man is allowed to pull asunder; therefore I saw that all teaching that is contrary to Christ's teaching was contrary to the Holy Ghost's teaching; for He is to take of the things of Christ, and show them unto His followers. And He never teaches more than Christ, He never teaches less; and I dare not take away believer's baptism, nor add *infant-sprinkling*, because of the threatenings connected therewith. See Rev. xxii. 19. Hence, whosoever teacheth that believers' baptism may be neglected teaches contrary to Christ, and are not in that part taught by the Holy Ghost. Thus I became a *believer* and a *Baptist*, and cannot, yea, dare not preach or practise anything less; for in Mark xvi. 6 He says, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Thus, I am a Baptist because my Lord was; and because I believe in His infallible command as firmly as in His unalterable pur-

pose ; and He hath said, " If ye love me keep my commandments ;" and because I love Him I do so.

II: I believe in believers' baptism, because thereby I have proved the devil a vile and wholesale liar, for he opposed me in baptism in the following way :—He told me that my faith was not right ; that I should prove an hypocrite ; that God would frown upon me ; that my creditors would distress me ; that my former friends would entangle me ; that I should fall away, and thus become twofold more the child of hell ; and thus he followed me to the water, and drew such a cloud over me that I could neither see, hear, nor understand what the minister was saying. At this moment the Lord put this resolution into my soul, " Let others do as they will, I and my house will follow the Lord ;" and I know He did it, because He removed the cloud, relieved the mind, stopped the temptation ; and I went down into the water like a lion, and came up like a giant refreshed with new wine, and went on my way rejoicing, and experienced just the reverse to what Satan told me, for I found my faith strengthened, my love warmed, my fellowship with saints, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, much more abundant ; and my former worldly companions all fled, my temporals increased, my soul enlarged, and I walked at liberty for many months. So I know in whom I have believed, how I came to believe, and the blessed result of *believers' baptism*. This, my dear friends, the Lord hath done for my soul ; and my earnest prayer is, that like precious things may be done for and by you, for in keeping His commandments there is great reward ; and my soul thus blessed shall make her boast in God, " and the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad," and give glory to God.

Again, in all my searchings I never find an apostle that did not teach and command and practise baptism ; neither do I ever find Jesus in company with any but Baptists. As far as we know His disciples were all baptised. Peter preached it to Cornelius and his household ; and he was sent there by God to tell Cornelius what he ought to do, and he told him to be baptised. Again, on the day of Pentecost, he commanded all that were pricked in the heart to be baptised ; and if Peter had not been baptised he would not have been consistent with himself. Again, Philip went down to Samaria and preached Christ unto them ; and when they believed Philip's preaching they were baptised, both men and women. Again, Philip baptised the Eunuch ; and Paul baptised the household of *Stephanas, Crispus, and Gaius, the Gaoler, and Lydia*, and was *baptized himself*, Acts ix. 18. It is a fair evidence that the disbelievers of baptism have no ground to stand upon, or they never would call in Paul to help them out, because he silenced those brawlers who wanted to say he baptised in his own name, as in 1 Cor. i. 14, by saying, " I thank God that I baptised none of you ; for God sent me not to baptise (*meaning such as you*, nor to *make Christians by baptism*, as some do), but to preach the Gospel," and *baptise only them that believe* ; which is evident he did, as is seen by the above quotations. So what God hath joined together I dare not put asunder.

Whatever uncertainty we are at, or whatever mistakes may arise about the time of His coming, His coming itself is certain. This has been the faith and hope of all Christians in all ages of the Church.—*Matthew Henry*.

Memorials of Departed Saints.

“GOOD BYE: WE SHALL MEET AGAIN IN HEAVEN.”

THE EDITOR OF THE “EARTHEN VESSEL.”

Feb. 20th, 1867.

DEAR SIR,—Please insert the following in the VESSEL, and you will oblige yours
in the faith,

THOMAS AUSTIN, South Hackney.

“Why should the wonders God has wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?”

JOHN JOSIAH AUSTIN began his mortal career in South Hackney, Jan. 10th, 1846. It was his privilege to have Christian parents, who daily commended him to the care and guardianship of the God of all grace. For several years he attended the Sabbath school, and was a constant attendant upon the means of grace, but from year to year there appeared no evidence of a change of heart, although correct and regular in his deportment, and observant of the walk and conduct of those who professed Christianity, hence the necessity of consistency of conduct in the lives of God's people. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” He was generally healthy till the spring of 1864, when symptoms of a threatening character appeared, the hectic flush, wasting of flesh, failing of appetite, and distressing cough, all seemed to indicate his early departure from this vale of tears. Yet he like most youths, suffering from the same disease, cherished a hope of recovery and clung tenaciously to life. All means within reach were used but without good result, from time to time the symptoms became more decided, he became weaker and weaker till by slow degrees he sunk into helpless infancy. The youth once so sprightly and active, by disease was reduced to absolute dependence. Although rapidly nearing the grave, he showed no concern about his immortal soul; his parents offered prayer fervent, and frequent, for a blessing upon the means used for his recovery, but if that was denied, that the Lord would be graciously pleased to display His sovereign mercy in opening his eyes, convincing him of his need of a Saviour, and prepare him for the solemn change. How patent it is that no circumstances in which a human being may be placed, will of itself produce a change of heart, or lead a soul to God. Six weeks before his death, Mr. Boud, a Christian friend held a conversation with him, and put some close questions about eternal things; he gave some general answers to the effect that he had not thought much about another world. His father solemnly interrogated him respecting the future, for it seemed very certain that the tie which united parent and child would soon be severed. He told his father, that he did not expect to recover, that nothing but a miracle could restore him, yet he could not give a satisfactory answer respecting his soul's welfare. By his wish the friend again conversed with him. On this occasion, he opened his mind a little. He said he had thought much of the conversation at the last interview and expressed some anxiety about his soul. How often it is persons under conviction feel more liberty in telling their feelings to a friend than to a near relative. His father in conversation again questioned him about divine things; he said he had not a comfortable hope, in relation to removal from this world. He knew he had not lived the life of

a Christian, he knew religion in theory, but had not experienced its vital power. He was desirous of being right, that he might not rest upon a false foundation, or derive comfort from a wrong source. He felt himself to be an unworthy sinner, but he did not feel assured Christ died for him. General things may suit professors to talk about in the season of health, but when the solemnities of death, and the realities of eternity are immediately before us, then nothing will satisfy our souls but that which is special and personal. His father by his request read some portions of Scripture, made a few remarks and offered special prayer that the Holy Ghost would by his sovereign power exhibit his saving grace, and bring this dying youth to a sense of his absolute need of salvation, and enable him by faith to flee to, and rest upon Christ alone for safety. At the close of the prayer he added his earnest amen, and said, "Father, your prayer just suits me, I feel to want all the things you have been praying for. The father replied, "I am glad to hear you express yourself thus, for we can both join in humble confession, and unitedly present our earnest supplication for pardon and salvation, through the merits of the dear Redeemer." He acknowledged a felt sense of need, but he could not say he was a sinner saved by grace, although he heartily desired it and hoped he might not be deceived or be left to rest on a false foundation. He had heard and read of the happy exit of some of God's people, he wished he could feel more of that assurance which some are favoured with. Although he was not able to say in triumph, "O death, where is thy sting?" he was so far taught his true condition as to say feelingly, "Other refuge have I none," &c. He told his father at one time he entertained infidel notions, had he fallen in with some of that class he might have imbibed their views; he thought it was a snare of Satan, but he was preserved. Frequently his father and other Christians conversed and prayed with him; as far as his physical strength would bear, he valued such seasons, but the thrush in his throat prevented him giving expression to his feelings as he desired, his voice was reduced to a whisper. Yet he gave satisfactory evidence that he was looking to Jesus only, and on His merits depending. "Lord, save, or I perish," was the language of his soul, the family hymn of the household of faith was his prayer,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me," &c.

especially the verse beginning

"Nothing in my hand I bring,"

also the hymn commencing

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

These two hymns formed the sum and substance of his creed and experience; if a felt sense of need is a fitness for Christ, he felt his need and was enabled to trust alone in Him who is "mighty to save." On the evening of the last Sabbath he spent on earth, two or three Christian friends paid him a visit, conversed, read, and prayed with him. By his request we sang

"Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah," &c.

and

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,"

language he seemed deeply to sympathize with, especially the words "where my possessions lie." When reading the hymn by Toplady on

preparation for death, he repeated with emphasis, the words "and save me in thy Son." Part of that precious hymn,

"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,"

he repeated with feeling. A few days before his death he gave some directions about his funeral, and handing some articles to those about him as keepsakes, he calmly and submissively waited the summons. Calmness and patience characterised his disposition during his long and painful illness; he repeatedly expressed his thanks to those who attended him, for the care and sympathy shewn him in his helpless state. His breathing became more difficult from day to day; he lingered till the 24th of November last, having kept his bed only eleven days. Several friends called to pay their last visit on that day, including Mr. Bond, whose conversation he much appreciated. He read the Word of God, spoke a few words, and offered a brief prayer, to which the dying youth responded; and putting forth his feeble hand, with an expressive look said in a whisper, "Good bye, we shall meet again in heaven." In the course of the evening he gradually sunk into a state of non-consciousness; around his bed the members of his family were gathered; he breathed hard for an hour; then gently fell asleep in Jesus, in the twenty-first year of his age. Forcibly the lines of the poet occurred to the mind, as we silently gazed upon the mortal remains of our beloved one—

"In vain my fancy strives to paint," &c.

Mysterious are the dealings of God with his people; the useful young man, just approaching maturity, is taken away, while an afflicted helpless sister, suffering from spinal affection for a period of thirty years survives her brother; but blessed be God she has a "good hope through grace," "He giveth not account of His matters." May we adore the justice, too, that strikes our comforts dead.

His mortal part was interred in South Hackney churchyard, in a sure and certain hope of a part in the first resurrection. Mr. J. H. Dearsley, who visited him several times during his illness, preached an appropriate sermon on the words, "That ye sorrow not as others who have no hope," in Forest road chapel, Dalston, where the family attend. Truly his sun has gone down while it is yet high day.

THE LATE MRS. J. J. WAITE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—It oftentimes affords a holy pleasure and satisfaction to the minds of pilgrims in the heavenly way, to learn something of God's gracious dealings with His dear people, especially the saints' triumph over all foes, and the victory they achieve through the dear Lamb, over the last enemy—death.

The subject of the following narrative was the child of praying parents; but as is often the case they did not live to see their prayers answered. They were, however, heard, and God in rich mercy called her by His grace, led her about, and instructed her in those distinctive principles which are the glory of the Gospel. She was much, in this respect, under the ministry of Mr. W. Felton, while at Zion chapel, Deptford, by whom she was baptised and received into church fellowship.

In the year 1856 she was married to the writer, and this new era in her history brought her to London; and after attending various causes of

truth, but principally the ministry of Mr. P. Dickerson, until the year 1860, when the Lord led us to the ministry of Mr. J. Glaskin, then of Providence chapel, Islington. Here she was called upon to occupy a prominent position in the church till within a year of her decease, and through Divine grace maintained an honourable profession, and endured to the end. She was a quiet, unobtrusive Christian, yet always ready to aid forward the cause of God and truth as far as she could.

She was known to a great many of God's ministers and dear family, with whom she delighted to commune and take sweet counsel. She saw much affliction both in her own person and family, being afflicted with an internal complaint, which frequently laid her aside. Her last illness was of five months duration, and baffled medical skill. It was not, however, until a fortnight before her death that the fatal nature of her illness was known; disease of the heart set in, and she quickly sank.

But the Lord graciously gave her a calm, passive reliance on His promise; nor was Satan permitted to harass her mind; yet she longed for some further development of the Divine presence and power to her soul. She said she could not give up her hope; her precious Jesus had said it is finished, and it just suited her He had settled it; had He not done so she could not think now. Being at one time rather gloomy in her mind she desired the hymn

"Begin my tongue some heavenly theme"

to be repeated. On the two last stanzas she said, "That is what I want; oh, might I hear His heavenly voice but whisper thou art mine," and repeated them over again as the sentiment of her soul. From this time forward she seemed to have no hesitation, and would converse of death with as much composure as if it was only going away to see a friend. To Christian friends who saw her she would say, I am going home, we shall meet again in heaven. On the last day of her illness, just previous to death, she appeared to be almost in heaven; a glimpse of glory filled her soul, she repeated,

"All hail the power of Jesus name,"

and requested those in attendance to sing it. She said Jesus had come to her and told her he knew her by name, and had clothed her in his own robe; and wished to impress upon us that Jesus had come himself, saying, he did not send any one else; but what her vision saw it is impossible to feel, say, or describe. Whatever it was it was glorious, if not beatific, for it appeared as a beautiful light, so bright, she said, "I cannot bear it, I must close my eyes;" it was more than the body could hold. She said, "My Saviour will soon fetch his poor child home;" and after taking a sip of refreshment lay back in the bed, after which she knew no more pain; without either sigh or groan her happy soul was beyond all doubt ushered into the joy of her Lord, to be for ever with him. Well may Dr. Watts say—

"In vain the fancy strives to paint,
The moment after death;
The glories which surround the saint,
When yielding up his breath."

Her life and death may be briefly described by the following lines:—

"Her only hope was Jesu's blood,
And God's unchanging love."

She lived a debtor to his grace,
Rejoiced in sin forgiven;
Died in her Father's fond embrace,
And flew from earth to heaven."

She has left three dear children, whom may God in mercy preserve and bring to himself, as heirs of glory. Her mortal remains were interred in Abney park Cemetery, Mr. J. Glaskin, her late and last recognised pastor, conducting the funeral services. I am left to mourn the loss of a kind, loving, and devoted wife, and my children an anxious affectionate mother, but hoping to meet beyond the river.—I am, my dear sir, yours truly,

J. J. WAITE.

11, Upper Park street, Islington.

Four Sons Dead in One Day.

A SHORT PAPER ON
THE PRIVILEGES, TRIALS, AND TRIUMPHS OF THE
CHRISTIAN FAITH.

CHAPTER IV.

How safe are they, and only they,
Who in the Lord confide,
The Lord who did their ransom pay,
When on the cross He died.
Safe amid all the scenes of life,
Nor ought that they endure;
Trouble nor sorrow, pain or strife,
Can make them less secure.
Safe, when disease, with direful form,
Shall spread dismay around;
Should death o'ertake them in the storm,
They will in Christ be found.

Safe, they in Jesus's arms shall rest,
When nature's strength shall fail;
Nor aught shall e'er their souls molest,
Beyond death's gloomy vale.
Safe, though the worldling may despise,
And shake his doting head;
They, with their Saviour shall arise,
While he is filled with dread.
O, may this safety, grand, sublime,
Be known from shore to shore;
Safe through the labyrinths of time;
And SAFE FOR EVERMORE." *

I RETURN now to the Saturday evening when my soul was favoured to enjoy an hour or two in quiet reading and reflection. Like Benjamin Taylor, my study is in the top back attic. It is a small secluded spot; a room as full of books and papers and letters as it can well hold; but, when I am retired from the world; when I am enabled to lay aside every weight—and mine have been weights indeed, such as no soul on earth doth fully know)—and the sin that doth so easily beset me—(and that makes my heart ache every day, except when faith carries my soul away from all these dark and deadly elements)—then, shut in by myself, Satan shut out, and with the gentle dew-dropping of the Spirit on my soul, the whispers of heaven in my heart, and the tender unfoldings of the word in my little mind, all carrying my thoughts up into the chambers of Ezekiel's vision, oh, then I feel more sacredly happy than in any spot or place on earth beside.

"*Shut in by myself!*" did I say? "Alone?" Nay, anything but that. Here is an assembly more immense than I can calculate. If I may apply Paul's testimony concerning Abel's faith, to the faith and works of many good men, then it will be seen I have a company exceed-

* The sweet and truthful lines heading this chapter are from Mr. George Newman's little volume, "Affection's Tribute," published by Sheather and Co., 148, Upper Thames-street.

ing numerous ; an army of faithful men, concerning whose mental, spiritual, evangelical, and literary labour, I may say, " By it, they being dead, are yet speaking."

Here are bishops, deans, doctors, and divines, of every shape and size. Here are Scotch Presbyterians, English Independents, Baptists of every shade, Methodists of all degrees, prophets, pastors, preachers, and penmen from all parts of Christendom ; and the best of it is, they all come to me freely, kindly, courteously, and patiently wait until I have time and opportunity to look at, listen to, and learn of, them, their pedigree, and their grand pursuit. Oh, my readers, how wonderful appears the Lord's mercy to me ! As I sit in my study this morning—this wintry morning—this 22nd day of March—when all nature seems in sorrow, a dreary-looking desert without, and scores of anxious cares within, I cannot keep my mind from going back. Seven-and-forty years ago this month, my grandfather died. He had taken me under his care, because the doctors said I could not live in the marshy parts of Kent wherein I was born ; so my mother gave up her sickly little son, although the Lord (as she believed) said to her, through the instrumentality of her honoured pastor, " Mrs. Banks, *take this boy* and NURSE HIM FOR GOD !" And although her faith and prayers, and fond affection for me never ceased, yet she gave me up to the care of my grandfather and grandmother ; and in the beautiful little churchyard of Cranbrook, in the Weald of Kent, I was located, when only seven years of age.

One disease after another threatened me. At one time blindness was almost my lot ; but from that the Lord restored me ; and ten thousand thanks would I render unto Him for the use of my eyes. " Bless the Lord, O my soul ;" and to all that is within me, and to all that is without me, I would say, " Bless His Holy Name." At another time a dreadful fever seized me, and I think they all thought I must die ; but in the middle of one night, when all alone, upon a bed on the floor I lay, a stream of blood suddenly burst from my nose, the fever began to leave me, and again I recovered. God of Heaven ! Do in mercy make me thankful at thy feet. One day, in my boyish pranks, I jumped hastily on to a heap of straw ; that straw only thinly covered a pit full of slime and mire. Down into the pit I went ; right up to my chin was I smothered. Instant death must have been my doom ; but a man was passing ; he saw my awful danger ; he ran to my relief, and took me from that terrible pit and carried me to my home. Should not I most solemnly sing—

" Preserved in Jesus, when
My feet made haste to hell ! "

Ah ! I ought indeed to live only to His glory. Who has to me so many great salvations sent. My grandfather was a parish clerk, and I was a kind of little page to him ; I carried the keys of the church, I took in the banns of many a couple when they desired to be married, I poured the water into the font when the darling babes were to be christened. Yea, all but saying " *Amen*," I was almost a parish clerk myself. Do not be angry with me if I have a natural liking for the good old church still. But my grandfather was a printer, a bookbinder, and many other things besides. At ten years of age I began to be what they vulgarly call " a printer's devil," that is, with heavy " balls " as they term them, I laid the ink on the type, so that the type might appear on the paper

and be useful for the purposes designed. I became passionately fond of printing; I am intensely fond of printing still. I have filled every office connected with the art and mystery of printing; I have been a printer more than fifty years; I am a printer still, and having just completed a handsome volume of five hundred pages, beautifully printed, illustrated, and bound, I feel no little pleasure, and hope (although the printing has plunged me into many a sea of sorrow) it is the Lord's good will thus to make some use of me.

When I was scarcely fourteen years of age my grandfather died. I think I see him in his coffin now. Oh, what a loss! nearly all the parish came out to weep when we followed him to the grave; there in that grave did lie the mortal remains of my earthly friend. But my grandmother and uncle continued me in the business, and for six years after that death I pursued my studies and labours in the printing office. For giving me an insight into that most valuable enterprise, the printing of books and of bills, I desire again to thank and praise the Lord, even now that I know with what anguish and woe I have passed through a period of more than half a century. Yes, yes, this very moment three things come to my mind which I almost am persuaded to believe are testimonies in my favour; yea, tokens for good, I must name them, although I vex my reader for thus wandering out of my way.

The first was this. In prayer one morning such a sense of the Spirit of Adoption possessed my soul that I most sacredly did call God MY FATHER, and it appeared as though HE did sanction the claim, for into His hands I rolled my every care. Connected with this relationship, has been baptized into my soul the truth of that holy scripture, "Whom the Lord loveth He correcteth; and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Has not this scourging been true in me? Many a proud one scorns and hates me; he can see nothing but my sins and frailties; he says I am a fool and everything that is bad. I must leave all these proud creedsmen who have a natural talent to study and to talk theology to that God and Father Who will not let any of us go unpunished, although all who in His Son believe shall be saved with an everlasting salvation.

Another thing I may mention, it may encourage some little babe in grace. It was one morning as on my bed I lay, my heart became gently filled with the greatness of those glorious words:—

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

This verse exactly representeth the present feelings of him who, in the silent solitude of a wintry morning pens these scattered thoughts.

One other incident I record is this. I think—I hope—the Lord is about to give me St. Thomas's Hall, in South Hackney, to preach in, until we can see if it is His blessed will to enable us to erect our new tabernacle. Of course this movement causes me much searching of heart and great enquiry—"Is it of the Lord?"—"Will He go with me?" "Will He bless me?" or will it be, as many things have been, a disappointment and a grief? I accidentally, as we say, took up a book in which, on the top of one of the pages in large letters, stood these words:—

"CERTAINLY I WILL BE WITH THEE."

Mr. J. C. Ryle, writing on the call of Moses by God, to go down to Egypt, speaks, first of the weakness of the instruments which the Lord often employs to carry on His work in the world, and then of the doubts and fears which good men have when called to any great work for God.

Altogether, my work is to me very weighty, and in removing from our old chapel, which is unhealthy, and holds out no prospects of much good, I feel the need of that suitable word, "Certainly I will be with thee." Only then can good success attend our path.

But how I roam about. Now having done a little as editor and publisher for so many years I have had sent me the productions of all these deans, doctors, bishops, pastors, and penmen to whom I have referred, and with some of them in my silent moments I commune with much profit and delight. I would not have gone all this round-about way to come to my tale, but as so many links in the chain I could not deny myself the indulgence of retracing a few of the steps which I have been constrained to take in "*the way He hath led me.*"

To return again, then, to the Saturday night to which I have referred, that Saturday on the morning of which I officiated at the nuptial ceremony of the daughter of him whose sudden death I have recorded in a previous chapter. On that Saturday night—a Saturday night in the month of December, 1866, when shut in my attic study; after a few silent words ascending in prayer I began to look at some of the more recent visitors who had obtained an entrance into my little sanctuary. How many of them I had looked at and silently conversed with I cannot now tell, but I remember well how deeply fixed my mind became when, on taking up a book called "*The Scattered Nation,*" I was led to read a paper headed "*The Twelve Tribes.*" This led to that scene which gave rise to the heading of my paper, "*Four Sons Dead in One Day,*" which scene I believe is nowhere to be found recorded but in the pages of the good old Book, and which I purposed to have sketched this morning but a messenger has summoned me away. I am compelled, therefore, to stop here, but my readers shall have it all in time, if days and months are still given to their humble Servant,—

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

1, Portland Terrace, South Hackney, London.

March 22, 1867.

ORIGINAL PASTORALS.

By Wm. LEAY, Incumbent of Downs, Bath.

"Then we which are alive."—1 Thess. iv. 17.

ENOCH translated dwells above,
Elijah too in realms of love,
Where death nor life can sever;
With thousand thousand angels bright,
Beyond the gaze of mortal sight,
In glory, and for ever.

Then say not, Christian, "all must die!"
Thyself dost live to dwell on high,
Redeemed eternally :—

When Jesus comes the saints shall rise,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies
Who once expired for thee.

"O! come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
"Come, take thy bridal pilgrims home;
"Thy Church has waited long;—
"When wilt Thou come?" Meanwhile—
Behold!

A comet with its train of gold
Appears, the stars among.
They say that twice a thousand years
Must lapse, e'er yet again appears
That messenger of light,—
So twice a thousand years transpire,
From Enoch, to the car of fire
That closed Elijah's night!

"This is My Beloved."

BY PASTOR T. J. BRISTOW, OF WOODFORD, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

JESUS CHRIST is to the believer superlatively lovely. On his brow majestic sweetness sits enthroned; the crown of thorns is a crown of glory, and that countenance covered o'er with shame and spitting is sunset to behold. Red like the rose, he is pure as the lily. There are many things transcendently beautiful in nature of which he is the rightful Lord, but they are nothing in comparison with him, and even when the glories of nature are used to set forth his glory, nature, to make his beauties known, must mingle colours not her own. Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun, but the Sun of righteousness emits brighter beams of radiancy, and souls whose darkness has been dispersed by the bright shining of this sun know its intrinsic value. The stars, the beauties of the night, are sweet to behold, but lovelier is the bright and morning star rising upon the soul's night, the harbinger of the day of grace; sweeter is Bethlehem's star, which as a celestial guide led the magi to the place where Jesus was cradled. The cedar, in its spreading pride standing through successive ages, is but a faint emblem of the Goodly Cedar sheltering his loved ones from the burning heat of justice. The rocks, standing firm against the waves, as they dart into harmless spray against them are not so firm and lasting as he, who is the Rock of ages, the rock on which his church is built, the rock on which the believer finds a secure foundation for the superstructure of his hope. The rivers rushing on to their home in the ocean are not so refreshing as the river of life flowing from the river side of the Martyr of Calvary; are not so beautiful as he who is both the source and the river, the fountain and the stream of life.

The ocean in all its fulness is but a faint emblem of Jesus, who is the ocean of love divine without a bottom or a shore. The flowers that bloom are not to be compared to him for fragrance or for beauty, for his name is as ointment poured forth; he is fairer than the children of men.

O believer, turn away from all created things to Jesus, or if thou must gaze upon them let them be used as a mirror by thee to see thy Lord's face therein. In him thou findest rest and satisfaction; he is never to thee a broken cistern, a dried up well, or an exhausted fountain.

Look then to him, live upon him, live near to him, tell him thy griefs, praise him with loudest songs, for thou canst only be happy as thou livest near to Jesus. Seek to walk like him, to imbibe his spirit, to carry thy cross after him, and bye and bye thou shalt be crowned by him.

"For he has fixed the happy day
When the last tear shall wet our eyes,
And God shall wipe those tears away,
And fill us with divine surprise,
To hear his voice and see his face
And feel his infinite embrace.

"This is the heaven I long to know,
For this with patience would I wait,
Till weaned from earth and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm and wear my crown,
And with the elders cast them down."

"A Poor Sinful Creature."

SUCH was the utterance of a man concerning himself on his being made inwardly sensible of his condition as a sinner before God. He had had considerable experience of life among men before he came to himself, at which time he discovered with feelings of awful astonishment his deep spiritual destitution, and then, guided by the light kindling within him, he came before God with the publican's prayer trembling upon his lips as the unfeigned expression of conscious need. The mercy he sought he eventually found, and with it peace of soul, which made him feel like a new man and brought him into a new state of life, which, compared with his former life of sin and its consequent guilt and wretchedness when toiling under the law, seemed to him like heaven begun on earth. His altered state was to him as "a morning without clouds," and the blessedness he enjoyed in the cheering beams of the divine favour was as the "clear shining after rain." A heavenly spring time had begun in his soul, the pomegranates budded fast, and a conscious growth in spiritual fruitfulness from a holy principle of life within made him feel hopeful that, through grace, he would continue to advance unchecked in holiness of life till grace was perfected in glory. But in this he was soon disappointed. Time brought changes upon him, and around him, and into his soul's feelings. Under the force of these changes his serene experience gave place to darkness and doubt; he found that the world, the flesh, and the devil had not lost their power over him, felt again the terrible workings of indwelling sin, with all his old modes of thinking revived in his mind, which mixed with all his religious exercises as if the old deadly leprosy of which he had been healed had broken out afresh, blasting his soul, withering his comforts, spoiling his service, and reducing him to a state as bad or worse than that from which he had been delivered. This unexpected reviving of the old man and declining of the new filled him with dismay, and made him exceedingly doubtful of himself. His condition was, in his view, altogether anomalous, and Paul's "O, wretched man that I am," was exactly expressive of his feelings. Having not passed that way in experience heretofore he had no idea of the complex character of the real Christian, or that he could be savingly a subject of divine grace and still feel himself to be such a poor sinful creature. "If I be so, why am I thus?" he would frequently say when speaking of himself. And it was some considerable time ere he became fully re-assured on this point. He was, spiritually, in the seventh chapter of Romans, and it was long before he got from that to be experimentally established in the eighth. During that time his doubts and conflicts were often deeply severe, he being slow to learn how "the mystery of iniquity," which he constantly felt working within, was compatible with a spiritual knowledge of "the mystery of godliness" in the salvation of his soul. It proved in his case a hard lesson to learn, but under the blessed tuition of the Holy Spirit he did learn it thoroughly from God's own book and in the vital experience of his own soul. Since then he has been remarkable for two things, viz., in extol-

ling the sovereign, efficacious, and ever-abounding grace of God through the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; and, though a diligent Christian is continuing ever to speak of himself as "a poor sinful creature."

J. C.

LETTERS FROM THE HEART.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND.—I beg that you and Mr. Cook will accept of my sincere thanks, &c.

There is one who can very richly compensate you both in a way of glorious grace for your kindness to a worthless one; and I pray my divine Lord and precious Jesus, that it may be His sweet pleasure to work the same in your mutual experience. It is, indeed, my dear friend, a glorious mercy to have an experienced knowledge of Him from whom all blessings flow. Many there are who partake largely of the gifts of Providence, but have no reverential, no spiritual, no affectionate, no adoring acquaintance with the Divine Giver. Hence the thousands of offenders who feed daily on God's rich bounties are like the lepers who, though cleansed by a miracle of power and goodness, yet returned not to give God glory. Luke xvii. No; no celebrating the God of our mercies for nether spring blessings otherwise than under the influence of upper spring communications: The effectual operations of Grace can alone move the heart truly to bless the Divine Sovereign for the gift of His Providence. At the cross the living vessels of mercy are blessedly instructed to adore the adorable Lord God, for His manifold expressions of care, forbearance, and sovereign goodness. What a richness appears in the gifts of Providence, when seen in a precious faith vision of the cross and its amazing perfections!

The heavenly light that shines in the sphere of a free and glorious salvation sheds a lustre that is quite peculiar on every other object, and clothes even dispensations that are painful to the flesh, with a divine glory.

How vast and inconceivably precious then is a large portion of the shining influences and operations of the Divine Spirit, the blessed glorifier of our everlastingly precious Jesus. I would, my dear friend, that you may be so graciously and effectually befriended as to come daily into such an experienced knowledge of your Lord's name, love, blood, righteousness, salvation, blessedness and presence, as to trust Him in the dark and sing to Him in the light.

When cast down, pray do not forget your exalted Head, your interceding High Priest, your sympathising Jesus, your unchanging Lover, your Almighty Friend! Remember, you may take all your hard cases to Him, and expect all needed communications from Him. You know that the mercy seat is a likely place to find Him. To Him would I commend you, your dear companion, and children.

When it goes well with you, my dear friend, remember, and pray for your sincere friend,

ROBERT BARNES.

Gleamsford, January 30th, 1854.

THE GOOD MAN IN LIFE—THE HAPPY MAN IN DEATH.

FOR many months, on our study table, has been lying a plain but most valuable book, bearing the simple title, "Letters and Poetical Pieces, by the late G. T. Congreve, of Bedworth, Warwickshire." (London: Gadsby, George-yard, Bouverie-street.) In some of our silent seasons, we have looked into this testimony of the faith and experiences of a truly godly man; and can, with all honesty and sympathy, recommend its perusal to our readers. No spiritual and real Christian, we believe, can read this book without truly desiring to be favoured with such a measure of grace as this good man enjoyed; and from the heart breathing out the silent prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Mr. J. C. Philpot has written a Preface to the book; and before we advance into its interior (for it contains over three hundred closely printed pages), we will give a short extract from Mr. Philpot's recommendatory note, wherein is discovered the character of the man when living, and his great consolation when dying. After some pages of diffident apology for writing a Preface, Mr. Philpot says:—

"Though he seemed so much, as it were, shut up in his own soul, and his thoughts and prayers, cries and tears, groans and desires, so much directed to his own spiritual walk with and before the Lord, he was at the same time most deeply interested in the welfare of Zion, and especially of the little cause of truth at Bedworth, with which he had been so long and so closely connected. I have rarely known a man of his spirituality of mind who more prized and valued the public means of grace. Upon prayer meetings he put an especial value; and feeling the want of hymns suitable for those occasions, and having a turn for poetical composition, he composed very many for that special purpose. At spare moments from his business he was jotting down the lines which he had made, sometimes when his hands were occupied, or as he lay on his bed in the night seasons. Indeed, so earnest and zealous was he in this labour of love that, finding his eyesight failing him, and yet being unwilling to lay down his pen, he brought upon himself a most severe attack of inflammation of the eyes, by writing under a fuller and larger amount of gas-light than those tender organs could bear with impunity. But though naturally of a very weak and tender constitution, he never thought of sparing any faculty of body or soul, if he could but himself live to, and advance in others, the glory of the Lord.

"And as he lived, so he died, full of faith, hope, and love. As his Obituary is in the 'Gospel Standard,' Vol. XXVII., p. 245, I shall not dwell on the parting scenes, but merely content myself with giving one or two short passages from it, just to show the blessed state of his soul on the bed of death:—

"March 16th. He appeared much worse, and was thought near death. Recovering a little, he said, 'Happy living and happy dying in Christ. I would breathe my life out in Christ. My soul triumphs in Christ before I am freed from a body of sin and death. I should like to live to praise Him a little longer; but I am willing either to live or die. I have no fears, no doubts, no suspicions. He has been a kind Friend to me, and I have been a——.' Here weeping prevented articulation."

* * * * *

"After a pause, he said, 'There, you can go now. I feel I am going to

stay a little longer with you. The last moment has not come yet. I am singing "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." If I am taken off suddenly, don't grieve; it will be a happy morning. It will be absent from the body, and present with the Lord. The moment the breath is gone, the soul is happy in the enjoyment of Christ. I feel as though I could expand my wings and fly to his arms."

* * * * *

"They are the sweetest blessings that ever can be enjoyed. Times without number I would have given all the world to feel what I do now, but could not get it. Christ is proving now that what I have written at times has come from my heart. The bitters that are mingled in the Gospel cup give me an appetite. The bitters and sweets together make them palatable. The bitters will all be done away with soon, and give place to never-fading joys. My song will be always new. When my tongue is silent in the grave, Christ will still be my song in yonder cloud. Christ will be my song for ever. O how blessed the thought of eternity to me! There will not be any end to the joys of heaven. If millions could conceive the joys! For ever safe or for ever lost! O what a thought! But O, what a little impression it makes on poor sinners!"

"I have now little more to add, as I think the following letters, will speak for themselves. They were written out of the fulness of a believing heart, and this will make them come home to the hearts of others. In them may be seen the varied experience of a deeply taught, highly favoured saint of God. Here may we trace faith without presumption, love without dissimulation, zeal without bitterness, faithfulness without harshness, separation from the world without pharisaism, knowledge without pride, and spiritual enjoyments without carnal self-exaltation. Here we see a sinner and yet a saint, one ever mourning yet ever rejoicing, sometimes sadly cast down and sometimes blessedly raised up; but amidst all his varied changes still fixing his eye on the same object, still pressing toward the same mark, the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. But it is not for us to praise the dead or the living. Whatever he was, he was by the grace of God. No man whom we ever knew more deeply felt or more fully acknowledged this than he. We should then do violence to his feelings, were he alive, as well as to our own, were we to drop a word in praise of the creature, though I have thought it well to point out the fruits and effects of the grace of God in him. But as the same grace which was bestowed upon him must be also put forth to bless what dropped from his pen, we shall now simply commend his letters to that sovereign, discriminating, and superabounding grace, which can make abundant use of them to the edification of the reader, and to the glory of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the Triune God of Israel."

A PREACHING TOUR OF 15,000 MILES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

SYDNEY.

MR. EDITOR,—In this, my third letter, I thought of giving some description of Adelaide and South Australia, the land of "corn and wine," but I fear that I shall not be able to do so, for I have only just time to

record some particulars in reference to the state of the churches, or rather the want of churches of truth, in South Australia.

Having many engagements this day—a church meeting to-night, a couple to marry, and at eleven o'clock I leave Sydney by steamer for Newcastle, Hinton, Morphet, Maitland, and Singleton, and to make ar-

rangements, for lectures in those towns on behalf of our chapel debt, and then return in time for my work on Sunday, for my people have determined that I must not be absent any more on Sunday. I am exceedingly sorry, because I shall lose many opportunities of preaching the Gospel in places where it is not preached. It cannot be helped, and I must comply, because the pulpit cannot be supplied to the satisfaction of my people; not that they are more difficult to please than others who love the truth, or I am sure that I should not have been able to please them for now nearly six years. All that they want is the truth, as it is in Jesus; and they likewise require that they who preach it should adorn the doctrine by a consistent life—not only to preach Christ, but to live Christ. The enclosed letter will show that I have not laboured in vain, in those towns where I have gone preaching the Gospel:—

Queensland.

Dear Sir,—I feel constrained to inform you of your success in the work of the Lord, during your late journey through Queensland, which, doubtless, you will be glad to hear of. I was engaged as a teacher in the Independent Sunday school, Toowoomba, at the time that you came to that town to lecture. On the Lord's-day that you preached many heard you with profit, your labour was not in vain; I was indeed favoured myself while you were preaching; your visit to Toowoomba will be long remembered.

Some time after you left Toowoomba a young man came up from Ipswich; he became a fellow-teacher with me. On Sunday morning, while we were talking together of the things of God and His Christ, this young man asked me if I knew such a person as Mr. McCure. I said yes, he is the pastor of the church in Sydney, where I have often heard him preach. Well, he said, perhaps you would like to hear a little about him and his labours. He came to Ipswich to lecture with his views. On Sunday he preached, and we had a nice meeting; it was on the Sunday previous to the races. If you remember it was the race week there were posters about the town; and his subject was, "Let us run with patience the race which is set before us." A good many people came and took their seats, expecting to hear something about the races to come off the next week. I felt, indeed, that the

Lord was in our midst, and that he would do great things; and great things He did do. The people listened with all attention. A few weeks after several came forward with the cry, "What must we do to be saved." Some have been baptised; God did indeed bless his labours; his visit will never be forgotten, while those live to whom the word preached was in the Holy Ghost and in power.

I write you this to encourage you, and I hope that others may do the same, to whom you have been blest, for it is plain that there was a needs be that you should leave Sydney for a while to preach elsewhere. I do hope that all who have seen the hand of God working in this stirring and heart-cheering manner will let you know, for it must be good news for you to know.—I remain, yours in the Lord,

A FRIEND.

But to return to my subject.

How truly thankful I felt when I once more felt my feet upon *terra firma*, after the perilous voyage related in my last letter.

Having provided myself with lodgings, for you must know that I arrived in Adelaide a stranger, in a strange land, and knew no one, and no one knew me, as I thought. I then waited upon the two leading Baptist ministers, Mr. Stonehouse and Mr. Meads, by whom I was received most courteously, and invited to preach for them at their respective places of worship, on the following Lord's-day. I was thankful for this opportunity of preaching the word of life in those places where the whole truth is not preached, trusting that the Lord would make it the means of gathering out and bringing together, those of his people who believe and rejoice in "Salvation is of the Lord." I likewise hoped that I should find favour with those who are rich in this world, that they would help me in relation to the object for which I had visited Adelaide.

On Lord's-day morning, while walking in the direction of the chapel, North Adelaide, a gentleman came up to me, by whom I was informed that he was formerly a member of Mr. Luckin's, and was glad that he should have an opportunity of hearing me preach; and that he should likewise sit down to the Lord's Table.

I asked him if he was a Baptist,

when he informed me that he was not.

I then said, "Seeing that you are not a Baptist, and a member of an Independent church, surely they will not allow you to sit down at the Lord's Table in connection with a Baptist church?"

"Oh yes, they will," replied my friend; "they are very liberal on that point."

When I arrived at the chapel I was informed that the minister was ill; I was therefore requested to administer the Lord's Supper after the sermon; to which request I could not comply. I am a Strict Baptist, and, therefore, cannot break bread to an Open Communion church; it was therefore arranged that one of the deacons should do so. I preached to the people, and was favoured with the help of the Lord's countenance, while preaching from "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," &c.; after which I left the chapel, leaving the deacons to attend to the table, and was thus prevented from speaking to the people after the service.

In the evening I went to the Baptist chapel, Flendes street, which is a very fine place, having cost about £7,000, and paid for. There I hoped to make friends of some who attended there. I was received in the kindest manner by the deacons, who asked me if I would have the kindness to administer the Lord's Supper after the sermon, their minister having promised to preach elsewhere that evening. I asked the question, "Is your church Open or Strict communion?" They replied that it was Open, "We are Open Communion Baptist."

"Then I cannot break bread with you, because that I am a Baptist according to the New Testament; and that I am determined, by the help of the Lord, whether at home or abroad, 'to hold fast the profession of my faith without wavering,' which I cannot do unless I 'keep the ordinances as delivered by the apostles,'" I Cor. ii. 2. I then preached from "What think ye of Christ," to a large congregation. The Lord was with me that night; some rejoiced and were exceeding glad, while others

were angry. Directly the service was over I then left, while the deacons attended to the table; and thus I was again, for the second time that day, put upon my trial as to whether I would or not compromise my principles.

On the following Lord's day I was called to preach at another Baptist chapel. The minister, Mr. Prince, desired me to preach for him as often as I could, as there were many of his people who would be glad to hear me for the truth's sake. He told me that he himself was a Strict Baptist at one time, but that now he had adopted the Open Communion principle. "However, it need not make any difference to you; you will preach, and I will attend to the Lord's table."

While I was giving out the second he came up to me and said, "Don't give out the last hymn and don't pray the last prayer, as I do not like any break between the sermon and the table." Of course, I was obliged to comply. Directly I finished the sermon he commenced the service at the table. I then walked out, and thus showed my disapprobation of their unscriptural and disorderly proceedings. I preached again at night to a chapel full of people.

While I was thus put upon my trial of principle three times, for three times, in three different places of worship, my principles were put to the test. I was determined that I would not yield, although I knew that instead of making for me friends I should make for myself enemies, and give birth to the green-eyed monster Envy and Prejudice, who would soon mark me for its prey.

Nevertheless, I felt determined by the grace and help of God that I would keep a good conscience, which I knew that I could not keep if I prostituted my principles to the prejudices of unstable and wavering men.

While these things were going on I had no idea that I was being watched; first, by those who while in England were members of Strict churches, but who had violated their principles by becoming members of Open-Communion churches.

Had I put the screw upon consci-

ence as they had done then should I have justified their inconsistent conduct, but by refusing to administer the Lord's Supper to Open Communions or half-Baptists they were condemned.

A gentleman came to me and said, "Your decision for truth and New Testament order has made me ashamed of myself. Oh, that I had never given way; but alas, I have, and your faithfulness in your Master's cause is my condemnation."

Then, secondly, there were those who were looking on, who have kept their garments unspotted, who have been faithful in the land of their adoption as they were in the land of their fathers. They did indeed rejoice when they saw me walk out on the occasion referred to; having refused to sell my principle for the sake of subscriptions or collections that I might obtain by exercising a false charity. It has caused a considerable stir among the people, and I trust it will result in bringing many to decision.

But it has created a strong prejudice against me in the minds of those who could help me. I was sure that in a money point of view I should have to suffer loss, the same as I have again and again experienced in these colonies. "No," said a gentleman of great wealth, "I would not give one shilling to you, holding the principles that you do. I cannot endure Strict Baptist principles, and my money shall not sustain them."

Thus, while many make a great noise about liberty of conscience, and are willing to give it unto all except the Particular and Strict Baptists, "But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest; for as concerning this sect we know that everywhere it is spoken against." (Acts xxviii. 22). And well do I know it during a journey of 15,000 miles.

I was now, as usual, thrown entirely upon my lectures and dissolving views, and felt thankful to God that I had got them, and that I could preach wherever asked, whether they gave me collections or not. I commenced my lectures and exhibited my views; the Lord was indeed very gracious unto his poor servant, for

during three nights that I lectured in the beautiful town hall of the city of Adelaide I took £98. My success surprised every one, and gave me a high position in public opinion, and made me popular wherever I went.

I was well received, and should have done well in the country districts but for the very unfavourable weather.

As a consequence of my preaching in so many different places I made the acquaintance of many truth-loving people, who have been for a long while praying that the Lord would establish a cause of truth in Adelaide, a Particular and Strict Baptist church.

Several persons waited upon me to know if it was possible for me to resign my pastorate in Sydney in favor of Mr. Cozens, and settle in Adelaide, if not could I arrange for Mr. Cozens to do so, and they would do all in their power to help to build up a cause of truth. I promised them that I would on my arrival in Sydney do all that I could to help them. for the truth's sake; until then I could do nothing in the matter. I am not my own, I belong to the church in Sydney; they have the first rightful claim upon me.

As to Mr. Cozens, at present he is not movable, having gone into business. He has taken a very good business, in which I have no doubt he will do well. On his arrival in Sydney I introduced him to my people and to the public by a welcome public tea meeting. And by the consent of the church he is now supplying my pulpit during my absence, and is preaching the same Gospel to good congregations. Many of my friends have told me that I am running a great risk in thus leaving my pulpit and church wholly in the possession of Mr. Cozens; that he is a man of talent, and may take the ground from under my feet. In reply I said I have left all in the hands of the Lord, who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will; if in the counsel and will of God my work is not done in Sydney, all the Cozens in the world cannot do it, and if the Lord has a work for Mr. C. in Sydney and not for me I

will then say from my heart the Lord's will be done, for I am not jealous of my brother; I only hope that he may be more acceptable and useful than I have been, and that he may not only keep the congregation I have left in his charge, but that it may increase a hundredfold.

Therefore, not knowing the will of God, we must wait, and when I arrive home I will then consult with my friends upon the subject. And if I find that the Lord is with Mr. Cozens—that he is useful and acceptable to the people, and if the church would prefer him to myself I will then resign my pastorate in his favour, and will then go wherever the Lord will be pleased to send me. Until then let us wait only upon the Lord, who will guide us with his counsel. Then we shall stand complete in all the will of God.

In all my travels in the Australian colonies I have not found so many who were members of Strict Baptist churches in England as I have in South Australia; I have met with persons who have come from nearly all the churches of truth in England and yet there is no such church in all South Australia as a Particular and Strict Baptist church.

For this reason I do trust that Mr. Cozens may prove to be a man of God, and a man sent by God to my people in Sydney, that I may be at liberty to enter upon the all-important work of building up another church of Free Grace truth and New Testament order. This is a work in which I have, and still desire that I may yet rejoice and be honoured of God to accomplish. And this is the work that the English churches ought to enable me to do.

I lectured at the copper mines of "Wallaroo," "Moonta," and "Kadina," a distance of 100 miles from Adelaide.

At the latter place I met with Mr. and Mrs. Hooper, who received me most kindly; they are completely starved out as to truth. On the Lord's day I preached in the large room belonging to a public-house in Kadina. My congregation was made up of all kinds of people; there were

indeed, "publicans and sinners" to hear me. The services were exceedingly encouraging—and I left the town thankful that I had had the opportunity of preaching the Gospel there. Mr. Hooper has promised to write you particulars respecting my visit. Therefore I will say no more upon that subject; only that they are, with many others, earnestly praying unto the Lord that he will remember South Australia in mercy, and send a faithful servant of the Cross of Christ, who shall be zealous for the honour and glory of our triune Jehovah, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

While I was in Adelaide, my soul was stirred up within me, when I beheld the encroachments of Popery throughout the South Australian colony. The Governor, Sir Dominic Daly, is a Roman Catholic, and likewise his son, Mr. Dominic Gore Daly, who acts as private secretary to his Excellency.

What are you about in England to send out, as a representative of our beloved Queen, those who are sworn to exterminate, to root out, the Protestant religion whenever opportunity may offer! Rome's sworn motto is,

"WITH HERETICS, KEEP NO FAITH."

Dr. Shiel the new Roman Catholic Bishop for South Australia, arrived in Adelaide while I was there, who proclaimed himself

"**LORD BISHOP OF ADELAIDE.**"

The following appeared in one of the daily papers:—"The Governor and Lady Daly were present at the installation of the Rev. Dr. Shiel, Roman Catholic Bishop of Adelaide!" When I saw this state of things, I made up my mind to deliver a lecture upon *Dominant Popery always the Same*, in the Town Hall. But would you believe it, that I could not prevail upon any one to take the chair! At the same time they hoped that I would give the lecture; that there was an absolute need be for it. Not being able to find a chairman, I was, therefore, obliged to give the lecture on Sunday evening. During the week I advertised in the daily papers, and posted the city from one end to the other with large posters, which

caused considerable astonishment, that I should dare to take up such a subject, and in such a public manner. The following is a copy of the bills—
 “DOMINANT POPERY ALWAYS THE SAME, whether Rome-Papal or Rome-Protestant. A glance at the Ecclesiastical history relating to **POPISH CRUELTY** and **PROTESTANT INTOLERANCE**. The Rev. John Bunyan McCure, of Sydney, will deliver a lecture upon the above subject, on Sunday evening, Nov. 11, in the Town Hall, Adelaide. Doors open at six, to commence at half-past six o'clock. A collection will be made to defray expenses.”

The Lord was very gracious to me, and stood by me, while I stood forth for two hours and ten minutes before more than one thousand persons, while exposing the iniquities of Popery, *Popery always the same*. What it was on Black Bartholomew day, such it is now, only waiting once more to become dominant. Popery is thought by some to be a harmless system of exploded error, and that it is not now what it was in the days of Smithfield! Then it was the Black Devil. Now it is the same devil, only in white; but more treacherous than a serpent in the grass.

At the canonisation of the Japanese martyrs, June 8th and 9th, 1862, the Pope, standing on the dogma of infallibility, asserts that the Roman Church is not susceptible of improvement, and that it is divine in all its parts. He then denounces an anathema upon modern heresies of all kinds; and on the supposed enemies of the Papacy he hurls a storm of invectives, in which figure the terms—“wicked liars,” “impious libertines,” “dreadful criminals,” “Satanic art.” The Pope concludes with an appeal to the consistory, the salt of the earth, to enter on an aggressive warfare against the condemned opinions and for the maintenance of the Papacy.

The bishops responded in an address in which they assert that the temporal power of the Pope was a necessity, established by the manifest design of Providence; and declaring their readiness to go with the Pope to prison and to death in its defence.

Popery always the same, “The Roman Church is not susceptible, of improvement,” we may therefore know what we may expect if ever Popery again becomes dominant.

Up brethren, up! From far and near the hostile trumpets sound,
 Rome's countless hosts are mustering fast,
 and on 'vantage ground;
 Our watchmen have been long remiss, and we had heedless grown,
 But up, like men, and at them now, and make the field our own!
 Ye seed of the Reformers, wake like giants from your sleep,
 Asunder burst the bonds of sloth, your father's courage show.
 Who, who is on Jehorah's side; on, on, to meet the foe!

Up, brethren up! The fight begins, the hostile trumpets sound,
 Advance like soldiers of the Cross; dispute each inch of ground;
 Our watchmen had been long remiss, and we had heedless grown,
 But up, like men, and at them now, and victory's our own!

But I must draw my letter to a close.

By the following steamer I left the city of Adelaide for the city of Melbourne, having arranged to stay there awhile. On my arrival I received a letter from Sydney, requesting my immediate return, or the chapel must be closed. The congregation had fallen off, and the pulpit was not supplied, &c. While waiting for the Sydney steamer I had time to visit Geelong once more, and preached in the morning at Zoar chapel, Chelwell, and in the evening at my old place of labour, Mount Zion chapel, Geelong. I have much that I could relate in reference to the two causes in Geelong. There is no reason why they should not both prosper, there is plenty of room. But jealousy is cruel as the grave. I arrived in Sydney, after an absence of seven months. And—but I must cast a veil for the present over what I see and hear.

On Lord's day I preached in my own pulpit, and was very much encouraged in beholding the return of the people, who all welcomed me back in the kindest manner, hoping that I will not leave them again. Feeling persuaded that my work is

in Sydney, and among my own people I have again put on the harness, and am now working with all my might. And blessed be the Lord, I must say, for he has just given me some souls and seals since my return, whom I shall baptize on Sunday next. This to me is a token for good and a sign that my work is not done in Sydney. We have just held a tea and public meeting in the chapel to welcome my return. I have sent you *The Empire's* report of the meeting which was a very encouraging one indeed.

By the next mail (if the Lord will) you may hear from me again.

Yours, in the Lord,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

The Sydney *Empire* of Wednesday, January 9, 1867, publishes the following report of the meeting:—

Yesterday evening a tea and public meeting took place in the Baptist church, Castlereagh street. A large number partook of tea. Among the gentlemen who took part in the proceedings we noticed John Bunyan McCure, minister of the chapel, Messrs. Humphrey, Hibberd, Hicks, Drury, Mills, and Knibbs. It will be remembered that about seven or eight months ago, Mr. McCure went to various portions of our coast district to lecture, and to exhibit his popular dissolving views illustrative of the life of John Bunyan. Mr. McCure afterwards visited the beautiful island of Tasmania, and a portion of South Australia. The primary object of this tour appears to have been to obtain assistance to the building fund of the church in which he officiates. The meeting yesterday evening was more of a social gathering to welcome his return, after an absence of seven months; and the reception must have been very encouraging, for he was welcomed home by a large number of sincere friends. In the course of the evening he read extracts from the diary which he had kept of all his journeyings, and gave much pleasure by a narrative of scenes and occurrences, both novel and highly interesting. His observations on Tasmania, its people, its mountains and valleys, and its varied institutions, were attentively listened to, and much appreciated. His remarks on South Australia were no less gratifying, and showed that in travelling through the towns and villages of other countries his attention had been thoughtfully directed to the changing scenes above, below, and around him. Much profitable instruction could be gleaned from attending one of Mr. McCure's lectures.

SURROUNDED BY SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

What are called special providences may be difficult to recognise, and dangerous to press on the mind as such; but in fact they are all around us, and universal. The ship goes its way with its freight and its passengers, and is overwhelmed in the storm. He who hastened to set sail in her, and was too late, is on all hands acknowledged to have been the subject of God's providential and special care. But are we to say that no such special providence kept watch over those who perished in her? God forbid!

Every one of them was just as much in the mind of our heavenly Father as he who was saved. His course was continued, theirs was brought to an end: but the same loving-kindness was over both, and the same infinite wisdom shown in the lot apportioned to each.

The man in health and vigour praises God for the lengthened time of his service, and the continued power of active good; are we to suppose on this account that the poor invalid, whose life is confined to the walls of his chamber, is forgotten by God? No, indeed; he may praise Him just as much and as heartily for his hour of calm slumber, for his interval of rest from pain and sweet meditation. The aged servant of God looks back on a long career, and glorifies Him for the mercies of years; but His mercies to the youth or the maiden cut down in the flower of life are just as great in their kind, just as worthy of praise.

Let each trace God about his own path: there he may see in abundance the power of the Father, the love and sympathy of the Son, the inner pleading and witness of the Spirit.

The course of others, and some parts of his own, may be dark and perplexing to him; concerning these let him not be troubled. Enough is revealed, enough is quite clear, for continued thanks and praise, enough to prompt ever-growing trust and ever-increased resignation.

Let us live closer and closer to Him; ever feeling for His hand to guide, ever looking for His light on our path; and then we shall be safe

in life, safe in death, and blessed for ever.

"Happy the man who sees a God employed

In all the good and ill that chequers life."

THE DELIVERANCE AND DEATH OF MRS. JOHN ADAMS OF FOLKESTONE.

[We are favoured with the following spiritual letter from our still afflicted, but faithful, and much favoured brother in the Lord, SAMUEL FOSTER, of Sturry, near Canterbury. His bed, to which, for years, he has been confined, has been his pulpit, and his chamber has been a Bethel from whence the Lord has brought forth many blessed testimonies, which have been accompanied with saving power. We give the following letter nearly verbatim.—Ed.]

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I trust I can say the love of Christ constrains me to write a few lines to you by way of Christian remembrance, and as I love you in the Lord, and for truth's sake I shall testify as the Lord shall enable me of his goodness and mercy declare his faithfulness to me, a poor, needy, unworthy, sinner. I am still deep in the furnace of affliction. I have been, and am still very ill; suffering much pain; but, through mercy, I am still supported; and the Lord is faithful to his promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." He said unto me, "Thy grace is sufficient for thee:" glory be to His name. Daily and hourly I have proved Him faithful. He is my refuge and strength; a very pleasant help in trouble. Many, my brother, are my trials, sorrows, and afflictions, but the time is near when the Lord will deliver me out of them all. He hath delivered, He doth deliver, and I trust He will yet deliver. "Other refuge have I none. Hangs my helpless soul on him." Although I am so heavily afflicted. I can bless the Lord for putting me in the furnace; and for all His dealings with me; He daily visits my soul; gives me some sweet token of his love; lets fall a sweet handful of covenant purpose for me, that cheers my heart and makes my cup to run over with goodness and mercy. I am often favoured with sweet nearness at the throne of grace; there I spend my happiest moments, in

communion with my God; and holy familiarity I sometimes enjoy. We talk together as friend with friend; His precious word is still precious to my soul, as the Holy Ghost opens it up in me, and applies it with life and power. I sometimes say, "Precious Bible; what a treasure!" His word is my meat and my drink; the precious promises my support; and in the hour of trial and temptation I plead them at the throne of grace; put him in remembrance of his promise, and wrestle with him like Jacob of old; and will not let him go until he bless me; he blesses me there.

Last Monday morning, I was in a low place; ill, and weary in my body, but secretly and silently waiting upon the Lord, looking and longing for a sweet word, when the Holy Ghost whispered this blessed promise with life and power, "I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." O Lord, sweet I found those words. I did eat them; they lay all day upon my branch; and in the evening a circumstance much tried me when these gracious words dropped into my soul. "I have seen, I have seen the afflictions of my people that are in Egypt; I have heard their groanings," &c. For several hours in the night watches I was musing on these blessed words. I felt the Lord near to sympathise with me, and underneath were his everlasting arms, and I could sing and rejoice in the God of my salvation, who hath dealt bountifully with me. "This is my comfort in my affliction. Thy word hath quickened me. Thou hast dealt well with thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word. Thou art my hiding place, and my shield. I hoped in thy word." This, O Christian, is thy lot. Thou cleavest to the Lord by faith. He'll never leave thee; doubt not: in pain, in sickness, nor in death.

My dear brother, my soul was much refreshed in reading the VESSEL this month. The very sweet testimony of the conversion and death of the hunch-back boy was much blessed to my soul; and the life and death of the dear little boy, also, was so precious I could not refrain from weeping.

Both pieces written by yourself, "Trials and triumphs of the Christian Faith;" also, "Grace and

Glory, What are They?" while I was reading, such power attended the word, I felt sweetness, savour, and unction. My soul did magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour. The Lord gave me a sweet spirit of prayer for you. I poured out my heart before him; I asked the Lord to bless you and keep you; make, and keep you faithful in his truth; bless you in your own soul, and make you a blessing to thousands. Look up, my brother, the crown is yours! Victory is sure! Lift up a precious Christ! Tell of his love and faithfulness! Tell of the glories of his person, his gracious work, love, blood, and righteousness! Lift him up! lift him up on high! "Fear not, the Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour;" he knows your sorrows, your trials, and he will, in his own time, deliver you.

My dear brother, you remember in my letter to you last October, which you have not published, I gave you a short account of the Lord's delivering mercy of Mrs. John Adams of Folkestone, who was then staying at my house, she had been in great distress of soul for some months: she was on the borders of despair; in a horror of great darkness, and fast sinking in consumption; but one evening, when I was telling her a little of the Lord's gracious dealings with my poor soul, how he had led me, kept me, and delivered, the Lord graciously blessed what he enabled me to say to her poor soul, peace and pardon flowed into her soul, sorrow and sadness fled away, her mourning was turned into joy. Christ was found in her heart the hope of glory, and her countenance was no more sad. She now went on her way rejoicing, and the glorious doctrines of sovereign grace were a strong consolation to her; while passing through the valley of the shadow of death. After a stay at my house about three weeks, she returned home, but gradually sunk until Wednesday morning, the 27th of February, 1867, when she fell asleep in Jesus without a sigh or a groan. The Lord helped me to write a letter to her after she returned, which he was pleased to bless to her soul; to him be all the glory; her peace was un-

broken from the time Christ was revealed in her heart, until she fell asleep in Jesus. Jesus only was her sure refuge. Jesus only was her song; the finished work of Christ was very dear and precious to her. Monday, Feb. 25, she lost her sight, but that day she spoke much of the Lord's love and mercy. As her countenance beamed with glory, she wished her uncle to read the 103rd Psalm, and sing that sweet hymn,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear,"

in which she united with all her heart and soul. Her sufferings were great, indeed, but grace was given; God was faithful to his promise.

Her sister said to her, "Emily, the storm of death is coming on, will the house fall?"

"Oh, no," she said, "it is built upon the Rock."

Again, speaking to her of her sufferings she said, "He has given you grace, dear."

"Yes," she said, "and more, victory is mine."

My dear wife said that on Tuesday the 26th she was asked if Jesus was still precious.

"O yes," she said, "more precious than ever; he is nearer and nearer to me."

She was looking to him, leaning upon him; and Wednesday morning, the 27th, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

This testimony, my brother, has sweetly cheered my heart. I am willing to stay if the Lord has any more work for me to do; and long to go home when I have done his will.

"Methinks I see her now at rest,
In the bright mansions love ordained;
Her head reclines on Jesus' breast,
No more by sin or sorrow pained.
Why should our eyes with sorrow flow,
Our bosoms heave the painful sigh,
When Jesus calls the saint must go,
'Twas her eternal gain to die.
'Twas through the strength of Israel's
King,
She proved a conqueror when she fell;
'Tis to the praise of grace we sing,
Thought of a dying saint we tell."

May the Lord bless you, my brother, be gracious unto you, is the prayer of your afflicted brother in Jesus,—SAMUEL FOSTER.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

THE CHURCH AT NEWPORT PAGNELL, AND RECOGNITION OF MR. W. WARD.

RECOGNITION services held Tuesday January 22nd, 1867. In the afternoon, Mr Marks, of Cambridge, read 1 Timothy iii., followed by solemn prayer, so adapted to the occasion that it formed a complete wheel, having every spoke needed therein. We believe this turned in the right direction, being guided by the Holy Spirit, and left its track behind, we hope not soon to be erased. When this wheel had reached its destiny, brother Marks took another direction, stating the object of the meeting, specially to unite pastor and church together in Gospel order, giving some very wholesome counsel; the wheel turning at this crisis in various directions with apparent ease and great rapidity of expression, as though hung beneath the sweet oil of God's free-grace, travelling through regions both extensive and fertile, conveying as it passed along no small amount of the good old wine of the kingdom. Mr. F. Cross, the deacon, then gave information relative to rise and progress of the cause. This part of the service produced no small amount of interest; it was indeed plain, energetic, and consoling. He went back upon the footprints of the past, as far as the year 1660; referred to a Mr. Gibbs, who was the rector of Newport Pagnell, at which time he left the Church of England for conscience sake; he became a Dissenting minister, publishing the free-grace Gospel, combining therewith believers' baptism. Mr. Gibbs was evidently the instrument of sowing the good Gospel-seed, which afterwards sprang up in the hearts of six men, who, in the year 1716, purchased the place in which we now meet for worship. Mr. F. Cross then spoke of their being directed in special providence to Mr. Ward, their pastor, with great warmth and affection; of the unanimity of spirit which pervaded their church meetings in the choice of Mr. Ward as their pastor; and how marvellous; the Lord had discovered to them that they had evidently moved in the right direction. This was unmistakably manifested in blessing their pastor's labours in the ingathering of eleven since July last; two others standing at the present time as candidates for baptism. The pastor was feeding the church with the pure Gospel of the grace of God, with such a freshness that he had not heard one single complaint made throughout the whole church. The church had passed through many difficulties; but those very desirable companions—love, peace, and unity, had turned in and took up their abode in the midst, for which we nitedly ascribe all to Christ our Head.

This was followed by Mr. Ward, by the affectionate request of Mr. Marks, his call by grace—his call to the ministry, together with his views of the truth. "My call by grace will unavoidably include a portion of that period which still remains a great grief to my soul, when thinking of my state of prodigality from and rebellion against the Lord. In this state I was the drinking man's companion, the cause of a parent's grief, a destroyer of the peace and comfort of a consistent and godly wife, wantonly bringing my children into poverty, and had not my parents regarded their necessities more than myself, the union must ultimately have been the end. I pursued on in this course as with an iron heart, until I arrived at the very first rank of vice and disgrace; but in all this the Lord in his long suffering bore with me; moreover, in his rich mercy and great love arrested me, and compelled me to cry 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" In a word (to study brevity), brother Ward very interestingly and satisfactorily stated the time when, the place where, and the manner how the Lord met him; also in his special providence led him forth out of the pit into the palace. 2. His call to the ministry, the mysterious leadings of Divine providence, the singular and extensive success which attended the labours of our brother; the relating of which brought tears very freely from the eyes of many present, some of whom were those with whom he had laboured, and in whose Christian affection he still retains a prominence. In Irthingborough, Northamptonshire, brother Ward has many living witnesses of his call to the ministry, of which we make a part, therefore can set to our seals that God is very blessedly with him ministerially. 3. His views of the truth, we having now heard him near twelve months, are unquestionably our views. Brother Ward said he believed that the whole Gospel scheme were prefaced in election, that the more carefully we read the preface of a book, the better we should understand the design of the author, and the contents of the book. That man, who most carefully and prayerfully reads the doctrine of election, will best understand the great design of God in the whole Gospel scheme of salvation, that every being and branch of the Gospel derives its nutriment from thence. Let us, then, not only eat and drink of Gospel provision, but look to its great source and be thankful—ever remembering the Provider when we partake of the provision. A verse was sung; prayer was offered by brother Marks, that God's great and lasting blessing might rest upon both pastor and people; thus closed the afternoon service. In the evening, brother Marks preached from

Isa. xlv. last clause of the 18 v., "Israel my glory." His leading ideas were these: First. The Church, under the name of Israel. Secondly, What the Church was for—my glory. We should like to have given the sermon in full; it were, indeed, a time of refreshing and listened to with the utmost attention. Brother Marks' services throughout were highly appreciated by all sections present on the occasion. In the behalf of the church, we remain yours,

THOS. LAWMAN, } Deacons.
FREDK. CROSS, }

Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—A letter from Mr. Ward, Baptist minister.—My dear brother Banks,—Grace, peace, and patience be multiplied to you and all our dear brethren in the ministry and the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. When I look back and think of times that are past, the many happy seasons I have spent with the Lord's ministers and the Lord's people, and think that 16,000 miles lie between us, and many circumstances tell me that in all probability I shall see them no more in the flesh, I must say it is a painful thought to me. But the Lord's will be done. I am truly glad to hear by the EARTHEN VESSEL, that my very dear brother and highly favoured man of God, Mr. J. Wells, and people, are going on so well. God Almighty bless them, and him. The deacons of the New Surrey Tabernacle have done a manly and a noble work. Go on; stand fast; ye blessed men of God. My good brother Stringer's remarks at Mr. Wells' meetings did my heart good. He is as I have often thought him to be, made of the right sort of materials; and as for you, my brother Banks, your labours of love are scattered all over the world, there are but few of our people who do not hear your voice in truth, and thousands, no doubt, are blessed thereby. Our brother Collins, of Plymouth, I am glad to see the good account respecting him. He works well, preaches well, and wears well. My brothers, J. A. Jones, T. Jones, T. Chivers, and that thoroughly good little Leach, how delighted I should be to see you all. The Lord bless and keep you all close to himself; stand fast, dear brethren, and fall not out by the way. Dear brother Banks, I was much surprised to see on the wrapper of your November VESSEL, of 1866, a statement made by you in respect to Australia, it is as follows:—You say, "No good news from Australia. Quite the reverse. Mr. G. Dyer has just returned from Australia with high testimonials, &c., &c." This statement is calculated to deceive and misguide the churches of Christ in England, as the churches in Australia have been deceived by Mr. Dyer. Permit me to tell you a few facts in respect to Mr. G. Dyer, and then those churches that want supplies can do as they please with him and his high testimonials. When Mr. Dyer visited this country the last time, he was received

as a Christian and a man of God, by myself and others. I invited him to preach to our friends more than once. In a short time, he was also invited to preach at a small village called Preston, and soon after that, he was invited to Ballarat, to preach to the people there, and a very happy united church it seemed to me to be, (I supplied their pulpit several times); ultimately, Mr. G. Dyer became their pastor, as a minister holding the views of the Particular Baptist churches. After being there some little time and fairly made himself head and chief of that once happy little flock, he began publicly to preach the doctrine of annihilation of the wicked, which he afterwards told me he was led to see by Mr. Penrose's instrumentality at Unicorn yard chapel. The surprise and astonishment of our church and congregation can be better imagined than described. Then comes this question: how an honest, straightforward man, could hold these principles and not set them forth, if, as he said, they are so glorious, that is the complete destruction and annihilation of the wicked; then why did not Mr. Dyer preach those doctrines at my chapel, and Preston, and when he first went to Ballarat? But no, he first told me of his friends, who hold the same views, that he (Mr. D.) held the same views for years, but did not intend to say anything about them while he was in the Colony. So much for the honesty and faithfulness of Mr. D., who is ready and willing to supply any destitute church in England. How is it Mr. Dyer did not send to you, dear Mr. Editor, his low testimonials as well as his high ones, and tell out plainly how he has scattered, and pulled down, and driven away many of God's dear children from a comfortable and happy home? Many of the congregation fled with horror from the place, and turned their backs upon such a God-dishonouring and truth-dethroning error. Why did he not tell you, that in consequence of his new light—as it was called by some—but its real name is old darkness, for it is as old and as black as Satan himself, he was not invited to preach to any particular Baptist church in Collingwood or Melbourne, although he was spending his Lord's-days hereabouts, where a straightforward Gospel minister could have found plenty to do? I told Mr. Dyer, when he returned from Ballarat, that as he held those doctrines, I could no longer feel towards him as I had done,—no longer consider him as a servant and minister of Christ. My soul is truly grieved. This has been like a dark cloud casting its gloom upon our churches. I will only add, by way of conclusion, that the names of some, if not all, to the high testimonials, are those that are carried away by this doctrine above named; and that we Australian ministers and churches are doing nothing as your views from Mr. Dyer states. It simply means, we are doing nothing in his line of things. We hate with all our souls the doctrines of annihila-

tion, not a sacred truth nor a holy attribute of the Most High, that this (like all other errors) do not degrade. We pray that we may be kept faithful and keep nothing back that is profitable to the Church of God. If we are doing nothing with the truth, the Lord being my helper, I will do nothing with error. I hope you will insert the above in your very valuable *VISSEL*, as I have stated the above facts by the particular request of many of my friends. My Christian love to my dear brother Wells and yourself, brothers Leach, J. A. Jones, T. Stringer, Thomas Jones, and many others.—S. WARD, to brother Banks.

CHATHAM.—OBITUARY OF MR. JOHN ROOTS, LATE OF LUTON.—The subject of the following sketch was born at Chatham, Kent, in 1807. He could not boast of a religious training. When quite a young man, he went to Zion chapel, Chatham, and heard the late Mr. Lewis preach from *Eccles. vii. 14*. The Word was attended with Divine power, he became a new creature in Christ Jesus, but was some time before he was brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. After a few years had passed away he began to tell to others of that dear Saviour he had found, pointing them to his redeeming blood and saying, behold the way to God, he has spoken frequently in many country chapels in Kent and other places. He was also very fond of being present at anniversaries and associations of churches. It is evident the blessing of the Lord attended his ministry, giving him souls for his hire, and seals to his ministry, and he rejoiced inasmuch as they held on their way, but said he, in his last illness, "that is of no use now, I want Christ, and that is all." The affliction which terminated in death, it is supposed, arose from taking a severe cold, about two years since, driving home a long journey, one winter's evening, after preaching, which settled on his lungs. I saw him about three month previous to his departure, his cough was very distressing, he told me he wanted to go home. His medical attendant advised him to take to his bed-room, where he was confined ten weeks. A few weeks later I went to see him, he wished me to tell any inquiring friend that Jesus was as good as he promised. On the Tuesday preceding his death I received a telegram to come immediately, as he much wished to see me. He was continually supplied with ice, which he said was the greatest luxury he had ever had. He was led to pray in a very solemn manner, remembering his aged father (who is still living), and his brothers and sisters, together with his own children. He again pleaded earnestly with God for the last time, and then said, his prayers for all were now ended, and he trusted the Lord would answer his poor petitions when he was gone. He heartily thanked God for all his mercies, hoping that his illness and death might be rendered a blessing to others. He asked the

Lord to come quickly and take him home, for he longed to see the face of his much-loved Lord. Much that he said has been forgotten, as it was not written down at the time. He wished to be left alone and undisturbed, for he said, "I want to sleep in Jesus." Whenever the doctor came, he would ask him if he thought he would live through the day. Once he replied, "Oh, yes, my dear fellow, I think so, I wish you could be freed from so much suffering, for it will be a happy change for you, as you seem so anxious to go." "I hope then," said he, "I shall not live through the night." A person called to see him, and was talking to mother in his room, he said he wished he would go away, for he wanted to hear about nothing but Jesus Christ. A Christian brother called to see him, and asked, "Have you still that hope?" "Hope," he replied. "no, I don't hope now, I know." I read to him *John 17th*; I asked him to try and pray. He said, "I will if I can. O Lord God, thou hast lit up my candle, and suffered no one to put it out, the light shineth more and more unto the perfect day, O now shine upon me, and soon take me to thyself. Thou knowest my sufferings, my heart and my poor head (putting his hand to his head), but now my flesh and my heart faileth, be thou the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever, Amen." He was so exhausted, and said he would say more but could not. I said to him, "Well, father, you can read your title clear, can you not?" He replied, "Yes, yes, that is all right, I am on the Rock, Christ is all in all, if I perish, I shall be the first that perished trusting in Christ. It is all Christ from first to last, if not, I am lost. Now hear, for ye are my living witnesses, I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." He could say no more, but again hoped he might fall asleep in Jesus. It seemed a great trial for him to give up his dear partner with whom he had been united forty years. At length he was enabled to do so, and beckoned for us all to kiss him, saying, "Good bye, God bless you; I am dying now." The enemy was permitted fiercely to assault him. "You must die," said he, "to know what dying is. O, shall I get to heaven?" I took up the word with silent happy for God's help, and whispered in his ear, "Your life is hid with Christ in God, when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, &c. Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." At length he cried with all his strength, "Father, Father, my Father." He looked full of joy, and said, "I am going to heaven, I know I am, joy, joy, joy; praise God, triumph Zion; Father, Father, my Father, I come to thee." His pains, I believe, were then over, he lay still more than an hour, except at one time when he lifted his hand to wave it, which I had wished him to do at the last if he was confident of victory. His countenance was full of joy, his wish was granted, he fell

asleep in Jesus without a struggle on Monday morning, February 25th, 1867. May it be our happy privilege to meet him in glory, and join him in singing the everlasting song and crown him Lord of all. His mortal remains were interred on Monday, March 4th, at Luton. He had expressed a wish that the hymn 169th (Rippon's) should be sung at the grave, but the clergyman would not allow it to be sung, therefore, it was sung in the house, also hymn 353rd, 7th part, which hymns the deceased was very fond of. Brother J. Clark read part of 1 Thess. iv. and part of Rev. vii., and engaged in prayer with the family. May the Lord sustain and comfort our widowed sister, and prove a husband to her, and sanctify the bereavement to every member of the family.—J. C.

ST. LUKE'S.—BETHESA CHAPEL, RATCLIFF-GROVE, LEVER STREET.—Three sermons were preached here on Sunday, February 24th, in aid of the funds of the Sunday school. In the morning, by Mr. Wyard; afternoon, Mr. Wilkins; and in the evening, by Mr. Dickerson. On the following Tuesday, a tea and public meeting was held, at which Mr. G. Wyard presided; Mr. Anderson offered prayer. The Chairman said, the object of this meeting was to say something concerning the Sunday schools. It was his opinion, that originally, Sabbath school instruction was merely intended to teach the children to read, but now he thought it was to give them religious instruction as well as to teach them their letters. The aim of Sunday school instruction was to show unto them the difference of good and evil; but, as chairman, he was not there to make a speech, but to allow those surrounding him to do so. Mr. Briscoe, the secretary, read the report, from which it appears—there are now twenty-five teachers in the school, twenty-three of whom are members of the church, and thirteen were formerly scholars in the school. Children received during the year is fifty-one; total number from the commencement of the school, 3,793. Children on the books 260; average attendance, morning eighty-five; afternoon 182. There was a Young Men's Class, Tract Society, and a Female Bible Class, districts under visitation. Mr. Evans, in moving the adoption of the report, said, there were some things that they had much to rejoice in, but there were also signs of sorrow in the place as the mourning testified. Still, he hoped the teachers would take courage, and go forth in the "strength of the Lord." He believed that Sabbath schools had existed about eighty years. About sixty years ago, a few warm-hearted men first met in Surrey chapel for imparting to children religious instruction. But he was sorry to say that there was a vast difference in the children of the Waldenses and those of the present time. He believed there was not that amount of biblical

knowledge now to be found among the children of our Sunday schools, as compared with those times when printing was but little known and books were scarce. There were many books of the present time which were not fit for them to read, and should be withheld from children. There was also a deficiency of practical supervision on the part of the superintendents that had come under his own personal observation, which was greatly to be deplored. There was a thoughtless and hasty manner in appointing teachers to classes, and there was a want of hearty co-operation too often between the pastor and superintendent. Mr. Dixon believed the teachers of their Sabbath school taught the truth to the children under their care, and that God assisted them in their work; and he was glad to see that the friends gave them their valuable aid. He hoped they would "take courage and go forth." He cordially seconded the report. Mr. Walton, the superintendent, said he would like to say a few words in reply to what Mr. Evans had stated, so as to remove any erroneous impressions that might get abroad. He believed that there were many children who knew as much of the Bible as did those of the Waldenses, the only difference being that those of the Waldenses had only one book, and that they had to commit to memory for fear of it being taken from them at any time by the Roman Catholics, while the children of the present time had many books which they could read, and were not in that fear of losing the Bible. Mr. Meeres said it gave him great pleasure in being again with them. He then entered at some length upon sympathy, sorrow, and encouragement, and Christ's sympathy with children, and his love for them. He thought it was never too soon to teach children concerning the things of everlasting life, beginning with the infant, the grown-up child, and then those who were about to enter on the busy scenes of life, to warn them against its follies and snares. He was sorry that there were so many bad books, and some of those books were placed in the hands of the children by their parents. The teacher should have sympathy with the children in adapting their teaching to suit the minds of the little ones. The Sunday school had been blessed, and there were none who could stand up and deny it, and he believed the teachers were of the right sort, who, having put their hands to the plough, would not turn back. He prayed that the Lord would bless them in their labour of love, and that "they would reap in due season, if they faint not." Messrs. Alderson, Hazleton, Woodard, and Wilkins also addressed the meeting.

Mr. Wyard referred to the death of Mr. Thickbroom; and to eleven other friends; all of whom had been removed from them by death. Many of the oldest friends in the churches have been taken home. But, it is a cheering fact, young friends are

ruised up to fill the vacancies, in many instances. At least, the large attendance at all our tea-meetings justify us in stating that there appears to be much prosperity attending the churches of truth in London.

ISLINGTON.—MYDDELTON HALL, UPPER STREET.—The first anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. T. Baugh, was held Lord's-day, March 10th, who was helped to preach two excellent sermons:—morning, 1 Sam. ii. 8, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill, and many of the Lord's outcasts," (experimentally so) found it good to be there; evening text, Ps. cii. 16, a sermon full of solemn and weighty truths, listened to by a large congregation. Mr. Wale preached in the afternoon from Rom. v. 4, and experience, hope when some good experimental truths were brought forth. On Monday, 11th, Mr. Wells preached in the afternoon in Providence Chapel, (as he usually does wherever he goes) to a large congregation, his text was Dan. vii. 17, 18, which words he opened up in an intelligent and profitable manner as his custom is. It appears that his congregations, who follow him, are no smaller than they ever were, notwithstanding, he has been protested against by those of our own denominations who seems almost to forget that beautiful verse, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;" but the world says, a man's foes shall be those of his own house; it is evident that the Lord has not protested against him, for he is highly favoured still to proclaim his truth with unction and power; may he be spared to do so still in the prayer of many hundreds of God's hungry and thirsty children. Nearly 250 sat down to tea. The evening meeting commenced with a song of praise, and the chapel crammed in every part, Mr. Flory prayed. Mr. Baugh occupied the chair; his opening remarks were few, as there were many speakers present, but he expressed his gratitude to God for such a gathering as the present, and asked the speakers to speak short, which they tolerably well adhered to. A report was then read of the progress of the church. During the past year, forty have been added, sixteen of which were baptized by Mr. Baugh. The prayer meetings and week night preaching services are better attended than they ever were, and the necessity for going to Myddelton Hall is seen in the large congregations that attend, especially on the Lord's-day evenings, there being very many more than the chapel could possibly hold. Peace dwells amongst us and prosperity too, but we look yet for a larger success to attend the preaching of the Gospel, but look alone to the power of the Holy Ghost, which we humbly pray may dwell very richly on pastor and people; we look for showers of blessings, and believe it will come too. A vote of thanks was given to the ladies who

kindly supplied the tea at their own expense, and also to one in particular who had lent the articles to drink it out of. The Rev. Daniel Jeavans then addressed the meeting, congratulating the pastor and the church on their present position. Mr. Wale then moved the first resolution, that this meeting expresses its thankfulness to Almighty God, for the success that has attended this church during the past year, he spoke well as also did Mr. Webster who seconded it and made some good remarks on love, we may speak out our principles plainly and unmistakably, but speak the same in love, there may be fidelity but not severity. T. Whittaker, Esq., supported the resolution which was carried unanimously. Mr. Wale then in an able speech moved that this meeting prays that the blessings heretofore manifested to this church may be continued and multiplied in time to come, and spoke well on the subject of prayer. Mr. Comfort seconded it in a good speech; he seemed much at home having supplied the pulpit many times when we were without a pastor. It was supported by J. Waite, Esq., and carried unanimously. Mr. Williamson then moved that this meeting desires to express its thanks to all those members present belonging to other churches who have come to our help and spoke well upon the union of churches. Mr. Palmer seconded, when a few remarks from the chairman brought this happy meeting to a close after singing and the benediction; the collections were exceedingly good, for which we are very thankful.

A. W.

THE HISTORY AND PRESENT PROSPECTS OF ELD LANE BAPTIST CHAPEL, COLCHESTER.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to address a few words to the Strict or Particular Baptists of this country, and to solicit their opinion upon the following subject. We have here a Baptist church which can be traced for upwards of 170 years as a Strict or Particular Baptist society. About thirty-five years since a rich member re-built the chapel, and endowed it with £1000, the interest of which, and a house for the pastor to live in, goes to the pastor. He also left the chapel in trust for the said society, the trust deed runs as follows:—"that this place is left in trust for the use of the denomination of Protestant Dissenters called Particular Baptists, who profess the doctrines of election and final perseverance, and should be in special communion with them, holding and professing the important doctrines of a Trinity of persons in the divine essence, election, original sin, particular redemption, free justification by the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ, effectual calling, the final perseverance of the saints, the resurrection of the dead, the last judgment, the eternal happiness of the

righteous, and the endless torment of the wicked. The trustees shall permit and suffer the said meeting house to be used by the said society of Particular Baptists in Colchester, under such regulations, orders, and restrictions, and in the same manner as are hereinbefore recited."

Now I ask, is it right by the law of the land, or of God, to turn such a place into Mixed Communion? and allow a free will or a conditional salvation to be set forth? I am sorry to say such is the case, and the lawyer who held the deed, and the minister, tell the trustees they have nothing to do with the case. It has been brought about in the following manner. About twenty-five years back, the church had the misfortune to choose a man who was of Mixed Communion principles; but it was with the understanding that he would never suffer or introduce it into this place. He has so far kept his word, as he has not brought it into the pulpit; but it is believed he has been privately teaching it for years. As he dare not openly break the moral obligation he laid himself under, he has acted in the following manner. He found he could not command a good congregation: the place is large, he found it hard to preach to empty seats; he knew most of the church would be glad to see some one else in the pulpit. About this time last year he called a special church meeting; he told the friends he felt his time drawing near, that he must soon resign, that as he was suffering from weakness of brain he could not preach in the hot weather, he must have help; and after much prayer he had been given to understand there was a fund connected with Mr. Spurgeon's college, to support or assist young men for the first twelve months to resuscitate declining causes. Some of the friends thought this a very good idea, as we were not in a position to keep two pastors; but others opposed it, declaring it was certain to bring about Mixed Communion. This was denied by some of the deacons as well as the pastor; of the deacons three out of four voted against it. Some thought to have a young man for a month, would do no harm; but those that saw further, said "No! for we know nothing but duty faith and Mixed Communion come from the college," but this idea was laughed at.

We were told the minister had a right to preach what he liked, as the trust deed did not specify what the minister should hold. I ask, is it common sense that a minister should talk in this way, when he knows what the church should hold? I leave others to judge. It was proposed for one young man to come for a month. When his month was up, as it was a change, most of the friends wished him to come for three months more, but when the fund for support was spoken about, this was partly opposed. A letter was read in which Mr. Spurgeon offered to preach two or three times in the year, and what it fell short of £50, he, and one of the Mixed Communion

men, would make up. It was proposed that £80 per annum should be fixed for this assistant; but we were to have no burden for the first twelve months; after our assistant had been here four months, the old pastor said he should resign at Christmas; and he wished to place the young one as entire pastor at such resignation or at his death. But it was well known that is he did resign he could not claim anything; and as he had been here so many years the Strict portion of the Church would not allow this, as they were in hopes that he would stick to his word, and not suffer Mixed Communion; therefore, they proposed that the original pastor should retain office as pastor for life, and that the young one should only be invited as an assistant, at the same time expressing themselves unfavourable to his ministry; but he accepted the invite, and the first thing almost that he has tried to introduce is this Open Table; he came here just at a time when there were some Independents leaving a young man that had taken Mr. Herrick's place. They have come to us; some soon began to show signs of leaving again unless they could sit down without being baptised; they say they do not believe it, but thing infant sprinkling to be more Scriptural than immersion; and I understand our minister says they have as much ground in the original as we Baptists have. I ask, Can such a man be eating honest bread? Unless our Strict Baptists can refute such things and proceedings as these, I think it time to come out from Dissent altogether, not that I wish to do so, for I love the Baptist cause; but I must say I would defy any Church to show a worse specimen of priestcraft than we have had in Colchester.

I hope you will warn other Baptist churches against these Open Communion men.

We are told by the lawyer who holds the deed, that the word "Particular" has nothing to do with Communion, that it refers to "Particular Redemption." Will some of our friends inform us upon the subject. Three out of five if not four of the Trustees would stand by the minority if anything can be done; but some of the mixed communion party that have been dragged into the church lately say they will spend £1,000 over it before we shall have it, so you see the spirit we have to deal with. Yours in the best of bonds—
W. EASLEN.

[We have further particulars of the affair, but we defer them. This Colchester movement is but a sample of what is to be done all England over. If the popular power can sweep away Strict Communion churches, it intends to do so. Our readers know this is only a repetition of the Norwich case, and there is every prospect it will be followed by many others. There is not only a Ritualistic and Puseyite departure from the mode of worship, but there is also a popular and powerful de-

parture from the practice which was found with the Nonconformist churches. Our Colchester friends are beat. Many of them knew years ago, that there was a change in the ministry; and when a minister can change, none can tell how often, nor with what he will change. It is useless to go to law; those who cannot act contrary to their consciences must worship where Gospel principle and New Testament practice are maintained. While we write these lines, our hearts bleed within us while we behold everywhere, a plausible, but immensely popular delusion sweeping away our land-marks, until soon we shall have none of them left.—Ed.]

CLAPHAM.—EBENEZER CHAPEL.—This church held its annual meeting of members on the last Tuesday evening in February. After a good tea had been enjoyed, the evening was spent in praise and prayer, interspersed with short speeches from the deacons and several of the members of a very pleasing and encouraging nature expressive of attachment to the grand and glorious doctrines of grace and to the ministry. The pastor, Mr. Hall, expressed his pleasure on being surrounded by warm-hearted and truth-loving friends, among whom, they could bear witness, he thoroughly dwelt, believing that in so doing, he was fulfilling the injunction of Scripture "seeking not theirs but them;" and added, that he felt very thankful for the past and present mercies. The attachment of the friends to himself, to the Word of God's grace, and the peace in which they had dwelt since they had been together, were subjects of deep gratitude to God, as was also, the measure of success which had attended their united efforts. He was glad to state that upwards of 100 members had been received into communion during his stay with them, and the chapel was so far paid for as to relieve them of all burden, while the school-room was entirely paid for. As a historian, he recorded these things with feelings of deep thankfulness, while he would not pretend to prophesy as to the future; but this he would do, exhort them most earnestly to a full use of their privileges, and a holy contentment for the faith once delivered unto the saints, and then come what would, one and all might with the fullest confidence fall into the hands of the Lord for his mercies were great. The happy meeting closed a little after nine o'clock.

BETHNAL GREEN Evangelical Sunday School commemorated its first anniversary in Squirries street chapel, on Monday, March 4th. C. W. Banks preached the sermon. Mr. Thomas Pickworth, of Notting hill, presided over the evening meeting; and his address to Sunday School teachers was one of the most practical, truthful, and encouraging, we ever heard. We have been requested to publish it; but

we cannot, as we had no reporter; but for it, and for the five pounds with which he presented the school, we all desire to tender our most sincere thanks. The meeting heard a most excellent report read by Mr. Stimson, the Secretary; and the addresses by Messrs. Flory, Webster, Lee, Charles Longley, Cornwell, Smith, Cartwright, of Tring, &c., were all lively and useful. We understand C. W. Banks intends removing from Squirries street chapel, to St. Thomas' hall, South Hackney; but of this we speak not confidently. Squirries street chapel is unhealthy, and the room required for the schools, the Bible-class, the library, &c., renders it anything but pleasant either to minister or people. We hope in all these movements, the Lord will go before, and give His presence, Gospel peace, and a permanent prosperity.

IRTHLINGBORO'—BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The Lord is still blessing the word preached here by Mr. George Cook, to the ingathering of the people. On Lord's-day, February 3rd, long before the usual time of service, the large chapel was filled in every part. Mr. C. preached a sermon, taking for his text, "Suffer little children to come unto me." &c., after which he went down into the water, gave out a hymn, and turning to the candidates enquired, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" He then baptized two believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. And when he had come up out of the water he prayed most earnestly for the church and congregation. Thus we were brought to the close of a most happy meeting. Others are ready to follow the Lord. May the Lord go on still to be gracious. A testimonial consisting of the handsome sum of £10 10s. was presented to Mr. George Cook, by his warm-hearted friends, on Thursday evening, February 14th, as a token of their gratitude, love and esteem.

ST. NEOT'S, HANTS.—A service commemorative of the eighty-third birthday of the venerable pastor, George Murrell, was held in the Assembly Rooms (kindly lent for the occasion), on March 19th. Several hundreds sat down to tea, and brother Foreman, of London, presided at the evening meeting. Brother Wilson, of Risely, opened the meeting with prayer, and after an able opening address by the chairman, Mr. Palmer, of Homerton, spoke in a subdued and chastened spirit, of the way that the Lord had led him from darkness to light, and referred in a very touching manner to his former membership of the church at St. Neot's. Mr. B. B. Wale, of Blackheath, then spoke on the unity and harmony of Divine truth, and Mr. A. Peet, of Sharnbrook, on the unity of the church. Mr. Murrell then addressed the meeting for a few moments, after which a vote of thanks was passed to the London ministers for coming down, and brother King

closed the meeting with prayer. Brother Shaw, of Over, gave out the hymns.

SOHO.—The Lord has not forsaken Soho, Oxford street, though most that joined under the late pastor have gone, and the cause got down very low indeed; but, through mercy, we are reviving and gradually increasing. Our pastor, Mr. J. Wilkins, had the pleasure to receive into the church five on the first Lord's-day in this month (March), having administered the ordinance of believers' baptism before many witnesses, on the last Sunday in February. Our prayer meetings and week evening service are getting well attended. Our pastor has also formed a good Bible class of about forty members, which he conducts on Monday evenings. Altogether, things begin to wear a cheerful appearance at Soho. We have cause to be grateful, and for one I can say, I am thankful for his mercies.—S. M.

BRADFORD.—We do not understand the telegrams from the two Churches, nor are we prepared to say how many ministers will go from London into the North. The new Baptist conference which is on the carpet, aims at the establishment of a ministry more refined, more respectable, more intellectual, and more suited to the times. But, it is a startling fact, that there is not a college, nor an academy, nor an organization in existence where the pure truth of the Gospel—in all its principles, experiences and practices—is not, either directly or indirectly perverted. What has never been, may still be brought to pass; therefore, we add no more, and advise our critical reviewer to be patiently silent.

CAMBRIDGE HEATH.—In a neat little meeting house, near Peel Grove, Mr. Christmas continues to preach the Gospel truthfully. His anniversary was holden last month in Mr. Gordelier's chapel, at Mile End. Mr. Wells preached the sermon. Mr. Felton presided over the evening meeting, and delivered a kind and Christian address. He was followed by the brethren John Webster, Henry Stanley, C. W. Banks, Joseph Flory, and George Smith; but the most decisive address of the evening was from Mr. Christmas himself. We thought him worthy of a sphere more extensive than the one he occupies at present.

WOODFORD, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—On Lord's-day, March 3rd, three

believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, were baptized at the Baptist chapel, Woodford, Northamptonshire, in the presence of a crowd of spectators. The labours of the pastor, Mr. T. J. Bristow, are being owned and blessed by the great Head of the church, sixteen having put on a profession of Christ since he commenced labouring in this part of the Lord's vineyard. Brethren, pray for us.

OLD FORD.—Bethel chapel, in the Old Ford road, now the scene of Mr. Alsop's labours, continues in prosperity. The first anniversary of his pastorate there, is holden this month; and it will then be found that a considerable increase has been given him. We have not yet noticed the criticism made upon his new work, *The Church between the Bridges*; but, believing him to be a thoroughly honest and faithful servant of Christ, we shall, in due time, speak our mind more fully.

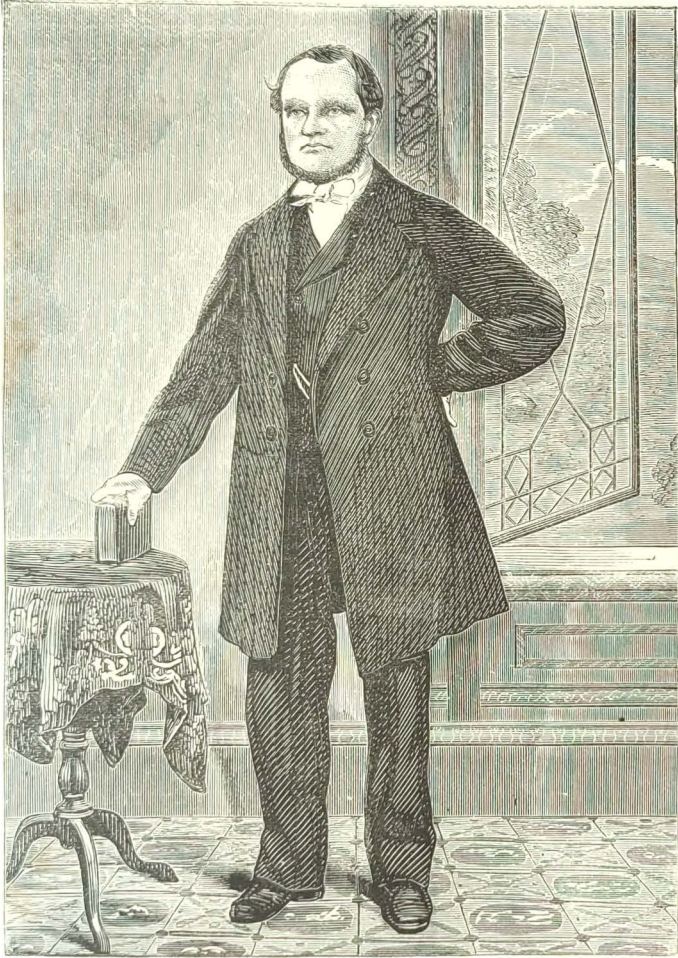
HOMERTON.—Our North Eastern correspondent says, Mr. W. Palmer has been again very unwell; but sufficiently recovered to preach occasionally. The cause at Homerton Row is said to suffer much from the illness of the pastor; but hopes are entertained that the warmer weather may bring health to the minister and prosperity to the place.

THE LATE MR. BENJAMIN MASON, OF KNOWL-HILL.—We have received the following note at the last moment. Of our departed friend we can say nothing this month; but hope to in our next:—Chapel cottage, March 23rd, 1867. Dear Sir,—It was my poor dear Grandfather's wish I should let you know when he was released from his sufferings, which was last night at a quarter to twelve. They have been very very great all this week, but he was enabled to bear it all with great patience and resignation. He has been longing these many days to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better. The last few days he has been constantly praying for patience, and longing for the happy hour to come. Yours truly MARY ANN WATTS, Chapel cottage, Knowl hill, near Twyford, Berks.—[We are thankful we were favoured to see this dear old saint ere he left his earthly lodging.]

Died, at Upper Park Street, Islington, February 13th, 1867, Frances, the beloved wife of Mr. J. J. Waite, highly esteemed and deeply lamented, in her 39th year.

BAPTIZINGS.

MINISTER'S NAME.	NAME AND SITUATION OF CHAPEL.	DATE.	NO. BAPTIZED.
Bristow, T. J. ...	Woodford, Northamptonshire ...	March 3, 1867	3
Cook, G. ...	Irthlingborough ...	Feb. 3, "	3
Hearson, G. ...	Vauxhall Baptist Chapel ...	March 3, "	3



MR. RICHARD SEARLE,
The Itinerant Gospel Preacher of the Home Counties.

The Church in Madagascar Passing through its Baptism of Fire.

WE have read with peculiar interest some extracts from a work recently published by John Murray; written by that devoted Missionary, William Ellis, and reviewed in a recent number of the *English Independent*.

We are quite free to confess that we look very far beyond the pale of our own denomination now to find the practical, the self-denying, the earnest, and the good Samaritan race of real Christians. Honest and hearty Christians are to be found in *our* Churches; but the days of persecution have so long since passed away, and the days when every man may build his own chapel, occupy his own pulpit, preach his own creed, and carry out his own convictions, whether they are good or bad, have been so long with us, that it is not easy to discern who are indeed on the Lord's side. There are plenty who are on their own side: nearly all men seek their own things, not the things which are Jesus Christ's; hence it comes to pass that between a hard, a cruel, a dreadfully ignorant and narrow-minded bigotry on the one hand; and a sensational popularity, a wild-fire enthusiasm on the other—the humble, the heart-broken, the penitent, the real-seeking soul, cannot tell WHERE THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST is to be found; nor WHAT IT REALLY IS.

These days of laxity and of Christian bitterness—these times of strife, division, and shameful pride, will certainly come to an end.

We shall not gently glide on in this mixed and suicidal state of things into one of Millennial glory. Nay, nay—we shall not. A great falling away from THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST, and from the faith of the Gospel, has largely commenced. We believe every man is more or less on the sliding-scale of declension, either in spirit or in truth, or in both together. Where will they stop? When will the crisis come? Where will it find us? If it be a day of severe trial to the living Church of God, shall we be able to stand out as faithful Witnesses for Christ?

Brethren, forgive these earnest interrogations. See ye not how *our* censorious reviewers and our so-called Ministers of Truth have clothed themselves with pride, and filled their hearts with hatred against each other?

Will God wink at these things for ever? We believe not. Let us consider our ways, and cry unto our Father to send us the power of His HOLY SPIRIT that we may turn unto Him in wrestling and prevailing prayers; and may our meditations upon the following facts be sanctified to our soul's eternal good. There may appear to some a generality in the following sentences; but the power of Divine Grace, we think, shines most gloriously in the heroic sufferings of the martyred saints.

British Christians! as ye read, remember how great your privileges have been. The reviewer referred to says:—

“Missionary enterprise presents no field more interesting to the

British Christian than Madagascar. The history of Christianity in that island demands, and has received, very careful attention from all those to whom the Kingdom of Christ is a matter of earnest prayer and watchful solicitude. The early success of the Gospel, the simple-heartedness of the first disciples, and the apparent promise of a rich harvest of missionary toil, are still pleasantly recalled, as the cheering announcements of the labours of the London Missionary Society, under the auspices of the first Radama. Then came the tidings of the death of that liberal monarch, the accession of the Jezebel queen, followed by the expulsion of all foreigners, and at last the sufferings of the Christians, with the triumph of the martyr-death to which many were condemned. Madagascar was a word very dear to the heart of the Christians of this country; and our readers will remember with what relief and gratitude the news was received of the death of Ranavalo and the accession of the young prince her son. His sympathy with the Christians was well known: his active assistance and interposition on their behalf gave high hopes of some relief to be afforded them if he ever should come to the throne. The hope was not disappointed: persecution ceased, freedom of worship was declared, and Radama II. requested that Mr. Ellis would proceed to Madagascar to re-establish missionary labours in that island. The Society furthered the request. The noble old apostle, full of honours and labours though his life had been, was not unwilling once more to proceed to his post. Towards the close of 1861 he left England, and reached Tamatave on the 22nd of May in the next year. The narrative of the events of his residence in Madagascar for three years is given in the volume now lying before us. Mr. Ellis makes no pretensions to fine or even eloquent writing. His style is simple and unaffected, suitable to the narrative. There is true eloquence in those portions of the work where the martyrdom of the Christians is described, especially that relating the death of the fourteen at the rock of execution in 1849. We cannot refrain from introducing the passage here referred to:—

“Few, if any, of the strange and deeply moving spectacles which Antananarivo has exhibited could be likely to produce a more profound impression upon all classes than those which that day presented. Fourteen men and women of mature intellect, of different rank, and varying in age from twenty years to sixty, including brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, parents and children, had been seized and brought from different parts of the country, had been condemned, and were now led, one by one, to the narrow edge of this rock of death or life—as they should prove true or false. As they stood on the perilous height, they were promised life if they would, by an oath, acknowledge the false gods of Madagascar; but to refuse was to be hurled over the fearful verge, and be dashed on the rocks below. To this dread proposal no tongue faltered in its answer. It was not that life was not sweet; that the world was not a grand and beautiful world; that the grain waving in their fields, and the cattle grazing on their plains, were not treasures to be prized. It was not that the home affections were unknown in their dwellings, for they belonged not to the impoverished or the low animalized portions of the community, but to the intelligent; and most of them to the class who are well to do in the world. The Bible taught them that ‘The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof,’ and had inculcated peace and love within their dwellings. It was to yield up all that was dear in the world rather than deny Christ.

“Silently, the sacred procession approached, one after another, the last

standing place in this world for them, and with quiet, humble, divinely-sustained love and trust, they yielded up their lives to Christ their Saviour. The conduct of two of these devoted Christians appears to have left in the minds of the survivors an indelible impression. One, a young, and, according to all testimony, a beautiful woman, whose nearest earthly relative was often my fellow traveller, and with other members of whose family I had often much Christian intercourse, was so placed as to see the destruction of all her companions, in the hope of terrifying her, so as to induce her to recant. To this she was earnestly persuaded then and there by an officer, as he himself informed me, and by her own father. In that trying moment she recommended with affectionate earnestness to her father the Lord Jesus Christ, her Saviour. But still remaining constant in her faith, she was then struck on the face by one of the executioners, and sent away as an idiot.

"The other, an intelligent and respected man, about fifty years of age, a man loved, honoured, and trusted by the Christians as a chosen leader and faithful friend, esteemed also by the heathen government for his ability and general character, was brought to the fatal edge of the precipice blindfold, as the others had been until they reached the spot. He had refused to take the oath on which present life and earthly honour depended, but asked that the matting bandage round his head and face might for a few minutes be removed. When this was done he looked down and around, and with clear and steady gaze surveyed the scene below and before him. Perhaps he saw the rainbow which at that hour spanned the arch of heaven. He then paused, as if in prayer, and afterwards turning to the executioner said, 'It is done.' Then, as they again bound on the matting, he commenced singing a Christian hymn, the strains of which were heard by the surrounding throng as he was forced over the precipice to be broken on the rocks below. We do not wonder that, according to their own description, astonishment and awe filled the minds of many of the spectators."

We hope to give our readers further accounts of Madagascar.

From Calvary to Jordan.

A FEW REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF MRS. ANN GRAY, LATE OF CAMBRIDGESHIRE, WHO DIED JANUARY 26, 1867, AGED 52.

DURING the days of her unregeneracy, she lived as others do—far off from God. Having a large flow of spirits and good natural abilities, she prided herself in being quite as fair for heaven as many of her neighbours, whenever that subject crossed her mind; but God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved her even when she was dead in sin, was pleased in a most remarkable way to bring her out of this state, deliver her from the power of darkness, and transplant her into the kingdom of His dear Son.

She, in conjunction with her husband, kept a respectable day and boarding school, and it was while hearing a class of girls read from the sacred Word, that a passage was so fastened upon her soul, that she was obliged immediately to leave the class and seek where to weep, and, in the anguish of her spirit, cry for mercy. What the particular passage was is not now known; suffice it to say it was the Word of God, and she felt it to be quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword. She felt that her sins were set in the light of God's countenance, and she trembled at being (what she never suspected she was before) a guilty sinner. Her comeliness was turned to corruption, and her beauty was

consumed, she mourned in secret, and made strong resolutions as to her future life, but alas, like tow before the flame they were soon broken, or like the morning dew before the summer sun, they soon passed away, and by painful experience she found what dear Job said to be true, "Though I wash me never so clean, thou wilt plunge me into the ditch again, and my own clothes shall abhor me." In this way she went for some time, until one day she ventured to open her mind a little to a person she sometimes engaged to assist her, and who was a spiritual daughter of Abraham. She heard her tale of woe, and she spoke a few words of comfort to her ear, and said, "If you will go up to Eaden chapel I feel confident that you will find that which you so much need."

Our dear sister felt indignant at the idea of going to Eaden, and in her own mind determined not to follow such advice; but a deep feeling of the want of a better righteousness than her own at length overcame the natural pride of her heart, and sometime afterwards, to the no small mortification of that pride, on a Lord's day evening she stole into the vestry, and, as if determined to be seen by no one, sat herself down in the first seat she came to; but like the woman who touched the hem of our Lord's garment, she felt that she could not be hid, she fancied that the eyes of all who came in were upon her; and when the minister, Mr. Pooch, stood up to declare to the people the whole counsel of God, she found her case depicted, and so exactly set forth, she felt confident the person who recommended her to go, had told the minister all about her; and feeling her mind much hurt at conduct so unkind and so unworthy, she felt she would resent such an insult, when next she saw her, for the man had told her "all that was in her heart." This caused some recrimination when they next met, but she was assured by her friend that the minister had never been spoken to about her. This, although she could not disbelieve, appeared most strange to her, as the man had opened up her exact position, and the hope-inspiring name of Jesus as a mighty Saviour had been sweetly fastened in her soul by the eternal Spirit; and from that time such an attachment sprang up to the minister, to the people, and to the place, that she could say as Ruth did to Naomi, "I pray thee entreat me not to leave thee." As a newborn babe, she now desired the sincere milk of the Word, she was often cheered, refreshed, and strengthened thereby. The natural pride of her heart had received some very humbling lessons, and had been greatly crushed and subdued, but still it would at times crop out, and again and again, raise its head in unseemly proportions. It pleased the great Dresser of the Vineyard again to make a terrible onslaught upon this foe to her spiritual peace, in the almost sudden death of her dear little daughter upon whom she exceedingly doted. She caused this dear child of near six years, to be dressed in the most fashionable style, and on the next Lord's day it was to be shown at the chapel as a marvel of beauty. But He who permitted this scheme to be nearly completed, in the rich purposes of His love and mercy to the soul, frustrated her design, and when the dear object of her love was to have been paraded to view, it was prostrate by croup or whooping-cough, of which it died in less than two days.

So her heart was again brought down by hard labour; indeed she fell down and there appeared none to help her. In this, her deep distress, she cried unto the Lord, and again He was gracious to look upon her

affliction, and while her soul was deeply humbled within her, she again was favoured to rejoice in the light of His countenance whose favour is as a cloud of the latter rain. And now she determined to follow her dear Lord in the ordinances of His house.

Communion with Jesus she felt to be precious indeed, and she could say with the sweet singer of Israel "Morning and evening and at noon day will I praise Thee, O Lord, because of Thy righteous judgments." And enjoying such communion with Zion's Lord, she now sought communion with the citizens of Zion, to participate with them in their privileges and immunities, and she felt it would be no mean privilege, to go forth without the camp bearing His reproach who stained His raiment in the winepress of His Father's wrath to deliver her from going down to the pit; and in the words of the poet she said, "Hinder me not, ye much loved saints, for I must go with you."

She was called to tread much in the pathway of tribulation, and consequently had a rich experience of the love of a Triune God to her soul, and being favoured with a door of utterance to speak freely of the loving kindness of the Lord, in His purposes of mercy and acts of grace toward one so vile and unworthy, the Church received her joyfully. She was baptised in the year 1844, and found the sacred and solemn ordinance a season of refreshing from His sacred presence. As we have before hinted the pathway of our dear sister was often thorny and intricate, but although at times afflictions and troubles abounded, yet she was at times sweetly enabled to rehearse the mighty acts of the Lord in His delivering grace. Verily it was a chequered scene through which she had to pass, sometimes on the mount of communion with her Lord, indulged by precious faith to behold the covenant of mercy secured to Christ and sure to all the seed, with her name there engraved in characters indelible. At other times she has had to do business in deep waters, wherein she has seen the wonder-working hand of her God, in granting strength equal to her day, and grace sufficient in every time of need, and by these things it was that she was able to speak a word of comfort and consolation to many a weary and dejected saint.

The last few years of her life, by a disease in her eyes, she was very nearly deprived of her sight; but her mind was supported and she was enabled sweetly to acquiesce in his will who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind; and who was often pleased to cheer and comfort her spirit with the lifting up of the light of his countenance, so that she could yet sing in the wilderness,

"The beams of His grace are passing all worth,
The smiles of His face are heaven on earth,
When to me He shows them, what joy fills my breast;
And when he withdraws them, 'tis all for the best."

Yes, under the precious tuition of the Spirit, she had learned that all the ways of the Lord are right, and like the great woman of Shunem under dark dispensations and painful providences could say, *It is well.*

Although the earthly house of her tabernacle had been weak and debilitated for years; it was but about two months before she died, that she was entirely confined to her bed, and now it was she had often to mourn an absent God. Still she judged him to be faithful who had promised, and in earnestness of spirit, she would often breathe out the

desires of her soul to her best beloved. "Dear Lord, do grant another token for good. Once again lift upon my soul the light of thy countenance."

She had one only daughter, who was a great solace to her in affliction, and from whom she derived much comfort in her declining years. For a length of time it appeared to trouble her much that she should have to leave her quite alone in the wilderness, but this burden was eventually quite removed from the mind, and as she was a fellow member of the same communion with her, the blissful hope of again meeting her in the regions of bliss cheered her spirit.

Although the immediate passage to the tomb was for the most part dark and cloudy, yet she felt herself settled upon the Rock of Eternal Ages; and though faith was not so strong as to bring joys ecstatic, and though she could not realize the precious feeling that all was well; yet she could not, she dare not dispute the fact, so that she realized the blessed promise, and found that at evening tide it was light, and when heart and flesh was fast failing that sweet hymn of Toplady's was precious indeed to her soul,

"Sweet to look back and see my name, in life's fair book set down,
Sweet to look forward and behold, eternal joys my own."

Thus she continued without much perceptible change until the 26th of January, when the frail tabernacle, too weak longer to bear up against the infirmities and afflictions to which for years it had been subjected, resumed its native element to crumble in the dust, and the noble tenant took its flight to regions of eternal day, to be for ever with the Lord.

"Methinks I see her now at rest,
In the bright mansions love ordained,
Her head reclines on Jesus' breast,
No more by sin or sorrow pained."

Cambridge.

JOSEPH.

Signs of Holy Life.

BY E. J. SILVERTON TRINITY, BAPTIST CHAPEL, TRINITY STREET, BOROUGH.

THE most important thing to know while here below, is, are we alive unto God, do we live by faith on the *Son* of God? and are we certain that our soul will be *up* in heaven when our body is *down* in the grave? Shall we *die* to live? Shall we leave this world for a better, holier, land? A land where joy for ever is? It is the great concern of saints to know if they be surely on the road for such a place of rest. There is so much dust in this low land that one cannot always see his way, and sometimes he has to ask, Am I in the right path to heaven? He fears he has mistaken the way, and he trembles lest he should come wrong at last. It is no wonder saints should be thus in the dark at time, for this is a very dark quarter. No wonder they should be troubled concerning salvation. The thing so very valuable, and there are so many spiritual highwaymen on the road that it makes one fear.

A man with a thousand pounds in his pocket would be in more fear of

having it taken from him than he would of having a sixpence taken away. So it is the greatness of salvation which makes it so precious to a man of God. If it were a small thing he would not care whether he had it or no. I say it is not to be wondered at that a saint should be in fear about his salvation. Oh beloved, we should not fear to lose it if we had it not. Those who are not saved *never* fear. They shall not be. But all who are, sometimes think there's a danger of being lost. Doubts and fear are black-dressed witnesses, who bear testimony to their salvation. They are evidences that thou art alive to God and godly things.

Doubts and fears would not be in thee
If thy soul were dead in sin.

A dead man has no pain in his body, nor has a dead *sinner* any fear in his soul concerning the kingdom of God and of his Christ.

These things do not give him a moment's uneasiness, no one but a *living* man, a man made holy by grace has doubts and fears. These tares never grow in the heart until the good seed be sown. If the field were all tares there would be no concern about them. But it is the holy corn growing in the *same* field which makes the tares troublesome. The man who has his garden well filled with choice plants does not like to see weeds. But he would not care for the *weeds* if it were not for the *plants*. So a Christian would not be in doubt about *heaven*, if God had not delivered him from *hell*. But I wish to write a letter upon the signs of spiritual life in the soul. Now as we all have signs of life in our bodies, so there are signs of life in the souls of saints. There is a something by which men know that they are born of God. We are not left without evidence. Bless the Lord, we can tell if we love him. We are not left in the dark. They who believe in the Son of God have the witness *in* themselves. So says God's word, and His word is true. We are to find the sign of holy life in our own breasts. We must look into our own hearts to discover the marks of grace. One sign of life is found *in* the soul not being found able to delight in the world as in days gone. Past pleasures will not please now, past sports are not cared for now, old things are passed away. When the mind is taken off the things of this world, it is that *it* might be set on things divine. If the Lord takes off the mind from the world it is to put it on the realities of the world to come. If we cannot drink of the old sin fountains nor eat of the world loaf, it goes to show that God has given us better water and whiter bread. It is a great thing to be brought to dislike what God does not love.

He who goes not with sinners nor walketh with ungodly men, he who is not found sitting in the seat of the scornful, is spoken of in the first Psalm as being a blessed man. So that if we have been turned off from our old ways, made to come out of the streets of sin, made to turn aside from the broad road and led from sin, Satan, and self, into the garden of the Lord, we have the signs of life in ourselves without mistake. Another sign is found in the soul loving what it never loved before. Spiritual favours were not sought for at one time. No, there was a time when the man of God did not love the ways of God, nor look to God to guide his ways. He is now in love with both God and his ways. He feels what he does is ever best. I think there cannot be a greater proof of new life than that the person is in love with Jesus Christ. "He

who is not *with* me is against me, but blessed is he that is not offended in me." If a man love Christ, he is a sure foe of Satan. We cannot love both. No man can serve two masters.

The follower of Jesus may well ask :—

Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

Is it likely God will shut out of heaven those who have loved Him in their life, and often bowed at his throne? Will he turn away those who wish to live with Him for ever and ever? Does not all the Bible show that if a man seeks God he shall find Him? Does it not say, Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened?

We cannot be dead in sin if we have a liking for divine things. If we love the Lord, we may be sure He loves us, for we love Him *because* He first loved us.

Then, beloved, reckon it, that you could not hate sin and love holiness if you were not a *living* saint: None but the lovers of God are the haters of sin. If thou hadst not tasted grace, thou wouldest not have had a dislike to sin. But the *sweetness* of the Lord's mercy has made sin *bitter*. If we have tasted of His grace our mouths are out of taste for sin. Sin and mercy are not both loved by the same man. If we hate the one we must love the other. There are many other signs of holy life which I cannot name in so short a paper as this; but which shall come in another month or so. Let us decide if we are friends of the living God, and this we may know by an outgoing of heart to him; sin rejected, and Jesus sought, are signs of holy life.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Mine horn is exalted in the Lord."—
1 Samuel ii. 1.

MR. Buckingham states the elucidation of Hannah's metaphorical language is to be sought for in a peculiarity of oriental female dress, the variations of which, when known, explain the obscure allusion. The women have a tin or silver horn, plain or studded with jewels, according to rank, worn on the head, in different positions. A young woman is pointed out by its being placed on the crown of her head; a married woman wears it on the right side; a widow on the left: while a mother raises it from its oblique direction, and inclines it to a perpendicular. According to this custom, Hannah, receiving answer to prayer in the birth of Samuel, was entitled to *exalt* her horn; and by that slight, but significant alteration, proclaimed the auspicious event

which had occurred in her family; and according to the prevailing notions, increased her personal respectability. But the horn was not exclusively worn by females; in certain circumstances, men also used it as an emblem of power, dignity, and command.

"The children fell under the wood."—
Lamen. v. 13.

Mr. Jowett, who took great pleasure in comparing the manners of the East with scriptural allusions, says, "My servant directed my attention to a common circumstance, which aptly enough illustrates this verse. It was a family returning from their work in the field, bringing home wood for fuel. Several of them were young girls, the youngest, a child not above four years old, whom the rest were continually scolding for not keeping up with them, although it was manifestly struggling under a very disproportionate share of the family burden."

Photographic Gallery of Gospel Ministers.

NO. I.—RICHARD SEARLE, OF TWO WATERS, HERTS.

DEAR BROTHER,—It has been the request of some of my Christian friends for years to publish a sketch of my experience in the dealings of the Lord with me; so that when you wrote a pressing request for it, after a prayerful consideration, I felt I must not deny you; therefore I take my pen, praying the Lord may make it a blessing. I was born at Bethnal Green, in the east end of London, February 23, 1812. My parents were poor, but gave me a plain education. My mother, I hope, was a godly woman, many years a member of the late R. Langford's, on the Green; but afterwards she became a Baptist, and was a member at Squirries Street chapel, now under the pastorate of C. W. Banks. I, with my brothers and sisters, were sent to Dr. Cox's Sunday school. God gave me a mind to read the Scriptures; before I was seven, I used to test myself by chapters 10 and 12 of Nehemiah, to see if there were any of those hard names that I could not spell. Then, as far as I can recollect, were the first impressions of Divine things wrought upon my mind, while listening to Dr. Cox on the Sabbath. His text was Jeremiah viii. 20—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." This followed me for years, particularly in the autumn of the year, when the summer was over. From this, I began to think there was something wrong between God and my soul; and the "not saved" seemed to ring in my ears. I had a deep concern to know whether God loved me. That portion of Proverbs, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me," often consoled me. In 1820 to 24 I was put to Stepney Meeting Charity School, in connection with the church and congregation of the late Dr. Joseph Fletcher; there, I was highly favoured with a godly schoolmaster; his name was Hastlet. He often closed the school with an address upon soul matters. On one occasion he said it was the bent of the youthful mind to be seeking for happiness; "but you will never find any solid happiness until you find it in the Lord Jesus Christ." This sunk deep into my soul; it seemed always present. I left the school in 1824, and was presented with a new Bible, with a kind address from the late W. Alers Hankey, Esq., the banker. I was apprenticed to the trade of hot presser and pasteboard-maker, to my uncle, Mr. Jones, 23, Budge Row, the father of our well-known, zealous friend, Samuel Jones, of Watling Street. During this time I underwent a severe law work in my soul—restless days and nights; having no other trouble, as I enjoyed perfect health, and a good home, plenty to eat, drink, and wear; but it was, "What must I do to be saved? There can be no hope for me; how can a holy God be reconciled to me? Surely, what he is showing me of myself is only to prepare me for eternal damnation."

I wanted no companions; I sought solitary walks after going to chapel in the morning. I used to go to Wansted to stroll about the wild scrubs of Epping Forest, but could get no ease for my troubled soul. I often used to compare myself to the dove that Noah sent out of the ark, that returned because she could find no rest for the sole of her foot.

I resolved at length to drown it all in trying worldly pleasure—felt a determination to destroy my own soul; but every attempt was frustrated. I was afraid to go to sleep for fear of sinking into hell. The steps I had taken were quite opposite to the general bent of my mind. I never had a taste for these things that many delight in. If enticed at any time into worldly company, I was like a pig in a drawing-room. At about the age of seventeen I went to see my old schoolmaster at Stepney; and he asked me if I would become a teacher of the Sunday school? The next Sunday I did so. The principal thing that induced me was that it would be a check upon being asked to go another way. There I continued some time. It was a large school; about one thousand children. There I set to hear Dr. Fletcher, well known to be a learned man—an eloquent preacher. He was the instrument in God's hand of further convincing me of my state as a sinner. I often come out of chapel, prowled about Stepney church-yard, like any one in deep sorrow; not a creature upon earth knew anything of it. Well did I learn, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

MY PATMOS AND MY DELIVERANCE.

On the night of the 10th of October, 1830, after hearing as usual, I returned home in great trouble, with my eyes streaming with godly sorrow. I sat at the door, looking up to the heavens with heavy sighs. At last I thought I must give it vent by prayer. I could find no other place but the bottom of the garden. I went there, kneeled down to pray, felt such a blessed outpouring of soul, that I think time nor eternity will ever erase from my mind; it was as if the very heavens were opened upon me. Such a blessed sight of Christ, and the willingness of His heart to save as being more than all my sins to damn me. I got up like a bird out of a cage; all the curses of Moses' law flew away; the sweet attractions of Calvary's cross captivated my mind; that part of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was just my feelings where he comes in sight of the cross; the burden falls from him into the sepulchre, and he saw it no more. This continued some time. I scarcely knew whether I was in the body or out; and thought how foolish not to embrace these blessings before. I had still to learn my own weakness. There was a godly jealousy lest I should not hold them fast. I thought much depended upon my prayer, therefore I have left my bed, and gone to the same place at 2 o'clock in the morning, on purpose to pray to the Lord to enable me to hold fast "the pearl of great price" that I had found. I could then attend my class at school, and the chapel, with great pleasure.

HEARING MR. IRONS.

After a short time, I went to hear the late Joseph Irons at Grove Chapel, Camberwell; his ministry was blessed to my soul; it was as if he knew all I had passed through. For a few months I heard the Doctor at Stepney, Sabbath morning, and walked five miles to hear Mr. Irons in the evening; but I was soon spoiled for the former: one trumpet sounded free will, the other free grace; the latter suited my case, as I had long proved that it was "not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." I became a member of Grove Chapel; that ministry was the means of building me up; those precious truths which dropped from his lips the Lord has burned into my soul;

they have long been my delight to proclaim to others God's rich, free, distinguishing grace to helpless sinners. One part of his ministry was a great stumbling-block to me; he used to speak of the Lord's people being the subject of trials. I thought mine could not be the right way, as I was a stranger to the common trials of life.

GETTING MARRIED AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

In 1832 I married; and the clouds of tribulation gathered thick; storms of a wilderness journey were soon known; a family came on; I became short of work; afflictions in the family; and I sunk into a dark state of mind. The Bible became a sealed book; with regard to prayer, the heavens seemed as brass above my head. I went back and forward to the house of God like a door upon its hinges. The Lord showed me a little more of my own evil heart. I went with a friend (a Wesleyan) to a prayer-meeting; they called upon me to pray; my prayer was all lamentation and sorrow. Some of the old ladies liked my prayer much, and asked me to come again; but when I got out, my friend took me to task for praying so. He said when we began to be religious, we ought to get better and better every day; but it was not so with me. I continued a long time very tried in circumstances, so much so, that I fell into a fit of unbelief, and murmuring against God's providential movements. I was returning home to Peckham on Saturday night with only five shillings in my pocket, all I had earned that week. I thought if I could meet with something better to do to earn more money, I would make a surrender of all my religion, if required, to obtain it. I shall never forget the matchless mercy and long-suffering of my God. Going across the Peckham fields, a light from heaven darted into my mind, and the following words from Peter, "That the trial of your faith being more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, may be found to the praise and glory of God at the appearing of Jesus Christ." I was ashamed and humbled before God. I exclaimed to myself, "What a mercy I am out of hell." I had to pass through many trials; could mention conspicuous deliverances. I had to experience long wintry seasons of a dark Providence, and a dark soul, and often told my complaints to a dear Christian friend that tried to comfort me, by saying the Lord would appear again.

Soon after, when going to work one morning, the following words were powerfully applied to my soul—"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be unto the Lord for a name and an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."—Isaiah lv. 13. This brought a light into my soul; it was like day-break; and the first intimation to me relative to the work of the ministry. I wished I was in some country village, how I could preach from this text.

REMOVAL TO APSLEY MILL—CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

About two months after this, as my work continued very short, I thought I must try somewhere else; and knowing my kind of work was done at Messrs. Dickinson & Co., Apsley Mill, Kings Langley, Herts, I started from Peckham at 4 o'clock in the morning on the 3rd of May, 1837, and applied there, after walking twenty-five miles. I obtained a very comfortable situation: here I have been up to the present day. By

the blessing of God I have been enabled to bring up a family of seven sons and one daughter comfortably. I left home praying to the Lord if it was not His will that he would dispose me to turn back. I did go home, blessing and praising God for such a great deliverance. I could not make up my mind to think this was only for my temporal good, but thought I could see the Lord had some special design in it. I thought he would make use of me in the work of the ministry, because I felt more happy on soul matters. I soon sought for a place where I could hear a free grace gospel. I found a home with the people at Zion Chapel, and joined their prayer meetings on Thursday evening, and began to speak a little from the chapter. On one occasion they had no minister on the Sabbath. They asked me to read and expound a chapter. I did so. They pressed me to take the pulpit in the evening; after a long consideration I passed my word I would, but thought after what a fool I must be for doing so, as I did not know what to say. Just before service time, the words fell into my mind, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away, and all things are become new." I thought I could tell the people what it was to feel a union to Christ, and what a change of heart was; and when I began, my tongue was loosed; I found no difficulty in preaching; and from that time to the present, it has been my happiness to go forth proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. I have travelled in most of the counties of England for that purpose, but principally through Herts, Bucks, and Beds. The Lord has given me many seals to my ministry; the Lord laid His afflicting hand upon me, which stopped me for some time from preaching. This was on the 18th of August, 1860, while in bed, I was seized with an attack of paralysis; it nearly took away the use of my right side and speech. The Lord was very kind to me. I never saw myself so little before. I was happy in my soul, and resigned to the will of God.

I had many battles with the enemy. He suggested I had preached error, and the Lord had stopped me. I proved him a liar, and God's word true. "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him." This led me to examination, and I cried with David, "Search my heart, O God, and try me, and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." The Lord comforted my soul with the sweet satisfaction that these truths I had many years proclaimed to others, I could live and die by. They were the stay of my soul when apparently on the borders of an eternal world.

THE GOSPEL PREACHED.

Do you ask what gospel I preached? I answer, God the Father's sovereign choice of his people in Christ from before all worlds. God the Son's redemption work of all the Father's choice; and the invincible operations of the Holy Ghost as essential to the conversion of the soul, and to testify of Christ as to the suitability of Him as the sinner's friend, and to make Him known to the heart in all His personal and official glory. These precious truths have warmed my heart thousands of times. I would rather part with my life than any of them. I was six years a preacher before I became a Baptist. The means of opening my blind eyes to it was the pattern of Christ Himself, and the smiling approbation of heaven upon the act of John, when the heavens opened, and a voice from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

I was baptised by brother Collyer at Ivinghoe. I am now a living wonder to medical men and others that I am so far recovered from my affliction. I cannot express the gratitude I feel to God for loosing my tongue again, so that I can now resume my old position, and am desirous of yet

"Going to tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found
And point to his redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God."

You requested some account of my travels. I may give you that at some future time. There are many difficulties connected with ministers travelling to preach the Gospel; leaving home Saturday afternoon, and go one hundred miles or more all weathers. With the mind loaded with the cares of life, looking to the Lord to bring the mind off to Mary's better part. Some times miss the train, and walk ten or twenty miles up lanes, across fields, over brooks for the nighest way, step in, and get over ankles in mud; and one occasion lately, the night came on, and like John Bunyan, I got into a by-path meadow, and knew not which way to take, and laid myself down on some straw in a farm yard, with nothing but the heavens for my shelter; but God took care of me. When daylight came, I found myself only two fields off from my desired haven. May the God of heaven bless the reading of this to many of his dear children, so prays

Yours affectionately,

RICHARD SEARLE.

LETTERS FROM THE HEART.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND in Him who is our enthroned Friend— I indeed ought to have replied to your last before this, and thereby have earlier acknowledged my obligations for your favour. You will, however, I have no doubt, forgive me this wrong, and will likewise read the present line with indulgent feelings. Since I last saw you I have been much engaged, and as but a small weight is felt to be somewhat oppressive to one who has but little strength, so in like manner my engagements have been trying in consequence of my felt incompetency in an answerable way to fulfil them. Thus far, however, the blessed Lord has very kindly brought me, and I desire to adore His sacred name. A greater debtor than myself I believe there is not living this side hell on his way to heaven. I not unfrequently think that one so vile being borne on the wing of sovereign love must constitute an object of profound astonishment to gazing angels. The salvation of my soul is a collection of miracles, and which miracles will reflect for ever the glories of love, the wonders of blood, and the triumphs of grace. It is more wonderful to be a saved sinner than to be Gabriel on his expanded wings flying through vast, vast heaven. This is not more true than astonishing, not more astonishing than blissful. O, my dear friend in Jesus, what is it that our Lord Jesus has not done for us? Did He not love us before time? Did He not suffer the most tremendous agonies to redeem us from hell? Did He not take us to heaven, representatively, when He returned thither personally and triumphantly?

Has He not been pleading for us ever since He sat down on the right hand of the Divine Majesty? Did He not quicken us when we were dead, find us when we were lost, instruct us when we were ignorant, cleanse us when we were polluted, clothe us when we naked, liberate us when we were bound, relieve us when we were wretched, and so turned for us our hell into heaven?

May we not adoringly answer to those questions in the affirmative? Does not your soul exaltingly exclaim, it is all true indeed? Hallelujah! But what is our adorable Lord not now doing in us and for us? Is He not still indulging us with the impulse of His blessed Spirit and so giving us to feel at times the melting sweetness of His bleeding love? Is He not endearing Himself by the manifestations of His glorious person, redeeming charms and measureless saving fulness? Is He not supplying us with some spirit-wrought assurances that we are heaven's heirs, and shall be heaven's possessors? Is He not as invested with universal dominion, making all things work together for our good, and thereby conducting us in the right way to the Palace Royal above? What will He then not do for us, may we not trust Him for all we want here, and all that He has in His living fulness for us hereafter? O yes, O yes, He is to be trusted loved and admired. O for rich influences of grace from His throne, to enable us to glory in Him alone. He has a greater delight in blessing His people than what they have of desire to be blessed. This fact is emphatically encouraging when applied it is marvellously animating and wonderfully endearing, you know it. O yes, He who is your eternal lover has given you experimentally to know that there is nothing deserves a thought compared with the heavens of love, light, purity, and blessedness, comprehended in His all-precious name. The adorable Jehovah go on to bless you, and make the feet of your affections swift to climb the lofty summit of transforming communion with the Sacred Three. ROBERT BARNES.

Glemsford.

CAST YOUR ANCHOR ALOFT, MATES.

GLAD to see you, Master Salt, after a month's absence; what kind of a voyage have you made this time?

Thank you, master, rather rough as usual with me, stiff gales, squalls, and stormy at times; but hitherto the Lord hath helped me; many times been sitting in my cabin reading that log book; it is worth its weight in gold. I was reading where it says, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass; trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed;" I thought that was good; when a poor Salt has not a shot in the locker, then he may cast anchor aloft.

Just so, friend; I know a man who was once in that position, when a gentleman passed him in the street and put a letter in his hand; when it was opened, this was found written therein: Gen. xxxiii. 11. Well, he thought within himself, what can that be? so he took his pocket log

book and read, "Take I pray thee my blessing that is brought to thee, because God hath dealt graciously with me, and because I have enough, and he urged him, and he took it." Inside another piece of paper was a couple of sovereigns. This may appear quite insignificant in the minds of some, but to him, an Ebenezer, Master Salt, I dare say it was; it was the same in quality though not in quantity. I suppose your governor has not appointed all to the whale fishery, else who would catch the sprats? Little fish are sweet, and there must be many who use the sprat net in comparison to those who handle the harpoon; yet gratitude fills the breasts of each, and that is the great blessing. Something like my son when he was little, and had a severe cold attended with fever, but having drunk plenty of cold water, sent him into a perspiration, so that he was much better—said like a child as he was, "The water cured me." "No," said his mother, "the Lord cured you." "Oh," he exclaimed, "he is a dood Lord, I'll tiss him when I see him." That's how we should feel, mate, and how I want to feel, and I suppose how the man felt to whom you refer. Did he ever catch more in his sprat net?

Yes, Master Salt, scores of times during the quarter of a century he has been a fisherman—sometimes had a good haul; but I wish to show you in little things the glory of our God manifested, and the benefit of casting your anchor aloft. This same man at another time was pressed in circumstances, and being a few miles away from home at a friend's house, felt he must go out into a solitary spot and ask the Lord for deliverance. Five minutes afterwards he entered another friend's house, and the first words after shaking hands were—"Mr. —, if you are in want of some money, I'll let you have some." This sudden answer to prayer caused the tears to gush down the poor man's cheeks, because he knew his prayer could not be heard by any mortal, and a something appeared to come up in his throat, so that he could not speak. So his friend said, "I see how it is"; and after a little time and a little conversation, his friend let him have all he needed at that time.

Master Salt—"Just what I said at first—'Cast your anchor aloft, mates, and verily thou shalt be fed,' but I won't stop you, I love to hear those stories better than all our sea yarns."

At another time, this man, after he had been casting his anchor aloft, received a letter from a saint of Christ a hundred miles distant, the next morning, stating that as she was sweeping her room, she thought she saw him in the attitude of supplicating the Lord for deliverance, and therefore sent a post-office order, which, like a plaster from the doctor, not only covered over the affected place, but also healed it.

Master Salt—"Oh, master, while you have a bit of breath in your body, never stop telling the people, 'Cast your anchor aloft, mates,' let us have one more before we part." Very well, Master Salt, but do not tell anybody. On another occasion this same man wanted five pounds exactly to make up a bill which must be paid on the following day. He again and again, being an urgent case, laid it before the Lord; morning came and no deliverance; yet he had prayed the Lord so to lay his case upon some one's mind, that they should have no rest till they afforded relief. Breakfast cleared away—a knock at the door—a gentleman entered and said, Mr. —, I have had no rest all night thinking of you, and I have brought you a trifle. It was a five pound note.

Sutton, Isle of Ely,

R. G. EDWARDS.

Four Sons Dead in One Day.

A SHORT PAPER ON
THE PRIVILEGES, TRIALS, AND TRIUMPHS OF THE
CHRISTIAN FAITH.

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETIMES I try to sing ; but unless I am raised up in the likeness and immortal strength of the Great Covenant Head, and stand around His throne, I shall never sing again as I have done. I have rung the bell in my mortal tabernacle so long and so loudly, that it refuses to aid me in the softer tones of a melodious air. Still, to myself, and in myself, I sometimes sing with Heber,

There is joy in heaven,—there is joy in heaven,
When the sheep that went astray
Turn into the heavenly way ;
When the soul (by grace subdued,)
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
Then—is there joy in heaven.

Oh, I pant to feel my soul led out in deeper sympathies for the salvation of sinners ; and, after wrestlings in prayer with God, to go forth, and preach a Saviour's blood ; and see men bowing down at Jesus' holy throne. But, the general and the free-will system of the day, appear to make men deaf to the voice of truth, so, instead of singing, I can only sigh,

Oh, may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice :—
From strangers let them ever flee
And know no other guide but Thee.

Mine has not been a merry life at any time. Happiness I never knew, but in three places ; and my happy moments even in those three places have been, comparatively, few and far between. In meditation upon the word of God ; in communion with the Saviour, and sometimes in preaching His Gospel, I have enjoyed such tastes of happiness and holy pleasures as no earthly power can command. " Mine is a laborious employment," said good Chamberlain, of Leicester, once ; " nevertheless, on sunshiny days the office of a shepherd is very delightful." Ah ! that it is. But to many of the Lord's servants, the office and the work seem exceedingly hard. Where the mind is not free to work, where the heart is cold and heavy, where the memory is not faithful, where the domestic hearth is not comfortable, where the temporal pathway is rugged, there, and in all such cases, the Shepherd's office is most severely trying. But few among the many, swim on such a sea of everflowing prosperity as that enjoyed by Mr. James Wells : fewer still can recline in their latter days upon a couch so well prepared as that which has fallen to the lot of the Hill-street veteran, Mr. John Foreman ; yea, even Joseph Chamberlain himself was, I consider, quite a pet : as a minister he was something like " a spoiled child ;" still, he was a faithful and useful servant of Christ ; and nicely carpeted as his pathway was, he sometimes complained a little. Perhaps my ministerial readers would like to have one leaf out of an old pastor's note-book.

When Joseph Chamberlain was once in London ; I think he was staying at good Tom Bensley's in Bolt Court, in Fleet Street ; and from thence, in 1817, writing to a friend, he says,—

“I preach and talk, until at times I feel so dead, dry, and barren, that I appear to be robbed of everything ; and having to fold the sheep so often, it makes me very peevish ; for, unless my own spiritual strength is renewed, and I have a sight of the King in his beauty, and my heart somewhat enlarged, there is no coming forth with things new and old ; and, you know, the promise is, ‘they shall eat of the old because of the new ;’ therefore, in every leisure hour I am busy drawing water, and looking out the green pastures, collecting a little sweet herbage, that the sheep may feed when they come together ; and as some of them are very weary and heavy laden, I endeavour to point them to the place where rest may be found ; and as some are exceeding faint, I am engaged in mixing up cordials for these. I have also to consider what must be brought forth, and set before the weaklings ; and to take care that nothing is set before the flock which will prove injurious. I also look out for a little of the oil of myrrh, knowing that without this there will be neither meekness nor savour. And I spend some time in begging for the holy fire ; and also in seeing that the salt of the covenant is not lacking. ‘In all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt.’

“I have no wisdom for all these weighty matters, only as I receive instruction from the chief Shepherd. And, every now and then, some of the sheep get cast in the furrow ; these struggle hard, by which they only weary themselves ; they can of themselves do nothing ; they cannot rise until assisted by the Shepherd. All our help comes from him ; and I always endeavour, as carefully as I can, to set before them the rod of Jesse ; without this rod, there is no conceiving nor bringing forth.

“Mine is a laborious employment ; nevertheless, on sunshiny days, the office of a shepherd is very delightful. Yesterday was a good day ; many of the sheep fed sweetly ; some came and blessed me in the name of the Lord, and some, being too full to come and speak for themselves, sent messages by others. My soul blesses the Lord for these things ; but Salem is my favourite spot.”

But, now, no more wandering. On the Saturday evening to which I have so often referred, I was sitting by myself, in my own little study, and was reading a piece here and there, when to my soul was applied these precious words:—

“Thus saith the LORD ;

“Refrain thy voice from weeping ; and thine eyes from tears ;

“For thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord ;

“And they shall come again from the land of the enemy.”

I am ready to believe that the blessed and Holy Spirit of all life and truth, doth either directly or by the agency of an angel, sometimes softly whisper precious words into my soul, that I may proclaim it upon the housetops. I don't mind a pin about the persons laughing at me ; in this matter my soul shall make her boast in the Lord ; for his mercies to me have been most wonderful. Here is a case in point. Being nearly baked and broiled up, through preaching in old Squirries street chapel so long ; and having met with such a variety of curious characters there, whose photographs I am disposed to give some day, I

was at length, in a singular way, induced to take St. Thomas's Hall, in South Hackney, for Divine worship on Sundays. The matter was soon settled; and as I was opening my gate one night, and thinking upon how I should begin to preach in St. Thomas's Hall on the following Sunday, these words came right into my heart, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." In my soul, a whisper said, "There is your evening text," and so it was. On the Saturday morning before going into the city, I took the Bible for a moment, (being a little nervous and anxious respecting the hall,) when these words came and confirmed me, "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord JEHOVAH, is everlasting strength." The opening-day came, and with Isaiah's words in the morning, and Paul's words to the Philippian jailor at night, I was carried through the day.

But, now, what is to come out of this word "Refrain thy voice from weeping?" &c. Ah, what is to come out of that word? "Refrain thy voice from weeping." I have wept, inwardly, for years; from a child I have been a weeper, although neither my tears nor my weeping are seen by others. I have known something of that word, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed," &c. That has been true in my experience; and I have feared, in days of soul despondency, that I should have to realize that awful sentence once uttered by the Saviour, "where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." Fearful anticipation indeed! But now! what could these words mean? "Refrain thy voice from weeping; and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord." It remains to be told what from these words did come.

EXPOSITION OF PSALMS,

BY MR. JAMES WELLS,

Of the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey street,
Walworth road.

Psalm lxxvii. 1—10.

"I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice, and he gave ear unto me."

WHEN we look to the Lord in any affliction, or in any providential adversity,—but especially and above all in spiritual matters, when we feel we are far from the Lord, and far from fellowship with Him,—to cry then unto the Lord that He would come unto us; and when He is pleased to answer such prayers, what can be so encouraging? And if the Lord doth not answer them to-day, to-morrow, this month or next month, nevertheless, the Scriptures ever encourage us still to wait, and still to look. The Lord said to Daniel, "From the first day that thou did'st set thine heart to understand, and to chasten

thyself before thy God, thy words were heard;" though it was three weeks before the Lord sent the answer.

"In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord: my sore ran in the night, and ceased not: my soul refused to be comforted."

And quite right too. It is perfectly right that every Christian should refuse to be comforted with false comfort; perfectly right that every Mordecai should refuse to part with his sackcloth until royal authority shall send, as it were, the royal steed, the royal apparel, and give deliverance. So that those who are taught of God will refuse to be comforted with false comfort.

"I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed. Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak."

I should think his meaning is, I cannot speak decisively. Is the Lord on my side, or is He not? I hope

He is, but I cannot say positively that He is. I do not feel fully assured upon the question. But he goes on meditating until he realizes what he tells us in the 1st verse—namely, that the Lord heard.

"I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times. I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart: and my spirit made diligent search."

When Jacob was about to return from Padan-aram to his father Isaac, indeed, when he was returning I should say, he pleaded a promise which the Lord had given him twenty years before that. And so it is with all Christians; they are obliged sometimes to go back to the days of their youth, and remember their sorrow in the night even so far back as that, to get something like a comfortable evidence that they belong to the Lord; and it is a privilege to do so. Now if we believe the doctrine that we may be children of God to-day, and not children of God to-morrow, that we may be converted and then unconverted again; if we believe this, I do not see what good it would be to call to remembrance the past manifestations of the Lord's mercy. But it is our comfort to know that it is the truth, that he who is a child of God to-day is a child of God for ever. If a man be a Christian once, he is a Christian for ever. And therefore, the Lord's people may safely call to mind the former manifestations of His loving kindness as evidences of present interest in eternal things.

"Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? And I said, this is—"

my belief, my sentiment, my religion. Why, say you, it does not read like that. But it would have done if he had been a Wesleyan. People that are free willers, that is the way it would have read. I have sinned away the Lord's mercy, and the Lord's grace, and the Lord's promise; I have changed His love into hate, and I have changed His grace into grief, and changed His Gospel into law: and this is my creed. No; the

Psalmist was better taught than that. He says,

"This is my infirmity."

So then, if there is a Wesleyan present this morning, you see your religion is an infirmity, and the sooner you get rid of it and get a religion that has no infirmity, the better.

"This is my infirmity."

Why, that is a poor religion for you to be infirm, and your religion to be infirm too. That makes a very lame concern of it. It is bad enough to be lame with one foot, but to be lame as Mephibosheth was, with two feet, is very bad. Now then, the Psalmist knew that his religion was a living, supporting, self-acting, imperishable religion; and when he was thus exercised, through the weaknesses of his nature, as to the departure of the Lord's mercy, he sums it up thus:—

"This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most High."

That is, I will remember God after the order of the man of his right hand,—after the order of the mediation of Jesus Christ.

A THORN IN THE FLESH.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—How mysterious are the ways of God! A dear friend at Bristol asked me whether I knew you, to which I replied, I saw you once, but believe my late husband knew you better than I did. I also told him I had one of your books lent me, called "Faithful Records of Jehovah's Mercies;" but before I could read much of it, it was taken away. To my great surprise, my friend sent me one of your books, and in it I found savoury meat, such as my soul loveth. Indeed, I had a feast of fat things. When you speak in your book of what God has done for his people, I can but rejoice, feeling that I know how to weep with those that weep, as well as rejoice with those who do rejoice. You, my dear brother and sister, have been brought through deep affliction and severe trials; and, in some of your heart-rending sorrows, you pourtray my

own condition of anguish as much as though you had really stood by and witnessed it. O my brother, when I read your soliloquy on the death of your dear children, I, and my dear girls, were all bathed in tears. On the 8th of January, 1866, a dear boy of mine went to London, where his brother-in-law obtained for him a comfortable situation. Letter after letter stated that he was well and happy. On the 7th of September, however, he was taken ill, and on the 10th he returned home. The doctor ordered him to bed immediately, when he continued to get worse every day. Oh, my brother, I think you can enter into my feelings, when I saw my beloved boy so ill, and to all appearance, without a change of heart. I prayed and wrestled with God for the salvation of my dear child; and told the Lord he had bidden me call upon him in the day of trouble; and that none knew so well as He did, the extent of my trouble; for my soul was in an agony. The Thursday before he died, he called out "Mother." I asked him what he wanted. He said, "My father called me;" but I could not understand what he said, because as you know, I am deaf. He again said, "Mother, I hate sin." I ejaculated, "Thank God." On Lord's day morning, Satan came in upon him like a flood; and, as the dear boy said, he had set upon him with all his host. Ah, my brother, it was dreadful to be with him for about an hour, while the conflict lasted; but glory be to God, my dear boy cried out, "He is gone." He also cried out three times "I am saved." After this, he seemed very happy, and said to his sister Charlotte, "Look at that beautiful angel! Her beauty will never fade away! There!" he said, "there is the white flag of peace!" He lay all the Lord's day afternoon in prayer and praise, when his voice became so much changed, that we could not understand all he said. I stood by him, bathing his head; but did not think my dear James was so near death. He died without a struggle or a groan; and I have the happiness to believe that he is gone to that rest

which God has prepared for all them that love Him. He died at the age of thirteen years, greatly beloved; for he was kind and affectionate to all who knew him. I used to say that my boy was given me to protect me in my old age. But the Lord's ways are not our ways, nor are His thoughts our thoughts. The Lord has been pleased to take away the desire of my eyes with a stroke; and I long for the time to be able submissively to say, "Thy will be done." I have four daughters, two of whom, the doctor says, are paralysed! What is the cause of Mrs. Taylor being a cripple? Give my Christian love to her. Yours truly, S. MASON.
Yoxford, Suffolk, January 28th, 1867.

DEEP DISTRESS AND DELIVERANCE.

The following note from Brother David Wilson, of Boston, in Lincolnshire, witnesseth to the great fight of affliction. We give it for the good of Zion. We hope the Lord will long spare his useful life:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I had purposed writing to you for the April *Vessel*. But it pleased our heavenly Father to afflict me very sorely, so much so that for some days it seemed as if my pilgrimage was nearly ended. But He has had mercy on me, and in some measure restored me. I have not been able to preach since the 17th of March, except a short sermon last Lord's day morning, April 14, from Prov. xvii. 17. "A friend loveth at all times."

And what rendered the affliction more severe was the Lord being pleased to hold back the face of His throne. All was darkness and sable night when all the wild beasts of the forest did creep forth. O what a burden of guilt, fears, and sorrows I had to endure for six or seven days! It seemed as if all hell was let loose against me. My own conscience brought long-forgotten sins to remembrance, presenting to my view many hypocritical acts and wanderings of mind in the solemn service of God. It appeared as if my religion had all been merely in the flesh; and the Comforter did not speak a consoling word to my poor, tired, distressed, tempest-tossed soul. Deep

called unto my deep, until hope seemed to be about expiring, and awful despair to take possession of my heart. My body almost exhausted, and my poor mind bewildered, I was falling into a slumber, when I was suddenly aroused as by a sweet and gentle voice saying, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Also the following:—"I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord." I felt a power attending these words which led my mind sweetly and softly out in prayer, and enabled me to plead the divine promise. I felt a little reviving in my soul, and hoped the Lord would fulfil his word in my experience. The pain of body returned with increased violence, so that I thought I could not survive much longer. Satan rushed at me with his fiery darts. In an agony of body and distress of soul, all I could say was, "Lord, fulfil thy promise, and send me deliverance from Satan, sin, and self, so that my soul may glorify thee, and if consistent with thy will, relieve my poor body from these severe pains." It pleased the Lord in a few hours to grant me my request, and send me help from His holy hill. The severity of the pain abated. My mind was brought into a calm feeling, and I trust I could praise the Lord. From that time (March 24), I have been slowly recovering. Last Lord's day, Brother John Skipworth, of Billingshay, preached for me. The Lord was in our midst. I hope (D.V.) to preach next Lord's day. The friends have been very affectionate and kind. I should have re-written this, but I have already had to take the part of three days to do this. So I hope, my dear brother will accept it as it is—overlooking all imperfections, as a token of unabating Christian affection, from his sincerely, in the bonds of the Gospel of Christ, DAVID WILSON, 42, Wormgate, Boston, April 23rd.

P.S.—I had the pleasure of baptizing four young persons, two males and two females—in the General Baptist Chapel, kindly lent us for the occasion, on the 28th of February last.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

BY SIR MATTHEW HALE.

OUR Saviour chose that time to die, when the passover was slain; that time wherein Adam was created, the sixth day of the week at evening. He chose that time for his body to rest in the grave, and his soul to rest in paradise, wherein his Father rested from all the great work of creation, the seventh day of the week; and he chose that day to rise again which his Father chose to begin the creation, the first day of the week; that the same day might bear the inscription of the creation, and the restitution of the world; and that, as in that day the Lord God brought light out of darkness, so this light, the light that enlighteneth every man that comes into the world, should in it arise from the land of darkness, the grave. "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." The time of the day wherein our Lord arose, was very early in the morning of the first day of the week, as it began to dawn, when it was yet dark, or scarcely full light; and the manner of it was full of wonder and astonishment. An angel from heaven comes down to draw the curtain of our Saviour's grave, and with an earthquake rolls away the stone that covered it; the keepers who had watch, fully observed the order of their commanders, were stricken with astonishment, and became as dead. Our Lord, who had power to lay down his life, and power to take it up again, re-assumes his body, which, though it hath tasted death, yet had not seen corruption, and ariseth, and thereby proclaimed the completing of our redemption; and therefore it was not possible He should be longer holden of it. It is a victory over death and the grave for us. When our Lord raised up Lazarus, he came forth of the grave bound hand and foot with grave-clothes. Though he was for the present rescued from death by the power of Christ, yet he must still be subject to it; he is revived, but yet riseth with the bonds of death about him; he must die again; but when our Lord riseth, Heshakes off his grave-clothes, the linen that wrapped

his body in one place, and the linen that bound his head in another. Our Lord being risen, dieth no more: death hath no more power over Him.

"BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED."—Mark you, this is no wholesale and universal proclamation, or announcement! Nay—it is a most special answer to a question which the SPIRIT of God had brought forth out of the Philippian jailor's soul, when that troubled sinner feared the wrath of God would sink him into eternal death. With what agony he cried out—"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?" And I may add, with what divine authority did Paul direct the poor fellow to the Person and Cross of Christ. Now Paul saw why the Spirit would not let him go into Asia—nor to Bythinia. Now Paul saw why he had to come into Macedonia—and why he must be cast into prison—it was that he might, instrumentally, pluck the brand out of the fire.—C. W. B.

REFLECTIONS BY A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

THIS is my birthday. To-day I enter my twenty-second year, but shall I complete it?—or will this frail, fleeting breath be stopped, and I be clasped in the arms of death? Lord, thou knowest.

When I look back and view the hand of God towards me, how He has upheld me, and caused me to hear His voice, can I trace the cause? I find it not in myself, but I read of the everlasting love of God, there I trace the cause: 'Twas this one love (as the poet sings) that sweetly forced me in.

I am happy in closing another year of care and sorrow, happy that I am another year nearer my heavenly home; that a few more rising and setting suns at most, and all sorrow, with the frown of the world, will no more trouble me. I shall hear no more hard speeches, no more unkind reflections, my motives no longer mistaken, no tempting devil to annoy, and my unbelieving heart will cease to wander, and sin for ever be extinct; it is with pleasure mixed with gratitude I trust, that I reflect upon

the Lord's gracious dealings with me; but, oh! what a mercy! My God altereth not His purposes of grace. He is unchangeable. In this world there is nothing but change. Change is written on all with which we have to do. Perhaps there is even mercy in this though we do not see it at all times; things which I hold so dear, and which I would keep such firm hold of are taken from me lest I should make idols of them.

O Lord, make me more submissive to thy holy will, and enable me to lean with child-like trust on the bosom of my dear Saviour, who loved me and gave Himself for me. Amen.

MARY ANN.

NEW BOOKS.

DR. JOHN MASON'S "PARADISE RESTORED"

Is rapidly passing through the press, and will make a three-shilling volume, full of the flowers of the happier climes. Dr. John Mason's work, "Three years in Turkey," is the best guarantee the Christian public can have that anything which flows from his pen is worthy of the deepest consideration. Already a long list of subscribers to *Paradise Restored* secure for it a wide circulation. That, however, is the least part of the enterprise. The grand question is this: Is it true that the curse shall be removed?—That the thorns and briars shall all be turned into the sweetest blossoms? And instead of these cloudy, stormy, gloomy, dirty, sinful, sickly, sorrowing, groaning, decaying, departing, and dying scenes which now meet us on every hand—instead of all this scene of mortal misery, will the Almighty Redeemer purge, purify, and restore to the earth more than its original beauty? Ah! yes; we cling to the hope that He will; but when the learned doctor's book comes out, we shall, God helping, refer to it more largely.

MR. JAMES GRANT'S LAST BOOK.

This prolific penman having finished his three thick volumes in endeavouring to overthrow the idea of a pre-Millennial Advent, has reached his climax as an author, by just issuing a pretty small volume, bearing the following delightful title, "*The*

Hymns of Heaven; or the Songs of the Saints in Glory." This book is published by S. W. Partridge; is ushered in with a preface full of confidence, and happy anticipations of the blest employment of the heavenly citizens, and furnishes five chapters on the songs of saints and angels around the throne in glory. Mr. Grant has furnished brief expositions of some parts of the Revelation, and a few specimens of ancient and modern hymnology. Altogether, a neat and sweet little manual of the high and holy anthems of all who safely reach the heavenly shores.

This is not so much a controversial as it is a consoling book, and, thrown to the winds as we sometimes have been in this valley, we gladly read any book which tends to carry us

"Beyond, beyond, these lower skies,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul."

And where we hope to know, even as we are known; and see the King in His Beauty, and all the redeemed family at home with the Lord forever.

MRS. BROWN'S TRACTS.

While the Ritualistic showmen are rocking the people into deep deceptions and hiding the glories of the Gospel, it is cheering to see such a smart and pungent writer as the author of "St. Dorothy's Home" coming out with a series of stinging tracts, exposing Mr. Rome-Papal, and his near neighbour Mrs. Pu-Ritual, in such a spirit as can hurt nobody; yet so plainly as to enlighten all who read. In all parishes and districts where Ritualism is overspreading the people, Christian men and women should freely circulate Mrs. Brown's Tracts. They can be had at any of our offices, or of G. J. Stevenson, in Paternoster row.

THE STRICT BAPTISTS' FRIEND is Mr. William Stokes, of Manchester. The second edition of his *History of Baptists and their Principles Century by Century to the Present Time*, is a volume of more real worth, than thousands imagine. We really think the Strict Baptists have been asleep long enough; and two or three great guns have been firing into them, thinking to destroy them altogether.

But surely, this cannot be! And, yet, if there is not more union, strength, zeal, faith, fervent practical effort, and decided action in defence of their principles, it seems to us, they will be greatly weakened by the Jesuit-like course now taken against them. We ask the friends of the New Testament Church, to read, and to let their families read, and to have read in their schools, this little volume of Mr. Stokes.

One hundred and fifty numbers of the *Gospel Guide* have now been successively issued. This weekly penny paper is calculated to publish a consecutive history of the progress of the Gospel in connection with those churches and ministers who hold fast the great principles of the New Covenant salvation of the Church of Christ. No such weekly issue is to be found upon the face of the earth, except the *Gospel Guide*; and to aid its usefulness, corresponding agencies should be appointed in all our leading districts.

We have received two new works from the pen of William Taylor, who from California has come to London to shew men "How to be saved." He is a clever penman, and is full of information; but the study of his works as yet greatly perplexes us. We shall review them shortly.

MY BROTHER'S BIRTH-DAY LETTER.

MY DEAR BROTHER CHARLES,—
One line to say, I do not forget you, nor the mercies which have gathered and kept you. I am up this morning, as every morning, at six a.m.; yet then I have no time to throw away; but I shall find time and inclination all the day to breathe upwards, with desires that the dews of grace and love may descend from the heavenly hills, and refresh you greatly in body, and soul, and family, and church, and general ministry. With this assurance, I must beg you to remember me to each and every one of yours and mine own flesh; and especially remember me at the throne of grace. Many happy returns of the day, prays your affectionate brother,

JOHN.

February 9th, 1867.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

GOOD FRIDAY AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

ON FRIDAY, April 19, 1867, two services were held in the New Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey street, Walworth road. In the afternoon, Mr. James Wells, the pastor, delivered an excellent and truly spiritual discourse, to a large audience. Tea was then bountifully supplied to nearly one thousand persons. In the evening, a public meeting was holden. Sometime previous to the commencement of the proceedings, the spacious edifice was filled in every part, and when the pastor opened the service, and the mass of listeners rose and sang, with a will, the enchanting lines of Isaac Watts, penned in the year 1709,

"Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne,"

the scene was sufficient to raise a cheerful song in the heart of every Christian, and a very grateful song in the heart of a pastor whom the Lord had so signally blessed and so largely prospered. Mr. Cowdry offered prayer, asking for a continuance of the blessings upon the minister and church in that place.

After singing another verse,

MR. WELLS said he desired most gratefully to acknowledge the goodness of God towards them as a Church and people for such a number of years. He had that afternoon preached a sermon on raising the top-stone; and now, he having done his part, it was for the friends to do theirs: that was to complete the payment of the cost of the erection; and he felt sure they would do that, for if they failed, their enemies would joyfully exclaim "There is schism between the minister and the people." It was forty years ago this spring since he began preaching the gospel. Having been made deeply sensible of his own lost condition, and having realised, in his own soul, the great and eternal love of the Saviour, he felt a strong and irresistible desire to tell to others the love of that Saviour. It was in the year 1827, at 6 o'clock in the morning, at the Broadway, Westminster, that he commenced preaching, without the least idea of ever becoming a minister of the Gospel. At the age of twenty-two, the Lord called him by his grace, and from shortly after that time he had preached the Gospel, in which he had been greatly blessed, and was still so favoured. But his object in now rising was to propose that their tried, firm, decided, and faithful friend, Mr. Thomas Pocock, should preside over that meeting. This proposal being seconded and unanimously adopted,

The CHAIRMAN said he considered it a great honour conferred on him in presiding

over a meeting which he anticipated would be the closing up and finishing of the important matter of erecting the noble building in which they were then gathered. Had he to preach a sermon he should choose for a text one short word, for he believed that had erected the building and nearly paid the cost—that word was "Love." The Chairman then gave an interesting and plain statement of the reasons that induced the Church to decide on building; and followed it up with a sketch of their proceedings from the meeting held three-and-a-half years ago up to the present time. [As this statement has appeared in substance in this magazine (see the *E. V.* for Oct., 1866), it will not be necessary here to repeat it.] The Chairman, in closing the history, remarked he liked to see the hand of the Lord in every movement; and he could truly say, he had watched it in the erection of that place. At their first meeting his brother Carr said, "Faith laughed at impossibilities." The other Sunday, their pastor was discoursing on faith, and he then showed that faith without works was dead. He was reminded of an incident touching this point he recently heard. A traveller in Scotland had to cross a river. Being a careful man, and it being a rough and rather dangerous part to cross, made him the more careful in the choice of his ferry and ferryman. Having satisfied himself on this particular, they proceeded on their journey, and in course of conversation the traveller discovered that the ferryman knew something not only of the river they were crossing, but of the "river that maketh glad the city of God." It is both refreshing and cheering thus unexpectedly to meet a brother who loves and recognized the Saviour, as we are moving on our journey through life. It is a bright star in the darkened horizon; it is an oasis in the midst of a dreary desert; it is a "lift by the way," the remembrance of which revives our sorrowful spirits, and causes us to renew our journey with fresh vigour and increased energy. As they were proceeding, the traveller observed that on one of the oars which the waterman was plying was engraved a large bold letter F.; and on the second oar was an equally prominent letter W. What could these two letters signify? Not being able to solve the question himself, he asked his companion to explain the same. The explanation was given practically. The boatman withdrew from the water the oar that was marked with the letter W., and laying it quietly in the boat, commenced plying the other vigorously with both hands, whereupon the boat began to go round, and the traveller was amazed, and anxiously enquired the meaning of such a course of action, seeing that no progress

was being made to the shore. The boatman's object being thus gained, in showing that with the oar F. no progress was made in their journey, again took the oar marked W., and having placed it in the water, plied the two together, and onward towards the shore they proceeded. What did it mean? "You see, sir," said the boatman, breaking the silence that he had maintained for some time, "This oar marked F. I name Faith; and the one marked W. is Works: use one alone, and we make no progress, but the two in active use will, with God's blessing, accomplish our object. In the raising of that house there had been strong faith and energetic working, and the desire of their hearts had been completed. It was just three years and six months that evening, that their first public meeting was held, when Mr. Foreman and some other ministers spoke to them; and, in looking back from that day to the present it was truly wonderful what they had accomplished. He knew of no church that had raised a building costing so large a sum, and paid for it themselves in so short a period. In three years and a half, ten thousand pounds had been collected for the building, and this had in no way interfered with their charitable and other objects; and last Good Friday they added £500 to it in the shape of a present to their pastor. To-night their object was the completion of the payment of the debt. He was quite sure in his own mind that would be accomplished. Mr. Butt now inform them of the position of the building in that respect.

Mr. EDWARD BUTT, who on rising was warmly received, said he had no written statement to read to them on that occasion, for they thought it unnecessary, as they now looked upon it they were nearly at the end of their journey. As a Church they now looked upon the Good Friday services as their annual gathering; and it was pleasing to look back upon their history as a church and people. At no period in that history had they had larger manifestations of the Lord's goodness to them than at the present time: the word was greatly blessed; sinners were brought in; the saints were fed, comforted, and refreshed; the minister was assisted in the ministry of the word, and in the delivery thereof was greatly blessed in his own soul. The Gospel delivered there from time to time met the necessities of the children of God; they came up there cast down, sorrowful, burdened, and perplexed, with the cares and anxieties of the way; and the Gospel had cheered, had comforted, had refreshed, and had removed their burdens. Mr. Butt then referred to the great pressure that had occurred in the monetary and commercial world during the past twelve months, and it had been doubtful if they should accomplish the object they had set their hearts upon, of finishing the debt. And in anticipating the end of their labours in that point, he did not look upon it they were to be idle; for he believed

the more actively they were employed in the service of their Master, a larger share of sacred devotedness and love to the Gospel would be realised. In their efforts to raise the amount for the Building Fund, he would just remark, their poor had not been forgotten. During the year 1866, for the various charitable objects connected with the church, the following amounts had been contributed:—

	£	s.	d.
The Ladies' Benevolent Society	81	11	6
Sick Fund	60	4	2
Collection after the Ordinance of the Lord's Supper (which was distributed among the poor)	140	0	0
Contributed to the Aged Pilgrim's Society	150	0	0
Collection at Christmas	80	0	0

This would show a total in one year of £511 15 8 collected and devoted to the object of relieving the poor. They had no wish to parade this abroad, but it was desirable to let the friends know that these charitable objects had in no way suffered by the building fund. In reference to the question of the building debt, at their meeting held in September, last year, they were left with a debt of £1,550. It was then urged that on this day (Good Friday), it should be cleared off. It was suggested at that October meeting (continued Mr. Butt) that I should try and raise £500 towards it by to-night. I promised to do my best. In March I sent out circulars to our friends, and I am truly astonished at the response I have received to my application; and (turning to the chairman, Mr. Butt said), I have to ask you to-night, sir, if you will accept of me £540 for the £500 I promised. It has not been accomplished without much labour. Often, after the toils of the day have I returned home, and commenced to labour again for this cause. But I have been refreshed in these labours; and the Saviour has been made very dear to my heart, while thus engaged in the Lord's work; for they had not built that place for themselves: it was a great blessing to know that when they were gone, there would still be a "seed to serve Him." In the congregation there was a large number of young people, and it was pleasant to find the work of the Lord going on among them. Thus, they had much cause for gratitude in every respect.

Mr. Carr, the Treasurer, could hardly realize the position they had placed him in. They had kept him well supplied with funds—so that all he had to do was to dispense them. He had seen the hand of God toward them: many had borne sweet testimony to the good they had received: it had been said by some there was leprosy in the walls there; he could bear testimony that lepers within the walls had been cleansed; the blind had there received Gospel sight; and the lame had been made

to leap for joy. For all these mercies they had great cause for thankfulness. As to the remainder of the debt, he was confident that would be obliterated.

The Chairman said there were a number of ministerial brethren present whom they were anxious to hear, but he was sure they would listen to them much better if the business part of the proceedings was concluded first. He should therefore propose that the collection be now made; and then while they were singing the brethren would ascertain the amount.

Several friends then handed in various sums, and the collection was made through the building.

The Chairman next proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the ladies, for the great service they had rendered to the cause in continuing the weekly offerings; which being seconded, was carried unanimously.

Mr. Wells paid a high compliment to the Building Committee, who had very carefully watched over the matter. In the erection of the place they had carefully examined the materials, and also the workmanship; and much time in this way had been spent by them.

Mr. C. W. Banks gave a short address on the "Gospel of the Grace of God."

The deacons having by this time returned to the platform, after ascertaining the amount of the collection and donations,

Mr. Pocock, the Chairman, said he was now in a position to furnish them with the result of the collection; but before doing so, he might just tell them of a little private meeting they held in the vestry on a recent Thursday evening. Looking forward to the Good Friday meeting, he was anxious to know how they should be situated with respect to clearing off the debt. He saw his friend Butt, and they arranged to have a private meeting. A few notices were issued to some friends, and forty-two of them met when he (Mr. Pocock) laid the matter before them, and the forty-two at that little Thursday night meeting subscribed £330; that with Mr. Butt's £540, and the collections made that day had SWEEPED THE DEBT AWAY, and left them with £18 balance. The noble building was now free. All glory be given to the Lord alone.

The announcement was received with intense feeling, great cheering, and pleasing satisfaction, by the meeting; and as soon as Mr. Baugh could be heard, he moved the following resolution:—

"We, the visitors and friends from other churches, offer Mr. Wells, the deacons, and church, our hearty congratulations on their new Tabernacle being free from debt."

Mr. Thomas Stringer seconded the same, and it was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Wells, in replying, said he had known them for many years, and they had known him. Some people had said they would never accomplish the undertaking, but they did not know the Surrey Tabernacle people as well as he did, or that re-

mark would not have been made, for they never yet undertook anything they did not accomplish. He had faith in the people; he was a congregational man; and was sure if ministers trusted the people more it would be far better. The existence of that noble building was a proof of the fact. He congratulated the friends on the completion of the same. Some one sent a Wesleyan minister there to hear him, and he went away and wrote to say they were all fools there; well, they were fools enough to raise such a building, and fools enough to pay for it. He was astonished at what had been accomplished; and he trusted he might be spared many years longer, to minister unto them.

Mr. Messer, in rising, shook Mr. Wells heartily by the hand, congratulated him on his position; truly he might say to him, "The lines have fallen unto you in pleasant places," and "You have a goodly heritage." In the course of a warm address, Mr. Messer strongly urged upon Mr. Wells, now the chapel debt was paid, to set about having a glorious Sunday school established there; and the remark was warmly received by the meeting.

Mr. Stringer offered some pleasing remarks on the success and prosperity of the cause; and was truly glad to find the Lord was so abundantly blessing the ministry of the Word in that place.

Mr. Wells proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman; Mr. Butt seconded the same, and Mr. Carr supported it.

In replying, Mr. Pocock acknowledged the Lord's goodness to him in having, for three-score and five years, maintained him in that borough in integrity and usefulness. His greatest joy and happiest hours were those spent in the Lord's service, and doing what he could to help forward the cause of Christ, and in rendering help to the poor of "the household of faith."

The multitude rose and sang,

"Hail, mighty Jesus, how Divine
Is Thy victorious Word," &c.

Mr. Wells pronounced the benediction, and the proceedings closed.

In writing this report, we have purposely avoided any remarks on the warmth and energetic spirit manifest at this gathering; we have let the facts speak for themselves. In taking a review of the past three and a half years of this church's history, we are shown what a people may accomplish where unity and a cordial co-operation exists. If we calculate the amount raised by this people in that period it will stand in figures somewhat as follows:—

Amount subscribed:	£	s.	d.
For the new chapel	10,500	0	0
Presentation to the Pastor...	500	0	0
For various benevolent purposes; 3½ years at an average of £515 per annum	1,802	10	0

£12,802 10 0

Here is a sum of £12,800 in three and a half years raised by the voluntary contributions of the people, independent of the pastor's income, and other necessary expenses of a large church, which must form a considerable item. Surely this must in some measure negative the oft-repeated assertion, that the churches holding the distinguishing doctrines of grace are not practical workers in the Lord's cause. If in former years these remarks may have had some ground for belief, we think, and hope, and believe, that day has passed; and we see signs of increased effort being put forth on all sides, so that the injunction may be obeyed, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

R.

"May Jehovah's choicest blessing,
On our pastor richly fall,
While he preach that glorious Gospel,
Crowning Jesus Lord of all,
Here may thousands
Hear that Gospel sound and live.
Here may sinners, vile and wretched,
Bow before thy gracious throne;
Own they are but poor and wicked,
Not one mite to call their own;
Here may Jesus
Ever on such mourners shine."

J. MITSON.

ARTILLERY STREET CHAPEL, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

SIR.—We see in your "VESSEL" and *Gospel Guide* for February some misrepresentations which we shall be obliged if you will correct, and insert the following statements. You say it is not long since you had to record the formation of a new Baptist church in Artillery Street, Bishopsgate Street under the ministry of Mr. Blake. This is not correct. The church was formed by Mr. Crowther, of Gomersal, at Zetland Hall, Mansell Street, July 1861, three years before Mr. Blake came to London, of part of the church which were turned out of Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, forty-three in number, and some others, because they could not agree to the theory of the eternal generation of the Divine nature of the Son of God. Mr. Crowther was not allowed to fulfil his engagement, although he had served the church as a supply for ten years. After this, our kind friend and brother Harris bought the chapel in Artillery Street of the Congregational body, had it repaired and fitted up for Divine worship, and the church removed there the beginning of September in the same year; and Mr. Crowther very kindly came up from Yorkshire on the first Lord's day in the month, preached and administered the ordinances to us free of all expense, such was his untiring love and kindness to us as a Church, and still continues to be so. You say the congregation so increased under Mr. Blake's ministry that the chapel became filled; *this is not true*. The truth is this: Mr. Blake's ministry was much blessed to seve-

ral young friends in bringing them from darkness to light, and uniting them to the Church and to the comforting instruction and encouragement of others; but through various circumstances, many of the congregations and the Church left; so by the time Mr. Blake left us we have greatly decreased in numbers. You say the Church, with the exception of three, would not accept the resignation (that is, of the meeting then present); but half the Church were not present at the meeting, as the Church consisted of upwards of one hundred members. Two of the deacons were laid aside by the afflicting hand of God; and when Mr. Blake found the Church would not receive his resignation, he (contrary to order, as a month's notice is required by us as a rule previous to anything coming before the Church), he proposed that a committee be formed to confer with himself to take another place, and to see how many would go with him; so he had the majority of the meeting, and removed to Dalston, leaving the remainder as sheep without a shepherd. You say that the news that Mr. Blake had resigned, or was about to do so, soon got abroad, and invitations were received by him from two Churches in the country, to become their pastor. The truth is, one of them had wanted him for years, according to his own statement; and he had left us three Lord's days in three months to go and supply other Churches in the country, which the deacons did not approve of, and remonstrated with him on the subject, so he said he would resign, though he had agreed with us verbally to give six months' notice. He then divided the Church, and left us in less than a fortnight, and said it would kill him to stay there. We should not have made these things public had it not been for the misrepresentations in your "VESSEL," which sails through all the world. There is always two sides to a question; and every man is right in his own cause until his neighbour comes and searches him out. Now, to show that Mr. Blake did not take all the Church with him except three. On the 3rd of March, Mr. Crowther reformed those that were left at Artillery Street into a Church, which numbered fifty-two members; the four deacons were re-elected, and remained with the Church—Samuel Mills, George Apted, John Woolard, R. Gould.

Mr. Editor, we are pleased you took notice of what Mr. Gadsby said in his periodical. We beg to say Mr. Blake neither believed nor preached eternal generation; neither has any gone back to Zoar that was turned out on that question, but one that has gone occasionally.

(Signed)

S. MILLS,	} Deacons.
GEORGE APTED.	
J. WOOLARD,	
ROBT. GOULD.	

COLCHESTER CHAPEL CASE.—
Dear Brother—In reference to the Colchea-

ter Chapel case, I think you are perfectly right in saying "It is useless to go to law." The extract from the trust deed is not sufficiently explicit upon the matter of "strict communion," though doubtless the chapel was intended for strict communion Baptists. The Trust of the Norwich Chapel was in the following words:—"The premises were purchased for, and intended for a place of public worship for the congregation of *Particular Baptists* within the City of Norwich for the time being," and that the Trustees and their heirs then were and at all times thereafter should stand seized of the said message and premises in trust for and for the use and benefit of the congregation of *Particular Baptists*, within the City of Norwich for the time being, and that the same premises should be *always* held and enjoyed for and as their place of public worship." The Master of the Rolls, after referring to the five confessions of Faith of the Particular Baptists said that "an attentive examination of the confessions has not enabled me to discover anything in them which amounts to an assertion that the communion ought never to be administered to any one who has not been baptised by immersion upon a profession of faith."

The Master of the Rolls then refers to Mr. Jessey in 1645, and Mr. John Tombes, in the following year, as seeming to have adopted free or mixed communion, and he also refers to writings of John Bunyan in 1672 and 1673 in support of the same doctrine, and from the fact that the *Particular Baptists* of that day took no steps to exclude from their communion persons who, like John Bunyan, adopted the opinion of free or mixed communion. It must, therefore, said the Master of the Rolls, "be considered that it was not by those persons, even heated with the warmth of controversy, considered to be a doctrine of a fundamental character, or so essential as to constitute one of the necessary elements in the composition of the faith of a true and sincere Particular Baptist," and afterwards the Master of the Rolls says "I am therefore of opinion that this congregation is at full liberty to *alter* its practice in respect of communion, if such should be the opinion of the majority of its full members." The Court of Equity has thus pronounced that the term "Particular Baptist" does not carry with it necessarily "strict communion." It would therefore be unwise for the Colchester people to bring the matter before the Court, the decision of the Master of the Rolls will probably hereafter be referred to as a precedent by any Judge before whom any similar case may come. While the Trustees of the Colchester Chapel cannot therefore interfere, so as to prevent open communion, yet it is their duty, and they have a right to exercise such a control over the building as to prevent doctrines contrary to those specified in the Trust deed being continuously preached. As many Trust deeds of Particular Baptist Chapels are open to the same legal

construction as the Norwich Trust deed, perhaps it would be well if future ministrers were required to give a written undertaking that they will not in any way take advantage of such *weakness in the Trust*, and introduce or in any way sanction open communion, and I venture to say that there are many conscientious pastors who, though settled, would sign a similar undertaking if they thought it would give any satisfaction to the churches. From the above it will be evident that the churches must not rely upon the term "Particular Baptist," but they must take special care that their Trust Deeds contain a "Strict Communion" clause. With Christian regards, I remain, yours truly, JOSEPH THRIFT, 82, Windsor-road, Holloway, 4th April, 1867.

SUFFOLK.—Dear brother Samuel Foster, I am disposed to send you one line, which I write in pencil while packed up in a close corner of a Great Eastern. I know you cannot travel with me; therefore, as you are much interested in the Kingdom of our Lord, and as you have some sympathy with me in the spread of the Gospel and in the prosperity of the Churches, I will try and take you round with me in reviewing the little visits I have made during the last four days to some places in the Eastern Counties. On Saturday, March 30, I travelled to Harwich, on the Essex coast. There I was favoured to converse for some time with the Harwich pastor, brother J. W. Dyer, who is labouring in the Gospel there with comfort and success. Dovercourt and Harwich are places of resort in this season; and the ministry of Mr. Dyer is often found useful to visitors, who fly from the hard driving of London life to seek health in a quieter scene. From Harwich I went on to Ipswich, where I was permitted to preach three sermons last Sunday in Zoar Chapel. I have known Ipswich, and have holden fellowship with some of the Lord's people for many years; but I had not preached in Ipswich for some time, and I was rather diffident in anticipating my work. But, my friend, one thing the Lord said to Gideon has been mercifully true to my soul. He said, "THE WORD OF THE LORD SHALL BE THY HELP." This one blessing has been the support of my mind and the strength of my ministry now for more than a quarter of a century, and it is a blessing for which I desire to praise the Lord with every breath I draw. May I just relate to you how the word of the Lord was my help in this last journey? On Saturday morning last, I started from home early, and quite weary with the work I had gone through in the week, for (besides my work in the office, which at all times is heavy, especially at the end of the month) I had been down to Knowl Hill, to

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PASTOR,
BENJAMIN MASON.

And to me it was a solemn time. Some account of that aged servant of Christ, who died in his 82nd year, will, I hope, be

written by brother Brown, of Reading, who, in connection with brother Charles Vyse, and some others, has supplied the pulpit in Knowl Hill for some time. Oh, Samuel, could I tell you all the conflicts and trials, all the blessings and mercies which the ministers and people at Knowl Hill have been the subjects of, you would shed tears over it all. But that cannot be. The chapel, the parsonage, the cemetery, the pastor's garden, and all the appurtenances thereto belonging are completely hedged in by themselves. When those good ministers of Knowl Hill, brethren Webb and Benjamin Mason, were with their church and congregation assembled in their neat little Zion, they might with great propriety sing—

"We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground."

For it is one of the most select and separated spots I have ever seen. In that pulpit nearly all the ministers of Christ who have lived during this century have blown the trumpet there, and the little garden has been a healthy and happy place in its time. But brother Webb one day fell off a haystack, and in the cemetery there is a small tablet which simply tells you William Webb died at the age of sixty-nine; and in the chapel I saw his widow weeping tears of grief and sorrow, such as only widows in deed can ever shed. Now, after more than eighty years' pilgrimage, my long-trying friend, Benjamin Mason, has been called home, and as he requested I should bury him, his sons and grandson kindly invited me to the funeral. I felt it an honour to be there. We had services twice in the chapel, and a hymn, a prayer, and a few words over the grave. Thus has ended the long ministerial and mortal career of one of my most steadfast ministerial friends, of whose departure something will be found in another part of this month's "VESSEL." To come to the Ipswich journey. Three times on Lord's day, March 31st, 1867, did my most compassionate Lord help me to preach his Gospel in Zoar chapel, and every time the place was well filled up. To me, the texts, the sermons, the everything, appeared new, encouraging, and, as it were, dropping down from heaven. In the vestry in the evening, a note was on the table of a singular character; in fact it was a solemn one, which I will give another day. This solemn note led me in the evening to endeavour to trace over the footsteps of the flock. Whether the Lord sanctified the word or not, I must leave. I fear there are many in and around our churches who have fallen among thieves; now and then I meet with some of them.

I must tell you, dear Foster, I visited our beloved brother in Christ, Jabez Wright, of Ipswich. He has, like yourself, been near the brink of Jordan; but still he is held a prisoner in a frail and painful body. With him I spent a few solemn moments in prayer, and then left

Ipswich for Bergholt, where I preached on the Monday from the words, "Will thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?" After the service, we had some useful converse with the people. Mr. Baldwin read the word, and pleaded with the Lord most powerfully. Our good brother the Dean read the hymns, and the cheerful singers sang like young nightingales; and truly it was good to be there.

Stowmarket was my next place. I was surprised to find their new chapel so compact and well furnished. We had a large company; and once more I met with many old Suffolk friends, and found them as firm in the faith as ever. I have much to say to you, dear brother, but I dare not write more now. I have letters from Coggeshall, Colchester, several parts of Australia, New York, Ireland, and from other parts. If they are not all fully noticed this month, you must pray that anger may not fill the breasts of the writers against your old friend
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

THE LATE BENJAMIN MASON.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I should have written last night, but felt somewhat as I do now. An apathy of soul seems to creep over me when I contemplate the loss of our dear but departed brother Mason, for truly he was a father in Christ to me. I first saw him on his bed three years back, to which he has been confined three years, three months, and three days. We have many times poured out our hearts together, as you did when you came to give us your much valued lecture. Many times when we have been there, we have said, "Well, brother Mason, what are you going to say to us to-day?" His reply was—"I am so low, both body and soul, that you must do it all;" but it has often pleased the Lord, when we have said a few words in prayer, to manifest Himself to him; and then, like Paul, he felt he could do all things through Christ which strengthened him. But his three favourite subjects were, 1st. "Lord, I am vile."—Job. 2nd. "Ho, every one that thirsteth."—Isaiah. 3rd. "Who are kept by the power of God through faith without sin unto salvation," &c., from which I have heard him speak with ardent zeal and love. A few Sabbaths before he died, they sent for his old friend and doctor, Hewitt. Our friends being very anxious, began to move when he came. He said, "My dear friends, what is the matter?" "Oh, the doctor is come." He said, "Do be quiet, for he can do me no good, or you either." And as soon as he saw him, he began asking the doctor how he was, and how soul matters stood with him. The doctor said, "I am not come to talk to you about these things now, but am come to see how you are." I mention this to show he was more ready to talk about Christ than to think of himself. Next Sabbath I did morning service, went to Boyne Hill to see my brother. When I came back for evening service, he was

talking to an old female friend about 70 years of ago, whether she loved Jesus. Seeing the love of his soul going out so strong, I truly then felt rather low. I hung my head down. He said, "Come, brother Brown, why don't you talk to us?" I said I felt I could not say a word now. He felt in a moment where I was, and said, "Come, let us have a verse or two of my favourite hymn, ('Immortal honors,' &c.), which we had many times sung around his bed. The Sabbath before he died, after morning service he said to the friends, "I want my brother Brown to cry aloud; spare not, sound your voice like a trumpet, and go tell to sinners all around," &c. Last Sabbath he was very low; but we held morning and afternoon service with him; but being too many in the evening for to go up stairs, we had service in the chapel, after which Brother Vise, myself, and friends, went up and read psalms, engaged in prayer, and asked him if he felt comfortable in his soul? He said yes, he felt to be on the blessed Rock, Christ Jesus, and that his whole soul's salvation was secured by the finished work of Christ. We saw him no more alive; but those who were with him to the last asked him how he felt? He said his pains were great, and then in a minute or two after, these being his last words,

"Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,

And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

And thus he fell asleep in Jesus.

I am yours in Gospel grace, &c.,

W. BROWN.

23, Oxford Street, Reading,

April 18th 1867.

P. S.—Things are going very quiet at Knowl Hill, the congregation being rather on the increase.

MESSRS. BLOOMFIELD AND ANDERSON.

A Baptist minister of thirty years' standing asks if it be true that Mr. Anderson is leaving Deptford for Bradford. A London minister informs us it certainly is the case; and our correspondent says: "The two ministers, Bloomfield and Anderson, will form the nucleus for a free-grace section of the Baptist churches in the North." We can consistently but have one feeling in the matter, which is this, that Messrs. Bloomfield and Anderson may both be filled with the life-giving power of the Holy Spirit, that they may, both of them, stand experimentally and manifestly in the spirit of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, when he wrote those most memorable words: "Now, then, we are ambassadors for CHRIST, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled unto God." For if the ministers stand in this evangelising, sin-converting, and soul-converting power of the Holy Ghost, they will prove a great bless-

ing to the Churches in Bradford, and many will rejoice. Sinners now dead in sin will be saved, and they will rejoice. The saints who form the Churches in the north will behold the good work done, and they will rejoice; the angels in heaven will rejoice; and even those in London who are saying, "What does all this mean?" when they know the Lord is really blessing those his servants in Bradford, they will rejoice also. And if, in due time, the Churches in Meard's Court and at Deptford should be favoured with pastors of the Lord's own sending, and if those churches should be revived and multiplied, they will turn their mourning into dancing, and freely acknowledge that the Lord worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, and worketh all together for good. If the good hand of God is not in these movements, if singleness of eye to His glory has not been the great moving power, if any object short of the right one should in these things be the attraction, then, not for a thousand worlds would we be the poor fellows who, after vacating the editorial chair, and turning their backs upon a London pastorate, pack up their few things, take their bundles under their arms, and leaving the greatest city in all the world, travel off to a manufacturing town in the north, plainly telling everybody either that London is not good enough for them, or that they feel they are not good enough for London; and so into the country they descend. There may be a few thousand of the poor manufacturers flocking to hear these good men; there may be two or three hundred golden sovereigns every year for their work (and such scenes, and such "gaudy toys" are useful in their way), still, after all, there is no field in all the world like London; and when the editorial and pastoral honours are united together in the world's mighty metropolis, it ought to be a very clear vision indeed—a man of Macedonia over again, which should move such men to desert such posts, and to go so far into the North. But we add no more now. Our friends in the black country are watching these movements very closely, and we shall report progress before long.

CITY ROAD—JIREH CHAPEL, EAST ROAD.—The anniversary services of the above place (where for so many years the venerable J. A. Jones has laboured) were held Lord's Day, March 31st. Mr. Crowther preached two excellent sermons. Morning text, John iii. and 21st; evening, the Epistle of Jude, latter part of 1st verse. Mr. Anderson, in the afternoon, preached most interestingly from Isaiah xlv. and 3rd. On Tuesday, April 2nd, a powerful discourse was delivered by Mr. Foreman, after which a goodly number of friends partook of tea. The public meeting commenced at 6.30, Mr. Crowther presiding. Mr. Hawkins implored the Divine blessing. The chairman, in his able open-

ing address, spoke of the necessity of waiting the Lord's time in appointing a minister to fill the pulpit, not to be too much in a hurry, &c.; then introduced the subject for discussion—Redemption, calling upon Mr. Milner, who dwelt upon the necessity and the advantage of knowing the meaning of the work of Redemption by Christ.

Mr. Wyard spoke of the moving cause, the occasional cause, and the objective cause of Redemption. Mr. Wilkins briefly mentioned the purpose of Redemption, its requirements, its completeness, its liberty, and its freeness. Mr. Dickenson gave a few weighty remarks upon the atonement of the Redeemer, followed by Mr. Foreman, upon the limits of Redemption, and most instructively respecting the blood and oil; blood upon the ear, hand, and foot; the ear to hear well, the hand to feel well, and the foot to walk well; the oil representing the Holy Spirit's work upon the believer's heart. Mr. Hazelton's concluding remarks were of experimental Redemption. The Doxology having been sung, Mr. Crowther pronounced the Benediction; and thus closed one of the most solemn and interesting meetings it has been our privilege to attend. Collections and attendance were good. We were happy to see the aged pastor, though he could take no part in the services.

CHATTERIS, CAMBS.—Mr. Silverton preached in Zion, Chatteris, on Sunday, March 17th. The large chapel was nearly full in the morning, quite full in the afternoon, and in the evening the numbers would have told near 1000 persons. Hundreds of happy faces welcomed their old friend and pastor. It was a holy, healthy, heavenly, high day. On the following Tuesday Mr. Silverton delivered a Lecture in the large Institute. The night was exceedingly unfavourable, yet the place was full before the chair was taken. The Lecturer spoke for an hour and a half, keeping up the attention to the very last word. The Lecture was said to be interesting, instructive, and amusing. Mr. E. J. Ekins presided. On the Thursday evening Mr. Silverton again preached in Zion. About 400 persons were present to hear the word. After the service many kind words were said. There was some hearty shaking of the hands and many a "God bless you." All were very kind. The five good deacons, Mr. Smith, Mr. Rodds, Mr. Wilderspin, Mr. James Smith, and Mr. John Green, agreed to pay Mr. Silverton one pound more than they usually give to London Ministers (and they never pay anyone badly). Mr. S. left the town, thankful to God and to the people of Chatteris for their kindness to him.

BERMONDSEY, NEW ROAD.—The Fifty-first anniversary of the Ebenezer Sick and Poor Society was holden on Easter Monday. Mr. Anderson (late of Deptford) preached in the afternoon from

the words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," after which the friends took tea together. Among the company was one of the Fathers of the society, Mr. Pope, a Deacon of the late Mr. George Francis.

The meeting in the evening was well attended. Our Pastor, Mr. Thomas Chivers, occupied the chair. Brother Bradley opened the meeting by prayer. The Secretary read the Report, showing the sum distributed since the commencement of the Society amounted to £1,280 10s. 9¹/₂d. During the past year, £22 5s. 6d. Mr. Wyard spoke on the "Good Samaritan;" Brother Meeres, "Good Shepherd;" Brother Blake, "Good Husbandman;" Brother Caunt, "Good Physician;" Josh. Chivers, "Good Tidings." Truly, it was good to be there, as most of the speakers seemed to have their Master's presence with them. Truly, "the Good Samaritan" was there, both among the speakers and hearers. Our pastor concluded by prayer.
J. S. K.

WOOLWICH.—Albert Rooms. On Good Friday two Sermons were preached in the above Rooms, in the afternoon by Mr. Webster, of Stepney, and in the evening by Mr. Marks, of Cambridge. About two hundred sat down to tea. The people meeting here have been designated "The Happy Family," and certainly the kind and social feeling they evinced on Friday appeared to justify the denomination. At the close of the evening service, Mr. Marks presented to the pastor, Mr. H. Hanks, a purse containing £27 10s., (to which other sums have since been added), as an expression of the high esteem in which the Church and congregation hold him—as a faithful minister of the Gospel of the blessed God, and as the affectionate pastor of that portion of the church of Christ.

Mr. Marks, in presenting the testimonial, expressed the gratification it afforded him in doing so, and spoke most kindly of Mr. Hanks, whom he has known and esteemed for many years. Mr. Hanks acknowledged in grateful and becoming terms the kindness of his friends; and after prayer and praise, ended another of the happy services held in the Albert Rooms.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

BOROUGH.—TRINITY BAPTIST CHAPEL, TRINITY STREET. Sunday Evening, March 31st, the Pastor, E. J. Silverton, had the sacred pleasure to preach a sermon before baptising four followers of the Lord Jesus. The chapel was crowded. The sermon was full of fire and plain speaking. The text was taken from Isaiah lvi. 7. After preaching, the baptism took place. Three men and one woman were baptized. This reminded us of the days of old, when John and Jesus went down into the water. Mr. Silverton told the people that baby sprink-

ling was not to be found in the Scripture ANYWHERE—that there was not a word about it in all the word of God. God is with us at Trinity blessing His own word. May He bless us often and bless us much.

HOMERTON.—Mr. Editor,—Permit me to correct your north-eastern correspondent in the statement made in the last month's VESSEL, attributing the low state of Homerton row to the pastor's illness. That is not the fact; and in justice to those friends who withdrew, as well as the good men who supplied the pastor's lack of service, such an assertion should be contradicted, and the truth told from credible information supplied. The low state of the cause is attributable to the un-Christian spirit and practice which prevailed many months ago. The pastor's illness occurred some months after that time. Would it not be right for some brother who knows all the facts to give a full and faithful account? Doubtless it would have a good effect.

—HOMERTON ROW.

MR. JOHN BLOOMFIELD AT BRADFORD.—The people at Westgate Chapel, Bradford, are giving their new pastor a hearty welcome. The commodious chapel has been closed for some four or five Sundays, but was re-opened on Sunday, April 7th, when three sermons were preached by Mr. Bloomfield. The spacious chapel has been beautifully renovated. During the time it has been closed, St. George's Hall, Bradford, has been engaged, where Mr. Bloomfield has been preaching to immense audiences twice each Sabbath. This hall is supposed to hold quite as many as Exeter Hall, or rather more; and if we mistake not, Mr. Spurgeon has preached there on more than one occasion.

NORWICH.—Mr. Isaac Dixon, the pastor of the Church at Felthorpe, near Norwich, finishes his labours there on the 19th of May, 1867, and will be open to serve any church requiring a faithful servant of Christ. Testimonials can be had of Mr. George Palmer, Corn and Coal Merchant, Lenwade, Norfolk.

[We may add, Mr. Dixon is a widower, quite free from the incumbrances and privileges of a family, and would be happy to devote himself to the spiritual interests of a spiritual people.]

NOTICE.—TO OUR BAPTIST BROTHERS RESIDING IN THE SUBURBAN DISTRICTS OF LONDON.—It has often been expressed by those who have been removed in providence away from church communion and the means of hearing the truth, "how desirable it would be to have the truth preached in our neighbourhood." Where

such a desire exists, please to communicate (enclosing stamped envelope for reply) with the pastor of the Baptist Church, Hornsey Rise.

W. S. WATERER.

1, Shaftesbury Terrace, Hornsey Rise, N.

P. S.—Baptists, awake! Other denominations are at work.

HORNSEY RISE.—ERENEZER CHAPEL, BIRKBECK ROAD.—On Thursday, April 11th, two believers were baptized by the Pastor; also one by Mr. Dann, of Finchley. "Thou art our mighty All; and we give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee."

W. S. WATERER, Pastor.

WOBURN GREEN.—We thank our friend "W." Glad to know young brother Edgerton is useful. He is a member with Mr. Maycock. Mr. Crewse, the veteran in Sunday-school work, strongly recommends Mr. Edgerton to destitute churches.

THE LATE MR. EDWARD WARREN.—We have received the following note respecting the late esteemed friend, from his daughter:—Dear friend Banks,—In your Earthen Vessel for March you noticed the death of my dear father, the late Mr. Edward Warren, of Reading, informing your readers that he was buried near London; that was an error. My father died, or rather entered into his rest, on the 1st of January, 1867. I saw him about six weeks before he died: he was then sinking fast: he was very low and desponding: he said to me, "Oh that it were with me as in days past!" He wished his faith was as strong as a dear old lady we knew. I said: "Dear Father—you must be brought into her trials to have her faith. If the Lord has been precious in time past:

"If once the love of Christ we feel
Upon our hearts impressed,
The mark of that celestial seal
Can never be erased."

Again, I said, "What does God himself say?—I am the same, I change not; and he never did say to the seeking seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain: and bless his dear name, he never will." But my beloved father's last words were—"On Rock—on Rock."—Yours very truly, ELIZABETH WARREN—6, Cottage Grove, Mile End-road."

We regret that the memorial of the late Mr. Colliss, of Coggeshall, has not been forwarded to us. We assisted at his ordination, in those days when the Gospel shone more brightly in those parts than it has done lately. We always esteemed Mr. Colliss. He had his peculiarities; but he was a devout man; and of his last days we hope to receive some account.

The Four Anchors; or, Wishing for Day.

“Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.” Acts xxvii. 29.

God's designs cannot be frustrated, nor his purposes disannulled; they are all conceived in infinite wisdom, and by displays of Omnipotent power, their fulfilment is absolute and certain. Thus, it is futile for Moses to attempt to excuse himself from the position appointed him by the plea that the Israelites would not believe God had appeared unto him, or that he was not eloquent, but slow of speech, for his rod shall become a serpent to convince them, and another mouth, in the person of his brother, who could speak well, shall accompany him, that God's plan of delivering his people may be accomplished. It is madness for Jonah to rebel and seek to contravene God's command by paying his ship dues and fleeing to Tarshish; He who sees the end from the beginning had prepared a ship of different structure to bring back the disobedient prophet without paying his fare, and under, instead of on, the waves of the mighty ocean, and made him more willing to undertake the mission than before he was reluctant. In like manner it is vain for Saul to trouble himself to procure letters from the Chief Priests, and, sword in hand, proceed towards Damascus, to persecute unto death the saints of the Most High; an Almighty voice arrests his career of madness, and he who had separated him from his mother's womb, sends him to bless them he intended to curse; and it is the same with reference to the trials of the Lord's family, they came at the time determined, they will be neither more nor less than the number allotted, and they end by bringing glory to God and good to the soul.

In Paul's journey towards Rome, the hand of the Lord is clearly seen. Embarked in a ship of Alexandria, the Apostle and his companions in tribulation set sail, but shortly an adverse north-east tempestuous wind arises, and for fourteen days they are driven up and down in the dangerous Adriatic sea, till at last the vessel runs aground on the Island of Malta, fortunately, I presume would be the term used by most people, they were all saved, but we must look beyond that to God's purpose; why were they saved? because God had determined the Apostle should be brought before Cæsar, because, as we afterwards find, he had a people in Cæsar's household, and because he had designed the spread of the Gospel should take place from the then chief city of the world.

The Apostle's voyage literally resembles, experimentally, the spiritual voyage of many of the Lord's family; tossed upon the billows of the mighty ocean, sometimes mounting up to heaven, and down again to the deep, reeling to and fro, like a drunken man, they stagger, and are at their wits' end. How dreadful, beyond conception, must that fourteenth night have been for all hands on board; days had passed away without one of the heavenly luminaries making its appearance, and so terrific had been the storm, that they had continued fasting, and all hope of being saved had been taken away, when, about midnight, says the interesting narrative, the shipmen deemed they drew near to

land; this, perhaps, might have inspired a little hope, but it must, nevertheless, have caused a vast amount of anxiety; to have run upon rocks at any time would have been fearful, but at night it would have been inevitable destruction, therefore as a last resource they cast out, not one or two, but four anchors, and earnestly longed for the first streak of light which should proclaim the approach of day.

Reader, is this a representation of the state of thy soul? did you start on your spiritual voyage under prosperous circumstances, and now, to all appearance, is the hand of the Lord gone out against you? has a cold, blighting, cutting, adverse wind arisen, and thy business or thy occupation been blown upon and withered away? are you saying, I went out full, but now I am empty? has affliction overtaken thee and thy husband, or thy children, like those of Naomi, been taken away by the hand of death, and caused you to say, The Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me? has persecution arisen, and caused thy heart to grieve and thy soul to be weary? are professors pointing at thee and saying, The judgments of God are fallen upon thee because thy wickedness is great and thine iniquities infinite? is it black night in thy soul, no cheering ray from heaven to enlighten thee, no communion at a throne of grace, and no answer to prayer, with the arch enemy roaring like a lion, taunting thee with, Where is now thy God? insinuating that you cannot belong to the Lord or he would not have dealt thus with you; and suggesting that, after all, you are but a hypocrite whose hope shall perish? If such be thy state, thou art brought down to almost abject despair and can feelingly say, with England's greatest poet—

“ My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage;
Nor less than wounds immedicable,
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts, my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,
Mangle my apprehensive, tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or med'cinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook, and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure;
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of heaven's desertion.

Yes, thou art tossed upon a tempestuous sea and wishing for day. But what canst thou do till light appears? You have tried every means but all have failed; you can neither stay the wind nor command the waves; then cast out thy four anchors and wait for the day. But what are these anchors? First, I conceive it is faith resting upon the wisdom of God's helping thee to say, Shall I receive good at the hands of the Lord, and not evil? It is he who has permitted me to be brought into my present distress; it is his hand that hath touched me, but he knoweth the way that I take, and when he has tried me I shall come forth as gold. That was a fearful storm David had to pass through in his old age, when Absalom usurped the kingdom and stole away the hearts of the people; but it arose to a higher degree when Ahithophel turned against him, but it did not reach its climax till passing through Bahurim, Shimei came forth cursing, and casting stones, and stigmatising the king as a man of

Belial. "Shall I take off the head of this dead dog?" said Abishai. "No, no," said David, casting out his anchor in God's wisdom, "leave him alone, for the Lord hath said, 'Curse David.' I will wait in faith, until the storm is over, it may be the Lord's will to look upon my affliction and requite me good for this day's cursing." Is the man of Uz stripped of all he possessed? Faith in God's wisdom rises above it and says, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." All things shall work together perhaps, in a very intricate manner in a way we cannot comprehend, but they shall work together, like so many links in one vast chain, for good to them that love God, and are called according to his purpose.

"He moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

The second anchor cast forth by the soul is faith in God's power, which enables the mariner to say, It is the omnipotent God who has created the winds; it is he who has caused the storm to come, and the same potent hand can cause the storm to cease, he maketh the storm a calm; and although my power is gone, my strength exhausted, and my hope almost expired, yet I will wait upon him, and from an agonising soul cry, Master, carest thou not that I perish? thy arm is not shortened that it cannot save; thou didst command and the winds and the sea obeyed thee. Fever and disease gave way at thy bidding, evil spirits fled at thy voice, the dead and corrupt body of Lazarus came forth from the grave by thine Almighty power, and the whole universe of matter and mind are under thy control; therefore, out of the belly of hell will I cry unto thee for salvation; power is alone of the Lord.

The third anchor is faith in God's immutability. Reason, unbelief, and Satan suggest that God has changed. Once, say they, you did think he loved you, and that he gave himself for you; but now you have sinned, wandered from, and rebelled against him, therefore he has turned against you, and will manifest his love no more: what you have thought to be experience has only been a delusion of the brain, for had he pardoned and accepted you he would not now have forsaken the work of his hands. But faith lays hold of Jehovah's unchangeable character and says:—

"His love in times past forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

For he saw nothing in me at first but sin, yet he brought me to his feet, and gave me a desire after him. He changeth not, neither is weary; he is of one mind and none can turn him, or he would long since have given me up. I will, therefore, cast anchor in his immutability, and trust, and not be afraid; "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? I shall yet praise him and get safe to land."

The fourth anchor is faith in God's promise which in the midst of the darkest night enters into that which is within the veil and is as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast; it was this which Jacob cast out when, in the greatest trouble and distress, he cried, "O God of my fathers Abraham and Isaac, thou saidst I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, upon that promise I rest and wait for thy deliverance from the hand of Esau." It is in the time of sore tribulation that the promises of God become exceeding great and pre-

scious, when every human prop has been taken away from the soul and it finds no place to rest, O how precious then the promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." The ship may be tempest-tossed, and, to all appearance, Christ is not with those on board, but at the appointed time, at the most critical moment he is seen walking upon the boisterous waves, making good his promise, and consoling the soul with, "It is I, be not afraid." The three Hebrew men found his promise verified, for he was with them in the midst of the fire. His promise is, like himself, immutable, it cannot be broken; and he takes even pains to instruct his people in this, under the finest imagery, and says, "Can a woman forsake her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

It is said that during the great plague at Florence, a woman perceiving the dread spot upon her infant child laid it down in the street and left it to die. Yes, the ties of nature may be forgotten, "yet," saith the Lord, "will I not forget thee; thou art graven upon the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me." "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Tried, tempest-tossed child of God, stay thy frail bark upon these four anchors, be of good courage and he shall strengthen thine heart, and as you have sometimes seen the blackest thunder-cloud tinged with the golden rays of the sun, so upon thy troubled soul shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing beneath his wings to shine away every sorrow and distress, and bring you once more into the light of day.

H. STANLEY.

30, Robert street, Bow, E.

Mr. John Kershaw again at Zoar.

OUTLINES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. KERSHAW, AT ZOAR CHAPEL, GREAT ALIE STREET, LONDON, ON THURSDAY, MAY 9TH, 1867.

ON the above-mentioned day, or, more properly speaking, on the evening of that day, we wended our way through the poverty-marked streets, to that ancient birth-place of souls—Zoar chapel.

The building is quite in keeping with the neighbourhood, not possessing any architectural attraction or internal elegance. Solomon's temple was not its model; for while that, according to some writers, cost over £900,000,000, this, unless the builders charged exorbitantly, cost a mere trifle. It abuts upon the pavement, and the noise of foot-passengers and vehicles outside often annoys the congregation. The place is gloomy and dingy outside, and inside it loses little of that character. And the extreme height of pews, in a place we believe capable of seating over 800 people, makes it the very image of darkness. Yet what is the gloom of a place, compared with the privilege of associating with God's dear esteemed people! Where Christ reveals himself, no matter where that is, the shades of gloom are scattered. Spots where we have beheld his glory, are consecrated in a way a bishop's art attains not to. Ah! and we love the meeting-places of God's family:—

"We love their gates, we love the road,
The Church adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face."

And as we entered Zoar, we could not help thinking of the place of our spiritual birth, the place where the first cry for mercy went up from us to God, and the place where beams of hope shone on our dungeoned soul. And a grandeur seemed to mark God's earthly courts, and we involuntarily said to ourselves:—

"My heart shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns."

While memory holds her throne, such spots will be to us dear indeed. Dear because of the many times we have seen there a smiling God. Dear because of the sweet thoughts of the home of the ransomed family, communion with God's people, has generated in our souls: Dear because of the dews of eternal love, settling down there upon the word of our ministry. And dear as the places where the children of God have wept tears of joy from the heart, and sung songs of joy from the heart, and talked of the mercy of a Covenant God from the heart. Heaven does not differ from this. As here, so there, Christ will be our theme. As here, so there, communion with saints will be our privilege. These are truly the "gates of heaven," through which faith looking, is satisfied with a dim comprehension of our future glory. Verily, when our hearts are inflamed with love, we seem as though we could echo back, as we catch them, the dying notes from the harps of heaven. Then we cry with Dr. Watts:—

"My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this;
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

Oh! thou blessed Spirit, commissioned by a bleeding Christ, into our hearts more often come; and there erect a lasting throne.

As we entered Zoar, and found that man of half a century's ministerial, as well as Christian experience, John Kershaw, elevated to declare again the words of Gospel truth, our hearts rebounded with delight. We were too late to hear the early parts of the service. The chapel, in the lower part, was, for a week-night service, very well occupied; there being present, we should judge, from 300 to 400 persons.

The text for the evening's discourse was Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." The preacher proceeded to say: A man with a tender conscience will come to the light. A believer with a tender conscience dare not hide his sin. His aim is to make a full discovery and confession, before, and in the sight of God, of his character and condition. He does not desire to hide these from himself or God. And this is right; St. Paul enjoins this upon believers very earnestly and emphatically; he says, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith: prove your own selves." The mere thought of hypocrisy is a terror to them. Their dread is, that after all their profession they

should yet prove to be "dead in trespasses and sins," in a carnal state. They know that there are many stony-ground hearers, where there is a speedy springing up of profession; but for want of earth, for want of soil in which it can take root, it soon withers, soon disappears. They dread this. They fear, after all, they should prove a castaway. St. Paul was not altogether free from such fears; and with them God's people in all ages have been exercised. Some months ago I was brought into this very place. After fifty years of preaching, and sixty years of profession, I trembled lest I should prove to be self-deceived after all. Death, hell, and everlasting destruction from the presence of God, all appeared before me. My soul was filled with trembling, and I dared scarcely look up. I cried unto the Lord to deliver my soul out of prison and he graciously appeared, and that too with a portion of truth which had no direct application or reference to my state or condition; it is in the 23rd verse of the 4th chapter of the Acts. It was written concerning the apostles who, when they had been put in prison, after they were liberated or set free, it is said, "And being let go they went to their own company." And I felt I should go to my own company—the company of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, saints, and of good men, whom I had walked and had sweet fellowship with. The prospect cheered, and I felt a great desire to be absent from the body and to go to my own company. Now, there is much simplicity in David's prayer. He desired God to search him, to show him his secret, his hidden evil ways; fully to reveal them, that he might know the full extent of them. And here was also great humility; he goes in a child-like way before the Lord, and leaves himself in his hands. It is an humble prayer, conceived in an humble frame of mind. Those who have this fear of being deceived, or deceivers, are far safer than the man who possesses a presumptuous confidence. It was David's desire to be tried in his creed—he wished to be right there, and in his profession, for he desired to be established in that. And then he wanted to know, as there were possibly some things wrong there, what they were, and to have grace to feel them. David knew God was not ignorant of our thoughts and ways; hence, in the second verse of this Psalm, he writes, "Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising; thou understandest my thoughts afar off." By knowing afar off he means, that he perceives them in their first appearance, in their very origin. People know our thoughts by our acts; we know our thoughts by feeling them. God knows our thoughts further off than that—even before they come into being; so he did not need to search the heart to acquire knowledge, but to make manifest. This was needful on account of the sin indwelling in us; that needs to be sought out and revealed.

Now, there are two kinds of thoughts. We read of thoughts "only evil, and that continually," which cause a constant lamentation in the heart of those who are exercised thereby. The woe we feel, hence, causeth us to seek delivery. Such thoughts as these are manifest when Satan tempts, the world allures, and our hearts are running hither and thither. I knew a Christian woman in Manchester some years ago, who was sorely exercised by these things. If she went to prayer she felt these evil thoughts prevailing; if she read the Bible, then she was robbed of comfort by them; if she went to the house of God, it was still the same; and she began to write very bitter things against herself.

But one day she went to the house of God, and her regular minister being out a stranger was there, and he on rising to preach said, "I have a singular text to preach from this morning, and could get no other; you will find it in the 113th verse of Psalm cxix., 'I hate vain thoughts; but thy law do I love.'" "Do I hate them?" Ah," thought the poor soul, "that I do." And from that time she was delivered from this snare. This, I call, a knowing something of the plague of the heart. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh," which is painfully realized at times. But we wage war against ourselves, that we may bring into subjection every thought to the obedience of Christ. Then there are all such thoughts as are indited by the Spirit of God. We read, "Then they that feared the Lord 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." Now, mark that,—“for them that thought upon his name.” As I was coming to London I stopped at a friend's at Peterborough. I saw a Bible on the table, and felt glad—for the sight of a Bible has often gladdened my heart—and I opened the Bible at the last verse of the 19th Psalm, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer." We have no strength in ourselves; it is all in our Redeemer; and from him we receive strength.

Secondly, he says, "Lead me in the way everlasting." We are led right only when the Lord leads us. There are blind leaders of the blind; and both these leaders and the led go wrong. There are but two ways and two places to which we can go. Our Lord's own words in the 7th chapter of Matthew point to this: "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat: because strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." This statement concerning the straitness of the way is confirmed in my heart. Were the word of God silent on the point his people's experience would prove it. Now, Christ declares himself to be the way: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." The redeemed walk in this way. He is the way, the alone way, from the curse and condemnation, from destruction and the torments of the damned.

Now, let me ask, is not my, is not your prayer that of David? Self-examination is very profitable, and very honouring to God. There was a man—a minister and a backslider—who once went to see a godly woman, and she saw he was in liquor, and she said, "Sir, however can you come to books with God when you give way to such a habit? How dare you act thus?" And he replied, "O, I'm in a cage; I cannot come forth." A man who has let his accounts get into a disordered state will try and put off the balancing day. So the professor who is in a low state, will put off self-examination. May God prevent this in your case, for his mercy's sake. Amen.

Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham.

ISAAC PEGG.

Four Sons Dead in One Day.

A SHORT PAPER ON
THE PRIVILEGES, TRIALS, AND TRIUMPHS OF THE
CHRISTIAN FAITH.

CHAPTER V.

"It is enough!" the heaving bosom cries,
When joys o'erwhelm, or grieved nature sighs;
"It is enough!" said Israel in his joy,
"My Joseph lives! I'll see my darling boy."
So cried the saint Elijah, man of God,
Tried, tempted, shrinking from the chastening rod;
"It is enough! my God, I long for death;
Mine is no better than my father's breath."
"It is enough!" belongs to God alone,
And Christ's "enough!" was when his time was come;
When God in all His nature of the man,
Did give the final stroke to mercy's plan.

It was a winter's Saturday night, as I have said, after the wedding—after some reflections upon the death of the father of the bride, and after some little silent prayer to the Lord for His blessing—when those consoling words crossed over my mind, and entered into my soul, "Refrain thy voice from weeping, &c., thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded; and thy children shall come again from the land of the enemy." Jeremiah wrote them in the sixteenth verse of his thirty-first chapter; and in a literal sense this prophecy is thought to look forward to the incarnation of the Son of God when Herod slew all the young children he could; thinking and intending thereby to destroy the young child's life, whom God had sent into the world to destroy the works of the devil; but Herod could not defeat the purposes of God. Ten thousand Herods may arise, they may make the streets to flow with blood; but the Son of God shall finish His work, triumph over all His foes, and fulfil to the jots and tittles every portion of the Sacred Word.

As I silently mused over this prophecy and promise, I asked myself the question—"Is there not a strong testimony here in favour of infant salvation? Death cuts off our children; parents weep and mourn bitterly; mothers become Rachels indeed; but to all spiritual Rachels the cheering voice is heard, 'Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; thy children shall come again from the land of that great enemy, for the last enemy which shall be destroyed is death.'" The words of the Lord by Jeremiah express the holy triumphs of a living faith. Faith is a mother to the soul. She bringeth forth children. These children, or fruits of a living faith, are for the glory of God, and for the comfort of the soul which hath them. It does appear, in times of heavy trial, that all these children of a divine faith are cut off. Then there is either a sad lamentation, or, there is in that bereaved soul a hardness almost amounting to a presumptuous despair; but where the seeds of a spiritual and a divine life are implanted, they will come forth with sighs and tears, and with earnest cries to God, as may be seen in some of the Psalms; in the case of the prodigal son; in the whole of Peter's life; and in the testimony of many thousands of the Lord's children.

My mind was led into a silent and instructive meditation upon those consoling words written in Jeremiah xxxi. 15—17. They carried me to the weepings of Christ in the days of his travail and suffering here; and to his triumphs over all his enemies in the days of His resurrection; but especially to those times to which this prophecy more specially refers. I mean Gospel times, and glory times, too, if such an expression might be used, the period of which the Lord here speaks, when he says "At the same time, saith the Lord, will I be the God of all the families of Israel; and they shall be my people." Israel hath many families now; and in Christ and in the Covenant of Grace the Lord is their God; but when all his families shall be gathered together; when they shall make up one body, one bride; when the marriage of the Lamb shall be come; when his wife shall have made herself ready;" then, in a higher sense than my mind can now fully conceive, in a brighter sense than my tongue can now express, in a more perfect sense than my pen can describe; will all the precious promises in this most precious prophecy, be gloriously and resplendently perfected and fulfilled in the exaltation of the whole body of the Redeemer; and Christ will have the full reward of all his work; while his faithful people, whose faith hath been sharply tried, will understand those three words in Peter better than we can understand them now. He says, "That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold which perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto (here come the three words which have sometimes occupied my thoughts, unto) *Praise*, and *HONOUR*, and *GLORY*, at the *APPEARING* of *JESUS CHRIST*." Who can tell what is contained in the meaning of those three words, "*PRAISE*, and *HONOUR*, and *GLORY*!"

But I must not allow myself thus to wander. I am coming, as carefully as I can, to the opening of something which may be but lightly esteemed. "To the hungry soul (Solomon saith) every bitter thing is sweet." And now, please to notice the part of Jeremiah's prophecy has to do with Rachel's weeping and with Ephraim's repenting; and there is much that is bitter in it: but to me it has been sweet indeed.

I shall be very free to acknowledge that *The Scattered Nation* (a monthly of good merit) was a kind of handmaid to lead me up to some thoughts, and to the preaching of some sermons, which the Lord, I hope, did bless, and which, when more fully given to the churches, may be useful to thousands of the bruised and afflicted "who halt by the way."

The tribe of Ephraim in the Old Testament, and the Prodigal Son in the New Testament are twin-types, as we may say. They are not useful, not very well understood, not very precious, to all the family; but their history, their character, their testimony, their trials and experiences, are recorded, in order that the children of our anti-typical David, when driven to the ends of the earth, and when their hearts are overwhelmed within them may have, through the revelations and teachings of the Holy Spirit, something to encourage them still to cry out, "lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Nearly the whole of this month of May my time has been occupied travelling and preaching, and I cannot get further now. Next month, Rachel and Ephraim shall come to light.

Thoughts on the Resurrection.

BY PASTOR SAMUEL J. BANKS, OF BANBRIDGE, IRELAND.

“The Lord is risen indeed”—Luke xxiv. 34.

THE present season if nothing more to do with the grand event of the Resurrection of Christ, most certainly tends to bring the circumstance before your mind for which we would be thankful as a remembrancer of so rich a theme. May our hearts burn within us with heavenly fire, while with joy we contemplate this lofty truth with which our highest interest is connected. While glancing at this sentence we feel there are three divisions on which our thoughts may dwell, and hope to find some sweet morsels of comfort which shall draw our souls upward towards a precious Redeemer; and, in language of soul experienced delight, say to our risen Saviour, “Abide with us.”

I. *We may notice the Lord.* II. *The risen Lord.* III. *The Lord is risen indeed.*

I. The words POINT TO THE LORD.—Not a Lord of which there are many; but the Lord who is the ONE Lord of heaven and earth, of saints and angels, but in our contemplations here we are led to take a view of our Lord prior to the time of which the text speaks, who though the Man of sorrows, was, nevertheless, the Lord of all. That which brought him so near to us, namely—his humiliation, separated him from the carnal mind. He came unto his own, but his own received him not; but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.” The Lord appeared among men as one of them, and that of lowly form; had he appeared in their midst arrayed in royal robes, surrounded with world’s honours, or bespangled with glittering tinsel of earthly grandeur, with pride would they have built around him the monuments of regal dignity; but to this carpenter’s son, whom they knew as one of them, who could do honour or receive him but as the child of poverty? They did not see his glory, and therefore in this respect they cast him out of their thoughts. Poor, proud man! thy numerous seed still live to fulfil the Scripture, which, in the language of Isaiah, reads, “He was despised and rejected of men.” And yet, O Christian, mark how this royal seed, as he grew up, and went forth among men like a mighty magnet, drew from the dust of polluted mortals very many of Adam’s sinful race, who, by his gracious power and holy teachings, could say “The Lord,” and by appropriating faith, “My Lord, and my God.” Now, my dear reader, just stop, and ask the all important question, Is he my Lord? He who lay in the manger, grew up the obedient child, walked forth the intelligent youth, became the useful missionary to the temporal and spiritual conditions of the multitudes, was the doing, enduring, suffering, bleeding, dying, martyr, the wonderful and only Saviour. Is this Man of sorrows, suffering malefactor, King of kings, nevertheless, thy Lord, thy God? If so, happy soul, Jesus is thine, and you, seeing his glory, can sing,

“ Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Sounded through the wide creation,
 Be thy just and lawful praise.
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, amen.

To such praising souls I am sure the next thought must be, ever will be, sweet.

II. THE RISEN LORD.—The Lord is risen, said the heart-delighted disciples, as they found the eleven gathered together in Jerusalem.” And, in telling the same tale after 1800 years have rolled away, we feel that it is calculated to give the same thrill of joy to each heaven-born soul now as then, The Lord is risen. In the sad forebodings of the two disciples to Emmaus, we see a true picture of our own sad state, had we not a risen Lord to proclaim. We might tell of sin and its dreadful consequences ; but could tell of no hope for the sinner. Our preaching, our writing, would be in vain. Man, poor man, yet in his sins. “ But now,” says the apostle, “ is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept,” and on this solid foundation rests all our hopes, and out of it springs all our rejoicings ; without it a darkness reigns, which might be felt, but with it a light which scatters all night, and brings to the believer eternal day.

The most enlarged desire of the soul, the most sanguine expectations enkindled in the breast of the Christian, through the perusal of the Divine revelation, receives all its strength and confirmation of hope on this solid ground—The Lord is risen. Eternity, with all its untold realities, and heaven with all its unutterable grandeur, rises into one vast and unclouded scene of heavenly glory, by the great doctrine of a risen Lord. Whatever might have been the darkness which would have covered the people without so sweet a truth, in this sacred gem we can see the very fulfilment of all prophecy, and the free payment of all promises in reference to Christ, the Saviour of men, as well as the more glorious path of the “ Ancient of days.” As the lover of the Saviour looks on the sad scene of the object of his love as he walked through the dark path of sorrow below he could but sigh and cry because of his sins, and his Saviour’s sufferings ; but as he gazes on the path trodden, the suffering endured, the sacrifice complete, the work of Redemption done, he takes his harp, and tunes each string, and strikes the chord in notes of praise to which his very soul joins in singing,

“ Praise the Redeemer, Almighty to save,
 Immanuel has triumph’d o’er Death and the grave ;
 Sing for the door of the dungeon is open,
 The captive came forth at the dawn of the day,
 How vain the precaution, the signet is broken,
 The watchmen, in terror, have fled far away.
 Praise the Redeemer.

Praise to the Conqueror ; O, tell of his love,
 In pity to mortals, he came from above,
 Who shall for the tyrant his prison.
 The sceptre lies broken that fell from his hand ;
 His dominion is ended ; the Lord is arisen ;
 The helpless shall soon be released from their bonds.
 Praise the Redeemer.”

Little did the disciples think, when travelling to Emmaus, and communing one with the other so sadly of their departed friend that the

stranger walking with them was indeed their risen Lord; and has not the resurrection of Christ brought him very near to every believer? Is not his precious name "Immanuel," now most sweetly realized in our own experience, "God with us?" Does not our Jesus draw near to us, come in the midst of our little companies, open up the Scriptures to us, and will he not be with us always? Yes, in trouble; yes, in sickness; yes, in death; yes, in glory, and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

III. The Lord is risen *indeed*. I shall give one thought more on this precious Bible truth calculated to strengthen our weak faith. There are some points just referred to in the Word of God, but not repeated; this glorious truth is not one of those points, but one which occupies a high place in the Book of books.

The Holy Spirit gives much prominence to the Resurrection of Christ, and sets it forth in many ways. He has seen fit to confirm our faith on this special doctrine, and O, how we should prize it!

The prophets foretold of it. How sweetly does the Psalmist speak of it in the 16 chap. 10 ver., "For thou wilt not leave my my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." This remarkable portion is quoted both by Peter and Paul. Christ also spake of his resurrection both before and after his death, by which he not only prepared the minds of his disciples for the fact that he should die, be buried, and rise again, but also gave them infallible proofs of all its fulfilment in his person, words, and marks, showed to them whereby every doubt might be banished from their minds as to the great fact. This word indeed was so manifest in every point which directed the thoughts to the Resurrection of Christ.

Then look at the glorious combination of evidence which surrounded the rising of the Conqueror from that grave which could only hold its prisoner for the appointed time given in the eternal councils. This, indeed, was the grandest spring-time earth ever witnessed, and earth and heaven manifested their deep interest in it at the appointed moment, for there are no delays in heavenly transactions.

Angels descended from the celestial world, regardless of those watches, *man's security*, or the seal of authority, and rolled back the stone from the door. The earth shook with the keepers of the sepulchre at the movement of its mighty Prince, about to prove the truth of his words, "I have power to take it again."

The angelic testimony to those who came to the sepulchre is a precious one also, by Luke xxiv. 6, 8, "He is not here, but is risen; remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, saying, The Son of Man must be delivered unto the hands of sinful man, and be crucified, and the third day rise again; and they remembered his words." O, what words! Ever to be remembered with adoring gratitude and love.

"Will he remember Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget."

Poor, doubting disciples, in thought we can follow them, and see in them a type of the disciples now, dark indeed, in feelings and prospects too, but this woeful darkness precedes the bright dawning of joy, and from that time they are to have their faith strengthened as through

them to impart light, and peace, and comfort down to the end of time, from that same soul-cheering sentence.

"The Lord is risen indeed." "Come, see the place where the Lord lay;" that is empty, but he who lay there lives for evermore, a risen Lord, and we, in him, behold a type of our joyful "Resurrection to everlasting life."

"A sure and certain hope is ours,
Which we through Christ obtain,
Clothed with immortal life and power,
Our dust shall rise again."

The Sound of the Great Trumpet.

EXTRACTS OF A SERMON PREACHED AT CLARE, LORD'S-DAY MORNING,
MARCH 17TH, 1856, BY THE LATE MR. JOHN PELLE, OF SOHO,
LONDON.

"And it shall come to pass in that day, that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the Holy Mount at Jerusalem, Isa. xxvii. 13.

AND why is this called a great trumpet? Why, because there is none like it. And the Lord spoke unto Moses saying, "Make thee two trumpets of silver, of a whole piece shalt thou make them, Numb. xx. 1—10. You see there is no mixture here, for they are to be of a whole piece, here are also to be two trumpets used, and what use is one without the other? For, as I apprehend, it means the Gospel of truth and the prayer of faith. Now, it is said the great trumpet is to be blown, and it must also give a certain sound, for if it gives an uncertain sound who shall prepare himself for the battle; for if it sounds for them to go backward when it should sound for them to go forward, we know not what would be the consequence. But the Lord has chosen his trumpeters and makes use of whom and what means he pleases to accomplish his divine purpose; and it is only as he blows into them that they can blow out to the people. But when this great trumpet is set to the mouth of his servants and blown with the wisdom, power, and skill of the blessed Spirit of all truth; why, then it gives a certain sound, and which sound is heard afar off, proclaiming liberty to the captive and the poor, trembling, broken-down, sinner that is ready to think that he must be lost for ever, ready to think that there is no hope and no mercy, ready to think that he must presently sink into the pit of everlasting perdition, and feeling withal ready to perish, to such, this trumpet has a most glorious sound. And what does it say? "Deliver him from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom for him." The poor captive then, hearing this sound, is loosed from his bonds, and feeling sweet liberty and pardon through the blood of a crucified Redeemer, cannot help singing—

"Believing we rejoice,
To see the curse remove,
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love."

Now, as I said, there are other sounds, and which mixes faith with works and works with grace, and grace with works and so on. When you hear such sounds as these, you may at once conclude that it is not the sound of the Gospel trumpet, it is a fleshy, mind-pleasing, sound because it lifts up the sinner and dethrones Jesus instead of enthroning him, and brings no glory to God's name, but says, Man, save thyself. And such is the manner of all those who run before they are sent. Now, those of the people of God who are accustomed to sit under such sounds as those which perhaps give a sound sometimes within a little certain; and then at another time quite uncertain; so that nothing can be heard distinctly, those I say who are accustomed to sit under such sounds as this, who are weak in faith and babes in grace, they get them into such a bewildered state sometimes, that they could not tell you for the life of them what their real position is, or where they are.

Now, when the trumpet is blown by the might and power of the Spirit proclaiming the work, worth, merit, death, and resurrection, and intercession of Jesus as the great all and in all of the sinner's salvation; then there is a going forward in humble obedience in holy reliance, in sweet confidence, trusting only to the blood and righteousness of the once-crucified, but now risen, and reigning Lord Jesus, confident that there is no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved; and blessed be God, we want no other, being so truly satisfied with this. And it shall come to pass in that day, that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish. Now, it does not say they *may* come, but they *shall* come. Ah, but have you read your text right, sir? Yes, it says they shall come. I love that little word SHALL. Ah, I love all God's "shalls" and "wills," for they are almighty shalls, and everlasting wills. He speaks the word, and it is done, and when he says they shall come, they come, and they must come. He never asks sinners if they would like to come, but he says they shall come there; he makes them willing in the day of his power, and then they are glad to come. I believe no poor sinner ever comes to Christ until he feels his lost state as miserable, helpless, and, as it were, houseless, and homeless, without a shelter, naked, and without clothing, and in this situation, feeling ready to perish, I say, they are ready to come. And to such as feel like this I would say, come, and he will in no wise cast you out.

Ah, says the poor, guilty, trembling, fearful, soul that longs to feel nearness to Jesus, but trembles lest he should cast him out, do you think I may come? Do you think that he will receive me? Do you think that he will cast me away? No, he will never cast you away if you feel your need of him. No coming to him otherwise, that would be mockery. But if you feel to need his help to need his salvation, having no hope in yourself or anywhere else, and feeling that you must perish without him, I say you may come, and he will in no wise cast you out. And they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria and the outcasts in the land of Egypt; the "outcasts," and what are they? Ah, we are all outcasts, sin has cast us out of the presence of God nor can we ever come near him only through the blessed Mediator, the Daysman between God and poor guilty sinners—even Jesus. Well those outcasts, they are to come too. And what are they to do when they come? It is said they shall worship the Lord

in the holy mount at Jerusalem. Yes, they shall worship him, they must, after he has delivered them from that state of bondage and captivity, and has brought them savingly into communion and nearness with himself, then they must worship him, they cannot help it. Nor can any one hinder them; though enemies have tried their uttermost to do so, defaming their character, casting down and away their reputation, putting them into the dungeon, into the stocks, into the prisons, into the fires, and I don't know what all, and yet still they worshipped God and sang praises at midnight when other people were afraid to go to sleep. It is said they shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem; they shall worship him in the holy mount in the New Jerusalem above, and, as I have hinted, they must worship him upon the earth too. But oh, how much better shall they worship him in the glory-world above it doth not yet appear, and ascribe all the glory of their "souls' salvation" to his holy name who alone deserves it all.

MY SOUL IS FULL OF TROUBLES.

Ps. LXXXVIII. 3.

In another Psalm it says, "The troubles of my heart are enlarged." Also in another, "Thou hast showed me sore troubles." By these expressions we understand that a man's troubles may increase, and be of a painful nature; but my text speaks of troubles beyond this, for it says, "My soul is full of troubles;" that is to say, there is no room for another; I have all that can fall to my share. This may, in a certain sense, be true, but such a declaration can hold good of no one so properly as of Christ Jesus; for none but He could say—"Behold, and see, all ye that pass by, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger." The soul of our Lord Jesus Christ was full of troubles of all kinds. He knew all about our troubles in the height, length, depth, and breadth of them. He had law troubles, temporal troubles, Satanic troubles, and church troubles. He might well say, with his soul full of troubles—"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." But let us for a minute or two consider the text as the language of Heman describing the exercises of his mind, and setting forth his experience.

The writer of this psalm compares

himself to a man that is dead, and without strength. Though a quickened soul, and a child of God, yet Heman felt himself to be lifeless in holy things: without zeal, without love, and without the inward feeling of spiritual sanctification. No real child of God dare to look simply at his outward sanctification, and put his confidence in that; oh, no; he wants to feel himself inwardly sanctified by the indwelling of Jesus, and the Holy Spirit's own testimony. He deplores his barrenness and carnality, and cannot help saying—

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours."

Again, the believer feels as though he had no strength, no strength in prayer, no strength in reading God's word, no strength in hearing the Gospel preached, and no strength in spiritual conversation. I mean by all this, the Christian is sometimes in such a condition that he has no power to lay hold on holy things, and realise his own interest in them. He finds no unction, no sweetness, nor any consolation whatever. Another of Heman's troubles was, *the fierce wrath of God lay heavy upon him*. From this we learn that a child of God may be greatly terrified by the law, even after being delivered from it; he may again be troubled with his sins; the law may again thunder against him

as a sinner; Satan may roar, sin threaten destruction, the world persecute, and everything forbode the ruin of the soul. Another of Heman's troubles was, *he thought the Lord had cast off his soul*. We learn from this that a man may believe in eternal election, particular redemption, everlasting love, and final perseverance; and yet, under a dark and dismal cloud, he may think his soul is cast away. Yea, after having had clear evidences of his interest in Christ, he may be brought into a despairing state. Another of Heman's troubles is—*God had put far from him lover and friend*. They could not, perhaps, afford him any comfort, because they could not enter into his experience any more than Job's friends could understand his case. Perhaps by *lover* in this psalm, a servant of God may be meant, for these are lovers of the sheep and lambs; but the lover here spoken of might not have sufficient experience of his own to meet the case of Heman, and so Heman could get no comfort under the word. The meaning may be this: all society, such as Heman desired, was put far from him, so that he seemed to be shut out from that company his soul so much longed for. But here are troubles of another kind we may now look at. Sin is the cursed seed that was sown in the Fall, and the harvest we reap from this sowing is all our troubles. When God hides his face, and we cannot feel satisfied that our sins are forgiven, this is a sore trouble. When filled with doubts and fears, and unbelief, and when we are under the hidings of God's face, we are made to roar out with poor Job, "O that I knew where I might find him!" But again, there are inward troubles of another kind, and which consist of God's terrors and a guilty conscience, and which ungodly professors are sometimes the subject of. Cain had an inward trouble; the murder of his brother was constantly before him. The voice of God—"What hast thou done?" was constantly in his ears. Saul's terror and trouble was, he could feel nothing, only that he was given up to the hardness of his heart, for the Lord would no more speak to him either by Urim or Thummim.

The terror and trouble of Judas was, he had, for the love of money, betrayed the innocent blood. His trouble was, he had sold Him who was all goodness; and had, in the very face of conscience and abundant proofs, delivered Jesus into the bonds of wicked men, who was full of compassion, and always went about doing good.

But to pass by all this, there are troubles of a peculiar character by which Christians are sorely exercised. Constitutional sins are very distressing to quickened souls, and cause some to walk the greater part of the way to heaven in darkness. Satan's suggestions and temptations are sore troubles; and besides these, there are troubles bred in our very nature which cause almost incessant sorrow. For instance: pride troubles one; a bad temper troubles another; an inclination to covetousness troubles another; a propensity to strong drink troubles another; thoughts tending to uncleanness troubles another; and continual darkness and hardness of heart, through a nervous and phlegmatic constitution, trouble another. Once more. There are outward troubles concerning which I must say a word. We all have our share of these; some more and some less; the rich have their troubles as well as the poor. The monarch on the throne is not without troubles any more than the poorest peasant in the kingdom. The Government is not without its troubles any more than a private family. The Church of God is full of troubles as well as earthly communities. People in the single life have their troubles, being subject to crosses and disappointments. People in the married life have their troubles. They have great troubles in seeking bread for themselves and their little ones. They have trouble in earning money; and much more trouble, after earning it, in making the pence and halfpence go as far as they possibly can. The husband has his wife's troubles; the wife has her husband's troubles; and both have the troubles of a large family. Again. The most favoured servant of God is not without his troubles. He has his own personal troubles—the troubles

of a family, the troubles of the church, and the troubles of the poor and afflicted ; in addition to these, he is in troubles by sin, Satan, and the world. Now, when all these things are duly considered, we need not wonder that our text should say, "My soul is full of troubles."

SIGNS OF HOLY LIFE.

BY C. J. SILVERTON.

OF TRINITY-STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL, TRINITY STREET, BOROUGH.

IN last month's paper we promised in some other month to speak of some other signs of life divine. There may be signs of life in a child, yet it may soon be dead. But not so with the Christian ; if he ever lives at all, he will live on for ever and ever. It is no matter how faint the life may be, if he have a breath of spiritual life in his soul, he shall never die. If children breathe in their birth, they are counted among those who once lived, and are dead. It is not how much life you have ; but have you any ? I say one breath of spiritual life insures eternal glory. Then, beloved, cast not away thy trust because you art not strong. Do not say you are not alive because you are weak. The weakness of our poor bodies may bring on death ; but the weakness of life in the soul shall never so end. Thou shalt never die—no, never. The candle of natural light may burn out ; with some, it is growing very dim even now ; but the candle of God's grace, lit up by the Holy Ghost in thy soul, my reader, shall never go out, nor shall it be put out. This living spring shall never dry up. Oh, saints, if God has once breathed into your souls the holy breath of new life, you are safe for the land of rest. Yes, and if the life be only as the life of a new-born babe, and that babe a sickly one, still thou art safe ; for thou art a living child, and all who live in God's family can never die. There are no deaths in God's household ; His sons and daughters never die. That which is born in the second birth is born to live. The saints may be, and many of them are, very weak, very sickly, look thin and bad ; but the inward

man is not to die, for all that—no, but as the outward drops away, the inward is to grow stronger and stronger.

As chaff is taken from wheat,
The body into dust will turn,
The soul with glory then will meet,
And with eternal love will burn.

The question is—is there life in the soul?—the life of God's elect—a holy, heavenly life. If there is life in the soul, there will be a breathing after God—a looking to Jesus—a crying for the Spirit. The soul will go out of its own town to seek the Saviour. Those who live are mostly on the look out for Christ Jesus the Lord. Why should they seek him if they did not love him ? Do dead sinners make a journey after Christ ? Do they seek whom they love not ? A child seeks its mother's breast ; so a saint seeks his Father's care. Thou couldst not have a pure wish for heaven and Jesus if thou wert not a living child. The reaching out the hand proves there is life in the body ; and if the hand of the soul is stretched out toward Christ, does it not also show a sign of life in the soul ? From the cradle our face is set hellward ; we should never have turned to look after Christ—if Christ had not turned to look after us. Well now, poor Christian, you say there is not a spark of life in thee. Very well. This is what you say : you would not like to be told that by any one else. Well, if you are not a saint—if you are not right for heaven, give up all care about it—don't think any more of it—don't be troubled about that which will do thee no good—have no more to do with God's book, nor with God's house, nor with God's people. Oh, say you, I could not give it up for all the world ; bless you, no ; give it up ! why then I should be lost for ever. Then, you have a little hope, after all. Well, I can't give it up, as you say, hope or no hope. No, I know you cannot ; and bless the Lord of heaven and earth, it will never give you up. It has kept you till this day, and will not let you go. You will part from all your sins, but not from your Saviour.

The Lord help thee to pick up a sign that thou art a true child of the Most High God. Can'st thou not find in the book of thine experience a repenting sign, a praying sign, a believing sign, a rejoicing sign, a looking sign, a longing sign, a wishing sign? If you cannot prove your relationship to Christ, can you prove your relationship to Satan? Can you prove you are not a Christian? Are you sure there is no grace in your heart? Are you quite certain that you have no love for Jesus? Do you mean to say you do not care for salvation, and that you would as soon be lost as saved? No, no, no, say you, I cannot prove that I do not love the Lord; my trouble is, because I do not love Him more. Well, now, if you love at all, then God is your Father, and heaven is your home.

He would not have shown thee all these things if He had been pleased to have killed thee. I will now speak to thee in a few verses.

My soul, why art thou sad,
What mean these gloomy fears?
If thou no Saviour had,
'Twere reason for thy tears;
But since the Lord is thine alone,
Now bow and worship at his throne.

Has Jesus turned away,
Is darkness in thy sky,
With trembling dost thou pray,
And heave the mournful sigh?
Yet since the Lord is thine alone,
Bow ye and worship at his throne.

The Lord will pour his light,
My soul shall sing for joy,
And this my gloomy night
Shall ne'er my heart employ;
Till then I'd serve the Lord alone,
Would bow and worship at his throne.

Why, then, should'st thou complain,
God is thy Father still,
He'll cheer thee yet again,
And thou shalt learn His will;
So since the Lord is thine alone,
I'll bow and worship at his throne.

And when the silver cord,
My Jesus' hand shall loose,
And grace shall me afford
To view my heavenly house
My crown I'll cast to God alone,
Will ever bow before his throne.

Oh grant me, Lord, to stand,
On yonder happy shore,
With Jesus hand in hand,
To sin to fear no more;
And then I'll praise the Lord alone,
Will bow and worship at his throne.

I hear the Master's voice,
He comes to set me free,
I am his holy choice,
I can my Shepherd see;
He is my Lord, my God alone,
I bow, I worship at his throne.
E. J. SILVERTON.

BLESSED MOMENTS.

DEAR READER,—Dost thou know what it is to have them? Hast thou felt the preciousness of Jesus passing by, and pouring out of his cup of joy the sparkling drops of that "river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God?" Yes, hast thou "drunk of the brook by the way?" If so, thou can'st at least say with me—

"Sweetest moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend."

I pen these few lines from a bed of affliction, which has extended to a period of nine months; the cause immediate was a rupture of the lung on the left side. I mention this, that critical readers may not say this is written in a spirit of lowness and weakness; for although such is truly the case, yet it is not the immediate cause of my attempting a word of comfort to "the people whose God is the Lord." I trust the love of God constraineth me ever, when I have a desire to speak to His glory.

I will tell you one lesson I have learned in this school of affliction, and that is, to have no respect of persons.

When the Lord, by His Holy Spirit, was pleased to show me some of the deeper truths of the word, I imbibed such a spirit of exclusiveness that I thought strict Baptists were about the only people who knew anything of real religion; but judge my surprise to find that my own pastor took a turn of "self-importance" by fancying that the chapel we worshipped in was not large

enough to accommodate his congregation, and he consequently went (unknown to the church) and engaged a hall to preach in, instead of the humble little sanctuary which had suited every preacher but himself.

We then find him sitting quietly, and "taking the uppermost place at a feast," whilst amongst the assembly below there were persons actually selling his portrait!! We hear of him also being the procuring cause of the dismissal of a deacon, whose services to the church had been greatly arduous, and much esteemed. Other circumstances tended to prejudice my mind against such an empty form, without the mind of Christ; but judge of my astonishment to find that the poor despised Methodists afforded me relief in temporal things, as did also the Independents, whilst "my pastor" kept away from me altogether, and his people too. This was consequent on his meeting Mr. Ormiston, a clergyman of the Church of England, at my house on one of his visits.

When will this cursed bigotry cease? And when will men learn to "love all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth," and leave off bitterness to those who cannot see that which has first to be given to them? JOHN HARVEY.

Barnsbury.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

"The Autobiography of a Minister of the Gospel."

Brother John Dixon has issued the second part of his life. It can be had of him for six stamps, from 17, Buckingham Road, Kingsland. Of the simplicity of Mr. Dixon's style, of the sincerity of his heart, and of the good success which sometimes attended his labours, we cannot promise any better proof than is to be found in the following paragraph. Of one event during his pastorate at Maidstone, he says:—

"When we are witnesses of the fulfilment of God's Word, and in a peculiar manner, it surely becomes us to publish it. Within my observation and knowledge, "There was a brand plucked out of the fire," in the

evident salvation of a relative of one of our members. She had been very immoral. Now, being seriously ill, with symptoms of consumption, she was brought to her father's house. I visited her, and she expressed her anxious concern about her soul, confessing she was a great sinner. Several times I read, and talked, and prayed with and for her, her distress of soul being acute. The suffering of her body was great, and she sank rapidly. But a few days previous to her death, she told me that Christ had given her a sense of His pardoning mercy, and that I had been the means of greatly comforting her. By request, I officiated at her interment in the cemetery, and felt a confidence in committing her body to the earth, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." And on the following Sabbath I was constrained to speak of the "plucked brand" as a trophy of distinguishing grace; and to show how she participated of the riches of Divine favour, which manifested her soul to be a "vessel of mercy afore prepared unto glory."

"The Things which shall be Hereafter, or, Gods Testimony about the Future." By Septimus Sears. Nisbet and Co., Berner's-street.

In Mr Sears's introduction, he has so exactly written out the experience and faith of our own soul, that we became at once delighted with, and thankful for the book, especially as it is from the word of God, almost exclusively. Mr. Sears has drawn his conclusions, and furnished heaven's testimonies with reference to the future. We heartily rejoice in finding Mr. Sears on the side of truth in these great and solemn themes. Mr. James Wells's sermon "Unchangeable Times," created in us a strong desire to lay before the churches the mind of God, and the true meaning of the Scriptures with reference to those developments of the Divine glory unto which the Gospel Dispensation is designed to carry the Church of Christ; but Mr. Sears, in this volume, has, we believe, so fairly and honestly given for every branch a "Thus saith the Lord," that nothing can be produced superior to this. Nevertheless, we look with some

anxiety to the Letters to Mr. Wells, by Dr. John Mason, which we expect to see in the GOSPEL GUIDE. We heartily recommend all opponents to the future fulfilment of prophecy, to read Mr. Sears' book.

"*The Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life.*" By W. Taylor. London: S. W. Partridge.

Mr. Joseph Taylor comes from California, where he was instrumental in raising a large church, and in a moral point of view, of doing much good. He has travelled over large parcels of this earth's surface, has seen some strange things, and has a strong mind of his own for studying, for writing, for lecturing, and for all evangelistic labours. He makes some statements which puzzle us; his views of the Gospel in some parts we cannot understand; still, in some narrations and illustrations he appears very happy. We heard him deliver part of a lecture, and could not perceive any particular gifts for public speaking; but then, while we are hot and hasty, he is slow and sure, and much the better pleader of the two, no doubt.

"*The Watchman of Ephraim.*"

John Wilson, Esq., of Brighton, issues through the house of W. Macintosh, a sixpenny monthly, entitled *The Watchman of Ephraim*, which contains more solid and truly edifying scriptural knowledge than any modern work at so cheap a rate. To the honest students of God's holy book of prophecy, this monthly will be to their pure minds strong and wholesome meat indeed. Mr. Wilson's labours must be heavy, but his reward is, and will be, righteous and incalculably large. In spirit we love and esteem him highly for his devotion, discernment and faithfulness to his God. In CHEERING WORDS for June we have given a small paper from Mr. Wilson's May number of *Watchman of Ephraim*. We ask our readers to read and circulate it.

Weekly Communion: a Privilege and Duty. By Charles Morgan, Baptist minister, Jarrow. London: Elliot Stock.

This is an interesting tract, and in

more senses than one, we hope it will benefit the good cause it seeketh to serve. As a Missionary, as a Pioneer, Mr. Morgan has done well. In every Gospel way, we wish him all the prosperity the Lord has promised unto those who faithfully honour Him.

The Second Man; or, the Lord from Heaven, being an inquiry into the unity of the Godhead. By Rev. J. M. Taylor, M.A., I.C.D. London: W. H. Collingridge.

This pamphlet is, to us, exceedingly difficult to understand. Mystery, solemnity, and timidity, all have prevented us from feeling pleased or profited with it. But we hope to weigh its contents more carefully, and refer to it again.

The River of Life Pilgrims, &c., a Sacred Allegory, in Shilling parts. London: W. H. Collingridge.

We do think the author of this Allegory means well, but what he means in some things we cannot tell.

A HYMN

COMPOSED FOR THE WHITSUNTIDE FESTIVITY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS CONNECTED WITH THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, KING-STREET, OLDHAM; TO BE HELD ON JUNE 14, 1867.

BY WILLIAM STOKES, MANCHESTER.

Awake our youthful tongues,
In notes of holy praise;
Awake to honour in our songs,
The Guardian of our days.

To Him, our God and Friend,
We owe another year;
His tender love that knows no end,
Has kept us safely here.

While others, young and strong,
Have found an early grave;
We live to sing in joyful song
His mighty power to save.

Then let us, while below,
Praise Him, with all above;
And let all earth and nature know,
That God, our God, is love.

Praise Him, ye hills and dales,
Praise Him ye fields and flowers;
Pour fourth His praise ye lowly vales,
Ye plains, and quiet bowers.*

Him let the world adore,
Who gave His Son to die:
And may His praises evermore,
Sound through the earth and sky.

* See Psalm 148, as a noble specimen of universal praise.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

A WALK IN CHELTENHAM.

A REVIEW OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES IN CHELTENHAM, INCLUDING SOME OF ITS MINISTERS, THE LATE W. LEWIS, JAMES SMITH, JOHN FREEMAN, J. E. BLOOMFIELD, J. E. CRACKNELL, FRANK GRIFFIN, MASTER JONES, AND OTHERS.

AFTER preaching twice yesterday (May 19th) in Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham, I took a little walk through some of the beautiful parts of the most elegant, yet rather rural, and floricultural, horticultural, and shrubbery-like city. As a casual, yet careful observer of the externals, I said to myself, "If holiness, health, and happiness, three grand essentials, are anywhere to be found in this country, surely they must be found in Cheltenham." "Cheltenham, sir," said one friend, "is the queen of all the watering places!" Indeed! "Cheltenham, sir," said a native, "is the garden of England!" Oh! Ah! I should think so; but a London lady, who is obliged to live in Cheltenham, said to me, "The people are pious, proud, and over-bearing." Perhaps none of these were strictly faithful witnesses; but each one spoke a little under the influence of prejudiced and ex-parte feeling. Be that as it may, I certainly think, for scenery of hill and dale, for the situation of its villas, the beauty and abundance of its trees, the aristocratic openness and cleanliness, the whiteness and tenderness of its roads, its streets, its walks, and its promenades, it is a first-class place; its colleges, its churches, its chapels and schools, its doctors of divinity, its students and its gentry—all, all, look pious, and very far separated from anything approaching to the fruits of the fall. There is only one thing I should say—only one good thing that will not grow or thrive very nicely here—that is, the pure and unmixed GOSPEL of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. I come not to this conclusion simply because I did not have a thousand people to hear me, but I come to the conclusion because the whole history of the place proves it. A review of the progress of religion, a retrospect of the changes, the comings and shiftings, the livings and dyings, the divisions and departures, the excitements and extinctions of churches, minister's supplies and preachers—all go to prove that the eternal, the unalterable, the essential, and the heaven-originating and spirit-revealing truth of God, has many times made some entry into this

highly artistical, and naturally attracting resort of the learned and the *elite*, but never has it been able to stand out in bold and blessed successfulness, because it is said the people are professedly and determinedly the friends of the Arminian, free-will, and creature-helping creed.

As I was in a brown study, looking after the post-office, a gentleman introduced himself to me, and after a few formalities, we commenced a rather long walk and talk, on the past and the present of the religious aspects of Cheltenham; and certainly, from this gentleman I learned much which tended to show how very little of real honest, vital, and enduring godliness he had found in the lives and labours of the men and the ministers who had made up, and who do yet make up, THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES OF CHELTENHAM.

I ought to say for myself, I had a good day here yesterday; I did pray earnestly for Divine help; and both in the morning and evening, light, liberty, spiritual solemnity, gladness and joy, possessed my soul. Three ministerial brethren were present: Mr. Cardwell, of Gloucester; Mr. Jacob Short, of Foxcote; and Mr. R. Snaith, of the Forest of Dean, also came to cheer me; and Mr. Snaith, in the evening, read the word, expounded, and prayed most fervently; and I hope the Lord's blessing was upon the services; although no one said a word either good, bad, or otherwise. So we met peaceably, and so we parted.

Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham, stands near the Great Western Railway Station. It is, I believe, the only chapel in all the town where the whole of the doctrines and discipline of the New Testament is maintained; although a few of *The Standard* people have a room; but Bethel is really the mother of the Baptist churches here.

Now, I will review my walk on the morning of May 20, 1867.

The first thing which particularly arrested my attention was the erection of an iron church or chapel which I had seen in passing down the Bath road; and after a few preliminaries, my friend who joined me informed me the newly-erected place of worship was for the congregation meeting in connection with Mr. Jones.

"Who is this Mr. Jones?"

"He is not the Thomas Jones of Blackheath, who is to preach at Bethel next Sunday. This Mr. Jones, for whom this new chapel is being built, was once 'he minister of the old Baptist chapel at Glems-

ford. He was recommended to the church at Bethel by Mr. J. E. Bloomfield; and as Mr. Bloomfield was once the pastor of Bethel, as Mr. Bloomfield was a minister greatly beloved in Cheltenham, and of great use in the villages all around, and as Mr. Bloomfield has ever evinced the utmost desire to see Bethel prosper as once it did prosper, the church at Bethel thankfully accepted Mr. Bloomfield's recommendation, invited Mr. Jones, and soon he was the settled pastor and minister of Bethel; the chapel was filled, and all looked bright and blooming."

"Did Mr. Jones come immediately after Frank Griffin?"

"Very soon after."

"Why did not Frank Griffin stay in Cheltenham?"

"I will tell you presently. We were now inside the walls of this new building, which I suppose will be finished in a few weeks; and it is rumoured that Mr. Bloomfield will come and open it; if so, it will be a high day for the friends of the new cause, for many hundreds in these parts of Gloucestershire love John Bloomfield with all their hearts, and are always glad to see him here. Whether he will sanction this new encampment remains to be seen."

"But why did not Mr. Jones stay at Bethel?"

"Ah! that will appear in due time. Mr. Jones is a young man of considerable ability, of much zeal, and of *enlarged views*, and charitable people think the pulpit at Bethel, the deeds and creed of Bethel, and some of the good people in Bethel were all of a compass too limited for a heart and mind so expansive and liberal as Mr. Jones possesses. But what staggers me (and my friend grew warm here) is the fact that men of many years' standing—men who have professed faith in the good old-fashioned doctrines of CHRIST'S GOSPEL nearly all their life, have left Bethel, and have gone to help on this new cause. Mr. Cracknell's leaving Cambray did not surprise me. I can show you how that came about presently. Frank Griffin not continuing here, did grieve, but not amaze me. Mr. Jones' departure from Bethel is perfectly natural; but the falling away of some of the old pillars is to me a great mystery.

"There is some good to come out of it, no doubt."

"Are you a member of Bethel?"

"Oh, no. I often go to church. The Rev. Mr. Lillingstone is a sound man; he preaches at Trinity; he is another Top-lady, and Dr. Hawker is one more. But more of him bye-and-bye—when we have Dr. Walker, a preacher of the old Gospel.

Cheltenham, sir, is not without the Gospel yet!"

[Subsequently, I had the entire history of the rise and progress of the Gospel from the time when there was only one old parish church in Cheltenham, and a barn wherein a few devout folks, there to worship God according to the New Testament order. This barn was improved from time to time. At length little Bethel Chapel was erected on the same site. It has been enlarged and improved. Its history, and the history of its ministers, its children, its divisions, its neighbours, &c. &c., we hope to give entire.—Ed.]

SOHO CHAPEL, AND MR. PELL'S FRIENDS.—In consequence of a statement appearing in *The Gospel Guide*, and *EARTHEN VESSEL* for April, page 132; your correspondent, "S. M.," states that most that joined under the late pastor have gone, and the cause has got down very low indeed. I should like to ask "S. M.," through your columns, if he will give us the number of those who joined under our late pastor, who are still left amongst them, for I think if he would count the number of Pel-lites, as they sit round the table of the Lord's Supper, they would form a large number of those who, generally, nearly fill the body of the chapel on such occasions. Your correspondent also states that the cause had got down very low. We find that when a church is long without a pastor, the cause gradually gets low. It was the same when Mr. Pells came amongst us; the chapel was thinly attended indeed, but the dear Lord blessed his labours and the cause soon began to look cheering, and if I mistake not, before he was recognised as the pastor of the church, he led several down to the baptismal pool, and the chapel was getting well attended, there have been a good number of those who have left us, who have been removed by Providence, and have joined churches of the same faith and order, one or two fell back into the world which is always the case where a good number are being added from time to time, which proves the saying of our Master. Several left on account of what took place in the church, concerning Mr. Baugh and Mr. Crumpton. But still, after all that have gone, I think there are a goodly number left; if not, how is it that, after being without a pastor two years or more, we were enabled to keep the doors of the chapel open, and that without being in debt, although the cause was brought down so low. But we cannot say that now, since our new pastor has been amongst us, and has it is stated

things are reviving, the chapel has been partly painted, which incurred a little debt; but instead of doing as we have done since the time of Mr. Coombe, the first pastor, by having special sermons and collections to remove the debt, under the new management they bring in lectures and dissolving views, and this too upon the week nights appointed for the preaching of the Gospel, and after finding they did not get sufficient they have adopted the collecting-card; but we are afraid that many of the old and even young members of the late pastor will have to leave, and join other churches, or open a place for themselves, for they are getting quite tired of the system which is now going on, for oftentimes we have a lecture instead of the Gospel. Oh! what a sad state of things. Oh! that it were the reverse.—A PELLITE.

BETHNAL GREEN AND SOUTH HACKNEY EVANGELICAL MISSION.

—An important meeting connected with the above movement, was held in Squirries street chapel, Bethnal green road, London, on Tuesday, May 14th. An inaugural sermon, descriptive of the source, nature, and varied manifestations of divine life, was delivered by the editor of the *Christian Dial*, Mr. Isaac Pegg, of Cheltenham, in the afternoon, to the expressed satisfaction and pleasure of the hearers, among whom we noticed the ministerial brethren C. W. Banks, J. Flory, J. Dixon, &c. Subsequently, tea was provided. The general meeting commenced about seven o'clock, by singing two hymns, and the brethren Dixon, Banks, and Raye, engaged in prayer. Mr. C. W. Banks proposed, and Mr. Webster seconded, it being carried *nem dis.*, that "our valued and esteemed friend Mr. Pickworth occupy the chair." Mr. Pickworth in laying before the meeting the object of the friends of C. W. Banks, stated, there was a resolution to lay before the meeting, and he believed Mr. Banks would explain everything. He only regretted that this meeting was not held in the Surrey Tabernacle. He had been a long time connected with what was called the "Vessel" and "Standard" party, into which sections our Particular Baptist brethren were divided; and there was also, he supposed, the "herald" party, but the time was come for union. There was only one Church, and they should act as if there was not. We were too supine. He believed in practical godliness. We were not to hide our light under a bushel. We were to unite in spreading the truth. When Paul was converted, he did not become indifferent, he went forth preaching the truth. When the leper was healed, he went and told his kinsfolk. God called his people, not to sleep, but to labour in his vineyard. Some people seemed to think if they were saved, nobody else was

of consequence. Practical godliness taught them otherwise. C. W. Banks had been a practical man in preaching and in writing the truth. And it was, he (Mr. Pickworth) found, no easy task to get Gospel tracts. He tried the other day, and had some trouble. We wanted some good narrative tracts. Now Mr. Banks had spread the truth, and deserved support. C. W. BANKS was then introduced to the meeting by the chairman. He said, he was pleased to meet his friends at that meeting, for there was a good spirit, a happy spirit, and a loving spirit pervaded it. The little sermon he should preach to them, had three divisions:—(1.) Squirries street. (2.) St. Thomas's Hall. (3.) Bethnal green Tabernacle. First, there was Squirries street. They knew the various circumstances that had brought him there. And now he found it killing work to keep there. Standing in that pulpit, a man inhaled all the hot breaths of the people. He could not retain his health, and do it. Besides, if the school commenced there—was to be carried on, it was too small for the congregations. In consequence of this, many people would not come; and others, through its distance from them, could not come. St. Thomas's hall was to be let. The man concerned in letting it, told C. W. B. he was anxious it should be used for purposes beneficial to the people. Mr. Banks asked what time he might have to deliberate about hiring it, and was told a week, or a fortnight. During that time, he laid the matter before the church. Not one said stop. However, some remained by the whole place, and some went with him. What was to be done with Squirries street chapel? was the next question; for they will please to understand the responsibility of carrying on both that place and St. Thomas's hall, devolved upon him. Squirries street chapel will cost any man who carries it on, at least £40 a-year before he can have a penny for himself. Doubtless, had it been advertised, it would soon have been cleared off his hands; but then, he made up his mind not to let a lot of Arminians have it. There is the old Surrey Tabernacle, they have got that, and they say, "Ah, we are the people that should have that." Now they preach against the very truths proclaimed there before, and he did not mean they should do that here; so he was carrying this on as a sort of Mission station, and sending such good men as he could get. Now we come to St. Thomas's hall. I went forward and took the hall, and opened it. A gentleman said to me, "I am glad you are come here, for there is not such a thing as a Baptist cause of truth in all South Hackney." I hope I can say the Lord has sanctioned our meeting in the Hall. I have been very ill, but have been helped. When we can, we will leave the Hall for the New Tabernacle. All the money received towards that building is placed in the bank, in the Treasurer's name, and there will be deposited all future contributions. All contributions for St.

Thomas's hall, Mr. Chas. Longley will receive. With regard to the Tabernacle, we thought we had secured a site to build it on. The Crown agent offered to allow us six or seven years to build it in, and we thought it was all right; documents were drawn up, and got ready, and we were told we must go and sign it in the presence of the Chief Commissioner. To him, Mr. Maco and I went. He told us we must agree to complete the building in eighteen months. I dared not sign such an agreement, I refused. There the matter now rests. If our friends will help us, we hope shortly, even now to build the Tabernacle. Mr. WEBSTER, of Cave Adullam chapel, then moved the following resolution:—That this meeting sympathises with our brother C. W. Banks, in his efforts to spread the truth in Hackney, and also in Squirries street. It also sympathises with his efforts towards the same end through the press. And it stands pledged to accord him all the assistance it can." Mr. W. had lived to learn to say Jehovah Jireh; and though by the death of a dear partner he had lost half his income, he could still say Jehovah Jireh. He believed Mr. Banks would be able to say Jehovah Jireh. He most heartily moved the resolution. Mr. ISAAC PEGG on rising to second the motion, said: Mr. Chairman, and dear friends, it affords me considerable satisfaction and pleasure to second the motion before you. The world is already occupied by the imposing legions of darkness, and it is time that God's people should rally unitedly round Calvary's unfurled banner, to "contend earnestly for the truth. Golden baits drew men into Arminian and Fullerite nets, and it was time to honour those who were not seduced. It had been long enough the practice to use our brother as workman use their tools,—use him to raise their own fabrics, and then throw him aside. No man had been assailed with poisoned arrows more than he, yet there he was prepared to repeat the same tale of election love, devising effectual salvation for vile and helpless sinners. I honour such men. Such a man was Luther, who, going to Worms to meet the Pope's delegate, being dissuaded, said, "If all the devils on the houses in Worms were devils I'd go." Such a spirit caused him to write

" Though the whole world with devils
swarmed,
That threatened me to swallow;
I will not fear, for I am armed,
And victory must follow.
I dare the devil's might,
His malice, craft, and spite,
The Word of God must conquer."

There was a secret to the success of Pope and Pusey. It was found in unity. You have heard of the far-famed Lacedæmonian phalanx. It was a compact mass of armed men, and conquered everywhere, because combined. That is the case with error in our day. If Serle could write, surely we may;—

" Where'er thy cause,
Thy truth, and laws,
To own, my duty be;
From fear of shame,
Or love of fame,
Good Lord, deliver me."



And I second the resolution, Sir, because I find my brother is not tired of preaching the truth. I declare, when crushed by the people, snubbed by the magnates, and dark in my own soul, I have paled like a coward, but I pray God to keep me to the work, and satisfy me in it. Whitefield, on one occasion, when in America, while in company with an aged brother minister, asked him if he was not glad the time of his departure drew nigh. He received no answer. A like success followed—a repetition of the question. Then Whitefield raising his voice, said, "My brother, I insist upon an answer. Are you not glad you shall soon go home?" "No," exclaimed the aged saint, "if I sent a man to plough my field, and at noontide he came to me and said, 'Master, the sun is hot, and these clouds heavy, let me go home;' I should call him a lazy fellow. And do you not think Christ would have a right to charge me with laziness if I were anxious to quit his vineyard?" Go on my brother; aim to do God's work, in God's way, in God's time, by God's help. I support this resolution, Sir, because I wish to see truth spreading. Spread the truth, it will win its own way. Doubts, fears, delays, may dishearten us, but not destroy the truth we spread. A man once cut a tract into pieces, and scattered the fragments as he sailed up the river. A fragment lighted on another passing boat, and was picked up. Three words were written on it, "death, hell, eternity." Through them a soul was awakened, and, ultimately, brought to a Saviour's feet. Armies always have banners; on them used to be inscribed a motto. I will give you one:—"Let us, therefore, come boldly to a throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Those who seek mercy are convicted criminals. We come as such. We who seek grace are needy. This we are. Yet the right to come to God is need not merit; therefore, we come holdly. We come to the throne of grace. Apart from the enthronement of a resurrected Saviour, there is no such place. We can say—

' His oath, his promise, and his blood,
Support me in the raging flood;
When every earthly prop gives way,
This still is all my hope, and stay.
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Our brother Banks incurs an expense of £100 a-year. Help him; not only vote now, but act in the future. A people who will not pay for, are unworthy of the Gospel. Those who stint God's servants, shall themselves be starved. A labouring man once said, "If ever I had any money, I would give the tenth to God's cause." Soon after £40,000 was left him, and he felt £4,000 was too much to give to that

cause. Soon after, he sent three ships (with the value in merchandise aboard, of all his property) to sea. His agent at the Cape of Good Hope, sent him tidings of the shipwreck of the first. The papers soon apprised him of that of the second. And shortly after, he had the horror of seeing the third go down, and himself worse than a bankrupt. Tie your purse strings tight, and God will cut a hole in their bottoms. Mr. FLORY then addressed to the people some sympathising, kind remarks, in support of the resolution, which on being put to the meeting was unanimously carried, and amid the applause of the people, it was announced Mr. Pickworth had given £5 towards the object; and the singing of the doxology, and a word of prayer from C. W. Banks brought the meeting to a close. *at*

NEANTSKOS.

DALSTON.—ALBION HALL BAPTIST CHAPEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

Dear Sir,—We are surprised to see the letter published in your last month's issue about our late connection with Artillery street, signed by the deacons of the new church now worshipping there. We beg to contradict its statement most emphatically. We left the chapel at Artillery st., and came to Albion hall to be rid of certain elements of opposition we had to contend with there, and we have since been at perfect peace, and hope to continue so, and are sorry to show ourselves at variance with any one; but truth, honesty, and the love I bear my pastor, demands a denial of the statements alluded to. The letter of last month complains that in February, you announce "it is not long since we had to record the formation of a new Baptist church in Artillery street, Bishopsgate, under the ministry of Mr. Blake." The announcement concerning us in February VESSEL, was your own, and therefore there is no need for us to enter into it; but the statement was: "It is not very long since we had to record the formation of a new Baptist church in Artillery street, Bishopsgate. Under the ministry of Mr. Blake, the congregation so increased that the chapel became filled." We should think this wrong quotation was an error on their part—accidental; but on the 17th of April, two of our members pointed out to Mr. Mills the error they were in on this point, in putting the stop in the wrong place; showed him in February VESSEL what the real statement was, and as this was some time before they wrote to the VESSEL, we are sorry to be obliged to fear that the wrong punctuation was designed on their part. Yourself and readers can easily refer to February VESSEL and prove the correctness of our statement. Next, the writers complain that you say in February VESSEL. "The congregation so increased under Mr. Blake's ministry, the chapel became filled." This they say is not true. But it is true;

we were quite full: and so full, that our minister during the reading of the chapter on Lord's-day evening, has often had to stop, and tell the pew opener where there was room to put one in, although some of the friends who came out from Zoar ceased to attend regularly after Mr. Blake had been with us a short time, thinking him too liberal. Do not misunderstand us here. Our beloved minister loves and preaches the blessed doctrines of divine grace most clearly, but feels constrained to preach not only to those already called, but also to sinners. Many souls have been brought by the Spirit to know themselves and God under his ministry among us. Mr. Blake is stated to have proposed a committee to deal with him on the question of a new chapel. HE DID NOT. It was proposed by Mr. Single, of New road, Whitechapel; and seconded by Mr. Scales, of 5, Tokenhouse yard, City. It is said, that the committee was to see "how many would go with us." No such words were ever used, or thought of. The committee were unanimously appointed by the church to get another building; and when they, at a special church meeting, stated they had hired Albion hall, the church unanimously adopted their act, and thus ratified it. Under these circumstances, how could Mr. Blake give notice to leave the church when he entered into an agreement with it, to remove to Dalston, instead of leaving? The chapel was then closed; the deacons stating the last Sunday we were there, that it would be closed; the proof of which is that some time after, your VESSEL and *Gospel Guide* announced its "re-opening." We could point out many other false statements in their statement, but think this enough. There is one little statement that these four who were once our deacons, and are now the deacons of a new church at Artillery street, have omitted, that is: after our leaving Artillery street for Albion hall, they sent in their resignation to us (we having been sometime dissatisfied with them, accepted the same at our next church meeting unanimously). They then at once proceeded to canvass for people to form a new church, and we think this little fact will throw some light on the minds of your readers, as to why they write so wrong in statement, and so bitter in spirit; at any rate, if it does not, we will not waste our time, or your paper, with further explanation, except this one: they say they were "re-elected to remain with the church." Now, Mr. Editor, in proof that this is not true, we place in your hands their resignation to the church accepted unanimously at a church meeting at Albion hall.—Yours truly,
C. D. JOHNSON.
107, Tottenham road, Kingsland.

BROSELY, SALOP.—MY DEAR BROTHER.—Many thanks for your kind letter and *Guide*. I enclose a mite for your services, and only wish it was more. I have promised you £1 for your new temple,

which I will soon send you, but having been into Devon supplying some (so called) Baptist churches, for about 5s. per Sunday, I am not very rich at present. I have several times intended to write about some of the churches in that county, but I have cast it aside as useless, for I have no good to write about them. The causes are at a low ebb, and the ministers are going madly into open communionism, which is the order of the day. But I must not include all the ministers as infected with this fever, for good brother Pearce, of Newton, has made a bold stand for truth, and God has blessed him, and made even his religious enemies to speak well of him. I wish others would recollect that God will always honour them that honour Him, and that no one will lose in the end by standing firm for God and His truth. I can speak from experience. Twelve months ago, I was turned out of the London City Mission, without one penny in my pocket, because I would not do violence to my conscience, and tell every man and woman that Christ died for them, and call upon "all men everywhere to repent." And to the praise and glory of my covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus, be it said, I have lacked no good thing, my bread has been given to me, and my water has been sure and I have enjoyed a little of His manifested love, and been favoured with many love visits from my precious Christ. And I do trust I may never forget your kindness in offering to employ me, when cast adrift by the time-serving Secretaries and committee of the London City Mission. I trust that the Lord may own and bless your new sphere of labours, comfort you in your soul, and make you a blessing to thousands. Your enemies are numerous, your foes are mighty, but your God is stronger than all, and He will not put upon you too heavy a burden, nor suffer you to be tempted above what you are able to bear. We are living in fearful times, and what the end of it will be we must leave in the hands of Him who doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. The churches where a full-weight Gospel is served out, and the truth in all its bearings contended for, are but thinly attended, but where error is propounded the places are full; this is not to be found in a few places only, but all over the country. When I was in Newton Abbot, I offended five or six of brother Pearce's members, by alluding to Strict Communion, and they took their departure to the free-will shop next door. And what is more astonishing, a preacher at their head who prides himself that he has preached the truth for 26 years, but if so, why be offended with a gentle hint, that those who partook of the Lord's Supper in the early ages, had previously been baptized? But so it is, the people will not endure sound doctrine, but heap to themselves teachers, and they are not at a loss to find men who for a crust will cry, Peace,

peace, when there is no peace. May you and I be kept ever faithful to our trust, and always be found earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear. And now may the Lord grant you much of His presence and make your declining days your happiest, is the prayer of yours in the truth,

GEORGE REYNOLDS.

HOUNSLOW, ZOAR CHAPEL.—Public services were held on Good Friday, April 19th, to commemorate the settlement of Mr. W. H. Evans, as pastor. In the afternoon, Mr. Anderson gave a plain and interesting sermon, from Psalm xlvi. 12, 13, setting forth, "Zion's security and the directions to tell the same to succeeding generations." About 150 friends sat down to tea, kindly served by the ladies' committee. The evening service was held at six o'clock. After singing, Mr. Drake, of Windsor, implored the divine blessing. Mr. Evans in addressing the meeting, and in allusion to the circumstances which had brought them together, presumed that they expected him to give some account of his stewardship. On the third Lord's-day in April, 1865, he first appeared among them to preach the truth as it is in Jesus; during the last fifteen months, fourteen members had been added to the church, eight by baptism, and the rest by letters of dismissal from other churches; they were at peace among themselves, and he trusted it would continue; and so long as he was with them, he hoped his conduct would be such as would command the respect of the aged, and win the affection of the young. He asked the help of his people; they could help him much, by their prayers, their presence, and their influence; the passive influence of their godly lives would recommend the truth he preached, and by their active influence they might bring others under the sound of the Gospel. Of the future he knew nothing, the Lord had brought him amongst them, and directly the Lord said, Get thee hence, he should go, regardless of the opinions of any. The subject his ministerial brethren would speak upon was one he loved with an increasing affection, "Nonconformity," for he was a Nonconformist by birth, education, and the irresistible teaching of God the Spirit. The following ministers spoke upon the subject. Mr. Kevan, of Colnbrook, in a clear and interesting speech treated the subject, 1st, historically, and wound up his remarks by showing that the church of Christ is of necessity a nonconforming body, because His kingdom is not of this world. Mr. Griffin, of Richmond, then addressed the meeting on the internal operations of Divine grace, as conducive to true nonconformity, being effectual in its working, permanent in character, and separating in its influence. Mr. Maycock took up the third feature in the subject, the position of the church in relation to

the world; having commenced with some deadly thrusts at the many systems founded in human wisdom and encouraged under the plea of expediency, he wound up his address with some soul-warming remarks upon the words, "Ye are the light of the world." Mr. Rush, of Datchet, spoke upon the unalterable character of doctrinal truth and New Testament ordinances, showing that it was, and ever would be, one Lord, one faith, one baptism. Mr. Webb, of Staines, then addressed the meeting upon the unity of believers: while there were points we might hold in charity, on all fundamental truth there could be no compromise, and urged upon believers the importance of close union as a means whereby the truth might be preserved, and expressed the hope that the day would come when local unions of Baptist ministers and churches would be established, believing it would be for the benefit of both pastors and people. We may say that the meeting was a good one. From

A WATCHER IN ZION.

BLACKHEATH.—Dear Sir, —There is a very nice little chapel named Sunfield's Baptist chapel, situated at the rear of the Sun in the Sands Inn, Blackheath. In this little chapel the glorious Gospel of the ever blessed God is proclaimed Sunday after Sunday in all its fullness, freeness, and suitability, the sum and substance being Jesus Christ and Him crucified. There has been a great struggle and effort put forth, not without earnest prayer, in order to establish a cause of truth in this vicinity, and it does really appear to be highly necessary (speaking after the manner of men) as there is no Particular Baptist cause within two miles, and the population large and increasing. W. Osmond, of Bermondsey, has been speaking the Word of Life here for the past three months, and not altogether in vain, and there is a larger attendance, and the Lord is comforting his people. On Friday, April 26th, a tea meeting was held, and we were pleased to see so many enjoying themselves over the social cup (somewhere about eighty) and the little sanctuary filled in the evening with attentive hearers. We were favoured with the kind assistance of brethren Hanks, Mote, Cowell, Bland and Osmond; others also were expected but circumstances hindered. We had a very excellent, happy and profitable meeting. Brother Mote took the chair, and brother Osmond commenced the meeting by giving out that beautiful hymn by Watts—"Salvation, oh, the joyful sound," &c. Brother Cowell, deacon of Plumstead Tabernacle, offered solemn prayer, after which brother Mote made some very appropriate remarks, and introduced the Gospel of the grace of God as the subject for the evening's consideration. After singing, brother Osmond spoke of the necessity of the preaching of the Gospel in order to the salvation of poor sinners. We then sang, "There is a fountain filled with blood," &c., after which brother Hanks in

his usual warmth and affection, spoke to the subject of Jesus Christ in his various titles, viz.:—as the Beloved, Lamb, Advocate, Nazarite, Deliverer,—acrostic of the name of the following speaker, brother Bland, whose prayers, desires, and interest is engaged in the behalf of this cause of Christ. After singing, brother Bland rose and gave a short but concise history of the chapel during the eight years of its existence, and said that his fervent desire was, that the Gospel in all its purity without adulteration,—the one Gospel in all its fullness and power should be proclaimed. He longed to see the cause of God and truth thrive, prosper, and be established in this locality. After singing, brother Osmond concluded with prayer. Thus ended this most cheerful and interesting meeting. The object we have in thus writing, is simply that all friends living in this locality may be made acquainted with the fact, that the Gospel of the grace of God is preached in Sunfields Baptist chapel, and if any of the Lord's people living in this district have no place nearer to attend, we shall be happy to receive them, for yet there is room.—I remain, yours in the Gospel,

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

PASTORS WITHOUT PURSES.—The following note is worthy of practical attention. We give it exactly as it came to us:—Bouley Bay, Jersey. Dear Mr. Editor.—I was much delighted on Good Friday at the Surrey Tabernacle, when I heard what great things the Lord had done for them. We may truly say, if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, but when I heard Mr. Messer assert he was so poor he had not wherewith to bury him, it made my heart ache, that among so many whom the Lord had blessed they should allow him to be in such circumstances. I should have felt happy to have seen a collection for him, and I think there ought to be. Mr. Wells can say he "has enough," let another five hundred be collected and distributed among poor ministers. My five shillings will be forth-coming at any time.—Yours, for Christ's sake, AN AFFLICTED ONE.

[We shall be happy to receive and hand over any contributions sent to our office.

But few persons have more opportunities of becoming acquainted with "ministers without purses," than ourselves. We have frequently helped others when we really needed help ourselves; and very often have we been grieved because we could not help a poor distressed brother. During the last few years, it has fallen to our lot to preach the Gospel with but very small remuneration, and therefore we cannot do as we have done. But, can wealthy Christians, or believers, who are doing well in the world, look at this fact, that thousands of pounds are being poured into the coffers of an institution where mere boys are by wholesale manufactured into parsons, while men who have served the churches with all their might, and with

all the grace and gift God has favoured them to enjoy for twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty years, and then are left in a state of semi-starvation! We ask, can Christian men and women, on whose heads the sun of prosperity has shined, consider this, and not feel bound to make some movement to cheer the declining days of worn-out pastors and preachers? Over thirty years have we travelled England through and proclaimed the free-grace Gospel of Jesus. What church or community of Christians have we robbed? Many, many times returning, tired up, and purse-empty; and after all, who thanks you? Say, our friends. That God who knoweth all hearts and all motives has promised not to forget the cup of cold water when given in the proper spirit. To him alone, must the poor men look for help when times of need press hard.

MR. WELLS'S VISIT TO NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Dear Sir,—According to your request, I hereby furnish you with a brief account of Mr. James Wells's acceptable visit to this northern part of our island, to preach that Gospel which he has so successfully preached in London and many provincial towns for so many years. The services were held three times on Sunday the 12th and on Monday evening the 13th inst., in the New Town Hall—a large and beautiful building capable of holding 2,500 persons. The congregations, however, were not so large as those to whom Mr. Wells is in the habit of preaching in London and at other places. It is to be accounted for by the facts of this being his first visit and of his name being little known here; could he stay in Newcastle for a month, there is no doubt but the people would gather in large numbers. There are comparatively few people in this town who have had the opportunity of hearing the glorious truths as preached by our mutual friend. I believe, however, that the Lord has "a people" here, if not "much people," and will in his own time bring them to bow to the truth as it is in Jesus. Mr. Wells's visit may be the beginning of this dispensation of God's providence to bring about that desirable end. I did not write earlier because I was desirous of hearing the result from others. It appears that much conversation and enquiry has been produced by the sermons amongst people of other denominations, and on Thursday evening the congregation at the Strict Baptist meeting hall was larger than usual. It is, perhaps, needless to say that all the sermons were characterised by that energy of delivery, depth of thought, and originality of exposition with which most of the readers of the VESSEL are familiar. It was a great holiday for those who know and love the truths he preached, and there is more reason to be surprised and pleased at the largeness of the congregations than to be discouraged at the comparative smallness of them, for they can only be con-

sidered small when compared with the immense numbers that flock to hear him in the localities where he is known. For my own part, I am thankful to the Lord that he was pleased to send his servant here; I am thankful to him that he so readily responded to the invitation to come, and I am thankful to the good deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle that they did not put obstacles in the way of his coming, but desiring the further extension of the Gospel of Jesus, acquiesced in the movement, being willing to forego the pleasure of his services for one day that others might get a blessing.—I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely in the love of the Gospel,

J. C. JOHNSON.

CLAPHAM.—Ebenezer chapel, Wurttemberg street.—Special services were held here on Tuesday, April 9th. Mr. Wells preached an instructive sermon on the words "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear," which was listened to with sacred pleasure, and in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Carr, who delivered an excellent address, and remarked that the object of the meeting was to do good, and to get good; to do good to the souls of men by proclaiming the Gospel to them; and to get good in the shape of gold and silver towards the remaining debt of the chapel. Mr. Comfort offered prayer, and Mr. Wells (who had kindly stayed with us for the evening,) Mr. Williamson, Mr. Caunt, Mr. Hall, Mr. Nichols, and Mr. Comfort addressed the friends. The attendance was good, and the collections amounted to upwards of £10; a most cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the meeting.

On Monday evening, May 13th, the Sunday School meeting was held, an excellent tea was provided and enjoyed, and a public meeting was held in the evening, Mr. Congreve in the chair, who very ably and devoutly advocated the cause of Sabbath Schools, and related several striking anecdotes, proving their usefulness. Mr. Hawkins, the secretary, read the report, and remarked that the schoolroom which was opened twelve months since, and paid for on that evening, had answered the Church's expectations. He stated that a debt had been incurred for a few extras, which it was hoped, would be discharged by the liberality of the friends assembled. Brethren G. Webb, of Wild street, and H. Wise, of Pimlico, delivered very interesting speeches which were heartily received. A collection was made, which amounted to £5 10s., which with the profits from the tea, and other contributions, would it was considered clear off the remaining debt. Mr. Hall, the pastor, thanked the chairman, ministers, and friends, and earnestly entreated the friends to continue in well-doing. The more meetings they held, the more familiar they became, and the more ready were they to attend; and the more money they gave, the more free they were to give; and

exhorted them to let their watchword be, Onward, onward. A hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, closed the happy meeting.

GUTTERIDGE STREET, HILLINGDON HEATH, NEAR UXBRIDGE.—On Sunday, April 28th, two sermons were preached here by Mr. S. Ponsford. It was a season of refreshing both to minister and people. On the following Tuesday, Mr. Ponsford preached at three o'clock in the afternoon. At five, an excellent tea was provided, of which nearly fifty persons partook; and at 6.30, a public meeting was held. Mr. John Weekly was unanimously called to the chair. After singing and prayer and a few introductory remarks, the chairman called upon the secretary, Mr. Snowden, to give an account of the course of the opening of this new place of worship. From this, it appears that a cause of truth was opened at Uxbridge, in December, '65, but from the difficulty of obtaining a suitable place at the end of the year '66, and the exorbitant rent asked for the Belmont hall for a further period of twelve months (viz. £60) for the Sabbath and one night per week, the friends were obliged to separate for a short time. After some trouble and anxiety, a carpenter's workshop was at last found, and at some expense, made into a nice little place for worship, capable of holding about eighty persons, which was opened as a Strict Baptist cause, on March 17th last, Mr. J. Rayment supplying for the first few Sabbaths. Mr. Snowden also stated he desired not to express one unkind word towards any neighbouring cause, they were persecuted in one place and of necessity they fled to another. There were plenty of Arminian churches, but not one to many causes of truth, and for his part, wherever a cause of truth was opened, he would say—go on and prosper, and God speed. After an allusion to the odd place, the odd people (himself being one), and the Lord's people being odd stones which no earthly master-builder could shape, but the oil of God's grace flowing over these rough pieces out of the quarry of nature, they would be made to fit in the glorious temple which the Great Head of the church was fitly framing together, and when the last stone was brought home, he would be the top stone, and the shout should be, Grace, grace unto it. A few verses of a hymn, and Mr. J. Rayment was called upon to address the meeting. He spoke of the city lying four square,—the new Jerusalem, the Lamb being the light thereof, the earth having fled away, and the number, which no man can number, in one glorious company singing the praises of their God throughout eternity. Again a few verses of a hymn and Mr. Ponsford spoke affectionately to the people. He said, he was sure the Lord was with them, for he felt so happy in preaching to them. He was the last person to encourage division, but what were those dear friends to do; they could not sit at home, and they could not go where their

would not be fed. He trusted the Lord would send them a pastor that should build them up in their most holy faith. A cordial vote of thanks to Mr. John Weekly, who is near Jordan's bank, and to Mr. Ponsford for his Christian visit, was proposed by Mr. Snowden, seconded by Mr. Rayment and carried *nem. con.* A good collection followed, "for the people had a mind to work," and Mr. Ponsford gave his services for the good of the cause.

CORRESPONDENT.

ADELAIDE.—Dear Brother Banks.—I wrote you a few lines in September last, complaining of the want of a Gospel church here, or a man of truth to break the bread of life to the people of God.—That lack is now supplied. A brother from the United States of America, James Bassett, came quite unexpected, but not unasked, for many, many prayers have been offered up for such a one. After a few months preaching to the people to join themselves to each other in church fellowship, and by the time this is in your hands, many more will be added unto us. Our brother was baptised by James Wells, of London, and was one of those few who met in the schoolroom which formed the nucleus of what is now supposed to be Zoar chapel, Gravesend. He is a man valiant for truth, and acceptable to the people of God. We can see the hand of God in this matter. He came just at the time when dissatisfaction seemed prevalent, and many who loved the truth felt on Lord's-day the best place was private reading of the Word and communion with God, for the most destructive errors are prevalent in this land, and preached by those who call themselves Baptists. We pray that our little cause may prosper and become a mighty power to the overturning of false and delusive doctrines, and leading the weak ones to the Saviour and establish them in the faith once delivered to the saints. Will you kindly give prominence to the fact of a church in Gospel principles being in existence in this city of Adelaide, that those leaving the old country to settle here may know they can unite with one of the same faith and order on their arrival. In my previous letter to you, I intimated my intentions of having out a few copies of the EARTHEN VESSEL for distribution. The church, or several members have united together and ordered out twenty-four copies every month for circulation. I will supply you from time to time with an account of our progress, or otherwise, and should have written to you earlier but was desirous to put you in possession of the above facts which has come about. May God smile upon us and direct us in all matters concerning the advancement of his cause and the building up of Zion. May the God of love and peace, and every grace abound unto you, and all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, is the earnest prayer of—yours in the Lord,

JOSEPH C. ALLEN, Jun.

IRTHLINGBOROUGH.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS.**—On Good Friday, April 19th, 1867, special services were held in the Baptist chapel, Irtlingborough. when two most excellent, spiritual, and powerful sermons were preached by that bold, outspoken, zealous, and highly favoured man of God, Mr. E. J. Silverton, of London. Long before the afternoon service commenced, persons on foot, and in almost every kind of vehicle, came hastening into the town. Mr. S. preached well in the afternoon from Psalm cxlix. 6. The Lord opened the mouth of his servant to speak, and the hearts of his people to receive the word of salvation; and many were blessed, strengthened, and built up in the precious Lord Jesus. At five o'clock, about 300 sat down to tea, which was kindly provided and well arranged by the friends. By a few minutes past six o'clock, the chapel was crowded in every part, the aisles well filled up, and a good number round about the doors and windows, and in the vestry. Mr. S. again ascended the pulpit, taking for his text Eccl. x. 1, "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour." He set the great silver trumpet of the Gospel of the grace of God to the roof of his mouth, and gave a plain, clear, startling, and decisive sound. He preached out the distinctive and discriminating doctrines of grace. He held up Jehovah in a trinity of persons, in his sovereignty, electing, redeeming, sanctifying, and preserving a people for his own glory. One of the "dead flies" named was general invitation, at the end of a free grace sermon. In a word he lifted up his voice with power against that God-dishonouring, and soul-deceiving system called freewill. If it be the will of heaven, may a very great many such sons of thunder be sent forth into the world; men who will dare to preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The collections exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The Lord is still with us; the hungry are fed, the poor are enriched, the naked are clothed, and the weak are strengthened. Eight have been added to the church during the last four months. On Lord's-day, April 21st, I baptized two in the name of the Holy Trinity. Others are standing ready, bless the Lord. I am yours in the Lord our Righteousness,
GEORGE COOK.

HAPPY MEETINGS AT MENDLES- HAM, SUFFOLK.

Two special meetings were lately held by the church under the pastorate of Mr. Bartholomew, the first on New Year's day, being the anniversary that day seven years of Mr. B.'s first entrance among us; during which time the ministrations of the same have been specially crowned with success; the cause never having been in so prosperous a state, during which time, in this comparatively isolated spot, 100 members

have been added to the church; peace and unanimity have reigned, save on a recent occasion, the church voted for Mr. J. Wells preaching at our annual anniversary, when one of our good deacons who has had an ear to hear all that might be said against Mr. J. W., and nothing for, became so offended, as to take himself off, and unite himself with another people. But this movement of our good brother has no ways weakened us, it has rather served to strengthen us; as a church we wish to act independent of all foreign influence. The hue and cry against Mr. W., on account of some unguarded sentences, we fear to be more from the truths he proclaims, than from the cause alleged. And after hearing Mr. W. for ourselves, and some close conversation with him upon the Rahab question, we are quite convinced he has been unfairly represented. We should be very happy to see him in our pulpit again. Our New Year's day meeting proved a very happy one; it was then resolved to have a special meeting on Good Friday. Accordingly we did so, which proved a most harmonious one; a project had been quietly set on foot at our last special meeting to give some practical testimonial of our esteem to our pastor after his seven years' labours among us. This was done by the presentation of a handsome watch and gold chain. This was attended with warm and hearty expressions of love; it was almost too much for our dear pastor, who expressed his pleasure of such proofs of the power and influence of love to him for the truth's sake, as well as his over-flowing feelings, would allow him; the hearty prayers, warm speeches, and kindly greetings followed, proved it was good to be
ONE OF THE NUMBER.

GLEMSFORD.—**PROVIDENCE BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—The anniversary sermons on behalf of the Sabbath school connected with the above place of worship, were preached on Sunday, May 12th, 1867. That in the morning by Mr. Beach, of Chelmsford; that in the afternoon by Mr. Kemp, minister of the place; and that in the evening by Mr. T. C. Kerridge, of Luton. The hymns sung by the children were done in good style, which did them great credit. Some good selected poetry was accurately recited by eight of the smaller scholars. We had good sermons, good singing, good congregations, and good collections. On Monday afternoon, the children (120 in number) met in the chapel, where a good tea was provided for them, and of which they heartily partook. Mr. S. Wilson, Baptist minister of Clare, afterwards gave a suitable address. A public service was held in the evening. W. Beach, Esq., presided, and excellent addresses were delivered by Messrs. Novell, Kerridge, Wilson, and Kemp. The chairman made an appeal on behalf of funds for the school children's clothing club, which was readily responded to by cash and promises. The choir enlivened the

meeting, at intervals, by singing several anthems, &c.; a blessing being implored on the meetings. At half-past nine, the services ended, thus closing the seventh anniversary of the Sabbath school. We have great cause for thankfulness for the unity that exists amongst the teachers. Our prayer is that it may abide and increase, and that great blessings may come down upon them and their labours.

STEPNEY.—Dear brother Banks,—“In deaths oft” is not an inappropriate motto for the painful circumstances under which a gracious God of covenant love and fidelity has placed me for some months past; but he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. Only two months after the Lord took from me my beloved wife, her only son died at Trowbridge, Wilts, in his forty-seventh year, and was interred by me in our family grave; there was hope in his death. On the first of May was interred in Ilford Cemetery, Mrs. Cranston, an old attendant, whose husband was deacon to Mr. Wey; she had attained the age of fourscore, and died rejoicing in the truths heard at the Cave. The pastor improved the event by preaching a funeral sermon from Psalm xxxix. 7, selected by herself. Next departed an old disciple, whose son, and wife, and daughter are members of the church. An old member of the church, aged seventy-nine, was next called home from this world of care and sorrow; and a hearer blessing God for truths heard at the Cave, was buried last week; and now we have two beloved sisters in the Lord, waiting for a summons: the one, the aged mother of our brother minister (Winslow), and the other the mother of a large family and the beloved wife of a dear brother in fellowship with us. Happy they who can say, “For me to live is Christ.” O may the living God bless the survivors by sanctifying these bereavements, and when our time of departure shall come, may we be found looking for the appearing of the glorious Deliverer.—Yours in Christ Jesus,

JOHN WEBSTER.

STEPNEY.—CAVE ADULLAM CHAPEL AND SCHOOL BUILDING SOCIETY.—On Tuesday, April 30th, was held the fifth anniversary tea and public meeting. Mr. Webster, the pastor, in the chair. The report shewed that the progress of the society is encouraging. It mentioned the death of one of the committee, Mr. William Grigg, whose zeal and service in the cause as well as Christian worth, have endeared his memory to all who knew him. It appealed for continued help on the ground of the noble objects in view; the ultimate erection of a building in which the Gospel will be preached, and the young scripturally instructed, calling to remembrance the labours of former ministers as well as the labours of our present beloved pastor, through the divine blessing as an earnest for the future. The cash account shewed

the balance in hand to be £147 5s. 8d. The adoption of the report was moved by brother Stringer, of Stepney, and seconded by brother Baugh, of Islington, who, with brethren Banks, Silvertown, of Borough, and Lodge, of Cumberland street, in appropriate speeches, enforced the claims of the society upon all present. A collection was made amounting to £20s. 2d. Subscriptions and donations, however small, will be thankfully received by Mr. Webster, pastor, 9, Wilson street, Stepney, E.; Mr. C. C. Abbot, Treasurer, 82, Grafton street, Globe Fields, N.E.; or the Hon. Sec., Thomas Culyer, 91, White Horse street, Stepney, E., who will duly acknowledge the same.

HOPE CHAPEL NEW SCHOOLS.—Dear Mr. Editor,—In your report of our tea and public meeting on the 23rd of April, your reporter has made a slight mistake which if not rectified may tend to do us harm, inasmuch as he states that the £200 required for the new building was nearly obtained, instead of which, we have only £64 10s. cash in hand with promises of about £20 more to be brought in by the next three months. Truly, many of our friends have offered to lend us about £60 in £5 loans, but this we don't want to do, neither can it be reckoned to our account. If you will, therefore, rectify the error, seeing we have collecting cards still out at work, you will much oblige us. One of our friends with cards almost met a refusal, as they were told that they had read in the *Gospel Guide* that we had got all the money we wanted. Our financial position stands thus: Cash in hand £64 10s.; promises for next three months £20, total £84 10.—In Christian love, yours truly,

H. LYON, Sec.

1, Thoydon road, Grove road, E.

May 6th, 1867.

[Our reporter was quite misled. We hope this note will stir all the collectors up to greater diligence, and that good success will attend their efforts.—ED.]

BRAINTREE.—SALEM BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The anniversary services of the above place, were held on May 8th, when Mr. C. W. Banks preached in the afternoon from Dan. vii. 14. It was truly a Christ-exalting discourse, wherein God the Father's love was set forth before time, Christ as the great Ancient of days in his reigning power in the kingdom of glory, and in the hearts of his church upon earth. The friends partook of a tea, after which the services of the evening commenced. Addresses were delivered by brethren in the ministry. Mr. Beach occupied the chair, and opened the meeting by giving out that sweet hymn, “Grace, 'tis a charming sound.” That being sung, brother Beacock implored the blessing upon the service. Brethren Smith, of Yeldham, Debnam, sen., and junr., Allen, and Mr. Banks, each, spoke in their turn. The choir sang a sweet anthem between, taken from the

138th Psalm. We found the season profitable and refreshing to our poor drooping spirits. The chairman brought the meeting to a close by prayer and thanksgiving. To our Triune God be the praise.

GLEMSFORD.—Mr. Joseph Warren has left this part of the vineyard. In a note he says:—Dear Brother,—All peace at such a time. I finished up at Glemsford last Lord's-day week. I shall be at liberty in May: hope you are resting under the calm shade of the Tree of Life: resting there though busy in the affairs of life. Ah! what times we live in; how fearful! I often feel lost in the scenes around me, and wonder where it will all end. But the name of the Lord is a strong tower: there I am safe, and nowhere else but there. Precious name! a hiding place from every storm: a place stored with every good—yes, all manner of pleasant fruits are laid up there; and he giveth liberally. We have a sure refuge, my brother, who have fled to lay hold. Wishing you every blessing comforting body, soul, and spirit,—I am, yours on the way home, sweet home,
J. WARREN.

HOMERTON.—MR. EDITOR,—The correspondent writing in the May number of your magazine, (in justice to those who left) does not consider the state of Homerton row to have been affected by the pastor's absence through illness; but by the un-Christian spirit which prevailed before that) one would have thought from his credible information supplied, (and upon which he speaks so confidently) he would have learned that the un-Christian spirit was displayed by those to whom he is so anxious that justice should be done. A full and faithful account would not reflect much credit upon the seceders: the good effect would be upon those remaining. Yours, etc.,
HENRY PERRY.

DEAL.—The first anniversary of the re-opening of Providence chapel, Deal, Kent, as a Strict Communion Baptist chapel, under the pastoral care of Mr. Richard Burbridge, was holden on Good Friday, when brother Comfort, of Forest hill, preached two sermons—morning and afternoon—that warmed the hearts of the people and made their countenances to shine. At five o'clock, about sixty sat down to tea, after which, a public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by brethren Meader, Rouse, Bird, Featherston, the pastor, and our own brother Comfort. On the following Lord's-day, our brother Comfort again preached

three savoury discourses, and at the close we were constrained to say—What hath God wrought! ONE WHO WAS THERE.

PLYMOUTH.—Dear Mr. Editor,—I observe on the wrapper of the EARTHEN VESSEL for May, a piece headed, "Questions for Mr. John Corbitt, signed, W. E." My piece was signed with my name in full, and I know not whether it be the usual practice of editors to allow queries to appear by mere initials. When the writer has given his name in full, (however, I never reply to initials unless I know the writer.) Let the inquirer give his name and address in full, and I will make a proper reply. I have long since ceased to pay any attention to those craven things that hide their heads under the grass, or to those persons that would make a man an offender for a misplaced word (Isa. xxix. 21.) The most perfect are liable to do this; therefore, no one must expect perfection in such a rash thing as my querist calls me.—Yours, &c.,
JOHN CORBITT.

DALSTON.—ALBION HALL BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Dear Sir,—On Monday, May 2, our beloved pastor had the pleasure of baptizing three persons on profession of their faith, at Mr. Flack's chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. The following Lord's-day, they, with one other previously baptised, were received into the church. We also received two in April. Others are waiting for the moving of the waters. We are happy in soul, in peace among ourselves, excellently attended, and the Word is blessed.
J. GREEN.

TRING.—Mr. E. J. Silvertown, of Trinity chapel, Borough, preached the anniversary sermons of West End chapel, on Tuesday May 14th. At the afternoon service and tea, a large number were present. In the evening the chapel was full. We had a right good day. We felt the Lord was there. All was happy, cheerful, and pleasant. Ministers present were Bennett, Woodman, Rickets, Cramping, Bell, and others.

FOXCOTE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—The anniversary sermons of Mr. Jacob Short's chapel, were preached on Tuesday, May 21st, by C. W. Banks. Our good brother Short is still preaching the Gospel in many places in the western parts. We hope he will be in London in the autumn.

CHELTENHAM.—The new iron church building for Mr. Jones, who left Bethel chapel, (it is said) will be opened shortly by Mr. J. E. Bloomfield.

BAPTIZINGS.

MINISTER'S NAME.	NAME AND SITUATION OF CHAPEL.	DATE.	NO. BAPTIZED.
Blake, J. A. ...	Albion Hall, Dalston ..	May 2, 1867	3
Cook, G. ...	Irthlingborough ...	April 21, ..	2
Maycock, H. G. ...	Hope Chapel, Green st., Bethnal gn.	April 23, ..	3

The Gigantic Powers of Sin.

SERMON BY E. J. SILVERTON, TRINITY CHAPEL, BOROUGH, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 12TH, 1867.

"But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv. 57.

THE chapter shows us the doings of sin, how it lays the body low in the dust, and makes corruption of the fairest sons and daughters of our grand parents Adam and Eve. The chapter closes with a challenge, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" It is a very blessed experience when we can challenge death to sting us, and the grave to hold us; when we feel that we are so blessed by God that death shall have no sting, and that the grave shall not hold our bodies always, but at the judgment morn we shall arise to meet Christ in the air. Not only does the Apostle in this part of his epistle give this notable challenge, but he has given a decided announcement of victory, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory." And then, lastly, in this chapter there is an affectionate advice, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Seeing that death hath lost his sting and that there is a complete victory over sin and death, it behoves us as the followers of Jesus Christ, to give "thanks to God which hath given us the victory."

I. But coming to the words let us first observe:—**SIN'S GIGANTIC STRENGTH.**

In the fifty-sixth verse we find that sin is spoken of as having strength. "The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law." Sin is a very mighty thing. O what slaughters has it made in the world! We see its image at the corner of every street; in the family of every house; and in the life acts of every man. Who is there in this world that has not been marred by sin? It is a pernicious commodity that is found in every kingdom, in every nation, in every town, no matter what people, whether civilized or otherwise, they are all subjects of sin, for all have sprung from the original fountain, and are tainted by sin.

We turn first, and see coming from a lovely garden, a man and his bride with sad countenances, we behold that their breasts heave, and we listen to the deep sighing of those two persons. We see marks of glory and beauty about them, yet it seems to be veiled with shame and disgrace, and as they leave the garden of Eden, as lothfully as Lot's wife left Sodom, we ask them, "Why are you leaving this paradise? Why has thy Creator and thy God turned thee out? Why has he set a flaming sword so that thou shall not enter? Why art thou become thus cursed, O man! to earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow? And why, O woman! art thou to bring forth children with great sorrow? Why is this gloom, this sadness? Why look ye so miserable?" And the answer comes from their voices amalgamated into one, "Because we have sinned; because we have yielded to sin, broken Jehovah's com-

mandment, disbelieved His word, formed a league with Satan, become friends with the evil one, therefore are we cursed and turned from our God to sorrow and to labour in this world that is to bring forth thorns and briars. How strong must sin have been to have blighted the glory, to have destroyed the free-will with which our first parents were endowed, and so helped to have so deluded them, to yield to the monster and to have lost their blessing.

We come a little farther and we draw near to a stupendous building, and as its walls are being reared we venture to enter and instead of listening to the distinct articulation of the master and the man, we hear a confusion of tongues, and no man understands his fellow, and the work is stayed, and we ask, "Why is not this Babel tower being reared to the skies? Why is not the work going on; and why are men now changed in their language? Why this confusion of tongues? And there comes a dismal murmur from them, and yet hardly plain enough for us to understand, but still we hear that these in the wicked imaginations of their mind and in defiance of Almighty God have sinned, and God has blasted their language, and stopped the work.

We are reminded also when we look back of the great flood; we see the waters swelling and swelling till the banks, of the mighty deep are covered; yea, we hear the rushing of the water over the banks of the deep, and it spreads over the entire face of the land. Now picture for a moment in your imagination the world covered with water and then while you see it flow higher and higher, until the highest mountain peak is covered, and all are drowned beneath the flood. Follow with me on angels' wings and fly abroad on the face of the deep, and while you flutter those wings about the door of the ark, ask why this deluge? Why are the windows of heaven opened? Why has God poured down these mighty torrents, and why are thousands of the sons and daughters of Adam swept away beneath the waters and drowned in this flood, and Noah with a deep toned voice, as in the presence of God, answers, "Because the sin of the world rose up like a mighty dense fog in the presence of God, and God repented that he had made man; so he drowned him from the face of the earth, saving Noah and his only." How diabolical, how strong, how cursed a thing must sin have been to have moved Jehovah to have swept man away from the earth.

We descend the steps of time, and we find ourselves gathered round the exterior of a large mob, and that mob is gazing upon three individuals suspended between heaven and earth. We hear their railing; the cursings of the thieves on either side; we behold the pale and innocent countenance of the Lord Jesus Christ, and while we stand at Calvary's mount and we see this crucifixion, we behold Jesus being put to death, and we ask, why is that centre man hanging there? Why is he crucified? Why is it written above his head, "King of the Jews?" What does it mean? And while the clamouring mob are discussing his genuineness, as to whether he was really the Son of God, one smiting upon his breast and saying, "Truly he was the Son of God," another speaking of his miracles, another bringing proofs, "How could he have opened the eyes of the blind, or made the dumb to speak, if he were not the Son of God?" Again, we ask, why is he put to death? What does it mean? And the answer comes, "Because he was a sinner." That is the answer that the priest, the pharisee, and the mob generally

give ; but then we listen to a voice out of heaven, and we hear Jehovah saying, " Not because he was a sinner, but because of sin, and because I determined to put away sin, He, beloved, became spiritually and significantly sin for us that we who are sinners might be saved from sin. He became sin for us that we might be presented faultless before the throne of God. How strong a thing must sin have been to have taken the life of Christ ! how damnable a thing must sin have been that it was necessary for God's darling Son to go down to the depths of hell to compensate divine justice in saving from sin. Pen hath never written or thought entered the mind of man of how mighty and diabolical a thing sin is in its nature. Go with me from this chapel in your imagination through prison gates, and passing through the dark dull passages of prison houses, look ye here into this cell, see that man with all the marks of education in his face and forehead, with all the marks of gentility, goodness, and kindness, and you ask the gaoler, why is he here ? Ah, Sir, he committed a notorious sin. See from the youth of sixteen to the old man of seventy lying in those cells, and ask why they are there, and the one answer is, because they have sinned. Have you ever seen (I never have) ; of course we have all read of the horrible transactions of hanging men, and as you see your fellow-creature suspended from the gallows, ask why he is hanging ? Because he has sinned. Go down to hell's gates and listen to the dying moans of tortured souls, and ask why they are there, and the answer comes back, because they have sinned ; because they have died in sin. Oh my hearer if thou art a sinner, unwashed by the blood of Christ, not dressed in Jesus' righteousness, sin will murder thy soul and plunge thee into everlasting woe. That will be God's judgment upon thee when thou standest before him to take thy trial.

Sin is stronger than pure man. Adam comes forth from his Maker God, pure, holy ; Eve is created from Adam pure, holy ; sin comes and does battle with pure man, innocent man, sin struggles hard for the mastery, and obtains it. It takes Adam's diadem, and breaks it before him and throws it to the winds, it takes his sceptre, snaps it in twain, and leaves Adam uncrowned, bereft of his sceptre, and sends him forth a man cursed of God in that particular that he was to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Sin is stronger than good resolutions. How often have you and I formed resolutions ! I can remember while a youth I have often resolved for days and weeks and months how much better I would be. I have made resolutions at the beginning of the new year, and on other particular days, how much better I would be, and I have resolved again and again that such should be the case, but sin was stronger than all my good resolutions. Man may resolve to be good, but sin and the devil resolve that he shall not be good, and sin is stronger than our resolutions. Sin is stronger than reformation.

There is many a man to-day walking in the footsteps of virtue and is, so far as morality is concerned, good ; but the devil will trip him up again before long, sin will overcome him before long. No man is safe being simply reformed ; it may be, and God grant that it may, that many of them, most of them, may continue in morality for a long season ; but sin has often taken the reformed man who has been washed, and again thrown him into the ditch of sin. He was a changed man for a time

but he has gone back like the sow, spoken of by the apostle, he has gone back to the mire.

We are told that if the people be educated it will save them from many sins. So it may, but those who have been well educated, sin hath overcome and plunged them into its horrible depths, and ruined them body, soul and spirit. How mighty, how powerful a thing is sin, "But thanks," &c.

Blessed be the Lord that while sin is so mighty He hath sent forth his Son, more mighty still. Now if sin be so strong, and if Christ be stronger than sin, how strong must Christ be! If sin hath slain its thousands and Christ hath slain his tens of thousands, how superior a prince is Christ to the prince of sin! Brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ, while we lament that sin is so mighty, that sin is such a potent enemy against every man, woman, and child, yet we rejoice to-day to be able to say that Jesus Christ is mightier still, stronger still, "Thanks be unto God," &c.

Just as when some dreadful plague visits the city from centre to suburb, from one end to another, going through all its streets and courts and alleys, how thankful is the man, and the family,—how thankful are all the people,—who are spared. If on your right hand and on your left, death sweeps them down, mows them down, cuts them down, how thankful you feel that you are spared. So while we see sin's gigantic nature, how it hath ruined eternally countless numbers of immortal souls; how thankful should we be who have been designated by heaven's authority, the sons of God, the saints, the followers of the Lamb. I ask you here this morning who profess to love Jesus Christ, whether this thought does not move you, whether this fact does not stir your very soul; that while sin hath damned many souls, you have the possession of pardon, the signature of forgiveness? That you have the unmistakable evidence that it hath not ruined you, but that God for you hath found a ransom? If gratitude is not found in your hearts, while you think of other men's lost condition, then indeed your hearts must be hard as stone, and like stone for quality.

LETTERS FROM THE HEART.

MY DEAR BROTHER WHEELER,—After long silence, I again take up my pen to write a few lines to you. We have been privileged to enjoy much of the Divine presence when we have gone up to the house of the Lord in company; and although in the Providence of God I am removed to a considerable distance from you, I feel that I cannot cease to pray for you, and I am persuaded that I am remembered by you at the Throne of Grace. What a mercy that the Throne of Grace is in all places, at all times, and under all circumstances accessible. There we have something in common, there we confess our sins, unbosom our wants, relate our difficulties, complain of our enemies, and ask supplies of grace. There we have embraced our glorious and glorified Christ, there we have leaned upon His bosom, and have been constrained to exclaim, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth: for Thy love is better than wine." In times of trouble we have called upon His name;

He has communed with us from off the mercy-seat, and we have left our burdens with Him. Being conscious, however, of having done many many things that are evil in His sight, we go not hastily into His presence, but desiring to pay Him reverence we meekly bow our heads in adoration before Him.

We are unworthy—Jesus is worthy, and oh! sweet thought, He pleads our cause in heaven, while we plead the merits of His life and death on earth. Oh! what a display of infinite wisdom, love, and mercy, in the preparation of the Throne of Grace.

Nowhere else can God and sinners meet in peace. God and holy angels may meet in peace, wherever He is pleased to manifest His glory to them, though they be sensible of their meanness as creatures, and deeply humbled before His Majesty. Once God walked with Adam in the garden in the cool of the day, but sin caused a separation which would have been eternal, had not the God-man, Christ Jesus, engaged to break down the barrier, to remove the mountain. In the fulness of time “He, His own self, bare our sins in His own body on the tree.” “The Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all.” “He was made sin for us, and we are made the righteousness of God in Him.” Oh! glorious transfer. We had contracted an enormous debt, but He discharged it, by which gracious act we are released, liberated, and freed, from all obligation. The law stood forth with its demand, “Pay me what thou owest,” and Christ, our precious, our glorious Christ, “went to the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth;” and when stern justice demanded blood of infinite value for infinite transgressions, He freely gave His own. Hence it is written: “We are not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot,” &c. Christ, as the representative of the entire number of the elect, after having suffered without the camp entered into the heaven of heavens, and “ever liveth to make intercession for us.” Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the Throne of Grace, knowing as we do that Jesus lives, loves, pleads, and prevails, always. “We must come to the blood of sprinkling,” Heb. xii. 24. We must see the “precious blood of Christ,” by precious faith, or we dare not venture into the awful presence of the heart-searching, rein-trying God.

But oh! my dear brother, and fellow-traveller through this veil of tears to heaven, what a mercy that the way to the Throne is consecrated and sprinkled with the Mediator’s blood. God is holy, we are sinners, but are “accepted in the Beloved.” Lose not sight of the fact that He pleads our cause in heaven.

He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on Him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

Now, to Israel’s Triune God I commend you, praying Him to vouchsafe to bless you greatly, richly, and incessantly, for the sake of Him whom having not seen, you love so dearly, and whom you do unceasingly adore.

When it goes well with you remember your faithful and loving friend,
GEORGE COOK.

Irthlingborough.

Four Sons Dead in One Day.

A SHORT PAPER ON
THE PRIVILEGES, TRIALS, AND TRIUMPHS OF THE
CHRISTIAN FAITH.

CHAPTER VI.

Before He'll suffer pride that swells,
He'll drag thee through the mire
Of sins, temptations, little hells;—
Thy Husband saves by fire."

ALL my previous chapters have been teasing introductions; and some have almost angrily asked, "What is it you mean by 'Four Sons Dead in One Day?'" I will try and tie myself down to a definite answer at once; then, perhaps, my readers will bear a little more patiently with the details and the confirmations.

I have spoken of the Saturday evening when the message reached me. I have hinted at a thought or two which that message gave rise unto. Twice on the Sunday I was favoured to speak from the words, "Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, and thy children shall come again from the land of the enemy." It was in the afternoon, that Old Testament scene opened up to my view wherein Ephraim stood forth so clearly as a kind of type of that living faith which is wrought in the souls of the saved, which bringeth forth fruit unto the glory of God, which is often tried as by fire; and which

Lives and labours under load:
Is damped, but never dies.

How this faith (of the operation of the Holy Spirit is to be distinguished from the faith of angels, the believing of devils, the nominal assent and consent of outward-court worshippers, is a matter I have reflected much upon, and searched diligently into; but I will not allow myself to run into that line of thought just now. I invite attention to one thing here only. It is the loss which Ephraim sustained, of which we read, under the significant title of, "the calamity of Ephraim by the men of Gath," in first book of Chronicles, and in the seventh chapter. In several sections of the word of the Lord, as written in that early part of the first of Chronicles, "the lines of the different tribes" are described; and some events connected with the progress of those tribes are recorded, all of which contain, as in so many bundles of myrrh, the mysterious and the merciful dealings of the Lord with His people.

The history of these several tribes, like long flowing rivers, take their rise in some apparently obscure Biblical locality, and wind round and round, turning hither and thither so circuitously, hiding themselves, (as rivers sometimes do) under rocks, in glens, valleys, and low places, then throwing themselves open again in rich and splendid scenes,

With bosom wide, and flowing tide,
So clear and neat, with air so sweet,
That all around rejoice.

Yet to follow them in their course, to ascertain all the mind and the meaning of our Heavenly Father concerning them, is a work of no hasty or unimportant character. Nay, nay, it makes one think there was something great and wondrously comprehensive in that injunction delivered by the Master, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

Now let me ask five simple questions.

I. Did not the Lord give to the heads of these tribes, most significant and characteristic names?

II. Did not Jacob and Moses, in their last moments, deliver prophetic predictions and faithful anticipatory histories of them all?

III. Do not the subsequent portions of the Word of God fully confirm the fact that Jacob and Moses were divinely inspired in giving those prophetic enunciations?

IV. Do not the prophetic indications of Jacob and Moses, and the subsequent fulfilment of those patriarchal forethoughts substantiate and boldly declare that the doctrine of predestination is a teaching as true as it is true that "GOD IS LOVE?"

V. As the Holy Spirit has been pleased to record the root and the running forth of these tribes; as He has been pleased to inspire men and to employ men to write out the different circumstances of the lives of these ancient men and as they were typical of the history and varied character of the professing Church of Christ in all ages, should it not be the great concern of all godly men who are sent forth to "feed the sheep" so to labour by study, by prayer, by meditation, by thoughtful and by careful reading and comparing of the Old and New Testament, as to bring forth things new and old? Certainly these should toil, to dig down deep, and to bring to light with eager and earnest pursuit the jewels, the precious stones, the mines of wealth, the hidden stores of all the caverns, and all the curious parts, places, and possessions, which in God's great library, which in heaven's literary tabernacle, are so carefully laid up. In some sense, brethren, these antediluvian and patriarchal histories, these lives of the judges and of the kings, these labours of the prophets; yea, all these books, and chapters, and verses, are the sublime entrances into truth, of which it was once said, "At our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved." Oh, the enjoyments, the delights, the soul-ravishing peeps into the glory of Christ's person and kingdom which I have sometimes had while wrestling at the throne, and waiting in the word, no tongue can tell. True, it is, I am nobody. True it is, I have neglected home, business, family, purse, person, and everything else, to go hunting in the fields of truth, on the mountains of prophecy, down the lanes of "dark sayings," and in all the typical wilderness wherein Israel sojourned. True it is, I may have been too willing to run east, west, north, and south, to

"Tell of His wondrous faithfulness
And sound His praise abroad."

True it is, I have had many a blow, made many a stumble, and have done nothing well, yet, withal, I must confess the word of the Lord has been my delight, to feed His sheep has been my glory, to help any poor thing over a stile, has been to me a pleasure; and I only regret I have done so much to dishonour, so little to exalt, that glorious

Christ of God, whose image, and history is hidden in every part of that rich old fountain, the revelation of the Lord our God.

But what about the "Four Sons Dead in One Day?" say you. I beg your pardon, I had almost lost myself again. But now to it.

Ephraim was an Old Testament type of a living faith. I will prove that another day, if life and health be continued.

Ephraim had several sons. Their names are all written down. There were four of them promising, pleasing, powerful men. They are expressive of the character, nature, fruitfulness, and glorious end of a Divine faith. Let us only glance at them now:—

First—one is called Zabab: that means "a dowry." Such is Faith. The English interpretations of the word "dowry" or "dower" are beautifully expressive of the rich connections of a living faith. The word "dowry" is from dower. Dower, in common law, means that which the wife hath with her husband after marriage, or after his decease. Christ is the church's husband: in a three-fold sense—(1.) Before time, He was her covenant-head. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." (2.) In time, He became her redeeming kinsman. "Christ loved the church, and gave Himself for it." As a glorious suitor, He came down into the world to find His bride—the spouse the Father had given Him. He found her under the law; He was made under the law for her.

Its curse He bore,
So dark and sore,
As none e'er felt or knew before.

He found her dead in sins; and for her He died. How grand Paul's exposition of this!—"For in that He died, He died unto sin once; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God." (3.) He will put on His royal kingly robes of majesty and glory when He comes to the marriage supper. Then shall the church's dowry be complete. The English Lexicon also gives the word dowry in another form. It reads thus:—"Dowry, the marriage portion brought by a wife to her husband." What portion can the church give unto her Lord? By faith the believer gives himself unto the Lord; and in the last great day, Paul says, Christ will present the church unto Himself without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. All this doth a living faith most heartily believe. I must not expound now.

Ephraim's second son was called Shuthelah,—that is, "a plantation of greenness." This evergreen plantation is the Gospel of the grace of God, where the blessed Spirit, by faith divine, planteth the whole election of grace. And to them, in that plantation, the words spoke by the Lord through Moses, are blessedly realized (as in Deut. vii. 13):—

"And He will love thee,
And bless thee,
And multiply thee."

Albeit, you remember every branch of this faith has to be terribly tried, as I have yet to testify.

Ephraim's third son was Ezer, that is, "help,"—and to write out the great helper faith is unto the regenerated soul is not possible now. Give me your prayers, and give me help, and with God's blessing I will bring forth this strong son of Ephraim another day.

Ephraim's fourth son is Elead,—that is, "the adornings of God;" shewing that faith hath a marvellous power of bringing home that which the poets correctly ascribe unto the Lord.

“ Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three,
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.”

Another hymn says :—

And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought
And cast it all around.

These are the adornings of God. Thus we have

Faith—as a Dowry, the gift of God. So it is.

Faith—a plantation of greenness ; and such it is.

Faith—a helper ; and that it does.

Faith—the adornings of God. And all these are brought unto us by her royal hand.

Now read the 21st and 22nd verses of the Seventh chapter of the First book of Chronicles. Open your Bible. Read for yourself. Of Ephraim the holy penman is writing ; and he says, “ And Zabad his son, and Shuthelah his son, and Ezer, and Elead, whom the men of Gath slew because they came down to take away their cattle. And Ephraim their father mourned many days, and his brethren came to comfort him.”

Thus Ephraim had “ four sons dead in one day ; ” and, although THE FAITH which the Lord gives can never die, nor fully leave the soul until it enters into glory, yet, the fruits of faith—these four sons—as regards their exercise and enjoyment, are many times cut down, and their fruit, and flower, and fulness all seem gone.

In succeeding chapters I hope to return to the original text ; and treat upon the trial of faith. To my friends I present grateful thanks, and I entreat of them, individually, collectively, and perseveringly ; I ask them to aid me in circulating these words of Biblical and experimental truth in all corners of our world. Delusions in experience and deceptions in doctrines are rife and rapidly spreading everywhere. I have no faith in any experience but that which is in the Bible. For this Bible experience,—for this Bible salvation, I have contended many, many years. I am still at it. Philosophers and creedsmen despise me. But, the feeble flock of slaughter are sometimes fed by my instrumentality. Satan knows it. He tries to kill me, and to set all the world and the church against me. Brethren ! pray for me, speak for me, and remember I am your servant in the truth

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

MRS. INGALLS OF THE BAPTIST BURMAH MISSION AMONG THE BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

[*Extract from a Letter from Providence, R. I. April 3, 1867.*]

WE were pleasantly entertained this morning by Mrs. Ingalls, widow of the late missionary of that name, for many years connected with the Baptist Burmah Mission, herself also an active labourer in that field. She came to our office, accompanied by President Sears, of Brown University, and while here related many interesting experiences of her Mission labours, and made frequent reference to the valuable aid

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[*Extract from a Letter from Providence, R. I. April 3, 1867.*]

WE were pleasantly entertained this morning by Mrs. Ingalls, widow of the late missionary of that name, for many years connected with the Baptist Burmah Mission, herself also an active labourer in that field. She came to our office, accompanied by President Sears, of Brown University, and while here related many interesting experiences of her Mission labours, and made frequent reference to the valuable aid

afforded her by the "Pain Killer," which is, she says, frequently called by the natives the "God Medicine," and sometimes worshipped by them.

One instance I will endeavour to give you, as nearly as possible, in her own words. . . . One stormy day I was sent for to visit one of their God-men, or high priests, who had been severely wounded, the messenger saying that he was killed. I told him it was no use then for me to go, as my medicine could not raise the dead. But he persisted, saying, "The God Medicine would not surely fail to do him some good." My native preachers, who better understood the extravagance of their language, urged me strongly to go, feeling that God had, in this way, opened a door to the Gospel, in answer to our many prayers. But I still hesitated, fearing for the reputation of my medicine, which had become a powerful aid in giving me access to the natives. But at length, trusting the result in the care of my Master, I yielded, taking in my hand a bottle of the "Pain Killer," the charm that had opened this door, I followed my guide through the monastery into the inner or most sacred place) none but priests are allowed to enter here, and a woman never), where lay the wounded man upon the ground, a ghastly object, covered with blood and apparently dead.

I knew something of the dangers that surrounded me, and notwithstanding my trust in Him who said, "I will never leave nor forsake you," could not wholly divest myself of fear. Standing beside the dying man, I said to the monks or priests who had followed me in, or were there before, that my medicine could not raise the dead, nor bring back the departed spirit, and that if I failed to restore their friend they should not condemn the medicine. Still, I would do all in my power for the wounded man; but, to begin with, I must have some bandages. They had none, and could not get any. I pointed to the altar curtain; but that could not be touched even except by the high-priest. It was the sacred yellow cloth. I started to leave, saying it would be useless for me to remain, as I could do nothing without means. But they would not let me go. The God-man must be saved, and I might, for this purpose, use the sacred cloth. I speedily laid profane hands on it, and shortly converted it into bandages, with which, saturated in "Pain Killer," I bound up the wounds of the still insensible man.

I then asked for a cup, in which to prepare some of the medicine for him; but the sacred silver cups of the gods, used only in their religious rites, and never touched by hands profane, were the only cups to be had. To save the God-man I might use one of them, though not one of the priests present dared take and give it to me. I reached and took one, however, and prepared in it, and gave to the unconscious sufferer a strong dose of the "Pain Killer." Weary now with my exertions and the excitement, and faint, I asked for a chair; but there being no such article in their temple I overturned one of their wooden idols, and rolling it near the wounded man, sat down upon it, amid the horrified looks of the surrounding priests, who seemed momentarily to expect the vengeance of their gods to smite me. The man soon began to show signs of returning consciousness, and seeing me seated upon a prostrate idol, holding the "God Medicine" in my hand, he unable yet to speak, made a sign with his hand to his companions, who, in obedience, bowed all about me in the attitude of worship.

Feeling that my time had now come, I addressed them, telling them

it was not I, nor the medicine, that had done this, but the ever-living God of heaven and earth, who had thus made me an instrument, in his hand, in restoring to them their friend; and I then preached unto them Christ crucified, unto some a stumbling-block, and to others foolishness, but unto them that are called—of whatsoever nation or people—"the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

From this time her influence with the priest, as well as with the lower castes, was almost unbounded, and her opportunities for doing them good proportionately increased; and for this she felt herself greatly indebted to the "Pain Killer."

Six years afterward, when leaving Burmah for a visit to her native land, these priests and many of the natives, came to take their leave of her; and this priest, at parting, took her hand, saying apologetically to his followers (for by their rules no priest may look upon, much more touch, a woman, without defilement), "*My mother first gave me life, but this, my God-mother, restored it to me again!*"—Yours, &c.,

A. O. H.

"SAFE! SAFE! SAFE!"

MY DEAR BROTHER,—My dear wife departed this life on the 21st February, 1867. It would be useless to fill pages with the history of her life though it would be very interesting, for up to the age of sixteen hers was one of trials, affliction, and sorrow. From then, until the Lord was pleased to meet with her, she was taken up with the world and the pleasures thereof; but having placed herself under the protection of a kind uncle and aunt, who feared the Lord, their influence brought her under the sound of the Word. She had cause to bless the Lord many times for placing her in such a position, for she said it was the means of keeping her from many of the sinful pleasures of the world. Eventually she was led to Zoar chapel, Great Alie street, where the Lord was pleased, in a most gracious manner, to call her by His grace, and to reveal Himself unto her as a God, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin; and to give her an earnest desire to follow Him in the ordinances of His house. She was baptized by Mr. John Austin, in 1834, and added to the church. She has finished her course, fought the fight, gained the victory, and gone home to be for ever with the Lord.

She was taken ill on the 5th of February, and becoming worse, we deemed it best to send for her medical attendant. When he came, he did not think her case dangerous, and considered with care she would soon recover. But speedily getting worse, she had to take to her bed. On the following Monday, we called in a physician, and he gave us no hope. On Tuesday there was a slight turn, and we thought for the better, but when the doctor came he said the change was not sufficient, that we were not to deceive ourselves, for he could give little or no hope. Shortly after this, her voice began to fail, so that she could not finish a sentence. She said she wanted to say a good deal to us, but

she could not speak. She tried to repeat a hymn, but could only say, "Long to be."

I said, "Do you mean,

'Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus set me free,
And to Thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be?'

She said, "Yes, yes, yes, that is it, long to be."

I said to her, "You are quite willing to go?"

She said, "Yes."

She wanted to repeat another verse, but could only say, "Oh! glorious!"

I said, "Do you mean,

'Oh, glorious hour! Oh, bless'd abode,
I shall be near and like my God?'

She looked at me and said, "Yes, yes, that is it." She exclaimed, "My Rock, Rock, Rock!"

I said, "Do you find Him the same now?"

She said, "Oh, yes! precious, sweet, sweet!" And frequently would she say, "Safe, safe, safe; sweet, sweet!" After dozing for a few minutes, she said to her son, "I have been dead twice!" He suggested she had been dreaming. She looked up at him and said, "Oh! no; real, real!" She said, "I thought I should be gone before this; but no; no; no; not yet." Upon one occasion she wanted to say something to our dear children, as they stood around her bed; but I could only catch the word, "Follow."

I said, "Do you mean you want them to follow in the same path?"

She said, "Yes."

One of the dear girls asked her if their weeping disturbed her.

She answered, "No, not in the least." Her mind appeared to be freed from all earthly things, and to be entirely taken up with heavenly things. She looked at me, and said, you have done all you can do; you can do no more."

I said, "You are in the hands of a good Physician."

Her answer was, "Yes, yes." She affectionately embraced myself and dear children, as well as other dear friends in the room, recognising all around her till within five minutes of her parting breath. She then said, "Praise! safe! happy, happy!" And turning on her side, gently passed away, so gently that I scarcely knew she was gone.

She is gone; but gone to her rest,
No more on this earth to complain,
Of sin that her soul oft oppress'd,
But with Jesus ever to reign.
She is now in the Kingdom above,
Fill'd with delight and with joy;
And o'er those bright mansions she roves,
While praise doth her soul now employ.
I remain, yours in the Lord,

THOMAS BATTRAM.

Seek the growth of faith, and seek it in God's own way; pray over the Scriptures, hear them, read them, meditate on them.

A WORD FOR PUBLISHERS AND AUTHORS,
OR,

THE BARK AND THE BRINE OF THE BEECH TREES.

OUR word *Book* comes from the Saxon *Bocce*, that is, "a beech tree." Any compact writing was so called, because the ancient Germans wrote upon the bark of their beech trees. Books may be called "little beech trees." Paternoster Row may be said to be an immense "forest of beech trees." Some of these little trees are sent to us, in order that we may examine them and speak of them in the best way we can.

Reviews of Books are frauds committed upon the advertising department in many cases. Authors and publishers, who wish us to examine carefully the bark and the brine of their beech trees, ought to send to our advertising agent an advertisement of their production; but our tables in our study have heaps of books and papers for review, while our advertising columns have no notice, not of one in every dozen books sent to us. All such books we are supposed to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest;" and when we have well eaten all the bark, and drunk the brine of these many beech trees, then we are to tell all the world how we like them, and whether or not we can recommend them. As one of the oldest reviewers on the land where these beech trees grow in great abundance, we feel authorised to announce our intention, if ever we get into the Commons' House of Parliament—and with the new Reform Bill, one can hardly say what changes may take place—therefore, if we have a seat some day in the House, we should certainly introduce a bill, making it quite lawful and right, that whenever an author or a publisher shall think fit and expedient to send to any editor a copy of a new work, requesting such editor to read, examine, and carefully criticise the said work, and also requesting that the said editor shall write his honest thoughts upon the character of the book in question, and by inserting such review in his magazine or paper, give the book all the benefits of his

judgment and all the advantages of his influence—it shall, we say, be lawful and right to accompany every such new book, and every such request for reviewing such new book, with a fee, commensurate with the time, talent, and outlay required in composing and in publishing all such criticisms and reviews. Why reviewers should not be paid we know not; but certainly we think it is one of the customs which need a reform. Until we can get it, however, we must just go on as we have done, doing the best our time and means will allow; and a good large bundle of these beech trees are now before us. Brief descriptions of them are hereafter given.

Green's Biblical and Theological Dictionary, published by Elliot Stock, is a neat and useful companion to the Bible.

The Young Man Setting out in Life. By W. Guest, F.G.S. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. Christian fathers and praying mothers in sending their darlings out into the world, will, of course, counsel them not to forsake the throne of grace, not to forget the Bible, never to neglect those means which are provided in the ministration of the Gospel. Too powerfully, too affectionately, too solemnly, these things cannot be urged upon the attention of our young friends; and as a faithful monitor, Mr. Guest's handsome little book will be highly appreciated by all who would guard their children or themselves against the thousands of dangerous evils which crowd upon the young man, and the young woman, too, when first setting out in life. Mr. Guest writes his book from four sources—from his heart, most affectionately; from his head, intelligently; from his own observation, cautiously; and from the testimony of other authors, confirmingly. From this four-fold storehouse of knowledge a book for young men has been, we think, beautifully produced.

The Dreadful Prayer-meeting. This is a four-page tract; it is issued at the request and cost of a mother in Israel, who, with many others, considers it a brief but wonderfully striking record. It is no fiction; it

is no effort to unduly alarm ; it deals with one of the most AWFUL REALITIES this world ever did, or ever can witness. An effort is to be made to circulate five millions of this tract in the first instance, and the assistance of ministers, benevolent Christians, and all who wish well to the souls of men, is required to scatter broadcast this little warning voice. "The Dreadful Prayer-meeting" can be had in separate copies, two for one penny, or 100 for 2s. 6d., 500 copies for 10s. 6d., of Mrs. Paul, Chapter House Court, or at our office, Crane court, Fleet-street.

The Nonsuch Professor in his Meridian Splendour, or, the Singular Actions of Sanctified Christians, in seven sermons, to which is added another discourse, entitled *The Wedding Ring*, by William Secker.—A new edition of this small volume is just put forth by R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street, London. Of all the Puritans, William Secker was certainly one of the most heart-piercing, quaint, and pithy. Such sermons as these could not be made up in a hurry ; but when made will keep good for centuries, and the extent of their usefulness can never be measured on earth. If all the wives in the world would wear "this wedding ring," things would be very different in many homes.

Mrs. Brown's Tracts are, like their author, respectable in appearance, and faithful in exposing the errors of Ritualism and other deceptive forms and fashions of religion (so called). Mrs. Brown is dressed in neat attire, and in her dialogues throws open the shams of Satan, who, as an angel of light, is now carrying on trade enough to ensnare the whole world. If there is one zealous Protestant left in these times of perversion, we would say to him, send seven stamps to G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row, and have six copies of Mrs. Brown's Tracts ; and when you are satisfied of their genuine character, circulate them everywhere.

We regret not being able to notice more fully, as yet, Septimus Sears on *The Things which shall be Hereafter* ; but, we feel the work to be too sacred to be dealt with in haste.

C. H. SPURGEON AND WILLIAM TAYLOR.

The Sword and the Trowel, for June, edited by C. H. Spurgeon, contains a variety of articles which tens of thousands will read with interest. One thing we have noticed with some satisfaction. There is a great man in London now, called "The Rev. William Taylor." He comes from California. He has done many wonderful things there ; and here in England, he is preaching up the doctrines of assurance, perfection in the Christian professor, total abstinence, and other things. The revival and the teetotal people are making quite a market out of him. Mr. Taylor has published some volumes ; the last one is called *Infancy and Manhood*, and in a brief notice of it, Mr. Spurgeon writes a line or two which we endorse and quote with much sincerity. Of Mr. Taylor's second volume, Mr. Spurgeon says :

"This second work has come to hand since we read the first ; and we must confess we have not a particle of faith in its main doctrine. We have been refreshed by many of the statements and exhortations ; but either Mr. Taylor uses terms in quite another sense from that in which we understand them, or our own experience and his are, on the point of perfection, as wide as the poles asunder. *We* mourn every day over in-dwelling sin, and pant after greater conformity to our Lord's image : *he* seems to have attained and to have entered into perfection. If we believed his teaching we should envy him ; as it is, we deplore that so good a man should know so little of his own heart."

Mr. Spurgeon was quite at home when he reviewed William Taylor ; and we are always glad to find him at home, because then he speaks and writes like one taught of God, and as one having authority. His frequent flights into foreign climes perplex some of us. But we say no more, only that we have a little desire to put C. H. Spurgeon and William Taylor (in their published works) close together some day, and then more may be said.

Cheering Words for July contains an account of "The Bethnal Green Orphans," the parents of whom we have just committed to the dust within three days of one another. Pray, help these poor little ones.

CAST YOUR ANCHOR ALOFT, MATES.

MASTER SALT.—Since I have been enabled to read that precious log-book for myself, I feel solemnly convinced that not a ship will live on the seas of eternity except those having on board *that one Anchor*, and as we are drifting all of us rapidly to those seas, it behoves us sailors at once to see if all things are right, to discern between things that differ,—what is your anchor more than another's anchor? I want truth, sir!

That is just what I might expect from a true hearted British sailor, and I sincerely trust that many of your floating mates, who do business in big ships and little ships, in ocean waters and river waters, who carry big anchors and little anchors, may be stirred up by the arrival of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, with the blessing of God, to a deeper concern after the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Master Salt.—Amen, God bless his own truth to our British sailors, whom so few men seem to care after. But now I want to know the difference between "heaven's royal patent safety anchor," and all others manufactured.

So you shall at once, my friend. My anchor is called a "good" anchor, a "better" anchor, a "blessed" anchor, and a "living" anchor. No man in the world can make it, or mend it, buy it, borrow it, or steal it, lend it or sell it, win it or lose it, bend it or break it. That God who is heaven's architect, who hath lit up the firmament with starry worlds, those street lamps of the city of our God, who treateth the ocean as a little baby, and who is the sole ship-builder of the celestial fleet, the same is the author and finisher of my anchor, the God of hope, my anchor's God.

Master Salt, (with face twitching a little, and his hands hitching up his trowsers a bit)—Well, if that isn't a broadsider I never saw one, that's all; why *your anchor* was not made by man at all then?

No, not the ghost of a shadow of

a shadow, either of the material or the fashion. Mark, my friend, I do not say man does not make false, mock, or imitation anchors, for they do in abundance, but they are awful, perishable mockeries in the gates of death; then, then, the anchor of the hypocrite shall perish.

Master Salt.—What in the world, or upon earth, is it made of then, that makes it so far superior to all others?

Nothing at all, friend Salt, nothing at all I can assure you, of anything belonging to man, or man's merit, man's good deeds, or anything of this earth which is earthy. All is from heaven; eternal life, sovereign mercy, Almighty power, much (soul) tribulation, godly patience, spiritual experience, and the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, are a few of the composing elements, but not all, and the various quantities of each no man knows, no, not even the angels of God in heaven. It is an eternal secret in the eternal mind of the Eternal Founder of the everlasting anchors of the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory.

Master Salt.—I often see at our arsenals and dockyards rows of spare anchors of all sizes, ready prepared, waiting the application of one of her Majesty's ships needing one to be directly placed on board. Is that the way our Lord High Admiral furnishes his ships with those wonderful anchors?

O no, my friend, I never saw a "spare anchor" of my Master's in my life, nor has any one else. They are each made and fitted on board the very same vessel that is to carry it, and what God hath joined together, let no man (vainly attempt to) put asunder. The Christian's anchor cannot fail, nor can she ever part her cable.

Master Salt.—The Apostle Jude speaks of the "common salvation," how would you like your anchor to be called the "common anchor?"

Not the least objection to it if those who so style it mean that it is common to all the new created ships of Immanuel, but if they mean anything else, I place my hand on the

hilt of my sword, ready to fight the good fight of faith, for my anchor has never been seen in the world, heaven, or hell. In heaven they need none, hope is swallowed up in possession. In this world nowhere is it to be found. Children in whom is no faith, "without hope and without God in the world," and, solemn thought, *no hope in hell!* Beelzebub is the father of all such as handle the crosses; he employs thousands of hands to make them, and tens of thousands to carry them around their necks, and worship them, but he could never make a real anchor. No, that is above a devil's craft.

R. G. EDWARDS.

Sutton, Isle of Ely.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

MR. EDITOR,—I send you a short account of one of the Lord's servants, Mr. John Hunt Lynn, now supplying in a village in the far west, believing there are many churches would be glad of him, did they know him. You will greatly oblige by insertion.

Yours truly,

B. S.

In a letter dated April, 1865, to one of the deacons of Bethesda Baptist chapel, Trowbridge, Mr. Lynn writes:—"Dear Brother in the Lord, my much esteemed friend, Mr. —, having just handed me your kind letter which he received in reply to one he sent you relative to your notice in the EARTHEN VESSEL, I thought it advisable that you should have a brief outline of my experience. I was born of the Spirit when only eight years old, through the baptizing of the late Jeffery Moody, Baptist minister of East lane chapel, Walworth; but was immediately sent to a public school, and so mixed very freely with boys of all characters, where having seen sin in such enticing garb as the Devil now presented it to me, I was very soon entrapped, and of course lost all joy and peace. So matters went on for ten years, during which there was an intense feeling for God, and eager seeking for peace, but an unwillingness to

give up the world; so that at times I have been in despair, and for some time was given up to the delusion of infidelity, which I stoutly defended; though never was I left without a firm conviction of the truths of the Gospel; but what with forced infidelity, lying, drinking, and blasphemy of the deepest dye, I at length gave myself up as having trampled under foot the Son of God, and therefore utterly and hopelessly lost, though I knew full well that that was contrary to the teaching of the Word.

At length, at the end of October, 1863, the Lord gave me liberty through that beautiful verse in Romans x. 9, when my soul was so filled with joy, and so humbled, I could hardly contain myself. Since then I have been growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, though not without times of trial, and fearfully horrible temptations; and now, by his marvellous grace, my watchword is "JESUS ONLY." I have, for twelve months, been preaching his Gospel in some measure, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, both in the open air, in rooms, halls, and chapels; and the Lord has very graciously owned my feeble effort in the restoration of backsliders, the salvation of sinners, the building up and strengthening of the saints. I have given up secular employment, feeling assured that the Lord of the Vineyard has called me out.

In answer to your questions, I never use notes at all; but just simply wait on the Lord for his message, and deliver it as he enables me. I hold with a firm grasp the great doctrines of grace—free, full, sovereign, and immeasurable; the utter worthlessness of all creatures and creature doings, and the infinite worthiness of the sinner's Substitute; that the saints are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation; even that faith which is not a faith in the doctrines of grace, but in the God of grace, even the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Should you be led by the Spirit to invite me down to supply, you must not expect to find a great man, but a youth simply trust-

ing to the teachings of the Holy Ghost.

I am, dear brother, yours in Gospel bonds,
J. H. LYNN.

He was afterwards invited to Trowbridge, and commenced his labours at Bethesda chapel on the last Sunday in April, 1865. The chapel seats 1,000 persons; about 300 were attending at that time; he was invited for two weeks, detained five weeks, during which time the congregation increased to about 900. He with some slight intervals, was there for nine months, and at times had the chapel crowded, reported sometimes to be 1,500. In a letter to a friend he writes:—

“Trowbridge, June 27th, 1865.

“Very dear brother in Christ,—I came down merely in a friendly way to be present at the baptising, Mr. Pearce being the supply at Bethesda, but the dear Lord ordered differently, he would not let me stand idle all the day; in the morning I gave out the hymns, read and prayed, and the Lord blessed the prayer to many of his people. Mr. P. preached to a crowded assembly (about 1,100), then baptized six believers; it was a very blessed time. At Hilperton, a village one mile from here, Mr. Linsey was expected to preach the Sunday-school anniversary sermons, but illness prevented his coming; so I was sent over in the afternoon, and helped to preach in his name from the words, ‘Jesus called a little child unto him,’ but in the evening I was very much blessed with the text, ‘The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich.’ I was helped to root up and pull down the natural man, and the saints’ false refuges, to point both to the full riches in Christ; the house was so full they could not see where to put another one, and many stood outside.”

In another letter to his mother he writes:—

“Trowbridge, Nov. 13th, 1865.

“Dearest Mother,—Am here safe and well except cold, which is better. Had a glorious day yesterday; in the morning, at prayer meeting, got a word of strength from 23rd Psalm; preached on the bitter waters of Marah, sweetened by the tree; after

noon, a good prayer meeting; was encouraged by Psalm xxviii. 2. Evening, was led out wonderfully on Heb. ii. 11. Congregation in morning good, in evening full.”

Then, again, in a letter dated December 7th, which is too long for insertion, he says:—“God is exceedingly gracious to me, it humbles me very much, and I can scarcely think it is all true when I think of my own vile heart; truly, he uses ‘base things,’ &c., . . . ‘that no flesh shall glory in his presence.’”

To his father, Dec. 2, 1865, he writes:—

“Yesterday I had a chat with Mr. Robbins, the eldest deacon, and I find they have determined not to settle with a minister for a year, or perhaps two; and, therefore, do not intend to invite anyone yet a while for more than a month or so at a time. Mr. R. says he never heard anyone exalt Christ and debase the sinner so much as I, which testimony I think more of, and think more grateful for, than I should for thousands of followers; may God in his love grant me ever to be faithful to Jesus *only*. Last Thursday night, at Bradley, we had a sweet season on the 1st. verse of the 23rd Psalm: “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.” 1st. The Good Shepherd, who laid down his life for the sheep; 2nd. The Great Shepherd who rose again from the dead; 3rd. The Chief Shepherd, who shall appear; 4th. It was the Lord Jehovah, Jesus, a blow for an Unitarian then present; 5th. My Shepherd, a blow for doubters, and an encouragement for confidence; 6th. I shall not want, for how can I possibly with such a Shepherd? Of course I did not make these heads, as I never do follow such a plan, yet these are about the thoughts of my sermon, and the order of them.

“Your very affectionate son,

“JOHN HUNT LYNN.”

He is now supplying at a small village in Devonshire and preaching only to a few people. He is adapted for drawing a congregation in any large town. His present address is, Mr. J. H. Lynn, at Mr. G. Palk’s, butcher, Bradhempston, near Totnes, Devonshire.

EXPOSITION OF PSALMS.

BY MR. JAMES WELLS,

Of the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey street,
Waltham road.

PSALM lxxii. 1—8.

“ Truly my soul waiteth upon God : from him cometh my salvation. He only is my rock and my salvation ; he is my defence ; I shall not be greatly moved.”

Now, this is the blessed design of the Gospel, namely, to bring us to God, that we may wait upon God, and that we may know that our defence and our salvation is entirely of God. I would not for a moment say one word against the benevolent and excellent doings of many people and congregations, yourselves among the rest ; still there is something higher, something greater, something infinitely more important than all that, and that is, the soul being, as here described, brought to God. For, whatever our doings, whatever our appearance before men ; however much praise and applause, and gratulation we may obtain from men ; yet if the soul be not thus brought to God, then what will such an one do in a dying hour ? We want that to live upon that we can die upon ; we want that to walk in that we can die in ; we want to feel that, let death come when it may, how it may, and where it may, we have wherewith to meet it. This is the great object of the Gospel. And oh ! how many, many things there are to divert our attention therefrom. Hence it is that we find in conversation with many professors, they have everything in hand except personal fellowship with God ; they have everything in hand except the mediatorial work of Christ as their daily food, their daily life, and their daily theme ; all sorts of good doings, good of their kind, but when they become the perpetual theme why, how burdensome it is to the real Christian. Now, then, David saith,

“ Truly my soul waiteth upon God : from him cometh my salvation. He only is my rock and my salvation ; he is my defence ; I shall not be greatly moved. How long will ye imagine mischief against a man ? ye shall be slain all of you : as a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence. They only consult to cast him down from his excel-

lency : they delight in lies : they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.”

They delight in false doctrines, which are lies, without knowing that they are lies ; they bless with their mouth, that is, they bless outwardly, but inwardly they curse the truth. Now, if you think I am wrong in this, you just go to the 29th of Isaiah, words quoted by the Saviour : “ This people draw near unto me with their mouths, and with their lips do honour me, but have removed their heart far from me.” Now, in what sense ? “ Their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men.” And thus they delight in lies, without knowing—at least I think so—that they are lies ; I think that is the meaning ; and while with their mouth they bless Jesus Christ, inwardly they curse his truth. Now, friends, this state of things must be destructive to the soul. You know it is written that the sheep hear the voice of Christ ; and the voice of Christ is the testimony of Christ ; and the testimony of Christ is the word of Christ ; and the word of Christ is the doctrine of Christ. So, then, while we profess to bless God do we do so by his truth ? for, “ Thou desirest truth in the inward part.” Do we do so in the spirit of his truth ? for, “ If any man have not the Spirit of Christ”—and the Spirit of Christ is the Spirit of eternal truth—“ he is none of his.” Oh, what ten thousand thousand things there are to deceive ! When we look at our state it is very solemn. Here we are with thousands of things, I was going to say, within us and round about us, that might take our lives from us at any moment ; and we are surrounded with all sorts of error ; so that how great is the misery of man ! We may well cry to God for wisdom, for mercy, and for grace ; for, if it were possible, deceptions should deceive the very elect.

“ My soul, wait thou only upon God ;”

don't have any human doings, let it be God, and God only ; God in Christ and Christ in God ; God in the truth and the truth in God ; God in the covenant and the covenant in God ; let it be God, and God only ;

"For my expectation is from him. He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved. In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God."

Do you not see, friends, what a cleaving there is here to God? Here is no human tradition, no human doing; here are no formalities; but here is the soul following after God, cleaving unto God. So it goes on,

"Trust in him at all times, ye people,"

that are one with David in this spirit, of cleaving unto God, in this spirit of decision for God, in this spirit of faith in God, in this spirit of hope in God, in this spirit of love to God.

"Ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us."

God in Christ reconciling us unto himself; as it is said in the 33rd of Deuteronomy, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

CHURCHES IN THE WEST END.

Some letters have lately appeared in this periodical, respecting the position and prospects of Mr. Wilkins, at Soho chapel, in Oxford street. We wish distinctly to acknowledge that the letter last month, signed "A PELLITE," was not read by us, nor did we intend to insert it; but being out at anniversaries for nearly two months, it went unintentionally into the printer's hands. We understand, upon good authority, that the lectures given by Mr. Wilkins were given at the request of, and greatly to the satisfaction of the church and people, and helped to remove the debt. We also can affirm that, as far as the minister and deacons are aware, not the slightest disunion exists in the church. Mr. Wilkins is preaching with acceptance and success. The deacons and church are united, and prayerfully anticipating the continued blessing of the Lord. We have applied to the gentleman who wrote the letter, and who gave his name and address; but as yet it appears a wrong address was given. We shall make further inquiries, and report accordingly.

MEARD'S COURT.—Mr. W. Stokes, of Manchester, has commenced a three months' probationary service in

the pulpit recently vacated by Mr. John Bloomfield. Our correspondent writes very favourably of Mr. Stokes's advent: but Mr. Stokes, as a gentleman, as a Christian, as an author, as a philanthropist, is too well, too extensively beloved and esteemed, to require one word from us. Whether, however, he will permanently and prosperously settle down as the pastor of Meard's Court, is a matter yet in the future.

TO THE BLESSED SPIRIT.*

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness.
Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness.

Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace.

Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, O hear our supplication.

From that height which knows no measure,

As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, and God can send.

O thou glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation.

Come thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations.

We need wish for nothing more.
Come with unction and with power;
On our souls thy graces shower;
Author of the new creation.

Make our hearts thy habitation.

Known to thee are all recesses
Of the earth and spreading skies;

Every sand the shore possesses,
Thy omniscient mind discries.

Holy Fountain, wash us clean,
Both from error and from sin;

Make us flee what thou refusest,
And delight in what thou choosest.

Manifest thy love for ever;

Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our reliever;

Guard and teach, support and guide:
Let thy kind effectual grace

Turn our feet from evil ways:
Show thyself our new Creator,
And conform us to thy nature.

Be our friend on each occasion
God, omnipotent to save!

When we die, be our salvation;
When we're buried, be our grave.

And, when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies;

Seat us with thy saints in glory,
There for ever to adore thee.

* The above is from a recent reprint of Toplady's hymns, by Sedgwick, London. The hymn is Paul Gerhardt's. Toplady is the translator. We recommend Mr. Sedgwick's reprints of Toplady, to our readers.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

A PLAIN COUNTRYMAN'S VISIT TO THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK ASSOCIATION OF BAPTIST CHURCHES, HELD AT LAXFIELD, JUNE 4TH AND 5TH, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

RESPECTED FRIEND,—Having for many years been a constant reader of your monthly periodical, I have found you were ever willing to find room for intelligence from churches or individuals, respecting the progress of God's religion in this world; and now, for reasons which it would be useless here to name, I have been requested to note down a few particulars connected with the public meetings held at the above place; but, being only a plain countryman, you must not expect the following to be garnished with flowery logic, or painted over with elegant colouring, the one only object being to give your many readers a little account as to how Jehovah's work is going on in some few of the Suffolk churches, and around this corner of the globe, as noted down by some few persons at these services.

Living not a hundred miles from Southwold westward, on the morning of the first day I started with a companion on our way to Laxfield. We left the little town of Halesworth on our right hand; after having travelled some little distance through rural scenes, now covered with nature's gayest clothing, passed through the village of Walpole, situate quite in a valley. On we went to Hevingham park, where the noble mansion of Lord Huntingfield presents itself to view; but what would all the world avail, with all its riches and grandeur, if destitute of the adorning graces of the Holy Spirit, and the durable riches and righteousness found alone in the possession of an interest in Christ Jesus—the Lord our righteousness? Well, sir, a few more miles of road, and past fields better cultivated than some a few miles behind us, we arrive at the end of our then present journey, by entering the rather large and healthy-looking village of Laxfield. It possesses some very nice comfortable-looking residences, one of the prettiest of which is occupied by the esteemed pastor of the Baptist chapel. A few paces onward and behold a nice large chapel is in view, within a few yards of the roadside. We pass some booths and stalls, with refreshments provided for all who like to purchase. A little further on a large flag engages the eye, and onward we press till we enter an enclosure on which stands a very large malt-

ing, now turned to good account. Tables are laden with good beef and mutton, and other earthly benefits, for the comfort of such poor bodies as have pockets rich enough to dine and tea with the "upper class." Here, of course, the Levi tribe and their fortunate wives are an exception on the score of payment. All the length of pathway by the malt office was well covered specially for the occasion, by the kindness and expense of the owner. In a meadow at the rear of the building the Association tent was pitched, which by half-past ten o'clock was well filled, and in a few minutes more it was crowded. The leading ministers took their places on the raised platform; Mr. Brown, the respected pastor of the church at Friston, took the chair as Moderator, and commenced the proceedings by giving out the 393rd hymn selection, "Kindred in Christ," &c. Whilst this devotional part was going on, good old Mr. George Wright, of Beccles, once more took his seat on this platform; many were pleased once more to see this venerable servant of the Lord, he having stood so many years in nobly defending the cause of God and truth. He was looking weakly and thin, but as well as for some few years past. Mr. Collins read the 122nd and 67th Psalms; and a dear old pilgrim, named Masterson, from the Bungay church, prayed earnestly and fervently, proving that he was no stranger in approaching before the throne of grace. Most fervently did he pray that the ministers, and messengers, and the different churches they represented, might never be allowed to give up God's holy truth.

The Moderator then gave a short opening address: "First, What we are. Why," said he, "we are common Baptists. Our Lord and Master was a Baptist; and we wish to follow him. We feel, also, it would be no charity to give up the distinguishing characteristics of our most holy faith. Secondly," he said, "What they met for. To glorify God; to help and assist the churches that are weak; to encourage each other in the work. Ministers have hitherto been helped; and God has only a world of sinners to make saints from. Our strongholds of truth are attacked by combined effort from

without. What do we see abroad but a casting contempt upon the righteousness of Christ alone. Calvin introduced the articles which form the basis of our union; this truthful bond of union we will try to promote and defend," &c.

The reading of the letters commenced about a quarter past eleven, and ended about two o'clock.

The WARRISHAM letter was first. It said their outward circumstances were but little changed of late, not so many had been admitted by baptism as in some former years; it expressed a conviction of the church that a deeper sympathy was greatly needed toward those who have not as yet given proof of their being on the Lord's side; and that they could say to anxious seekers, "Come in, ye blessed of the Lord." The village stations were encouraging; never was the school more prosperous, or teachers more united; four had been baptised, and one very aged member gone to glory.

The letter from BECCLES was read by the pastor, Mr. George Wright. They expressed themselves as but little satisfied with the report they had to give; but truth required an honest statement. Congregations not what they formerly were; believe the word was blessed of God to his people, but have not had one instance during the year of converting grace. A few have this year been added, but their conversion to God was of earlier date. Of some it might be said, "grey hairs are here and there upon them, yet they know it not." Prayer meetings are held from house to house by brethren, and by sisters too;—Shall not God hear and answer prayer? The whole cost of the new chapel, over £1,600, has been cleared off; last year £100 remained, but is now paid off. On Good Friday a meeting was held to celebrate God's goodness towards them, and to present the beloved pastor and his estimable wife with two easy chairs, as proofs of their sincere attachment to, and best wishes for, him who hath been their faithful pastor the long period of forty-five years.

The letter from HALESWORTH was very encouraging; congregations never larger; ministry of the pastor, Mr. Gooding, acceptable, but prayer meetings not so well attended as ought to be the case; their quarterly prayer meetings were very refreshing; village preaching for some time omitted from illness of pastor; the school, under the superintendence of their valued friend, Mr. Bedwell, goes on well; three have been baptised.

From RATTLESDEN, the letter records the long-suffering mercy of God towards

them, during a year of trial and painful circumstances; but new mercies have attended each trial; they remember the reins of government are in the hands of "Him who bore that we might never bear the Father's righteous ire." Their trials have taught and enabled them to grasp with firmer hand the great doctrines that head the Circular Letter; the congregations are good; in summer months preaching in open air; the pastor, Mr. Robert Bird, lost by death his beloved wife during this spring; four have been added by baptism.

The church at FRISTON, in their letter, expressed their gratitude to God for peace and unity in their midst; hope to bear in remembrance that solemn caution, "See that ye fall not out by the way." The pastor, Mr. Brown, has been with them thirty-four years, and their prayer is that he may long continue.

The GRUNDISBURGH letter looked round into the political, the moral, and the commercial world; it also has its eye upon "Popery," and the ritualistic fashions of the day, from all which it desires to turn to the stronghold of truth. The attendance is large, the church in peace; they value truth, unite in earnest prayer, for "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;" expect to be obliged to use the pruning knife; the pastor has been there forty years; the people's love to him unabated. During the year have held a meeting, at which the pastor was presented with gold watch and chain, and purse containing £15 10s. Good school. The first Lord's-day in June six persons were baptised in the open air, computed to be 1,500 hearers; day very fine.

The church at NORRox dwell together in love; ministry acceptable; school low; several are removed from the locality.

The LAXFIELD church gave their brethren a most hearty welcome to this association; and may the glory of the Lord fill the place. During the year they have had some things to lament over, but much to be thankful for; the congregations are large; barrenness to be attributed to sin, not to Divine sovereignty. Eight have been baptised, four have died—one, an occasional preacher for some little time of late at a small chapel near Claydon, by Ipswich, was about removing to this place, but taken ill, died in about a fortnight;—264 members, 219 scholars.

The churches at SOMERSHAM, OCCOLD, PULHAM, and CHARFIELD sent good letters; but from those I must not make extracts on account of space.

The STROKE-ASH church writes more

cheerfully than last year; they thank God and take courage. Four have been baptised, praying parents have had their hearts gladdened, and the cause seems in the midst of much encouragement. The Stoke-Ash pastor is not drawn away to Meard's Court; it would be a pity for an esteemed pastor to leave a united people, where all seem in their proper element, breathing pure air freely, for the smoky fogs of London. The Stoke-Ash friends have lately given their pastor substantial proof of their attachment, by presenting him with a nice purse lined with £40.

The RISHANGLES church intends holding a thanksgiving meeting, seeing the cost of their chapel, about £1,000, is paid off, and invited all their friends to pay them a visit. Mr. Harris, the esteemed pastor, has been very useful here.

At BUNGAY, the congregations, by death and other causes, are not so good as formerly. They have a debt of about £70; want to be paid off by January next. At this juncture the assembly heartily sung, "Lo, what an entertaining sight," &c.

Mr. William Snell has left the little cause at GREAT ASHFIELD, and Mr. Henry Cooper has succeeded him.

The new chapel at WALSHAM-LE-WILLOWS is completed, at a cost of £450, towards which the friends have raised £328 7s. 8½d. Mr. Collins here stated, this chapel was very much needed, the people had used the greatest economy, and they had nobly helped themselves; and these were the people, he said, who deserved help from others. During the rebuilding of the chapel, the churchwarden, Mr. Hatten, had generously placed a commodious barn at their disposal, for which kindness they record their gratitude.

The church at TUNSTALL raises another Ebenezer to the God of all grace, for his goodness towards them during the eight years their pastor has been with them. Eight have been baptised this year.

At HADLEIGH, the cause is in a drooping state; they have not been successful with any minister since the death of their late pastor, Mr. Samuel Matthew.

At FRESSINGFIELD a pastor is not settled yet, nor is that union found that is desirable in the church.

To every soul who sincerely loves to see and hear of Zion's prosperity, the cause at HONNE presents a pleasing aspect. The letter said they had much cause for rejoicing: the Word is blessed; sinners have trembled; school goes on well, well sustained by teachers; village gatherings very encouraging; new chapel well filled, and anticipate building a new gallery. Seventeen have been baptised, eight re-

ceived, two restored. This church which was in 1862 composed of 14 members, now numbers 65; the pastor, Mr. Master-son, is greatly blessed in his work; real spiritual prosperity in a church is not always indicated by numerical accessions 'tis true, nor is a young minister, especially, at all times well balanced, when outward prosperity is at its greatest height, the Lord's grace in such case is greatly needed; may this favoured minister be kept near the throne of grace, and preserved in gospel truth, enjoy holy liberty, and give God all the glory. In 1862 the associated ministers and messengers recommended the Honne friends to discontinue meeting as a distinct body in this village, and to attach themselves with some other churches; but God's thoughts are not at all times as man's thoughts, nor his ways as man's ways.

At CLARE, Mr. Wilson, late of Swavesey, is still supplying on probation.

GLEMSFORD is again without a settled minister; at the old chapel, Mr. Warren has left. Spiritual life and activity is evidently at a low ebb. The letter says, with them it is the time of Jacob's trouble. Three have been baptised, one of whom is destitute of natural vision, but the mind is illuminated by the light of life.

At SAXMUNDHAM earnest prayers have been going up to God, but not answered in the way that was expected; Mr. Baldwin left in December, having lost the affections of the people; but the church more firmly united; pulpit supplied by men of truth; congregations good; school going on well.

The cause at LOWESTOFT is prosperous and encouraging. Five baptised. Mr. Kettle is preaching with acceptance.

The letter from ALDRINGHAM seems written in mournful strains; were too hasty in the choice of a minister; now destitute; want a peace-loving and peace-making pastor.

The cause at YARMOUTH is making but slow progress under the ministry of Mr. Southgate.

The infant cause at SUDBORNE is going on well; chapel debt paid off; chapel enlarged; reopening on Whit-Monday.

The church at BRADFIELD is getting on well with Mr. Wright; chapel well filled; prayer meetings well attended, more space must not be taken up by extracts from letters.

The Moderator here made a few remarks, and one party commenced a re-proof upon certain ministers and persons in a manner a "plain countryman" could see no necessity for. Surely all

who cannot see exactly eye to eye with Mr. —, in all his ideas and movements, are not "fawning sycophants;" nor is it every individual outside this Association who regards him as master;" a little nap instead of this harangue, would have been quite as becoming a Christian minister, and as profitable to the people, but perhaps this difference of opinion is attributable to the weakness of a countryman. On the whole, no very great amount of outward prosperity has attended the associated churches this year, not quite a hundred have been added by baptism. Some few are happy and prosperous, many seem almost at a standstill. Many write in sorrowful strains; generally the letters had a candid and truthful appearance, and but few had superfluous matters introduced.

How is it, Mr. Editor, that when Strict Baptist churches are destitute, they so often seek the services of ministers holding Fulleritish, Open-communication, views? but perhaps on those days they are, as Mr. C. said to those present on Association day, when inviting all ministers present to partake of their hospitality, "We are all Open-communicants to-day." So the time and place makes the difference, "All things to all men." Well, no accounting for some people's taste.

In the afternoon of the first day Mr. John Foreman preached an excellent, sound, reasonable discourse from Psalm xlv. 3. This honoured servant of the Lord looked remarkably well, seemed as undaunted as ever in enforcing and defending sovereign love and grace.

Mr. Woodgate, of Otley, read, prayed, and gave out the hymns, afternoon.

Mr. Wilkins, of Soho, preached in the evening from John xvi. 13. "He will guide you into all truth." Many people liked the evening sermon much, but he certainly is not a wonderful deal better preacher for going to London.

Mr. Sears closed the evening service.

During the time of reading the letters a thunder storm passed over the district; the tent canvass is getting rather worn out, having been used something like twenty years, and the rain came through rather freely, but it was amusing to witness the dislike so many Baptists seemed to have to sprinkling.

On the morning of the second day at 6 o'clock, a prayer meeting was held in the chapel, conducted by Mr. Bird, of Rattlesden. At 9 o'clock a second prayer meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Brand, of Bungay. On both occasions a very large company was assembled. Wednesday morning, up till noon, the weather

was very unpropitious, reminding some present of the association meeting held at Earl Soham, twenty-four years ago, only on that occasion the rain was very much heavier. The earth being very damp, a large number were afraid to be in the tent, both chapel and tent however were very full.

Mr. Bland, of Beccles, preached in the forenoon, and Mr. Hosken, of Norwich, in the afternoon.

Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, preached the first association sermon in the morning; and Mr. Barnes, of Walsham-Willows, afternoon; the former from Hebrews vii. 25, the latter from 1 Timothy i., part of 13th verse, "I obtained mercy." Mr. Barnes delivered an exceedingly well arranged and profitable discourse; the sermon in the morning by Mr. Collins was not considered by some to be so appropriate to the text selected; they would have preferred hearing the official character and work of our Great High Priest opened up, and allegiance to the kingly authority of Jesus enforced, and they could willingly have dispensed with those unkind references to the, perhaps, rather singular expressions of a greatly honoured and godly London minister made use of a year or two ago. Let those expressions be right or wrong, perhaps even Mr. Collins himself would not wish his every expression held up to public ridicule for years by a brother minister after they were uttered by him. At the conclusion of the afternoon sermon in the tent, Mr. Cooper, of Wattisham, gave an excellent and salutary address; Mr. Sears joined in grateful remarks for the very great kindness shown them by the neighbours and friends, no pains or expense having been spared to accommodate; and sung the usual parting hymn (254th selection), and the meeting closed. The next year's Association is to be held at Waldringfield, near Woodbridge; Messrs. Sears and Hill to preach; Mr. Brand, of Bungay, to write the circular letter.

The last Association held at Laxfield was on the 19th and 20th of May, 1840. On that occasion Mr. Collins was moderator; the two sermons on the first day then were preached by the late Mr. Howell, of Rattlesden, and Mr. Joseph Norris, then of Bury St. Edmunds. The Association sermons were preached second day by Mr. Austin, of Dairy lane, Ipswich, and by Mr. Cooper, of Wattisham. One extract recorded of the letters then read is, "The intelligence generally represented a state of prevailing coldness and spiritual barrenness, accompanied with many expres-

sions of fervent desire and prayer that God would arise and revive his work." This language may very appropriately be used with reference to many of the letters in the year 1867.

The old Association of Baptist churches held their annual meeting at Laxfield, June 4th and 5th, 1833. On that occasion the late Mr. Goldsmith, of Stradbroke, was moderator; Mr. Sprigg, late of Stokegreen, Ipswich, and the late Mr. Wilson, of Tunstal, preached the second day.

The late pastor of the Laxfield church, Mr. Totman, is still living, and is occasionally enabled to attend the house of God; may his successor continue as firmly attached to, and as firm a defender of, the great fundamentals of vital religion as this now venerable servant of the Lord was in his days of health, strength, and usefulness.

Thus, respected friend, I have penned down a few particulars respecting the Suffolk Baptist Association, for the present year. The items are gathered from the notes of half a dozen different individuals who were present, who sincerely wish to see truth prevail, and God's cause prosper. By request I forward this intelligence for you to use in the *VESSEL*, or as you please, and should you this summer have occasion to travel to, or near, Halesworth or Lowestoft, pray give me a look; you will receive a hearty welcome, and friends around this locality who love the truth of God, would like to hear you preach. Whatever mistakes have occurred in writing the above, pray attribute it to the weakness of

A PLAIN COUNTRYMAN.

SEEKING FOR PARDON.

A LETTER TO MY BELOVED BROTHER JOHN.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE DOUBLE BONDS OF GRACE AND NATURE—Like many more, you sent me a kind note and contribution to help in our Bethnal Green Mission, which I did not acknowledge; but I will show why, and sue out a pardon from yourself, and from all who have apparently been thus neglected.

First, take the following note written to you in a railway carriage:—

To be thrown by steam and water hither and thither continuously may be a change, but to one's nature it is not so pleasant. To endeavour to make the best of it, I write a note or two, while some of my fellow-passengers are singing, others with children crying, some with music playing, and not a few filling our travelling box with smoke, and savour most unpleasant. It is nothing compared with the great Redeemer's travelling. He being weary, sat down by the well. The great apostle was often in perils,

and in wrecks, a night and a day in the deep, and often cast down though never destroyed. After travelling through wet and cold early this Saturday morning, June 15th, I have reached Ipswich, and having had a busy week, I cannot be quiet until I have recorded some of the mercies of the Lord toward me. Whitsunday was spent in London. In the morning and evening, I spoke in St. Thomas's hall; and received one small ray of cheering relief from that word where to the Jews the Saviour said, "The Father judgeth no man; but hath committed all judgment unto the Son." This judgment committed into the hands of the Son, is certainly three-fold at least. It includes his entire government in his church on the earth. It comprehends his judgment of every individual case and character.

"I know my sheep, he cries,
My soul approves them well,
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
And vain the assaults of hell."

There is a three-fold voice of judgment in the souls of the saved. Christ's kingly voice is full of Majesty. As the glorious king in Zion, he says, "When I passed by thee, it was a time of love, and I said unto thee, live." From thence, the new creation, the Divine nature, the life of God in the soul, has its existence; and it is indestructible, it is that life which as regards its origin, safety, and end, is "hid with Christ in God;" while as regards its quickening, sanctifying, anointing, and enlightening powers, it dwells, by the Holy Spirit, in the new man of all the ransomed. There is the priestly voice of Christ in the souls of all the Father giveth him. To them all, and to them individually, he saith "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee, thou art mine." This voice of priestly judgment settles a sinner's state as regards eternity for ever. If redeemed by the precious blood of the God-man, if called by the voice of sovereign and unmerited grace, if adopted by the eternal Spirit of life and love, then, who shall the Lord's elect condemn? Or, who shall separate them from himself? There is the prophetic voice of Christ; that prophetic voice told them, that while in himself they should have peace, in the world they would have tribulation. That prophetic voice told them that as he was going to prepare a place for them, so he would come again, and receive them unto himself, that where he is, there they might be also. My loving brother John, I ask you, if this is not correct? Is there not in the saved church of Christ, this three-fold voice of judgment, divine life in the soul, which sends forth faith, prayer, hope, and a thousand good desires. Also, peace in the conscience, produced by that believing view the poet so correctly describes.

"Ere since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

Then, finally, there is the prophetic voice of Christ, in the soul, which leadeth to an anticipation of the realization of the apostle's consolatory words, "When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory." Have not you, my brother, for many years, had this three-fold voice in your soul? Yea, I hope, as a family, we all have. I cannot resist a word or two, upon the unity, yet the singularity of the different branches of our brotherhood, I have no doubt, but that our mother carried all us four boys to the throne of Almighty grace hundreds of times. And is it not a cordial to your spirit, that all the family, girls and boys, profess, and I hope, possess faith in the precious Christ of God? As regards yourself, I can never question your interest in Christ; I knew you in the days of your first love. I knew you, when I saw the true grace of Christ shining beautifully in you, and although you are now a clergyman in the Church of England, I can never believe but you are qualified for, and designed to effect a good work in your trying and arduous position. Mother's prayers have been answered in you. Then, there is our brother Robert; perhaps the most faithful in all the family. When I think upon his self-denying labours travelling every Sunday morning from Bridge to Canterbury, from Canterbury to Pluckley, and from Pluckley to Egerton Fostall, then preaching there all day and returning back at night, when I consider he has done this for years, I feel it must truly be "a work of faith, and a labour of love." Mother's prayers have been answered in him. Then, look at our dear Samuel preaching the Gospel in Ireland; and suffering great deprivations there; I rest assured mother's prayers are answered in him; although I constantly wish he was in London, where more frequently I might commune with him. Surely, we are a singular family. As regards myself, when I review the trying path I have had to tread; when I consider how afflictions in circumstances have oft o'erwhelmed me, when I hear how bishops, deans, and deacons secretly slay me; I stand amazed at the fact, that I am still called to labour in all parts of this country; and if I am not deceived, if the people deal not falsely with me, then, with Paul I may say, "the Lord stands by me." Oh, it is the heart-bleeding prayer of our poor brother, that in his eternal salvation, our mother's prayers may be answered; and the Lord glorified in not leaving one single hoof behind.

Last Monday morning, I set out for Wooburn Green, in Bucks, where I preached twice; and returned home same night.

ADVANTAGES OF ANNIVERSARIES.

At these country anniversaries, I frequently meet with many excellent godly ministers, whose friendship and fellowship I enjoy. I, also, am sometimes favoured to hear of spiritual good which Christians have received either from hearing me years past

and gone, or from reading my simple testimonials in *THE EARTHEN VESSEL, Cheering Words*, and other books. At Wooburn Green, I saw father Howard and his good wife, the parents of Abraham Howard, the Birmingham pastor; and I may call them the father and mother of the cause of truth in that village, or small manufacturing town. I dearly love old Christian friends; and with them often mingle tears and prayers, although they know I am much despised by the elder, and the nobler brethren. At Wooburn green, I saw brother John Brunt, who is soon expecting to leave High Wycombe. He is a minister of high character; and of good ability; and is adapted to take the charge of any united church in any part of the world. I also saw the Penn Beacon pastor, Mr. Miller, who has long laboured on one of the highest bills in that country; and is a brother of a pure mind and of a very steady faith; quietly and honestly he serves his Master, and feeds the sheep committed to his care.

For this good Miller there will be
A sweet reward in glory;
For he has never failed to tell
The wondrous Gospel story.

Young master Edgerton is accepted in the ministry at Wooburn Green. So, also, is Mr. Kaye, who has engaged to be my curate at Squirries street in the month of July.

It was late last Monday night when I reached home; but early on Tuesday morning, I was on my way to Tunstall, in Suffolk; where, twice again I did the best I could to preach of salvation in Jesus, the eternal Son of God. I appeared obliged to preach there from these words, "Behold! I send you forth as sheep, in the midst of wolves; be ye, therefore, wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." I think there are some wolves in the world; but I found none at Tunstall.

THE COMPARATIVE DARK STATE OF ENGLAND.

Tunstall chapel is very large. I feel sure a thousand people might be crowded into it. It stands almost alone, in a large open part of the country; not far from the sea-side. The Gospel of the grace of God, stands in Tunstall on rather a large scale. There is nothing of weakness nor littleness about it. The chapel is spacious; the congregations are numerous, the minister, brother A. Baker, is a man of no ordinary make; and for some years now, the Lord has much honoured his labours in Tunstall; and in seven or eight of the villages round. Brother Baker is a village preacher without doubt; is one of the happy crooks in Christ's hands, whereby the sheep are brought into the fold. And yet, the inhabitants of Tunstall generally speaking, are no friends to the Gospel preached by the Lord's servant at Tunstall. I hope, ere long, to give a likeness of this good soldier of Jesus Christ; a view of the

chapel and parsonage, and a history of the interesting life of parson, place, &c. The Tunstall people kindly received me. I did my best to serve them; although I appeared to fall short of all I desired to do in the ministry of the word. There is a most efficient choir in Tunstall chapel; I enjoyed the singing much.

Aldborough, on the coast of Suffolk, is now a growing watering place. Christian people seeking health by the sea-side will find quietness in Aldborough; and from thence to Tunstall chapel will be found a picturesque, romantic, rural, and pleasing walk.

Tired as a hunted hare I went to rest in brother Baker's parsonage, on the Tuesday night; but very early the next morning, he summoned me to a good breakfast, which he and his happy wife had prepared. Greater kindness I never could receive than was administered here. But the carrier came to take me to the station; and through the groves and laues at early dawn we sped our way, and still preserved, reached by noon Jireh chapel, on the ascending hills of East Bergholt, where again the Gospel was to be proclaimed. I was happy at Bergholt; but as a separate account is to be sent me, I stop not here. That night, after two long services I walked with the Lydia of Bergholt, and her beloved son, Master Steggalls, to the White Horse, where a bed was prepared for this weary pilgrim. Mr. and Mrs. Deeks, who manage the White Horse at Bergholt, are good people; and they make travellers wonderfully comfortable; and charge next to nothing for it, which suits a poor half-paid workman like your brother. You rich and wealthy clergymen, may be gentlemen, but, it often seems to me, that my work is to be free indeed.

WILFUL SINNING.

As soon as I got into my bed room at the White Horse, I said, "Bless the Lord, for a quiet corner." I had not been in this room long, before there came across my soul, this doleful word, "If we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin; but a fearful looking for of judgment; which shall devour the adversary!" The coming of such a word, after such a happy day, staggered me, it made me feel ill. I sat down to my Bible, read the passage exactly as it came to me: and I thought it was given me as a text for Mendlesham, where the next day I preached from it. The particulars of it, and of "the dreadful prayer-meeting," I purpose to publish separately; as I cannot give it all in the VESSEL. Next morning, up and at it again. Paid my bill at the White Horse, walked to Manningtree railway-station took my ticket for Stowmarket, from whence, that praying Jabez, the Good Hart, drove me to Mendlesham, where I found pastors Baker and Bartholomew in the vestry, Frederick Runneckles in the singing desk; a host of

people in the chapel; and, by the good hand of God upon us, to work we all went. Brother Baker read the Word and offered prayer. I preached three times, Thursday afternoon and evening; and again on Friday evening; and left there this Saturday morning; and have written these few lines while rolling in a Great Eastern. Forgive all that seems wrong, and all that is wrong, in these railway reflections by your brother,
C. W. B.

At Mendlesham, many ministers have laboured, who are scattered here and there in many parts of England. They will be glad to learn that Mendlesham chapel is much enlarged; the church and congregation has grown wonderfully, and the pastor Mr. Bartholomew, is God's mouth and minister for the calling and comforting of many.

HAPPY SERVICES AT RYE LANE, PECKHAM.

On Monday, June 3rd, two interesting services were held at Rye Lane Chapel, Peckham. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, a large number of friends met in the school-room behind the chapel, where two memorial stones were to be laid. The Sabbath school in connection with Mr. Moyle's church under the able superintendent, Mr. G. T. Congreve (author of "Eight Acrostics on the Bible,") has been so largely blessed with prosperity that the new school-room so recently erected was found totally inadequate to accommodate the numbers desirous of joining. "The nursery at the back of the chapel" (as Mr. Congreve expressed it) was to be enlarged to double its original size by taking the end wall away and extending the sides, with other additions and improvements; and when completed, we are promised a "model school." At 3 o'clock Mr. Moyle, mounted on a temporary platform, surrounded by a number of warm supporters of Sabbath school instruction, opened the proceedings by reading and the company singing—

Lord, assist us by thy grace
To instruct our infant race,
Grant us wisdom from above,
Fill us with a Saviour's love.
May we teach them day by day,
In the house and by the way,
When they rise and when they rest,
Till Thy truth shall make them blest.

A portion of the 78th Psalm was read and Mr. George Webb (of Wild street), offered prayer. Mrs. John Bland, the lady who was appointed to lay the stone of the girls' school, was then introduced by the pastor. A very interesting scene followed on Mrs. Bland proceeding to perform her pleasing task, and considerable curiosity was manifested to witness the proceedings. Having duly laid the stone, the remarks Mrs. Bland made were then read. She esteemed it a great privilege to take part in so interesting a work; she thought much of the rising generation, and knew

what it was to have the anxious care of children, and could somewhat enter into Solomon's feelings when he said, "That the soul be without knowledge is not good." Since she had known the Lord, if there had been one object more than another that had engaged her warmest sympathies, it had been the wish of doing good to the young. Thinking of the foundation stone just laid, her mind was led to the contemplation of the foundation stone God has laid in Zion for guilty sinners to build their hopes upon. What was the nature of that hope? Was it riches? No. Long life? No. A name—when called to leave this time-state—that her children might be able to say, my dear mother laid this foundation stone at Peckham Rye? No; these would not bring the least satisfaction to her mind. The hope is this: that the act this day may be blessed by a Covenant God, who has purchased us by His own precious blood. Let our prayer be, that the children may feel a deep anxiety to come and be taught the letter of God's word, and may that word be powerfully applied by the Holy Spirit to the saving of their immortal souls; may we be living witnesses that many children taught here are the chosen of God, and redeemed by that all-atoning blood!

Another hymn having been sung, "Our Solicitor," (as Mr. James Mote is now called by our Strict Baptist friends) had to lay the memorial stone of the boys' school; and we had a cheerful address on the great benefit Sabbath schools have been to England. Mr. Mote is well adapted for these kind of gatherings, as his addresses abound with sound argument and sterling advice, enlivened with some happy thoughts thrown in here and there off-handed, but always to the point, and well directed. After Mr. Mote had declared the stone duly and properly laid, and had given his address:—

Mr. G. T. Congreve, in a few words, proposed votes of thanks to the lady and gentleman for having performed their task so well. The vote was very cordially given. Mr. Congreve remarked that they did not intend making any collection in the afternoon; but we felt quite sure when we heard this that our friend had some deep design on the friends' purses, the way to which he appears to be a master in discovering. Tea was abundantly supplied in a marquee erected in Hanover Park at the rear of the chapel. In the evening, at half past 6, a public meeting was held in the chapel. This meeting was of a twofold character—to mark the nineteenth anniversary of Mr. Moyle's pastorate, and to assist the school building fund. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Pocock (a name which must now be familiar to all our readers), occupied the chair, supported on his right by the pastor of the church, and on his left by the superintendent of the school, and surrounded by Messrs. Silverton, Geo. Webb (Wild-street), Baugh, At-

wood, Anderson, Florey, Dixon, Meeres, Rogers, Jackman, and others.

Mr. Pocock, in opening the proceedings, said he was there out of respect to them as a Church and love to their pastor, whom he had known since a boy; and as he looked back that evening at the 77 years he (the chairman) had been preserved in the wilderness, he felt that he and their pastor had much cause to praise and bless the Lord for his preserving care to them for such a lengthened period; they were living witnesses to the truthfulness of the promise, "As thy day, thy strength shall be." When a youth, he spent some of his happiest days in the Sabbath school connected with that good man of God, Thomas Cranfield, under whose ministry he received much real profit. He was a Sunday school man, and a strong advocate for employing as teachers only such persons who had been called by grace. Two main branches of truth should be prominently put before the children. First, impress upon their minds the fact that they are born in sin, and that the blood of Jesus Christ alone can cleanse that sin away. Respecting their worthy pastor, he understood, should he be spared till next October, he would then complete his twentieth year with them. This was a great thing to say in these days of constant changing, when one month you read of a "settlement under pleasing prospects," and the next month, or very soon after, we are told that our brother is about "removing to a larger sphere of usefulness." What was the secret of his brother Moyle's continued usefulness amongst his people? Prayer. For where a people lay near a pastor's heart, he will often be found at a throne of grace pleading there for the prosperity of the Church; and so it will be with the people for their pastor. Those Christian friends who know what it was to retire to their closet, and there in secret plead with the Lord, knew with him that there some of the happiest moments were spent; we can tell him what we could tell no one else. He believed his brother Moyle understood this truth, and therefore he gave him the right hand of fellowship. (Here Mr. Pocock shook Mr. Moyle heartily by the hand, and the scene of two aged Christian gentlemen thus evidently warmly attached to one another, was a sight that moved not only the chairman but many in the congregation to tears.)

Mr. Moyle next spoke. He was happy to meet his brother Pocock; for many years they had known and loved one another in the truth. The first Sunday in October, 1847, he came amongst them at the old chapel on probation; it was a very anxious time to him; the cause was very low, the church numbering 30 members. He should ever remember with feelings of great affection his dear brother Congreve, one of the deacons then (the father of their present deacon); he was a man that had a tender regard for ministers, and he knew well how to speak a word in season—when the mind

is dark, the spirit cast down, we think the spring is dry, and we have no more to say, and we are of no use, it is a great blessing to a minister to have a brother to cheer you. Such a man was the late Henry Congreve; he could opine one's thoughts; and with a cheerful face, a sweet promise, and a hearty shake of the hand, he would cheer you on the way. (Might the writer suggest the careful reading of this paragraph to those brethren in office who sometimes forget the pastor has a heart?) Since then they had gradually increased, not rapidly, never with a flourish or a spring-tide, but steadily, and that had been a great mercy for him; for had they prospered greatly, he might have become proud and haughty; and had not been seen a little progress, then he was of that depressed spirit, he would not have been able to continue. What was the cause of their success? The truth had been preached, the ordinances had been maintained. He could say, there was not a more united Church in London. As to the Sunday school, he must not say much, but he must blurt out a word. It was a sort of secret—the sum of £100 was wanted towards the expense. He wished they might get it, and as a proof of the sincerity of his wish would give £5 towards it. Mr. Congreve would tell them all about it.

Mr. G. T. Congreve was pleased to meet the chairman, and though it was the first time he had presided over them, he hoped it would not be the last. Whatever difference there might be on some points, he was sure the meeting was unanimous on one, and that was, they were all glad again to meet their pastor on the occasion of his nineteenth anniversary; and for himself, his brother officers, for the church, and for the congregation, he wished him many happy returns of the day, and was glad to find him as vigorous in mind as he was nineteen years ago. Might he be spared to them many years to come! The Lord was still blessing them as a church; not with a rushing torrent, but with the silent, peaceful, flowing on of the River of Water of Life. During the past year, twenty-one members had been added to the church; the year previous twenty-three were added; the seats were let, and the chapel well filled; and they had now a large family of children. Only yesterday he examined the register (being the family nursemaid), and found they had 185 names there. Two teachers and three scholars had recently been added to the church. He had, more especially, to deal that evening with the school enlargement, and the expense. The school had so rapidly increased that the immediate enlargement was necessary. The business he had in hand was the money department. At their last October meeting, they commenced the fund; at that meeting they gathered £56 13s. 2d. In Christmas week they held a bazaar, which realized upwards of £140. They had now in hand £211 1s. 9d. The contract for the enlargement was 463*l.*; and

with the ground and other extras, 500*l.* would be required. What they wanted that evening was to make the amount up to 350*l.* He knew where the other 150*l.* could be borrowed without interest. We now understood why Mr. Congreve told us there was to be no collection in the afternoon. He had made up his mind for 100*l.* on the occasion, and very wisely reserved all the strength for the evening meeting, and the amount was more than obtained. The following is a portion of the list:—Mr. Moyle, 5*l.*; Mr. and Mrs. Congreve, 20*l.*; Mrs. John Bland, 10*l.*; Mr. James Mote, 5*l.*; Mr. Pocock, 3*l.* 3s.; Mr. Rogers, 5*l.*; Mr. Cowtan, 5*l.*; Mr. Higges (the builder), 5*l.*; Mr. Creasey and family, 10*l.* 10s.; collected by Mr. Spencer, 10*l.*, &c.

After the collection, the school children, who occupied the gallery, sang most sweetly a beautiful piece, Mr. Congreve's daughter leading with the harmonium; Messrs. Alderson, Silvertown, Baugh, Meeres, encouraged the friends in their work. Cordially Mr. Pocock was thanked for his presence, a verse was sung, the benediction pronounced, and considerably after 9 o'clock the happy gathering dispersed. R.

MR. JOHN CORBITT DEFENDED.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me to write in defence of the Gospel in the West. The editor of the *GOSPEL GUIDE*, for April 19th, has recorded the sayings of "A Bird or Passage." The so called bird has pointed at three ministers and places of worship in Plymouth and Devonport, but appears to have its eye more particularly on Trinity Chapel, Plymouth, in the defence of which I write, leaving others to defend themselves.

It is well known that the Gospel has been preached at Trinity Chapel for many years, but never more fully and faithfully than it now is by our friend, Mr. John Corbitt. A more malicious libel cannot be uttered than to say, as "The Bird" has, in reference to Trinity, its minister, and the order of the Church, I feel language is not strong enough to give a decided contradiction to the assertions there given.

I would ask the so-called "Bird" what part of God's eternal truth has Mr. Corbitt denied or offered for sale? Has he ever denied the resurrection of the body of Christ, or asserted that the blood of Christ shed on Calvary is not the blood of the Covenant? Has he denied the resurrection of the body of the just and the unjust, and advocated the doctrine of the Sadducees? Has he denied the life of God in the soul as the alone work of the Holy Ghost? and set up or advocated Arminianism? Does he set aside the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, knowing it is said—"As often as ye do this, ye do it in remembrance of Me?" Has he denied or offered for sale Believer's Baptism by immersion, as instituted by Christ in the New Testament, and put in the place of it infant sprinkling? What part of God's eternal truth is offered for

sule or denied by Mr. Corbitt? Let them that know of one, tell it out plain; and like honest persons, give their names and addresses in full, and not act like a familiar spirit, whispering out of the dust. I feel certain Mr. Corbitt is able and willing to come forward in defence of the truth which he preaches as well as his own character, and meet his accusers face to face.

The "Bird" saith further in reference to Mr. Corbitt, "Our brother's movements are not satisfactory to any." Now that is equally false; this, the hundreds who attend give a practical proof to the contrary. When Mr. Corbitt first came with us, we were but few in number; since that period the congregation was increased more than three fold. It is true we have had some few who appeared as though they were one with us at first, and for some reason best known to themselves, have left. All we can say is, they are gone out from us, they say, because they are not of us. And for certain, not one rule has been altered since the formation of a Strict Baptist Church at Trinity.

As to Mr. G. Dowdney's death being our gain, we should be only too glad to have ten times as many, and hope soon to have some of them join in church fellowship.

My close connection with the church and congregation at Trinity, as well as my high esteem for Mr. Corbitt, whose character I feel bound to vindicate, demands of me to be prompt in asking the favour of a small space in your VESSEL to raise a plain and straightforward defence for the cause of God's Gospel at Trinity Chapel.

I have no wish to reflect on editors, but I do think when men write to depreciate any sect or cause so personally as in the case of Mr. Corbitt, and the cause at Trinity, they do wrong to publish the same without the name of the parties thus writing being given.

For what can be more annoying than an anonymous letter? Such letters are more like the actions of serpents or snakes than of men, and as such we leave them, until we see who they are, and to whom they bare a resemblance.—I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,

JAMES CHAMBERS.

Plymouth, June, 1867.

[In all parts of the country we have been questioned as to the real position of the church at Trinity now. We could not answer; although we have always been persuaded Mr. Corbitt was a man too determined and too decided ever to sacrifice any principle or practice which he knew to be according to the mind and will of the Lord. But from whence the rumours have arisen, we cannot tell; all our correspondents we do not know.—Ed.]

WEST END, CHOBHAM. — While party spirit is doing its unholy work, while bickering and strife are pursuing their course, while Ritualism is pressing on to make confusion worse confounded, and

while the high way to Romanism is becoming broader and broader still, we will leave contemplation of these things for a brighter picture and step into a conveyance to visit a portion of that sect which is everywhere spoken against, choosing rather to suffer affliction in the wilderness, with our brethren and sisters in the Lord, than to dwell in Egypt with all its worldly splendour. For the wilderness shall blossom as the rose, manna shall be found there, water from the rock shall flow there, our God shall be our guide, and at the end of the journey lies the promised land, a land flowing with milk and honey. The last few miles of our journey was over the common or heath, on either side of our road sterility, but beyond, a beautiful landscape of fertility. In the midst of this wild and desolate tract and on the top of a hill we noticed a spring of water, which seemed to steal gently for some distance down to a valley which was

"Clothed with living green."

We thought how like the heart of man is this heath, what is it but a desert and a waste, unless a "well of water" is made to spring up? life is then seen as the result, the blossom and the fruit soon follow, and the earthly is transformed to the image of the heavenly. When we arrived at West End we wondered how a cause of truth came to spring up here, with just a house here and there; surely this is "a handful of corn upon the top of the mountain." A spring of water arises out of the everlasting hills to water it, and the God of Abraham is the husbandman. The chapel was full on this occasion, notwithstanding there were two other anniversaries the same day about four miles off, and the pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle, Mr. James Wells, preached three times; in the morning from Rev. v. 10; in the afternoon from 1 Cor. xv. 10; and in the evening from Judges v., part of 20th ver., "Oh my soul, thou hast trodden down strength." Mr. Wells was happy in his work, he was enabled to make the portions of Scripture plain by Scripture, so that the wayfaring people could understand, and the hearts of many were made to rejoice, and the good wine was kept until the last. The 28th of May will be remembered we believe at West End by Mr. Lambourn and church, Mr. Hetherington of Cove, the friends, who came from London, Uxbridge, Hounslow, Kingston, Blackwater, &c., as a day when they could say,

We pitched our moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

And we were also led to exclaim, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." "Eat, oh friends, and drink, oh beloved," is the language of him who cannot err. Dear reader, do you know anything of this? If not, thou art a stranger to the joys of a believer in the Gospel of the grace of God. "They sang as it were a new song." Bless

his dear and precious name, Zion's songs are always new, new on earth, new in heaven, and when ten thousand times ten thousand millions of years have rolled along they will sing no other song "and praise redeeming grace." Our good esteemed brother Lambourn informed us it was a good day in every respect, the best anniversary they have had for years, and the best collection. We were glad also to participate in the good day, join in the new song, and drink of the wine of the kingdom.

CORRESPONDENT.

EAST BERGHOLT. — JIREH BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Anniversary services were held Whit-Wednesday, June 12th. The service commenced by singing

"Saviour, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain,
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

This was sung with much feeling, and the hearty prayer for a spiritual revival of pure and vital godliness ascended with the voice from many a dear child of God. Mr. Smith, of Hadleigh, read 103rd Psalm, and prayed earnestly. Our dear brother, C. W. Banks, preached from Ezek. xxviii. 25, 26, a very earnest and encouraging sermon upon the Lord gathering his people. There were many outward circumstances calculated to cast a gloom over the meeting; in the first place it had been announced that Thomas Pickworth, Esq., would preside over the meeting, but on arriving at the station at Manningtree, our dear brother Banks received a letter from that worthy gentleman stating that affliction had entered his family and prevented his being with us. Although we felt the bitter disappointment, yet knowing it was our Father's hand that had done it we could say, it is well. Some of our own friends were prevented being with us through affliction; but we had the presence of our King Immanuel, and a nice little number of God-fearing, warm-hearted loving saints, who vied with each other in exalting the Lord Jesus in their conversation, and in love one to another. A happy party sat down to a good tea at five. All seemed to enjoy themselves; peace, harmony, and goodwill pervaded the whole company. At half-past six the public meeting commenced. Mr. Joseph Poock, of Ipswich, read and prayed; and our esteemed brother Banks having been voted to the chair in the absence of Mr. Pickworth, he commenced by reading a very kind Christian letter from that gentleman stating the reason why he could not be with us, and requesting Mr. B. to place a sovereign on the plate for him. He kindly offered to come and see us some Lord's-day. Of this we were very glad. Brother Banks spoke of the warm interest he always felt in this little struggling cause of truth. He regretted our pastor, Mr. Wm. Churchyard, could not be with us. He was not absent from want of will. He

has laboured in this cause for six years in the most disinterested manner, receiving nothing for his services. The Lord had made him a blessing to many of the saints, and they esteemed him highly. For some time past, it has been felt and mourned over by pastor and people that there has not been success attending our work. Mr. Banks said, in East Bergholt they want a man of truth to come and live in the place, and go in and out among the people, and hold week evening services, and go into the villages round, and there is little doubt but with God's blessing a good congregation would be gathered. Our beloved brother Churchyard cannot do this, having to labour all the week for the support of himself and family. Our good brother urged us to commit our way unto the Lord, and continue instant in prayer. Mr. Smith, of Hadleigh, addressed the meeting. Next came our friend, James Andrews, deacon of Bethesda chapel, Ipswich, and one of our trustees. It did us good to see his kind honest face, all radiant with smiles, and to hear him speak out of the abundance of his heart that which divine love had spoken in. He said he was heartily glad to meet his brother Banks and the dear friends on that occasion. He referred back to the time when the effort was first made to establish a cause of truth here, and he said he could not see the way at all, and he often said things that tended to discourage rather than encourage those engaged in the great work; but still he found from time to time that prayer was made, and that faith was given, and finally, he was obliged to acknowledge that the hand of the Lord was in it, and then he went to work with all his might. Himself and his brother James Churchyard were the two first that offered to become trustees, and took an active part in erecting the chapel and in forming the church, and he felt great pleasure in visiting his brethren and sisters, and his prayer for them was that they might abound more and more in love to God and to each other. Our true hearted and long tried friend, James Churchyard, spoke cheerfully and encouragingly. He reminded us of what great things the Lord had done for us, and he recognised us as a little handful of the corn that shall help to fill the heavenly garner; and concluded by ascribing all the glory to God in the beautiful language of the 72nd Psalm 18, 19, "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who alone doeth wondrous things, and blessed be his glorious name for ever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen." Mr. Banks called upon our friend and deacon Mr. Joseph Pitcock, to speak in the absence of our pastor. He did so in a very earnest manner; blessing the Lord that he had brought him amongst the saints at Jireh. Then Mr. Banks called upon our dear young brother Mr. Steggall to address the meeting. He is a member with us. He said although he could not meet with us as in days gone by, yet he was one in heart

with us, and would always pray for our prosperity. Mr. Joseph Pocock addressed a few plain practical remarks, and after singing a short hymn, the benediction was pronounced, and the friends separated praising God for another token of his love, and those who came from a distance felt and acknowledged that in this visit to Jireh, they had seen the grace of God and were glad.

A LITTLE ONE.

A SUNDAY AT KNOWL HILL.

[We have referred to the death of our old friend, Mr. Benjamin Mason. His beloved grandchild sends the following note.]—Dear Sir,—I had hoped to have gathered something more of my dear departed grandfather's early life; but I cannot do so. One thing I did not tell you in my little note of his last days, a friend sent him a little hymn-book; he was pleased with one hymn in particular:—

We sing of the realms of the blest;
That country so bright and so fair:
Its glories are often contest;
But what must it be to be there!

I read several others to him; and he asked me to sing to him of heaven and glory. I told him I could not sing while seeing him suffer so much. But I must try and give you a little account of the very happy visit of our much loved cousin, Joseph Cartwright, on last Lord's-day, which will not be forgotten by some of us. In the morning, a prayer-meeting was conducted by cousin Joseph Cartwright, cousin William Mason, and Mr. Brown, one of the ministers who kindly came from Reading to preach to us. Mr. Cartwright preached the funeral sermon in the afternoon from Genesis v. 24, "And Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him." He said he had three motives for coming to us; first, out of respect to his dear departed uncle, the old patriarch, Benjamin Mason. Secondly, to stir up the minds of the friends on the importance of the subject of death and eternity. Thirdly, he also prayed that some poor soul might be led that day, if it was the Lord's will, to the footstool of mercy; seeking pardon and forgiveness through the blood and merits of our once crucified, but now exalted Saviour. He took up his text in the following manner. 1. What is intended by walking with God? 2. What might be understood by "he was not?" 3. What was implied in "God took him?" Mr. Cartwright was very happy, and said much on his own soul's experience; on walking with God, in the doctrines of distinguishing grace, in the ordinances of his house, and in sweet communion and meditation. He told us there were no signs of life unless we knew something of this blessed secret; he believed the testimony of his dear uncle would prove that he enjoyed much of this communion with God. The sermon was heard with much feeling and profit, we hope good was done. Mr. Cartwright preached again in the evening, on the

company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot. He spoke particularly on the necessity of union among Christian brethren. Considering the unsettled state of things at Knowl Hill, the attendance was very good all day. May the kind admonitions delivered be put into practice, so that peace and love, and all the grace of the Spirit, may be revived and carried out in this little garden of the Lord. Yours very truly,

MARY ANN WATTS.

[We have a photograph of the late patient pastor of Knowl Hill; and hope some day to give it in the EARTHEN VESSEL. It is the good old man's soul in his face exactly.—Ed.]

WOBUEN GREEN.—On Whit-Monday, June 10th, the anniversary services of Ebenezer Baptist chapel were held, C. W. Banks preached well in the afternoon from Micah ii. 13. The Lord opened the mouth of his servant to proclaim the truth in a way and manner that caused many to rejoice in the God of their salvation. The suitability of the ministry to meet the cases of trial and difficulty in which the Lord's living family are found, was ably set forth, drawn from the mission and character of Micah. Truly it was a happy season as all such times are, when the word is blessed, and the hearts of God's elect comforted. Tea was provided by the ladies in a way that reflected great credit; a goodly number sat down showing the goodwill of neighbouring churches for which the authorities are thankful. In the evening Mr. Banks took for his text Judges vi. 17, from which he delivered a Christ-exalting sermon; the sound was clear, distinct, and certain, and calculated under the power of the Spirit of God to produce good results. The attendance at both services was good and the friends responded liberally to the appeal made on behalf of the cause. Ministers present were Mr. Brunt of Wycombe, Mr. Miller of Wycombe, Marsh and Mr. Kaye, and Edgerton of London. The church meeting here have had to experience dark days, but brighter ones are come. They have a prosperous Sunday school and a good staff of young people, a clean and respectable chapel, and a fervent desire to extend instrumentally the kingdom of Christ in that locality. All they want is a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost to preach the truth to them such a one may God send them.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

SHARNBROOK, BEDS.—BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.—On Lord's-day, June 16th, anniversary sermons in connection with the above named chapel, were preached by J. Steed, of Rehoboth chapel, Victoria st., Shadwell. We had an excellent day, good attendance of Gospel hearers, and a good collection; in short, Jehovah's smile was visibly upon us, in sending so many to hear the glorious truths of a yea and amen Gospel. Mr. Steed was enabled by God to

preach the truth, the whole truth, and no thing but the truth. He blew the Gospel trumpet with a clear, distinct, and certain sound. The sound reached the hearts of the living in Jerusalem, and to such it was a pleasant sound, a Christ-exalting sound, a sinner debasing sound. Thus we heard Mr. S., and hope to hear him again tell of the wondrous everlasting love of God in the choice of a people before the "morning stars sang together," or earth's foundations were laid, and that in covenant engagement Christ stipulated to bear their sin and curse to satisfy justice and bring in complete salvation. And in the fulness of time according to the predestined favors of God, we shall all be brought by irresistible grace to know the Lord, and the glory of his power; finally, to be presented faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding great joy. May the great Head of the church send many such labourers into the vineyard, who shall faithfully, unflinchingly proclaim the "whole counsel of God." Praying the Lord will yet comfort Zion and build up her waste places, I beg to subscribe myself in behalf of the church,

F. FOUNTAIN.

NEWTON ABBOT, DEVONSHIRE.

—On Tuesday, June 4th, two sermons were preached to respectable and attentive congregations in the old Baptist chapel (strict communion), by Mr. John Webster, of Cave Adullam, Stepney. The weather, previously stormy, cleared, and friends from Ashburton, Torquay, and other distant places, attended. Tea was prepared and a numerous company collected to partake of it, in the commodious schoolroom belonging to the Independent chapel kindly lent for the occasion. The ladies with their usual liberality, furnishing the tables, representatives from all the congregations in the town, attending to express their sympathy and respect to our brother Mr. Fred. Pearse, who, we are glad to find, is so highly esteemed in the town for his Christian and consistent adherence to principle. On Wednesday, we visited Torquay; and on Thursday, Mr. Webster again preached at Newton, and on Friday, returned to London. We regret that he was suffering from a recent attack of bronchitis. The collections were liberal.

ORPINGTON, KENT.—Amidst all the commotions of time, it is pleasing to behold a little brotherly love and affection. On May 28th, was the anniversary of Bethesda chapel, Orpington, where our venerable brother Hamblin now labours, whose heart was cheered by the presence of many of his old friends and members of East Lane

chapel, Walworth, the scene of his former labours. Brother Alderson preached two soul-enlivening sermons. Souls comforted; God glorified; friends cheered; and some temporal good done. We observed brother Faulkner, of Soho, brother Whittle, and other occasional labourers. About thirty friends left East Lane in an omnibus, and quite unlived the villages; on their arrival at Orpington, many came from the neighbouring villages, and the chapel was full.—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

STEPNEY.—Dear Brother Banks,—The Lord has again visited this garden to gather his lilies. The church in Cave Adullam has lost three dear sisters within the last fortnight: all left behind a good profession. The first, sister Cousins, aged seventy-four, recently dismissed from brother Milner's, (Keppel street); the second, Mrs. Sarah Evans, aged thirty-seven, leaving a numerous family; and on Saturday last, our aged sister Andrews, mother to brother Winslow, of Wadhurst, at whose house she fell asleep in Jesus. Dismissals to the triumphant church of the Lord Jesus are always safe and satisfactory; but other dismissals are sometimes written with fear and trembling. The Lord bless you, my dear brother, in person and ministry, is the prayer of yours affectionately,

JOHN WEBSTER.

June 19th, 1867.

SOUTH WARK.—TRINITY CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOLS. The anniversary services of these schools took place on Lord's-day, June 9th. Mr. E. J. Silvertown preached with his usual animation morning and evening; and Mr. Crowther in the afternoon delivered an excellent discourse from Psalm xxii. 30, "A seed shall serve him; it shall be accounted to the Lord for a generation." The attendance on each occasion was good. The collections all that was required; being an advance of one fifth on the year preceding. The children sang well; the teachers and friends took tea in the vestry; and united in prayer till the time for the evening service, after which some expressed their minds by saying "they had spent a most happy day." May there be many more such "happy returns."

F. J. HUDSON.

BROSELEY, SHROPSHIRE.—The Baptist church in this town have invited our brother George Reynolds for three months. We are glad to find our esteemed brother's ministry is so acceptable among them, and have no doubt that he will make a useful and faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

BAPTIZINGS.

MINISTER'S NAME.	NAME AND SITUATION OF CHAPEL.	DATE.	NO. BAPTIZED.
Bracher, W.	West Ham, Essex	May 28, 1867	1
Davies, T.	Bethel, High street, Poplar	May 26, "	2
Hearson, Geo.	Vauxhall	May 26, "	6
Palmer, Wm.	Barking road	May 26, "	3

A Leaf from the Note Book of a Physician.

“These things write we unto you that your joy might be full.”—1 John i. 4.

REFERRING to 1 John ii. 2, we find it thus written: “And He is the propitiation for our sins.” Comforting truth! Jesus died for *your* sins and *mine*, brother. “Let our joy be full.” Again, it is written (chap. ii. 1, “If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;” yes, “Let our joy be full;” we have an advocate—the Lord our Righteousness—the Lord Jesus Christ, who hath entered into the holy of holies with His own blood to appear before God for us, able and willing to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for us. Again it is written (chap. i. 9), “If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” Yes, “Let our joy be full;” for Jesus ever lives to sanctify us through His truth—His word is truth—to make us holy, by filling us daily with His Holy Spirit, to make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. We read again in chap. iii. 1 of the same epistle, “Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God! therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not.” Yes, our joy may well be full, that God is our Father, Christ our elder Brother; that you and I, believers in Jesus, followers of Jesus, are justified—in some measure sanctified—adopted into God’s dear family, sons of God, joint heirs with Christ of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Lastly, we read (chap. iii. 2), “Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He (Christ) shall appear, we shall be like them, for we shall see Him as He is.” Here we get a glimpse into the future state of the believer. That we shall be like Him (Christ), body and spirit; at death, the spirit of the Christian, absent from the body, is present with the Lord; but when the Lord Jesus descends into the air for this Church; and when the dead in Christ shall rise first, and we who are alive and remain are caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air, and so be for ever with the Lord” (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17); then we shall be like Him. For He will change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body. Will not this be a large item in the future glory of the saints, to be delivered from a body which is ever tending to weakness and decay, which hinders the operation of the mind, fetters the spirit, and proves an inlet of defilement to the soul, and to be clothed upon with a body, the immediate product of Divine skill and power, endued with immortal vigour, indestructible perfection and unfading beauty, the glorified organs of which will open up to the enraptured mind unsearchable treasures of knowledge, and supply inexhaustible themes for holy adoration and increasing love to the Author of our blessedness? And not only shall the saints be clothed in glorious bodies like unto their Lord, but their spiritual being will undergo a transformation corresponding to the corporeal change of which we have spoken. “It doth not yet appear”—that is, it has not yet been manifested “what we shall be,

but *we know* that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." We shall be like Jesus in the spirit of our minds; we shall be as He was, "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners;" the prince of this world will have no part in us. The best condition of the most advanced saint in the present state is described in the words of the apostle—"So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." The life of the believer is now a continual conflict "striving against sin," denying himself, taking up his cross daily, crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts, groaning within himself, "waiting for the adoption," longing and hoping for the promised deliverance. While under the painful pressure of indwelling sin, he cries out, "Wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But in the future state their warfare will be ended: no striving then; all their renovated powers will flow on in a deep and unbroken stream of holy service. It is true, that even in our present state of imperfection, there are brief seasons when our corruptions seem to be stunned; and when we can say that it is our meat and drink to do the will of our Heavenly Father;" but even these favoured moments are but a small earnest of the unbroken enjoyment which will be realised in the perfection of obedience to the Divine will, when grace shall have perfected its work in Christ's people. Yes, Christ's people shall be like Him clothed in glorious bodies like unto the Lord's glorious body, perfect in holiness and happiness, for ever with the Lord. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the First Resurrection, on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with them a thousand years (Rev. xx. 6); yea, for ever and ever. (Rev. xxii.)

"These things write we unto you that your joy might be full." We have little faith and sympathy with the melancholy moping Christian, always mourning. No doubt, the Christian has his seasons of depression, cast down by reason of manifold trials and temptations; but these are written that your joy might be full. Not only is the Christian to have joy, but to be full of joy. "These things," said the Lord Jesus to His disciples when taking final leave of them before His crucifixion, "have I spoken to you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full, John xv. 2. The Apostle Paul writes—"We glory in tribulation;" and in his Epistle to the Thessalonians, he exhorts them to rejoice evermore. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy," &c. And every one that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself as Christ is pure.

The more Christ-like we become, the more will our joy be full. Let us then, dearly beloved, rejoice evermore. Even in the agonies of death—the last enemy—though to the Christian a conquered enemy, the Christian believer may be full of calm, holy joy. I was privileged, lately, to be present at the deathbed of a Christian sister, who, though grieved to part from her beloved husband, child, parents, and relatives, who surrounded her bed sobbing and weeping, and though suffering much from the pains of death, was yet enabled by the grace of God to rejoice in the hope of meeting her Lord and Saviour, that her spirit "absent from the body, would be present with the Lord," and that she should have part in the First Resurrection.

About three months previously, I was called to visit Mrs. —, a young married woman. I found her labouring under bronchitis, or in-

flammation of the bronchia or air tubes, with acute pain in the left side of chest, harassing cough, &c. The disease had existed for some time, and had either been neglected or misunderstood. I formed a very unfavorable opinion of her case, and I am sorry to state that my opinion proved too correct. She was much relieved from time to time by repeated application of leeches, blisters, and the administration of appropriate medicines. From the first I spoke to her of the Saviour, and lent her some numbers of the *Sunday at Home*, &c. I was thankful to find that she knew and loved the Lord Jesus. During a three months' painful affliction, Mrs. — manifested the graces of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, and meekness; but when death approached she shrunk from dissolution, she found it hard to part with them she so dearly loved: she could not say "Not my will, but thine be done!" Like our Lord Jesus Himself in the garden of Gethsemane, she prayed "Father, if it be thy will, let this cup pass from me." At length her earnest, fervent prayer for resignation was answered; and as death approached, she was enabled to say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." The minister of the parish was very attentive, and she had praying friends and praying relatives.

I visited her for the last time on Friday morning, about ten o'clock. When I entered the chamber of death, Mrs. — was sitting up on the bed, propped with pillows, for she could not lie down; the cold hand of death was laid upon her, but she was quite calm, her joy was full. She had been singing hymns of praise the previous evening, and was now enjoying that peace which the Lord Jesus alone can give.

I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me,

was frequently repeated by her. All her relations and friends surrounding the bed were bathed in tears; my own heart was deeply moved and my eyes filled with tears. I was asked to engage in prayer, but I was so much affected by the scene, that I could hardly pray; but the Lord helped me. We all knelt down; the chamber seemed filled with the glory of the Lord. I felt something like St. John in Patmos, we experienced the gracious fulfilment of our blessed Lord's promise—"Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst, and that to bless them; the Lord Jesus was in our midst,—the Lord was comforting His dying child; she could say—

Jesus protects,—my fears begone,
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

I felt like St. Peter on the mount of transfiguration. It was good to be there. Mrs. — responded to the petitions I presented; we rose from our knees weeping, grieved to part, yet a humble holy joy was mingled with our grief.

Thanks be to God who gave her the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ. She shook hands with me affectionately and said, "Good bye. Be faithful unto death, and the Lord shall give thee a crown of life. Follow Jesus fully, and we shall meet again in heaven." She then fell back on her pillow quite exhausted, earnestly praying—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." She kept repeating this from time to time; and as I was told

afterwards, in about an hour-and-a-half after I left, she fell asleep in Jesus quite happy, with a well grounded hope of having part in the First Resurrection.

The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.
Not in my innocence I trust,
I bow before thee in the dust:
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.
I leave this world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.
I come, I come at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand:
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

JOHN MASON.

Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 13, 1867.

The Gigantic Powers of Sin.

SERMON BY E. J. SILVERTON, TRINITY CHAPEL, BOROUGH, SUNDAY

MORNING, MAY 12TH, 1867.

(Concluded from page 200.)

"But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv. 57.

II. We have in the text THANKS PRESENTED TO GOD FOR VICTORY GIVEN.

It is like when you have been talking of the danger of your losing your life, of your being drowned, of your having been burned to death, and after you have told the tale from first to last you say, "But thank God I was spared." When you have been giving an account of some dreadful sickness you have had it generally closes with "But thank the Lord I was spared, and He has raised me up again." This is a very important word, this "but," a very important word here, for if the apostle had not been able to say that God hath given to the church the victory, how direful a state should we have been in with sin, more mighty than we, dragging us down, and then at last condemning us to everlasting wrath, "But thanks be to God," &c.

Under this second heading I shall notice five things and shall speak of them in order.

I. What was obtained by this victory? Jesus Christ did not simply obtain a mitigation of sin's power, but he obtained an entire, complete, everlasting, extensive victory over sin. Christ was sin's conqueror, Christ tramples sin beneath his feet. In the early part of the old Scriptures we find it written that the devil was to bite the heel of Christ, now I see the serpent about to bite Christ's heel, and I see Christ lift his foot, stamp on his head, and crush the monster to death so far as it concerns them to whom God has given the victory. Sin cannot ruin you, sin cannot destroy you, for God has given you the victory. Sin may hurt us inasmuch as it may damage our reputation, wound our feelings, and mar our happiness; but sin cannot affect our destiny, cannot affect our glory, cannot affect our arriving safely in God's eternal home. Victory, beloved, over sin is ours; and think you that the apostle did not know something of this when he said "Therefore there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus?" The victory which Christ obtained was over sin and Satan, so that thy most mighty enemy is vanquished, and Christ Jesus having obtained the victory is pleased to hand it over to you.

II. Who obtained the victory? The Lord Jesus Christ. He fought the battle and won the victory. When David slew Goliath in the presence of the armies of the Philistines and the Israelites, Goliath personified sin and David going forth with his simple instruments of war, personified Christ. I beheld the armies of the Philistines standing aside from their champion and I see the armies of Israel standing aloof from their champion. David the shepherd boy is the representative and personification of our Lord Jesus Christ, who goes forth to slay the monster sin, he goes forth to give him his death-blow, and as David slew the giant with a stone slung from his hand, laid him to the ground and sawed off his head, so the Lord Jesus Christ has cut the throat of sin, taken away its power, robbed it of its sting and as a proof of the same he has given victory and liberty to the people of God, having obtained it by his death, crucifixion, and resurrection. Thanks be unto God, &c.

III. TO WHOM HAS THIS VICTORY BEEN GIVEN? To us. Christ won it and He has given it to us, Christ fought for it, obtained it, and then gave it to us. He went into the thick of the battle, and took away from Satan his power, took away as it were the golden key that would have locked us out of heaven, and gave that key into our hand. Bunyan tells us in his *Pilgrim's Progress* that "the golden key was in Christian's bosom all the time, and he might have let himself out but did not know he had the useful article with him. Christ has given us the victory. I think the stress should be made here upon the *us*; the little word *us*. These little words in Scripture are wonderfully important; they make it specially interesting to us. Now, the Scriptures do not here speak of everybody; everybody is not included; all the world is not included in this text, no one has any right to feel or think that the victory over sin is given to him unless he has reasons to believe and can give reasons for believing that he is included among the people of God. When the apostle said these words he was writing to the saints at Corinth, and not to the whole world. "Paul called to be an apostle of Jesus Christ through the will of God, and Sosthenes our brother, unto the church of God which is at Corinth," &c. Not to all

the world, but to the saints of God, and here it is our mercy if we can specially lay claim to this little word "given unto us." O my hearer, has God given you the victory over sin, or is sin your conqueror, and leader? Does sin lead the way and you follow it? or do you resist sin, struggle against it, and pray against it? If you do, though it be a mighty battle, you shall be victorious through God's grace; and then it is true concerning you, though you are here in the body, yet, "thanks be to God," &c. If Christ descend not to you, my dear hearers, the victory over sin and Satan on the Cross, and the death of Christ, will affect you in no way whatever, nor will it be of any earthly or heavenly use to you, but you will die and be lost just the same as though Jesus had never lived or died. I ask you, as a minister of Jesus Christ, whether God in his mercy has given you reason to believe that you are to trample sin and Satan underneath your feet, and that Christ having obtained the victory gives it to you?

IV.—BY WHOM IS THE VICTORY GIVEN—By God. Now you have to distinguish Jesus Christ from God. Some persons hold the idea that God died, that God bled, and that God was crucified. I do not. I cannot understand how God died, or how God was crucified, or how God bled; but I can understand Jesus Christ in His perfect manhood the Son of God died, He was crucified, He shed blood, the Godhead sustained Him in this world: and hence, you have Christ, the darling Son of God, obtaining the victory and God, spoken of in the Old Testament as Jehovah, God the Father, or as the apostle puts it—"Thanks be unto God," &c. &c. God has given the victory to us, therefore, we have a right to it; you need not be afraid if God has given it to you. Now here observe, that if we have taken this ourselves,—if we have presumed in the matter,—if we have taken it up, we have no right to all we profess to hold. If I were to walk into your house, and your little boy were to offer me a book, and tell me I might have it, I of course would refuse to take it, knowing that it was not right for him to give it to me; but if the master of the house came in and said, "There, Mr. Silverton, I present you with that, keep it in remembrance of me;" I would say, "Thank you, I will hold and value it for the giver's sake." So if you have taken upon yourselves pardon, if you have presumed to be a saint, the victory is not yours; but if God has given it to you,—if you feel sure that He has bestowed it on you, then, "thanks be to God," &c. I believe the Apostle means something of that when he says "I am what I am by the grace of God," as though he said the grace of God has made me what I am. Who hath made you to believe? Why, God, of course, and the grace of God, therefore, "Thanks be unto God," &c., &c. I always like things from head-quarters; I cannot do with second-handed things. If I hear a story and think it to be a story in a two-fold sense, I keep very clear from it and say you don't lodge here, I will send you off somewhere else. If I am going out to preach or lecture, I like the invitation to come from head-quarters. Sometimes about the country, good sisters have said, "Will you come and preach for us?" "Some day," I answer. "But when will you come?" "Have you a minister? Well, if you want me to come and preach, you must talk to your minister about it, and then he will talk to his deacons, and they will then concoct a letter and send it to me by the penny post, and I shall have a direct invitation." I never like to go to a place to please

one or two and get the cold shoulder from six or seven. It is always best to have everything from head-quarters. If we hold our pardon and the credentials of our forgiveness from God, then we may well be both as firm and as immovable as the pillar of iron.

V. WHAT SHOULD BE OUR PRACTICE SEEING THAT VICTORY IS OBTAINED,—obtained by Jesus Christ, and given to us by God the Father? It should be the presenting of thanks unto God,—“Thanks be unto,” &c. There is no better exercise than the giving of thanks. Oh, how heavenly, how holy, how lovely, how hearty is the soul when giving thanks to God! If a man feels thankful he will look pleasant; but if he be ungrateful he will look ill-tempered, and will talk in a manner that won't please you. The Lord help us in temporal and spiritual matters to give thanks unto God. Now, beloved, seeing that we hold these mercies, let us close as the Apostle closes this chapter, this part of his Epistle:—“Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.” The Lord Almighty certify in your hearts and consciences that you are His sons and daughters; the Lord give you to feel that when the hand of death shall be seeking for your life, that you have a friend beyond death and the grave. O, if there be a man or woman here to-day, who cannot give thanks to God for His unspeakable gift, may he not live much longer with such a dead, hard, impenitent, and unregenerate spirit, but may the Holy Ghost brood upon his heart and move open his conscience that life may be infused, that he may serve God, and Christ shall have the glory. God bless you. Amen. H. W. N.

What is the Millennium, and How Cometh It?*

“PLAIN proofs for plain Christians, that the coming of Christ will not be pre-millennial; that his reign on earth will not be personal.” Such is the second title of a neat little volume, whose author has reached certain conclusions he thinks ought to be published. It is another “Book for the Times;” it is in its second edition; the author's maiden work has found some circulation; more editions will be issued if the present sensational Millennial controversy should wax stronger and stronger. “The stars in their courses fought against Sisera” in olden times. “The stars in their courses” are fighting about the Millennium, in these modern times. Dr. Cumming, Bickersteth, Elliott, and a long column of writers on prophecy, signs of the times, &c., have made good work for the printers, and produced excellent commissions for the publishers. “Gershom” the author of “Antitypical Parallels,” has issued a work to refute the theories contained in “The End of All Things,” by James Grant, Esq. Recently, a series of letters has been addressed to Mr. James Wells, the minister of the New Surrey Tabernacle, by Dr. John Mason, of Ponteland. These letters have appeared in *The Gospel*

* *Short Arguments about the Millennium, &c.*, by BENJAMIN CHARLES YOUNG, minister at the Dark-house chapel, Coseley. London: Elliot Stock.

Guide, and are to be issued in a separate form. The questions presented by Mr. Wells are very pointed. The letters by Dr. John Mason are full of the tenderest concern to lead brother Wells into this truth; while Mr. Govett, of Norwich, has furnished in *The Gospel Guide* some Scriptural replies to Mr. Wells. Hence, the lovers of a Millennial controversy will find plenty of material for thought, meditation, and for investigation into a subject which is dividing Christendom into a larger number of tribes than ever. We have no hope of being instrumental in bringing this controversy to a close. We have other work to do; but we should rejoice greatly if it pleased the Lord to grant a clearness of vision, a oneness of sight, faith, knowledge, and decided enjoyment of the truth as it is in Jesus on this grand subject; and, then, instead of using their talents in contending one with another about pre-millennial, post-millennial, year-day, Napoleonic destiny, and a host of sentences thousands never thoroughly understand; we should hope the gifts of our brethren would be concentrated in the furtherance of the one essential enterprise expressed by the blessed Master. "This Gospel of the kingdom shall first be preached in all nations for a witness; and then shall the end come."

Benjamin Charles Young, the writer of these "short arguments," is the minister of the Dark-house chapel, at Coseley; which Coseley is quite in the black country, and it is remarkable how clever and full of ingenious and strong arguments, those people in the north, and in the smoky countries, generally are. Mr. Young tells us his pastoral labours are very onerous; but a few fragments of his time have been devoted to the prosecution of this work. His researches and studies must have been immense. His acquaintance with prophetic and millennial authors must have been extensive; and we wish him good success and high honours in his future literary pursuits.

In his first preface, Mr. Young says:—

There was a time when the author thought it of little practical importance whether a Christian held the pre-millennial or the post-millennial coming of Christ; a further acquaintance with the subject has quite changed his opinion. And if to any extent he can disabuse the minds of those who are becoming entangled in the plausibilities of the former theory, and neutralise the influence of those zealous efforts which are being made to diffuse its principles, he shall feel that he has not laboured in vain.

In his second preface, the following strong paragraph appears:—

There will arrive a time before long when many ardent expectants of a speedy advent of Christ, and a joyous paradise on earth, will be bitterly disappointed. What will be the result of that disappointment, the writer cannot divine; possibly an impaired confidence in the truthfulness of God's Word. He would like to save as many as possible from such a trial of their confidence, and help to convince those who may suffer the disappointment that the book of prophecy is not responsible for the loss of their hopes.

This is kind. But our readers may be anxious to learn the distinct views of this new author upon this old and greatly disputed theme. Here is one expressive extract.

What is the Millennium, and how cometh it? The Millennium is the closing and most fruitful portion of the Gospel dispensation; ushered in by attending external changes, and assisted by mightier impulses. By commotions and striking displays of His providence, God puts aside the obstacles

that impede the work of his mercy, and then by the great power of his grace widens his coming kingdom. The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation. It so came in the time of Christ's stay on earth ; it so came in the ages that since have passed ; it will so come in the good time before us. Its coming has often been attended by remarkable signs and wonders of the Divine hand. God has come out of His place to punish or awe the inhabitants of the earth ; but these things must be distinguished from the growth of Christ's kingdom. The removal of the power that made war with the saints, and which may excite the attention of all Christendom is not the Millennium. There were prophecies accomplished in Christ's day that excited observation, and were intended so to do ; signs [and wonders there were, and voices saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear him :]" but the truth that Christ brought from heaven crept quietly into men's hearts, and secretly working there, remoulded the character of those who received it. Like the wind whose coming and going we see not, the Spirit wrought down in their hearts where the human eye saw not His working. Christ fulfilled the prophecy which went before on him. "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. A bruised shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench." This is true even of the day of Pentecost, which was attended by wonders that excited the whole city of Jerusalem. The sound as of a rushing mighty wind, the marvellous sight of cloven tongues sitting on the disciples, did not in themselves increase the kingdom of Christ. The words that the disciples spake sank into their souls while the Spirit wrought in their hearts, and 3,000 were converted.

The Millennium cometh in this wise. After those days, saith the Lord, "I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts. . . . And they shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for all shall know me from the least to the greatest." "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." "When he (the Spirit of truth) is come, he shall convince the world of sin, and of righteousness and of judgment." He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth." "And I saw an angel come down from heaven . . . and he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent which is the devil, and Satan . . . and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up . . . that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled." "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low ; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed." "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

And, as the Millennium comes not with observation, so it comes not suddenly. So gradually, in all probability, will be its opening, that no one shall be able to say when it commenced. The best clue will be the attendant working of the Divine hand. Centuries may pass before the labourer shall begin to gather some of its richest fruits. Pre-millenarians have so proclaimed their belief in a literal and sudden advent of Christ to usher in the Millennium, that, even amongst those who do not hold their views, there has been created, to a considerable extent, the expectation that the day of grace will open upon us in full orb'd glory. The millennial promises afford no such intimation. They give broad and blessed assurance of a good time coming ; but they speak of growth and progress. They tell us that the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea ; but not by a sudden rise of the flood. Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. Heralds shall go out into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. One solitary sentence has been frequently adduced in favour of this expectation. "A nation," we are told, "shall be born in a day." The words do seem to promise something like a sudden change in the position of the Church, though it would not be

necessary that they should be applied to the early days of the Millennium. But we need not attempt to limit their application, as they are not found in the list of Divine promises, and therefore cannot guide our conclusions. That the progress of religion will be greatly accelerated; that, even in the earlier parts of the Millennium, there may be times of great grace, is in accordance with prophetic disclosures; that, as time moves on, the heralds of mercy shall spread themselves over every part of the globe, even unto the desolate heritages; and that rapidly the kingdom of Christ shall be extended, we are taught to believe; but that, in all the splendour of prophetic vision, the latter day shall burst upon us with a rush of glory, we are not promised. If then the time should be at hand when the sceptre shall be wrested from the grasp of him who has made war with the saints; if he should lose his temporal dominion, and the aid of those powers which, in times of yore, have helped him to persecute; might the Millennium ere long commence? Could it be that, with its promise of coming blessedness, we might hope for its dawn on the world.

Thus we have allowed the author to express his own convictions; and here, for the present, we stop.

RESPONSIBILITY.

So much is said now a days respecting responsibility; hence a modern professor in conversation with a child of God will say somewhat to this effect, "We agree with you, only we consider all men to be accountable, responsible creatures," that is, shall give account of every action, word, or thought, at the judgment day. Good God! where is the man who would not shudder at the thought of death if this were true? Moreover, of what avail is the atonement by Christ? Is not Christ the great responsible Head of the Church? Does not Scripture set forth his work, sufferings, and death, as a vicarious substitutionary sacrifice? And as Toplady beautifully says, "Justice cannot demand that the same debt should twice be paid;" it is contrary even to common sense and reason, as well as justice and Scripture.

Our ministers of truth generally appear to be in a muddle respecting this great doctrine, or they are afraid to speak of it in their pulpits, for we hear them sometimes talk of the account they must give of their ministry at the judgment day. If, as they sometimes affirm, there is sin enough in their best prayers to condemn them, how much must there be in their sermons? Perhaps there is no subject in so unsettled a state in the minds of good men as this; hence there is no attempt to set it forth in a lucid manner.

It is generally thought that all men are to give an account of every sin committed during their life-time. If so, then all must stand at the bar of God as criminals; but Paul says, 1 Cor. vi. 2, 3, "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world," "know ye not that we shall judge angels?" Are, therefore, the saints to stand at the judgment seat both as criminals and judges? Such an idea is preposterously absurd. If but one sin be charged against me at that day, how is the debt to be paid, or justice satisfied? One sin uncancelled will exclude from heaven for ever. Is it not admitted by all that nothing can enter there but that which is perfectly pure and holy; nothing can cleanse from sin, but the blood of Christ, and nothing can justify the person but the

righteousness of Christ, which every regenerated and liberated child of God knows full well. All good men are accountable to God in this life (see Psalm lxxxix. 30—33; 1 Samuel ii. 30; Romans viii. 13; Gal. vi. 7, 8).

Responsibility does not rest upon them beyond terrestrial limits; if it did, woe be to all of us; not one could escape eternal damnation; the work of Christ would be nullified altogether; the very word of God prove untrue, and hell triumph for ever. The glory of God forbids that such an event can ever come to pass. How many good men, yea, ministers of Christ, have, through the depravity of the heart, and the temptations of the devil fallen foully. They have been accountable to God for these sins, and how has God visited them. Darkness of mind, horrible imaginations, yea, a very hell in the soul; and if they have attempted to cry unto God, it has been like the prophet who was foolish enough to think he could flee from the presence of God, "Out of the belly of hell, cried I." I would not give much for that man's religion who can sin against God and not feel condemnation of soul on account of it. Peter wept bitterly, and David's feelings can be read in the 51st Psalm. Some ministers are afraid to speak out these truths, for fear the world should abuse them. The world has nothing to do with them, they are the property of the church. The world is under a covenant of works, the church is under a covenant of grace. A child of God cannot live in sin, no creature can live out of its element. Sin is not the element of the Christian, he may fall into sin, but cannot live in it. A sheep may fall into water, but cannot live in it. If a sheep fall into the water he will struggle to get out. If a Christian fall into sin he will struggle to get out, and will be miserable until he does get out.

The Scripture term "live in sin" signifies delighting in sin and how can he delight in that which is his greatest torment, so much so, that he sometimes cries out with Paul, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The fact is, the world and mere professors are like Jonathan's lad, out of the secret altogether. Let us look at some of the Scriptures, which appear to favour the idea of responsibility hereafter. The first Matt. xii. 36. "That every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." This appears to me to have reference to the non-elect, who never were interested in Christ, and never will be; or if taken to refer also to God's people, must be considered as at the time of deep conviction of sin, when God sets up, as it were, a judgment day in the conscience, and all our sins (as in a panorama) pass before the eye of the mind. The Psalmist says, "Thou hast set my secret sins in the light of thy countenance."

Again, Romans xiv. 12, "So every one of us shall give an account of himself unto God." Does not the believer do this more or less every day in confessing his sins and praying for manifestations of pardon, &c? 2 Corinthians v. 10. The italics are not in the original, leaving them out it will read thus, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that everyone may receive the things in the body, according to that he hath done, whether good or bad." Coverdale says, "That everyone may receive the things in his body," &c. Whatever happiness the saints have as yet enjoyed in heaven it has been only as it were, individually, then it shall be as a body collectively, just so with the

wicked, their sufferings are more individually now; then it shall be in a body collectively. Again, all the happiness of saints in heaven, as yet, has been in soul only then, the body, reunited to the soul, shall fully partake of that happiness for ever. Just so the wicked; the body, will partake of the misery of the soul, so as the happiness of the one will be greater, the misery will be greater also. The Apostle John says "That we may have boldness in the day of judgment," 1 John iv. 17. But what boldness could a sinner or even a saint have, who is responsible for only one sin in the day of judgment.

In this day of effeminacy, men of God appear to be afraid to go the length of good old John Kent when, with rapture he sings,—

"And O my soul, with wonder view,
For sins to come, here's pardon too."

The world will abuse it, they say, but, as remarked before, the world has nothing to do with it, it is the property of the Church. The abuse of a thing is no argument against its proper use.

I have thought of this subject for many years, but have never heard a minister attempt to explain it. If any of God's people can shew a more excellent way I shall be glad to have their opinion, only let it be a Scriptural one, as my object is only the elucidation of divine truth, which ought to be dearer to us than life itself.

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

"HE IS ABLE TO SAVE UNTO THE UTTERMOST."

THREE simple thoughts ran through my mind, when Hebrews vii. 25, took possession of it, on Sunday, July 14th, 1867. I had spoken in St. Thomas's Hall in the morning, from Isaiah lxi. 10, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord: my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness," &c. Then in the afternoon, came Mr. James Wells, with a lively exposition of the 30th Psalm, and then for remaining service, I crept into my study to think over those immense words of Paul—"Wherefore He is able to save them also to the uttermost, that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." Consider—

I. The great terminus of every man's earthly existence is God. Every soul must return to God. After this, put thy thoughts into this fact: The only safe and saving way of coming to God is by Jesus Christ. Then

III. From the design of the words, tell me if there are not two principal ideas embodied. (1). A kind of enlarged stretching forth of the Redeemer's saving power to reach extraordinary cases and conditions in the family of God's people. "He is able to save them *also* to the uttermost." Another thought embodied is the perpetuity and continuance of the Saviour's work, and of the church's salvation.

In silent meditation over these ponderous yet most compassionate words, my mind drank in large draughts of spiritual and Biblical truth; but I have not the strong elastic gift of utterance which my brother James Wells possesses; hence, many of my thoughts are strangled in

the birth, but for a full hour I did speak from the words referred to, I said, there is, at least, a five-fold coming to God.

(1). In almost all civilized and evangelized nations, the people profess to come to God in some external form of worship. Abraham built his altar; Moses built his tabernacle; Solomon built his temple: and to all these the people professed to come unto God. There is a national, a non conforming mode of worship which millions adopt, and thereby, they profess to come to God. Some kind of faith, some sense of duty, some dictate in the conscience, some training to education, or some other motive or influence leadeth them to this. Alas! how much of form, how little of prayer, how much of hypocrisy, how little of sincerity, it is to be feared is found in all this!

(2). There is coming to God in private devotion. David, and Daniel, and Paul, must have been great men in this: the highest, the safest, the happiest exercise a soul can possibly be found in on this earth. What a series of questions present themselves here to my mind. When I shut the door, bend my knees, and enter upon secret prayer, do I really and truly come to God? If so, what benefits arise therefrom? Can I enter into the precious words of John—"Truly, our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ!" I am not so certain, not so constant, not so successful in this heavenly enterprise as I could desire; but in these sacred seasons, living and believing souls do often come indeed to God.

(3). There is a coming to God in the heart-breaking confession of the guilty penitent. See the li. Psalm, and the poor publican in the temple, Nehemiah, and thousands besides have cried unto God for mercy in times of temptation, in seasons of deep depression, and distress. But I must be brief.

(4). There is a coming to God in the article of death. Then, the spirit returns God who gave it. If the soul goes out of the body with its native and accumulated load of guilt upon it, it will fly in awful terror from the presence of the Almighty God; but if the soul leaves the body, having been previously clothed with the garments of salvation—

The soul well filled with life divine,
The heart with holy love,
The conscience made in peace to shine,
Then truth the judgment will incline,
To reign with Christ above.

A blessed coming to God indeed. Watts says,—and hosts of happy souls have confidently said—

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

(5). There must be a coming to God in the great judgment. Christ is God, and before that great white throne on which the Eternal Judge will sit must sinners there appear.

(To be continued.)

Worldling! the things of time will not satisfy you, and if they do, you are the more to be pitied; a time will come when you and your joys will be parted eternally. What will you do then? The heart and its joys shall be for ever separated, and their absence will be your hell.

DELIGHTFUL EMPLOYMENT.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—There is no employment so delightful or so enriching to the high born affections of the heaven-born soul, as that of talking, thinking, reading, or writing of Jesus. The latter of these, my lawful avocation oftentimes prevent may be found in, otherwise you would have heard from me before now ; but when he, by the rich communications of his love, wins the heart, and reigns supreme over his dearly-bought, and consequently legitimate, highly-loved, exalted, and beautiful Bride ; neither business nor anything else can prevent the powers of the new creation within ascending to its risen source, centre, fountain, and fulness, to draw therefrom its rich supplies. "All rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full ; so unto the place whence the rivers run, thither they return." And not only draw its supplies, but give back, "with thanksgiving, this abundant grace." Thus, as all grace flows from the ocean of everlasting love, through the obedience, sufferings, death, and resurrection of God the Father's love gift—even Jesus ; and all our present spiritual enjoyments, and future prospects of immortality, being the fruit of that grace given us in Christ Jesus ; "it wins our affections and binds our souls fast" to him, our "All in all." He being our heart's delight, our joy, our treasure, there our heart will be, and consequently our thoughts will perpetually rise, which no business or worldly cares can prevent, however at times they may interrupt and annoy. Sometimes perhaps the bitters in the cup of this life may cause the soul to wish itself at "home," not that the desire to get away from trouble is the mainspring of the believer's motive, that is far too mean, and infinitely beneath the dignity of the noble powers that occupy the seat in his affections. No, my brother, but love, yes, love to him who has begotten us again to a lively hope by his resurrection, in which we, the "new creation," stand complete, yes, as completely justified and perfectly sinless, and as altogether lovely, in

God our Father's sight, as he, the exalted Son of his love. This pledge we have given us below ; we, who are called.

This new creation is let down into the soul at the new birth, when we pass over the gulph of death into life, out of darkness into light, out of nature into grace, out of fallen Adam the first into the risen, glorified, "Adam the second," out of the power of Satan into the Kingdom of God's dear Son. And, like Noah and his favoured few, shut in, and kept in, by unchanging love, bounded by Omnipotence, so that he can never return to what he was, or where he was, even if he would.

Blessed be his dear name, he has made a passage for us out of death into life, but none from life back into death, and so bounds the raging powers of the Prince of Hell, that he cannot operate upon this corrupted nature to drive us back ; but by his Almighty power holds us there above all the swelling billows of life's voyage, above all its tumultuous gales and troubled waters, until the ark is ready to land, and then as surely as he dried up the waters and placed the ark on Mount Ararat, so will he dry up the waters of frail, corrupted mortality, in which (as in the ark) is lodged the precious treasure, filled by eternal union to bloom in immortal glory, in "freshness as a young child returned to the days of its youth," leaving behind at an infinite distance all the accompanying evils,—sin, weakness, defilement, and infirmities that dwelt therein, to undergo its great change from a vile body to a pure body, from a dishonourable body to an honourable body, from a corrupt to an incorrupt, from a mortal to an immortal, from an earthly to an heavenly glorified body like his whose power alone can bring to pass the deep hidden mystery.

And when thus released, soaring into indefinite expanse can take its full range around the high mountains of Holiness to behold, "face to face" him, the majestic king of heaven's high domains, the absolute ruler of worlds, principalities, and powers, the "King of kings and Lord of lords."

But high as this honour is, she soars higher still, she goes in as the dignified Bride of this great one, as "Bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh," thus partakers of his nature, life, substance, and glory, "one with him as he is one with the Father." The Queen at the right hand of the King, clothed in gold. Here our thoughts may swell. Here the expansive powers of the soul may stretch themselves while (oft-times) the rich dewy instillation rests with benign influence on its branches. Yet in these divine contemplations of sonship, "beholding this manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us," a sudden stop is made to leave its immeasurable heights, passing knowledge to begin again, and again and again to say, "We know not what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Thus faith enters within the precincts of the sacred veil of eternity even unto Christ (the begetter of this high born power in the soul) takes a firm grasp of him and richly feeds on him the true substantial "bread of heaven," becomes renewed, enriched and nourished up in (Christ) the "House of God," during the fleeting vapours of time, by means of this abundant entrance into the kingdom of Grace, which is only a precedence of an abundant entrance into the kingdom of glory.

Then, my brother, as onward we go, let us sing :—

"I have a home above,
From sin and sorrow free,
A mansion, which eternal love,
Designed and framed for me.

My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode,
From everlasting it was planned,
My dwelling place with God.

My Saviour's precious blood,
Has made my title sure,
He passed through Death's dark raging
Flood,
To make my rest secure.

The Comforter has come,
The earnest has been given,
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

That bright yet tender smile,
My sweetest welcome there,

Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I tarry from Him here.

And then through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier, strains I'll praise,
The grace that made me Thine."

So I write, so I preach, and so you
believe. Yours in life,

R. WHEELER.

EXPOSITION OF GALATIANS 1. VERSES 1—12.

BY MR. JAMES WELLS,

Of the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey street,
Walworth road.

"Paul, an apostle (not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father, who raised him from the dead;) and all the brethren which are with me, unto the churches of Galatia; grace be to you and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father."

ONE of the worst evils of this world, I may say the cardinal evil and the foundation of every other evil, is its enmity against God. "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." Hence the fall took place by the mind being poisoned against God, and ever since that, wherever the adversary has seen that he cannot directly deny God's truth, he has succeeded in poisoning the minds of men against the spirit and the meaning of that truth. The world sees not its condition, or else it would tremble at it; it sees not the majesty of God's law, or it would feel its need of mercy; and it sees not the Mediator of the better covenant. It remains, therefore, in blindness and enmity. Jesus Christ gave himself for us, that he might deliver us from this evil; that we might be brought to see our condition, brought to see the majesty of the law, and the adaptability of the dear Saviour, and hereby reconciled to God. We thus become spiritually at war with the world, but sweetly one with the dear Saviour. So the death of Jesus Christ does answer this glorious end,

that it delivers us from this present evil world.

"According to the will of God and our Father; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen. I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another Gospel."

Now that is a note of a distinction or a feature by which true Divine calling must be distinguished from the mere letter of the word, or from coming into a profession by the persuasion of the creature; "Him that called you into the grace of Christ." Every soul under heaven that is called by the living God is called into the grace of Christ. No one knew this from personal experience better than the apostle himself. He was called to know his condition, and to know that if he got to heaven, if he escaped the wrath to come, and became a joint heir with Christ, it must be by the grace of Christ. So the apostle was called into the grace of Christ, and he lived in that grace, and that grace lived in him, and he felt all his days afterwards that he would rather be removed from anything than be removed from that amazing grace of Christ into which he had thus been called.

"Which is not another,"

not another Gospel in reality;

"but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the Gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

Let him be anathematised, let him be excluded; do not let such an one be received.

"As we said before, so say I now again; if any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed. For do I now persuade men, or God? or do I seek to please men? for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ. But I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not of man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

You will find all through the Scriptures that every man God sent to preach the Gospel derived his mission direct from God, entirely independent of man. And yet we are got

into such an unscriptural, monstrous condition that even many that profess to be dissenters will uphold, for instance, Church of Englandism, where they manufacture parsons by human education, and by Acts of Parliament; where they make human laws to patronise and to protect them. Why, all this is the work of Satan from first to last. What advantage God may take of these doings is another thing; but the whole of it is the work of the great deceiver of souls. The apostle, therefore, was anxious to make the Galatians feel the way in which he came by his religion; that all his former knowledge was swept away as being so much hay, wood, straw, and stubble; and that he preached the Gospel now out of that experimental acquaintance which he had with it by the revelation of God, and not by the teaching of man. And just so it is with every Christian in his experience. Why, our religion, the derivation of it, the sustentation of it, the progress of it, the final triumph of it, is entirely independent of man. Independent, did I say? It is in defiance of man; for all that men do is to throw every possible impediment in the way of the truth, and Spirit, and Christ, and grace, and counsel of God. Therefore it is that the soul that is born of God is born of God in spite of sin, in spite of Satan, in spite of the world, in spite of himself; and such an one prays; whatever opposition there may be within or without, God has given the man a spirit of grace and of supplication; pray he does, pray he will, and pray he must; go on he will, and go on he must; gain the victory he is ultimately sure to do. Yet, while I thus speak, there were good people in the apostle's days who were weak in judgment; and the learned Pharisees came with such feasible tales that some of the Galatians were led away by their errors, and even Peter himself, we find him, not from ignorance, but from weakness, led away with the dissimulation of the Jews; and Barnabas also led away; so feasible were their errors. And so now, you shall hear a sermon preached, and there shall be so many scriptures brought in apparently to

patronize what is said that it takes a deep experience of what you are, and a clear understanding of God's eternal truth, to enable you so stand against their feasible nothings, and to hold fast God's blessed truth. Why, we live in a day when two-thirds of the preaching is nothing else but self. Go wherever you may, it is what the creature should do, and ought to do, and can do, and may do; and the people admire it, and so they are contented. But this is not preaching Christ, nor ministering the Spirit, nor setting forth those eternal counsels of God by which alone our souls can be saved.

WHAT CUP WAS IT CHRIST
PRAYED MIGHT PASS FROM HIM?

MASTER SALT—Breakers ahead, mate, breakers ahead! We shall be upon the rocks without a sharp look out. Captain Jeremiah lost his anchor in the Lamentation Waters, and broke out in a bitter cry, "My cable and my anchor is perished from the Lord."

MATE—Ah, I remember, there is a log to that effect, but the captain you refer to was mistaken; the truth is, that weather-beaten, gallant seaman was then encountering a piteous storm at midnight; all around was as dark as pitch, the winds were lashing the waves furiously, his ship was pitching and tossing, so that he could neither see nor feel cable or anchor; thus judging only by sense, and NOT KEEPING JUDGMENT, he thought his cable had parted, and his anchor lost. However, in a short time, the storm seems to have abated, the break of day arrived, some rays of morning light came on deck, and he beheld all safe and sound, when he began singing a famous sea-song, "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not, they are new every morning, great is thy faithfulness; the Lord is my portion saith my soul, therefore will I cast anchor aloft, mates."

MASTER SALT—What a test to both anchor and cable that night must have been! also an everlasting honour to the great inventor and manufacturer of those patent ship fastenings,

as well as everlasting consolation to all future spiritual mariners. I see now a tar may lose sight of his anchor, but he never can lose it. I was almost going to sing another sea song, but I will only repeat it—

"They may on the main of temptation be
tossed,

Their billows may swell as the sea,
But none of the ransomed shall ever be
lost,

The righteous shall hold on his way."

MATE—I should have been happy, indeed, to have heard you sing; sailors love a song. Come, sing us one of the songs of Zion, where the glorious Jehovah is exalted as the God of the seas, the ocean's Monarch.

MASTER SALT—Not at present, mate, I have a little bit more on my mind, though I am almost afraid to mention it; but I can assure you the thoughts of it have drifted me leeward many a time. It is not now concerning any one composing his Majesty's fleet, but it is about our Royal Master Himself. I hope my mates will not be angry whilst I mention it with reverence and godly fear, for the glory of my Master, and the general good of the shipping interest.

MATE—Oh, never fear a squall whilst you keep your eye on the admiral's flag.

MASTER SALT—I think, then, it is logged in Matthew, 26th chapter, 39th verse, that our great Immanuel, whilst steering his immaculate ship through billows such as none ever made a way before or since, that he cried out, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." And in the 42nd verse he went away again the second time and prayed, saying, "Oh, my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done." Then, again, in 44th verse: "And he left them and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words." What I want to know, mate, is, which cup was it—the cup of Divine wrath, or the cup of death? If it was the cup of wrath due to the whole election of grace, how could He pray so solemnly three times to have it removed? For if His prayer had been answered,

every vessel must have gone to the bottom. Is this consistent with the perfection of the Saviour's character, to pray a prayer opposed to all His love engagements, and which was not answered in the deliverance he sought? First, to ask that He might drink the cup of wrath, instead of His bride, and then when presented to Him. He (perhaps for three hours) begs and prays He might not drink it. If, again, it was the cup of death, why, the book of martyrs presents many proofs they did not shrink from death. Was our Master weaker than they? Did he shrink back, whilst they welcomed the flames? Weakness of body Jesus had; but who will challenge him with weakness of mind? It may be replied that he also expressed firm resignation to His Father's will. True, He did; but that alters not the question, or removes the difficulty from my mind; the point with me is—did our Lord pray that either the cup of wrath or of natural death should be removed from Him?

MATE—I think not. I feel somewhat persuaded that the cup referred to in that passage is neither the cup of wrath, nor the cup of death, but the cup of temptation; and if I can prove so much, your trouble about that will be removed.

MASTER SALT—Why, I never heard any one suggest such an idea before. Why do you think you can make that out?

MATE—I will try, referring you to a few parts of the Logbook, and then leave it to your meditation.

MASTER SALT—Not the cup of wrath, nor the cup of physical death, but the cup of temptation; please commence.

MATE—In the 6th chapter of Matthew we are taught by our Lord Himself to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." If this prayer is right for the members, it is also right for the head. In Matthew, 20th chapter, 22nd and 23rd verses, two disciples ask through their mother that they may sit on the right and left of our Lord in His kingdom. Christ said, "Ye know not what ye ask; are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of?" &c. "He said unto them,

ye shall, indeed, drink of my cup." Surely this cup, then, could not be the cup of Divine wrath, for who but the God-man could drink that? In Luke the 4th chapter, 13th verse, it reads—"When the devil had ended all the temptation he departed from Him for a season." Mark, my friend, "for a season." Please to connect with this John, 14th chapter, 30th verse, where our Lord, after he brake bread, and the same night He was betrayed, just before departing on His journey to the garden of Gethsemane, exclaimed, "Hereafter I will not talk much with you, for the PRINCE OF THIS WORLD COMETH, and hath nothing in me." It was but a short time afterwards, perhaps not an hour, when he prays this prayer you refer to, for the removal of the cup; and do also remark, that when He returned to his disciples, (Matt. 26th chapter, 41st verse), he said, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Note, my friend, how apropos the words, if after an hour's temptation, in Heb., 4th chap. 15 verse: "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was IN ALL points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Heb. 5th chap. 7th verse, the apostle says, "Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears, unto Him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared." Surely, not from a physical death, but a moral one. Death is the fruit of sin. The first Adam had this cup presented to him, and he drank really its poison, and died. The second Adam now had this filthy cup brimful of the vilest temptations, but He would not drink it as our first parents did; but His drinking of this cup was His holy nature suffering the continued assaults of the enemy. And now, once more, then I must leave the subject for you to finish. The apostle says (Heb. 12th chap., 3rd and 4th verses), "For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds; ye have not resisted unto blood, striving against sin." Did not this refer to

our Lord in the garden? If so, the conflict was between the Prince of heaven and the prince of hell; and the tempter tried all his infernal devices to cause our Saviour to sin, and so bring him under that moral death. But his holy nature resisted—yea, resisted unto blood; for in His violent struggle, He sweated, ah, sweated as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground; and while He fought this terrific combat, He prayed with strong cries and tears—this cup was so filthy, so loathsome to His spotless soul, he hated it, and cried, “O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; yet heavenly Father, if it is thy pleasure that I still must endure this suffering, that I may be made perfect through suffering, and so better able to succour those who are tempted, thy will be done.” So the battle continued, and such swords crossed as never were crossed before; till at last our Prince gave the fiend a slashing cut in the head, and the monster fell bleeding at Immanuel’s feet. No

weakness in mind here, Master Salt; for you see him travelling in the greatness of his strength—mighty to save; but his body became prostrate, and therefore—

“Go, strengthen Christ, the Father said,
The astonished seraph bowed his head,
And left the realms on high.”

And there was seen an angel in the garden strengthening Him.

MASTER SALT—O my heart is full!
I must sing now; Captain Immanuel fought, and fought, and fought again—gave the death wound in the scalp of that old pirate, put him in irons, and sentenced him to the galleys on the fiery lake for the term of his natural life, whilst the glorious Conqueror nailed his blood-stained banner to the mast-head. Help us to sing, mate; angels will join the song. Common metre, mate; tune, Victory; 125th Hymn, 1st Book Dr. Watts. Blessed Jesus, triumphant Jesus! Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all. R. G. EDWARDS.
Sutton, Isle of Ely.

THE THREE GRAVES OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

PAST and present history tells alike the sad tale of persecution arising from the fact that Christians “enlightened from above” will not—cannot—dare not—be bound either by natural establishments, or by laws from and association of man’s invention. This principle of Spiritual and Biblical Freedom in the modes of public worship, has received an illustrious impetus in a large meeting recently holden in Cambridgeshire; a brief report of which, from the pen of Mr. R. G. Edwards, we here give, simply premising that a review of the whole history will follow.

GREAT NONCONFORMIST DEMONSTRATION AT OAKINGTON, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Oakington is a neat little village about three miles from Cottenham, where outside the churchyard, in a

garden, is to be seen three graves of raised brickwork with stone slabs, covering the remains of three heroes of nonconformity, named Francis Holcroft, Joseph Oddy, and Henry Oasland, who with two thousand other ministers were driven out of the Church of England by the Uniformity Act, persecuted and imprisoned, the former for twelve years, for conscience sake, and became the founders of Dissent around this part of the county; but as the whole account will soon be published, it is now only necessary to give a brief account of the public commemoration meeting, held on Wednesday, July 24th, 1867, which will be a red letter day in the remembrance of thousands who were present. An immense tent was erected in a field belonging to Mr. Morris, near the consecrated spot where these three God-consecrated men rest beneath, having been rejected a burial place in man’s consecrated ground. Flags were waving

in the breeze each end of the capacious tent, and in the centre one splendid large banner, with large letters, "His banner over me was love—Sutton Dissenting schools." also another smaller one, inscribed, "Little children, see that ye love one another." At half-past two o'clock the tent was crammed from end to end, and hundreds outside, when Mr. Smith, of Cottenham, gave out the 140th hymn, second book, Dr. Watts,

"Give me the wings of faith to rise," after which, the eleventh chapter of Hebrews was read, and prayer offered by Mr. R. G. Edwards, of Sutton; then Mr. Parish, of Oakington, gave out the 550th hymn in Rippon's selection—

"Come let us join our friends above."

This having been sung by the vast throng, Dr. Green, of Cambridge, the Chairman, made some excellent remarks as a key note to the meeting, and then called on Mr. J. C. Wells, of Cottenham, who read an elaborate biographical paper concerning these three worthies, which occupied about one hour, and was listened to with intense interest and satisfaction. Mr. Jewson, of Erith, in a short, but well spirited address, and with eulogy on the paper read, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Wells, seconded by Mr. Gleves, of Willingham, was put by the Chairman to the meeting, and most heartily and unanimously accorded. Mr. J. Smith, of Willingham, gave out the last hymn, 667th, Rippon's—

"Jerusalem, my happy home,"

and Mr. Neale, of Waterbeach, concluded briefly in prayer. Preparations for tea were then made, but such an inundation of Nonconformists completely baffled and outstripped all arrangements, so that hundreds had to tea after others were finished, but they sustained the trial of their patience well. At half-past six o'clock the chair was again taken by Dr. Green. Mr. Moore, of Cottenham, gave out the 660th hymn, Rippon's. Mr. Wm. Ward, of Cottenham, engaged in prayer, and after a lively address from the Chairman, Mr. Shaw, of Over, delivered an excellent speech. Mr. Flanders, of Swavesey,

read his speech, giving a detailed account of Dissent in ages past to the present. Mr. Neale, of Waterbeach, delivered a powerful address, and Mr. King, of Great Gransden, who stated that the poor of his Church received thirty-five shillings per year from land at Sutton, left by the first-named minister, Francis Holcroft. Mr. J. Smith, of Willingham, who was the originator of this monster village demonstration, then gave out the 657th hymn, Rippon's, and addressed the meeting most warmly and eloquently, concerning these three gracious outcasts from Episcopacy, their graves, their lives, their work, and their bequests, in bringing about the Toleration Act, and the glorious privileges we now enjoy. Having resumed his seat after being warmly applauded, Mr. Parish, pastor of the Baptist cause at Oakington, in a good sound speech, showed that whilst we joined together in not conforming to coercive religion, and the triumphant nature of nonconformity with error, how very essential it was, to conform to all God's eternal truth revealed in his word. Mr. Wells, of Cottenham, then read ten verses, that were sent to him, written soon after their death, which will also be published. Mr. J. Smith, of Willingham, then read a speech for Mr. Pung, of Cottingham, who was unable to attend through illness. Then a vote of thanks to the Chairman and friends was carried by acclamation. Mr. Wells gave out 515th, Rippon's, and Mr. R. G. Edwards concluded this most interesting commemoration by pronouncing the benediction. The weather was delightful.

Christian experience is the best weapon to combat free will.

Paul was not a wretched man, but he had a wretched companion.

Vital principles in the heart, will produce right principles in the life.

Whenever we take up the Bible, or hear it read, we should be as little children.

The Holy Spirit does not reveal God to us as He is in Himself, but as He stands related to us.

By breath, throughout the Scriptures, is meant the Holy Spirit; by light, is meant Christ.

MRS. PROTHERO'S DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Prothero has been for many years in church fellowship with me at Unicorn Yard, at Old Ford, and in Bethnal Green. A more upright, devoted, and faithful follower of Christ cannot easily be found. She is a widow, indeed; her losses and her afflictions are, and have been many. I do earnestly beseech the Lord and His people to give her a quiet little alms-house, or pilgrim's lodge in her last days. I shall rejoice to see her thus provided for. C. W. B.

A correspondent, says:—

"The subject of this memoir was a proof how the weakest of God's children are led on from grace to glory.

"Born of a God-fearing mother, she was a child of many prayers, and those supplications were answered more than twenty years ago by the Lord beginning that good work in her soul, which was exhibited in her life, and gloriously consummated in her death.

"Some years back she received much spiritual instruction and comfort under the ministry of Mr. C. W. Banks, and the blessed truths proclaimed by him were sweet to her soul, and refreshing to her spirit.

"The great fact that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and that there is now no condemnation to them that are in him, was truly believed by her, but the application of these truths to her own soul was more difficult to realise, and the burden and cross of life was the thought, "Am I one of his chosen ones, is my name written in heaven, yet we believe she could realize the blessedness of salvation, too often doubting her own share in the sacrifice of Christ.

"During her married life her devotion to her family can only be realized by those who are left to mourn her loss, as the most tender care for the welfare of her family was evinced on all occasions, and in every way that a loving spirit could devise.

"Under the ministry of Mr. Waterer, of Ebenezer Chapel, Hornsey Rise, the Lord was pleased to infuse more light into her soul. She

came forward, was baptized, and afterwards realised more peace and happiness than she had before enjoyed.

"Her affliction was very painful and lingering, and she was very fearful of murmuring at the Lord's will, but from this she was mercifully kept.

"She often spoke of the goodness of the Lord in answering her prayers, and hoped he would support her to the end, that he did so was evidenced by the fact that a short time before her death she said, "Mother, all is well."

"She would often weep while speaking of the goodness of the Lord in providing so many kind friends to minister to her wants; and the members of the bereaved family feel assured that those members of Ebenezer Chapel who so generously tried to alleviate the sufferings of the dying saint, can only be fully recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

"MY MEDICINE IS BITTER,
BUT CHRIST IS SWEET!"

A SOLEMN, yet happy account, of the death of Mrs. Cornwell, by Mr. Husband, the minister of Mount Zion chapel, St. Matthias Road, Stoke Newington.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—It is with a feeling of great sorrow, mingled with delight, that I give you a short account of the death of my dear wife, who died June 18, 1867, but knowing you are generally pressed with abundance of correspondence, I will only touch upon her almost dying moments. She was a young woman, just entered into her 36th year. From the commencement of her illness to her death was nine days. During the first four or five days she suffered much pain, both in body and mind. A week before she died her mother asked her whether she was going to heaven. She paused for a moment, and with deep anguish which could not be hid, said, "O that is hard to say." The next day, Friday, she was taken much worse, and I was sent for. When I reached home and entered the room, and sat about

an hour unobserved, I saw she was greatly altered for the worse; and every wrinkle caused by the anguish of mind (so plain to be traced upon her brow the day before) had now vanished, and a happy look of peace, freedom, and comfort, was seen, which I attributed at the time to the change of her poor mortal frame, so often visible. I have reason to bless God that although she often changed, her mind did not much change after this. Her mother had been telegraphed for; friends flocked around, and now was the time for thought and solemnity. The task no one dare undertake, to tell her of her approaching hour. I therefore persuaded her sister, and mine, who were attending to her, to go down to tea, and leave me with her. I then went to work: first, to prayer, then to thoughtful solemnity; and when I unravelled the secret of her certain death, she was not the least surprised. Her countenance never changed, she calmly replied, "I never expected to get well again." She asked me to pray for her, and clasping her hands together, looked up. A heavenly smile crept over her. She said, "My medicine is so bitter, but Jesus is so sweet."

A short time after, when giving her some drink, I asked, "Is it nice?" She shook her head, and said, "There is nothing nice here; but it's a nice place where I am going to." The day after she seemed very happy. I was obliged to be in the city; but her mother told me she once tried to sing—

"Around the throne of God in heaven,"

and called for her eldest daughter to sing it to her, and soon after she seemed to want to untie herself from the flesh. She stretched out her arms towards heaven, and said, "O Father, come and take me home! Come, and take me!" She remained about the same until Monday evening, sometimes losing her hearing, sometimes her speech. I was sitting on the bed by her side, when she looked round, and because of dimness in sight, could see no one in the room. She whispered, "Come here." When I bent over her she clasped both arms round my neck for the

last farewell; and the dear Lord was pleased at that moment to restore her speech, and she said, "It's all right! I am going to heaven, and I shall see you again." This was almost the last word she spoke. She tried to sing that beautiful verse—

"My Jesus shall be still my thome
While in this world I stay,
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay."

Early on Tuesday morning she fell into a kind of a sleep, out of which she never awoke, and died at half-past five in the evening, without a struggle or a groan, when she gently waved her right hand and smiled, after which she neither moved or breathed.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS.

We have been married twelve years, and have had seven children; one boy we buried at the age of eight years, and one is now lying dead, leaving me five. She was quite composed all through her illness; I did not hear her shrink from death only once. She told the doctor, "I have a good husband, and don't want to leave him yet;" but the Lord's time had nearly come. She did not forget to remind me how she had, in time past, reproached me because of my religion; but now she had cause to bless God that ever she became acquainted with a poor worm like your humble servant, C. CORNWELL.

Stoke Newington.

LETTERS FROM THE HEART.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND—The period of our sojourn is rapidly shortening and consequently eternity will soon, very soon, break upon us with all its unexplored wonders. Those only will be blessed then who shall be found in Christ. We need not marvel, therefore, that Paul's desires were all summed up in the supreme wish, to be found in Jesus, living, dying, and for ever. To be found in Him is to be found where there is no condemnation, where there is complete justification, where there is manifested divine acceptance, where there are all the glories of the new creation, where shine all the excellences of the adorable God, where centre all the amplitudes of heavenly

satisfactions, and where all the ransomed shall eternally realize visions of glory. O that my soul may have the sweetest assurance of being found in the Beloved, and of living for ever under His ineffable smiles. And this great blessedness I crave not only for myself, not only for my friend to whom I am writing, but also the whole of the spiritual family, by grace called to be saints. The more the saints feel of the power of the glory to be revealed, the more heavenly will they be, the more circumspect will they walk, the more believingly will they exult, and the more zealously will they serve and glorify the God of all their rich mercies. The effects of a realizing faith as to the great good and eternal things which are coming with our coming Lord Jesus, are effects both rich and lovely, rich in experience, and lovely in exemplification. Those who are most lively in hope are most amiable in life. Those who live most under the influence of Christ's love walk most in His commandments. Those are most like Him who live most on Him, see most of Him, trust most in Him, and are pleased most with Him. To be pleased only with the all precious Jesus is the only way to be happy, to be safe, to be obedient, and to be hastening to heaven. To be going to heaven in Christ's name is a great thing; to be hastening to heaven in his strength is a sweet thing; to be advancing to heaven reflecting His beauties is a lovely thing; and to come to heaven in His rights for ever to enjoy his undiminishable fulness of life, love, purity, and blessedness, is indeed a transporting thing. Oh, yes, this is the perfection of blessedness itself. Hope that my esteemed friend may be indulged with the most endearing faith views of Jesus, with the most enriching communion displays of His person, relations, deeds, triumphs, sympathies, and fulness, and with the most animating anticipation of standing with Him by and by on the Mount Zion. A prospect so divine will greatly help you onward and homeward, will keep your affections above, will sweeten the sorrows of the wilderness, will strengthen you to war a good warfare, will make you cling to the cross, and cause you to sing Alleluia, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. In the reigning care of that adorable and matchless Sovereign, I desire to leave you. You will be marvellously safe and blessed under the shadow of his wings. Remember me when you pray. Shall be glad to hear that Christ's name is still precious, His ways still pleasant, and His presence more and more felt.—Yours in Jesus, ROBERT BARNES, Glemsford, Dec. 6, 1849.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REPOSE.

READER, thou hast, in all probability, been travelling Zion's road for a good many years, and, whilst on pilgrimage, hast been called to encounter many trials and temptations. But pause a moment, and take a review of all the way by which the Lord has led thee. Begin where thy God began with thee—that is, as to manifestation. Ponder over the trial upon trial—the temptation upon temptation—and the tribulation upon tribulation, which, like wave after wave, and billow upon billow, has rolled over thee. The first soul-desertion after the first season of soul-enjoyment; the dreadful darkness and dismay; the ten thousand fears that all was gone, that “thy hope had perished from the Lord,” or that all thou hadst experienced had been naught but delusion. What were thy emotions when He paid thee His second visit, and spoke His first “fear not” to thy troubled spirit? Hast thou no recollection of thy first feelings under those thy former fears? “Lord, convince me if I am wrong, confirm me if I am right. Oh! show me where I am and what I am.

GAMLINGAY, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

---DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS.---You will see by the above I have left Swineshead, and have been here for a few months. But a church was formed here on Christmas day last; since then I have baptized two, one of which was set at liberty under my ministry; the other, the Lord has, by preaching, put his hand the second time to the work, and brought him forth with love and zeal to be baptized; and many can testify they have been blessed since I have been with them; and we do hope in the real conversion of two others. So you see I came not here in vain; still I may not stay. I am, you know, a preacher of the old fashioned truths, and hope the Lord will keep me so to the end. May the good Lord bless and fill you with the Spirit and His gifts, to aid you in all your holy employ, and that the same Almighty Spirit may teach, lead, and direct my steps where He Himself will come to bless the truth, is the desire of yours truly, E. ARNOLD.

CHELTENHAM.—In a note from Mr. Pegg he says: Mr. Jones's new chapel is to be opened in July. No other minister is engaged, or any special services. Things will move on among them as usual. £600 towards the cost of the building is obtained already, and as many of the Lord's living family are among those who left Bethel, we do earnestly hope they may receive, love, and live the truth, and be a blessing here. ---I PEGG.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

PARTICULAR BAPTISTS AND STRICT BAPTISTS.

DEAR EDITOR,—Will you allow me (an old Baptist) to write a few words upon the above subject. And first, I would call the attention of the few remaining ministers and other Baptists who remember the old association churches, and ask them what was understood at their meetings by the term Particular Baptists. Did it mean that none but baptized Christians were admitted either as members, or to break bread with the churches? I believe at that time this point was never disputed; and I venture my opinion that the term Strict Baptists is of comparatively modern origin, brought in by some few ministers and churches, who, being fond of extremes, wish to carry things much farther, and will not admit to their communion any one who has been guilty at any time of the sin (as they suppose) of breaking bread with those who are not quite as strict as themselves. Now, having been taught from a child that all extremes are dangerous, I am obliged to believe that this is one of the extremes that has proved dangerous. It appears that some persons wish it to be understood that the word particular (which is in the trust deeds of Baptist churches) means particular redemption; but I would again ask old ministers and members whether it was not a fact that in most of the particular churches nothing but a yea and nay Gospel was preached, showing, evidently, that THEY did not take the word by this meaning?

Whatever, therefore, may be the legal decision on this matter, I contend that common sense will abide by the natural inference.

Now, as regards the Colchester case, it is evident from your correspondent's extract from the deed that the church was constituted a Particular Baptist Church, and should remain so; whether the law would confirm or annul it is a matter of opinion. It appears very evident that the greater part of those present numbers are quite as lax as those who, 25 years since, chose a minister knowing his sentiments as regards mixed communion, but this by no means justifies the proceedings of the old pastor and the young assistant.

I remember hearing Mr. Spurgeon some years since stating his views from the pulpit of how a Baptist church should be constituted, and very clearly showed from the 2nd of the Acts that none but baptized persons should be admitted as members of a Baptist church; but then he added, as regards the fellowship of the saints, "Let every man be persuaded in his own mind," and so he chose to admit unbaptized Christians to the table, although he would not receive them as members until they were baptised.

Well, I say if this is the honest conviction of the man's conscience as it regards Christian fellowship, I will respect his opinion as I should hope he will respect mine if I differ from him; but why attempt to carry this practice into other churches?

It has been said (I hope falsely) that Mr. S. has declared he will do his best to open the table of every Baptist church in the kingdom. I must confess this Colchester case looks rather like favouring the report. But now as regards the so-called Strict churches: are not some of them, at least, conveying their strictness to an unwarrantable length when they act as before stated, by which they refuse to respect any one's opinion but their own? I fear this is endeavouring to be "wise above that which is written."

A good brother said to me and a friend a short time since in reference to the above argument (supposing it to be an excellent answer)—"But, my dear friend, it is departing from the truth." But when asked from what truth, he could only answer, from our order. I hope I am not too severe when I say this savours very strongly of Rome. I will not trespass longer on your useful pages, only to say—while I would be the last man to say, "a confederacy with all those who say a confederacy," neither would I join with those who will respect no one's opinion but their own. I would recommend all Baptist churches to carry out to the letter the Scripture formation and rules laid down plainly in the word, but not offensively to other churches or individuals. I believe with you and many others that the Baptist churches are fast drifting into open or mixed communion, and I firmly believe our Strict brethren may thank themselves for it.

I hope this letter will appear in the VESSEL, and that it may bring some honest observations from those much more capable of the task than myself. Our brethren are only afraid of each other.

I can point to several of their ministers who say I would not go to such a length but for the fact that I should be discountenanced by the Strict men. Is it right and Scriptural, or is it wrong? It is quite time that this question should be well and honestly answered. I am, dear Editor, yours in Christian love,

N. L.
33, George-street, Hampstead Road.

STRICT COMMUNION, AND EXPERIENCES IN OPEN COMMUNION.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR FRIEND,—Will you allow me, through the medium of the world-wide circulation of the EARTHEN VESSEL, to address a few lines to yourself and those of my Christian friends who are readers of its pages?

To you and to them it is known, that hitherto, although for many years pastor of Strict Baptist churches, I have had a strong bias in my mind towards open communion principles. This may have arisen from family and friendly considerations. And more lately in a little book I published, entitled, "Trials and triumphs of a living faith," I explicitly declared a growing preference for that order.

Now, dear sir, circumstances having arisen since the publication of that tract to convince me most clearly of the enmity and bitterness of the Independents, even those of that body who love the truth, to the despised ordinance of our beloved Lord which we practice and teach, I feel the open church communion is an impracticable thing without a compromise of principle.

Perhaps you and other veterans will say, Well, we knew that long ago; have you only just found it out? I think I hear you say so while you gravely rub your shins. But then I have always been one of those who like to "prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good." And there is the old rhyme:

"Convince a man against his will,
He holds the same opinion still."

So that experience is the best instructor, who teaches and allures, but never drives.

Well, having been cast during the last few years amongst truth-loving Independents, I have found that there is great opposition to our Lord's blessed ordinance of Believer's Baptism: they hate it; and where I have been received and heard profitably by the people, the stern managers have shut me out of the pulpit because I was a Baptist. This, you may be sure, did not please me. It seemed so strange, that these lovers of Gospel charity, who advance so much the doctrine of mixed communion amongst Baptists, should refrain from that very charity towards us; yet so it is. And in the trust-deeds of many of their chapels, Baptist ministers are forbidden to preach in them. Whether this be because they sincerely believe Believer's Baptism to be an error, I will not say; but if so, how thick must be the veil of prejudice through which they read God's blessed book, where the dear Redeemer says to his disciples, "Follow Me," and at whose baptism the voice from heaven said, "Thou art my beloved Son, in Thee I am well pleased."

So that experience has convinced me that if I be faithful as a Baptist, which I conscientiously am, never having for a moment vacillated in my heart upon a point so clearly revealed, and preach Believer's Baptism as Christ's ordinance in His church, it is utterly impossible, with a clear conscience, to be an open communionist; and through the help of God I will for the future abide by strict communion a thorough Baptist, despising baby baptism as a human invention, and pitying and praying for those who are led away by it. With Christian love, yours sincerely,
JOSEPH PALMER.

HILLINGDON HEATH.—GUTTERIDGE STREET.—On Tuesday, the 16th inst., special services were held in connexion with this cause, removed from Uxbridge; and notwithstanding an abundance of rain, the place was full, and we were able to realize the force of the Apostle's words, "All things shall work together for good;" and again, "All things are yours." The rain falls upon the just and the unjust, the one it causeth to grow, flourish, and bear fruit, while the other it turns to mildew and rust. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, for He maketh my cup to overflow, and spreadeth a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

Our esteemed brother, Mr. James Wells, came down to us laden with the oil and the wine, to pour into our wounds the sincere milk of the word for the little ones, the strong meat for those who have to do some hard fighting with the adversary, and a basket of fruit to refresh the lips of the weary traveller, whose journey lies through a dry and a thirsty land.

The afternoon service was commenced by singing with Kent—

"For weary souls a rest remains."

Then followed the reading of Psalm xxxi. with an expression cheering and encouraging to those who have no might, and the Lord increased strength. Prayer for the blessing of our Covenant-keeping God was next presented, to which our souls said Amen; and then Doddridge supplied the song—

"With transport, Lord, our souls proclaim."

The portion of Holy Writ selected for the text was from Zephaniah, chap. 3, v. 15.—"The Lord hath taken away thy judgments; He hath cast out thine enemy, the King of Israel; even the Lord in the midst of thee: thou shalt not see evil any more."

We have found ourselves sometimes, of an afternoon, very drowsy, but this verse was opened up by the speaker on this occasion so nicely—our judgment taken away—our enemies cast out—the King in our midst, and we were not to see evil any more—that we found ourselves full of blessings, and praying secretly for the speaker, for the people, and for ourselves. The singing of—

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound,"

and praying, concluded the afternoon service. At 5 o'clock about 60 persons partook of tea—a nice little company for a small place, and to whom the rain had acted as no check. The evening service commenced with—

"Come let us join our cheerful songs."

Then the reading of the 9th chapter of Amos, with a further opening up of the sacred page and prayer; this concluded—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

was sung; and Hosea, chap. i. v. 11, was

selected for the sermon. "Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head, and they shall come up out of the land, for great shall be the day of Jezreel." We do not profess to give an outline, but Mr. Wells went on to show who were the children of Judah and Israel; that he was not a Jew or an Israelite who was one *outwardly*, but *inwardly*, or only those upon whom grace is bestowed, instancing the Pharisee and the Publican, and many others. Then, in these spiritual children there would be a blessed harmony in acknowledging but one head; they might differ in minor points, but the centre of unity was Christ, and they shall come up out of the land—the certainty of the deliverance; and great shall be the day of Jezreel—the seed of God, or holy seed.

Mr. Wells seemed very happy in his work. The people brought together on this occasion were likewise happy; "the King of Israel, even the Lord, being in the midst," what more could we desire?

"More than himself He cannot give."

The people also gave liberally. While writing these few lines, we feel we heard so much yesterday, that we should like to do nothing but *cheer the cud* to-day, and lie down in the green pastures and beside the still waters; but the cares of life, like a tide, are already rushing in; the devil with his host have returned to assault our soul in every part, and nothing short of a "thus saith the Lord" will do for us. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," has gone forth, and we know that this warfare

"Shall cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's
song!"

We were pleased to see so many friends from a distance, viz., Chobham, Colnbrook, Hounslow, London, Longford, Slough, Windsor, &c.

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR.—Some pieces having recently appeared in the VESSEL and some other periodicals, containing incorrect statements respecting the affairs of the Church at Soho, and reports having in consequence been circulated amongst the Baptist churches calculated to prejudice the cause of God in that hitherto favoured part of his vineyard, the Deacons deem it a duty they owe both to the pastor and church, to endeavour to remove the erroneous impressions which have been thereby made in the minds of many; and to state publicly, and in unison, the following facts, for the satisfaction of all well-wishers to our Zion.

1st. The pastor and deacons have hitherto been, and still are, on the most friendly terms with each other, and are prayerfully and harmoniously working together to promote the peace and prosperity of the church.

2nd. The members of the church (with very few exceptions) continue to manifest their attachment to the pastor, and approval of his ministry.

3rd. Our church meetings have been uniformly marked with good feeling without any unpleasant incident, except the separation of some of our number for *non-attendance*, several of whom had removed to the country, and others had left soon after the decease of our late pastor. On the other hand, several have been added since Mr. Wilkins' settlement, and six now stand candidates for baptism.

4th. The lectures were given by our request; and, to show our appreciation of them, a vote of thanks was given to our pastor at the following church meeting.

The writer of the letter signed "a Pel-*lite*," clearly shows the *disaffection* of his *own* mind; but we think his statements will have but little weight with our Christian friends when we inform them that he sent that letter to the VESSEL with a false signature and address; that he repeatedly denied being the author of it when interrogated on the subject, and only confessed, at last, when the original letter, in his own handwriting, was produced and laid before him.

In conclusion, we desire to express our deep sense of the Lord's goodness in sustaining us during the long and trying period of the church's widowhood, and sending us, in answer to our prayers, a man of truth and uprightness; and we see abundant reason to retain our old motto, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad"—Ps. cxxvi. 3.

Signed

JOHN JEFFREYS, EDWARD FALKNER, JOSEPH HENRY FREEMAN, ISAAC FOSTER, JOHN BATTERSBY.	}	DEACONS.
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P.S.—Our esteemed brother Cox would have cheerfully added his signature, but was prevented being at our meeting by age and infirmity.

ISLINGTON.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.—On Wednesday evening, July 3rd, Mr. T. Baugh baptized three females and one male in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. There was a large attendance. We trust the third Person in the Trinity was there. The word was much blessed. Some people have a dread of baptizing sermons (and not without cause) for two reasons; first, because whenever they go up to the house of the Lord, they want it to be the house of bread; they want spiritual food; and on those occasions they expect simply an explanation of their own views of baptism, and various arguments brought forward to defend them; and secondly, because they have heard the same over and over again. Our pastor does not do that. Some have said he aims to be singular; perhaps there is a needs-be, though I know not that he does; he does

not run in other people's line. I think he aims to be sensible. I trust (above all) he is taught by God's Spirit; there can be no spiritual sense without that. The text was Hebrews xiii. 14—"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." After some excellent remarks, the preacher treated his text in the following intelligent and simple manner:—1st. The seeker. 2nd. After what does he seek? What could be more suitable for the occasion? Similar to good Bunyan's illustration of Christian turning his back upon the city of destruction, and setting out to seek a city that shall not be destroyed. And what is Baptism but a testifying to the world of that fact? An apt illustration was introduced. A certain king of France kept a buffoon; and at one time he was going a journey, but had made no preparation. The king chided him for his folly; it passed over; but the king was soon afterwards taken ill. He called the buffoon to him (not to make a jest *then*); he felt himself in a solemn position. He said, "I am going a long journey." The buffoon quietly made the following remark (not a very foolish one though), "Have you made preparation for the journey?" Seeing the king unprepared to die, had an effect upon him which was the cause (in the hands of God) of his conversion. We thank God he is blessing the word to the conversion of some, and constraining them to profess His name. May their numbers increase! The congregation increases at the Sunday services held at Myddelton Hall, and some have been blessed there. Surely, we should ever remember that all men have souls, for God in His sovereignty sometimes saves the most unlikely in our estimation. Well does the Scripture say, "Be careful to entertain strangers." May God's cause prosper everywhere, that multitudes of strangers may no longer be so, but fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God.

SUTTON, ISLE OF ELY.—The Anniversary of the Baptist Sabbath school was commenced on Lord's day, July 14th, when Mr. R. G. Edwards preached in the morning from John, 21st chapter 15th verse—"Feed my lambs." In the afternoon the pastor addressed the parents, teachers and children, from Deut. 6th chap. 7th verse: "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." Some pieces were sung, and questions answered on the person, character, miracles, life, death, resurrection, adoration, and second coming of Christ, very nicely by the children. In the evening, the sermon was from the latter part of the 8th chapter of Romans, concerning the love of God, the love of Christ, and the eternal security of the sheep. The collections were good, and we spent a happy day. On Monday, July 15th, Mr. Charles Waters Banks preached an excellent sermon in the afternoon from Isaiah, 61st hap. 10th verse: "I will greatly rejoice in

the Lord," &c., after which a goodly number of friends partook of tea in Mr. Bedford's barn, and then returned to the chapel, when Mr. Banks again preached, in sweet liberty, and in the fulness of the blessedness of the Gospel of peace, from Hebrews, 7th chap. 25th verse: "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost," &c. We pray that in years hence it may be seen how God has blessed these services. Oh, that the ministers of the Gospel had more of the Spirit of Jesus, and would tell us the meaning of Matthew, 6th chapter, 15th verse; surely, they would not say, I will hold animosity till the sun shall shine on our heads no more. On Tuesday, July 16th, was the children's treat; and after a good play in Mr. George Ibberson's field, they were conducted to Mr. Bedford's barn, when their smiling faces testified their enjoyment of the realization of their anticipations. Having, as they considered, done justice to the consumables, without the least idea of mercy, they went again into their sports in the field. After a short interval, the barn was filled with adults to act the same part as their juvenile predecessors, and subsequently following their track to juvenile with them. But St. Swithin this year fully verified traditional records. Many thanks to the dear friends who helped us with their presence, their purse, their participation, and their prayers. Above eleven guineas were collected; and with the balance of last year in hand, about £10 remains for rewards. A SUPERINTENDENT.

7 NORFOLK—To EDITOR OF EARTHEN VESSEL.—The Lord, in his providence, having removed me from Saxmundham, please give my present address.—Yours in Jesus, J. BALDWIN, Old Buckingham, near Attleborough, Norfolk, July 18th, 1867.

Our Sabbath school anniversary was held on Sunday and Monday, July 14th and 15th. Mr. Dearnle, of Norwich, preached the sermons on Sunday. The children recited several pieces and sung several hymns on the occasion. On Monday the teachers and children had their treat. After a public tea, a public meeting was held; Mr. Baldwin presided. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Sparham, of Shelphanger, the late pastor of the church; Messrs. Dearnle and Home, of Norwich, and Mr. Welton, of London. The chapel was filled. The collections good.

SIBLE HEDDINGHAM — REHOBOTH BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Sabbath school anniversary.—The second anniversary of the above school was holden on Lord's day, July 7th, when three sermons was preached by Mr. J. W. Dyer, of Harwich; that in the morning from the 10th verse of 35th Psalm. He took the bones there to represent the Church, and in so doing noticed their sympathy one to another, as members of one body; also the circumstance of Joseph's bones, and his commandment concerning them, and then the prophecy of

Ezekiel about the dry bones. Secondly, the Church's recognition of God's power; lastly, the exclamation of each member of the Church, "Lord, who is like unto thee in thine everlasting love, which is the foundation of all our salvation, the well-spring of all our happiness; who is like unto thee in thy wisdom, in thy faithfulness, in thy pardoning mercy!"

In the afternoon, Mr. Dyer was led out in a very beautiful strain, well suited for the school children; his text was Psalm xiv. to 2nd verse. "Thou art fairer than the children of man," after which the children of the Bible classes repeated with great exactness the 9th chapter of St. Luke, each saying one paragraph, the boys repeating the 23rd, 24th, 122nd, 124th Psalms. Mr. Dyer preached again in the evening to a good congregation.

On the following day, Monday, the children had their annual treat in a meadow kindly lent for the occasion. A public meeting was held in the evening under the presidency of William Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford, who distributed the prizes to the children, after which the meeting was addressed by the superintendent, Mr. Smith, Mr. Dyer, and Mr. Wheeler, all the speakers seeming quite astonished at the number and value of the prizes given, and at the complete organization and method by which the school is conducted, and which reflects great credit on the superintendent and teachers. There are 105 children in the school, and the collections covered all expenses.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, June 20th, 1867.—Dear Brother unknown and yet well known—Grace, mercy, and peace to you and yours, from God our Father, and from Jesus Christ our Saviour. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, &c.—Dear Brother Banks—Excuse my liberty of writing to you; my motive, I trust, is for the glory of God and the good of my fellow creatures. I have been a reader of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* for some time in St. John, New Brunswick, and have had the pleasure of reading many volumes of the same. I am now situated in a place where there is none to be had; and having taken up my residence in the above-named place, where I trust to remain until my heavenly Father sees fit to remove me, I have written to know whether you could send out some here. There are others who want them, and I doubt not but that I could get many more who would become subscribers. We cannot feast on the food we get here: there are Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Church of England, and others; the Arminian doctrine is spreading over the Western hemisphere. I have been in the United States and Canada, and other colonies; but the real Gospel truth is scarce. Could you not

send me a quantity of back numbers, so that I could distribute them far and wide here? in the hope that the reading of the same might be the means of gathering a number of truth-lovers together to form a church in this desolate land. The English mail calls every other week. I have had some numbers of the *CHEERING WORDS*, and should be glad of more, if you feel inclined to do so; please let me know. There are thousands perishing for want of knowledge here; some partly trusting to something of their own, instead of looking out of themselves, and trusting alone to the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Ah, beloved, there is no peace in a conditional salvation; this I know by experience. Salvation comes to us as free as the air we breathe, all flowing through the electing love of God the Father, in Jesus His dear Son, finished on Calvary the whole law, and applied to the hearts of the redeemed by God the Holy Ghost. Come, beloved, let us raise a note of praise to Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests to God and His Father, to whom be glory and honour and praise for ever and ever. Amen. I have written out some of the Lord's dealings with my own soul, but I shall not send it now. Some other time if I am spared. Wishing you all peace and joy in believing. Amen. From the vilest of sinners,

EDWARD WILLIS.

No. 15, Blower-street, Halifax,
N. Scotia, B. N. America.

[We purpose sending out this good brother a quantity of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. We should like to send him 10,000. This would cost about £70. We cannot possibly do it ourselves; we therefore ask our readers who can help us to do so at once. We shall send out at the end of August whatever amount we may receive up to that time. Here is a good opportunity of spreading the truth. This good brother wants to establish a cause here; he hopes the distribution of a number of our work would tend to gather the friends. Let the matter be done promptly. Therefore, all friends willing to assist *The Nova Scotia Free Distribution Fund* should at once send any amount to Mr. B. Banks, 4, Crane Court, Fleet-street, and in the August number we shall state the result. ---Ed.]

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. Editor.—We cannot but be highly pleased to think that in all parts of the country, Trinity chapel, Plymouth, should be so anxiously looked after. Are your numerous inquirers real in their intention? Or, are they birds of passage? Can it be possible that in all parts of this highly favoured country, there are persons who have a heartfelt love for the prosperity of Zion at Trinity? If we could believe it was was all real love, it would afford us great pleasure to write a letter through the medium of your *VESSEL* every

month, so that our numerous lovers should be favoured to see how quietly and comfortably the loved one gets on. For the information of such; I will say on Monday, July 22nd, we held a church meeting, when four candidates were proposed for Baptism. After Mr. Corbitt had read and prayed, each one gave their experience, which was truly soul encouraging. It is no small mercy to find the Lord so conspicuously with us to the gathering in of poor sinners. It was then decided to hold the ordinance of Believer's Baptism the following Wednesday; this was duly attended to. A goodly number of the Lord's people were present to witness the same. Truly we could, and can, say the Lord is in our midst. And this is as the beginning of months to the Baptist Cause at Trinity. It is now arranged to hold our first anniversary of the re-opening of Trinity chapel, under the pastorate of Mr. John Corbitt, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 6th and 7th August, 1867, when three sermons will be preached by Mr. James Wells, of the New Surrey Tabernacle. Services, Tuesday afternoon, 3 o'clock; Wednesday evening 7 o'clock. I am, Mr. Editor, yours faithfully, JAMES CHAMBERS. Plymouth, July, 1867.—[It is quite true anxious enquiries are made respecting Trinity. Mr. John Corbitt, has travelled and preached with great acceptance in many parts of England. He has thousands of real friends who wish him increasing success in the ministry; and they know the far west atmosphere is rather relaxing. Rumours have been flying about intimating that our good brother was not quite so strong as he has been for many years. We are glad to hear such good news.]

ASKETT.—Mr. Editor,—I have known you and your writings about twenty years. During this period, I have been subscriber to your VESSEL. I pray she may be kept upon the ocean of time pushing on as she has done amongst the waves and billows of time. She brings me some cheering intelligence every month. I love to hear of the advancement of Christ's glorious kingdom, which I must be a stranger to was it not for the tidings your VESSEL brings monthly. You will recollect preaching at Askett, near Princes Risboro', some years ago, when many listened to the Word and were refreshed. There was then a considerable debt on the chapel, which has since been cleared off. The chapel was very low in the roof, imperfect lights and ventilation, so that the minister, deacons, and friends thought it would be a great comfort to the congregation to raise the roof, put in new windows, &c. This has been done, the cost of which was £51. Mr. Thompson, the minister, took a walk among his flock for contributions to meet the expenditure, and to his great joy, before he returned, he obtained the whole of the amount required. The congregation is composed chiefly of the labouring class. I

think this fact shows that Mr. Thompson is surrounded with a warm-hearted little flock. The chapel is now out of debt, and we are enjoying the comfort the alteration has made. I hope the time is not far distant when we may hear your voice once more. Our dear brother, Mr. S. Milner, came down and preached two excellent sermons at our anniversary last month, and God was glorified. May God Almighty bless you in all your wide spread efforts to do good and to extend Christ's kingdom.—Very faithfully,

JOHN READ.
Apsley Farm, Aylesbury, Bucks.
June 19, 1867.

NOTICE.—The following died in the faith of the Gospel of Christ, at the residence of Mr. J. Read: Mrs. Elizabeth Simmons, the beloved wife of John Simmons, for many years a member at Soho chapel, Oxford st., afterwards, for about ten years of the above chapel. She lived the Christian, and died the Christian, at the age of seventy-three years. I could truly say, "Let me die the death of the righteous," &c.

FOXCOTE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—In giving an account of the anniversary in the above place, you in the June number of VESSEL, and in *Cheering Words* used some expressions respecting Mr. Jacob Short, which might lead to wrong impressions. Not that you have written anything radically untrue, but wrong inferences, and deductions might be drawn therefrom. You speak of Mr. Short in such a way, that people would judge he is the regular officiating pastor at Foxcote. This is wrong. For many years he has been the pastor, has broken bread among the people, and directed the Church affairs; and you properly called him the "Bishop." No man is more adapted for the post. Mr. Short is a man of God, a man of character, a truthful, experimental preacher, and exercises judicious judgment. Such men, we would sell our lives rather than speak against. But I am sure he will be anxious to resign possession of unmerited praise, and give "honour to whom honour is due." And to this end, let it be known, that Messrs. Pulham, Maybrey, Downing, and Hopkins all share their turns, with Mr. Short, in preaching at Foxcote. I am anxious this should be known, because these good men never receive a farthing for their services; work all the week, and often walk (except Mr. Downing) from Cheltenham to Foxcote, a distance of five miles on a Lord's day, besides preaching twice. This statement holds good with regard to Mr. Short. May abounding grace cheer their hearts, while labouring for their Lord in Baca's Vale; and when our work is done, God grant us all to meet amid the ransomed throng, to reap our reward in smiles of sovereign love, freed from sin, Satan, and self.—Yours in a precious, precious Christ, ISAAC PEGG. Bethel chapel, Cheltenham.

WOODFORD, NORTHS.—On Lord's day, July 16, anniversary services were held in connection with the Sunday school, when three sermons were preached by Mr. E. J. Silverton, of Trinity chapel, Trinity street, London. The place was crowded with those who were desirous of hearing him whom God had heretofore remarkably blessed in this village; in the afternoon and evening it was impossible to accommodate the people in the interior for before the time it was so filled that when the preacher came, he was obliged to get in the pulpit the best way he could, the aisles and pulpit steps being thronged. Many were accommodated with seats outside; they were privileged to hear, the lungs of the preacher being good. Long may a Triune Jehovah spare his ambassador to blow the Gospel Trumpet. Mr. Silverton went to work in earnest, and we have every reason to believe the Master was present, for the saints of God were made to rejoice. We also hope the Holy Spirit has applied the Word with power to the sinner, as the tear was seen in many an eye. Collections were good. The day was one long to be remembered; unto God be all the honour and glory. On the following day a social tea, afterwards, public speaking on the village Green by Smith and Warren, of Kingstead, Cook, of Irthingborough, and E. J. Silverton, who had the attention of many a sturdy fellow who would not have come to chapel; but by being spoken to in such an earnest, striking, solemn, yet loving way were compelled or induced to come on Thursday evening and listen again to the voice of one of the sons of Boanerges before he left this part. May God Almighty abundantly bless the labours of him and all other faithful servants, for Christ's sake, is the sincere desire of one who was favoured to be there.

KNOWL HILL.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS —We desire to thank you for your kind attention to Knowl Hill. The anniversary took place Monday, July 15th. The morning being heavy with rain at Reading, we were troubled about getting off; but it pleased God to give us fine weather; and we saw our friends off, conveyances being quite full. Five of us took train to Twyford, getting there in time to hear brother W. Perrett, of Reading, and minister of Yately, delivering a very affectionate, cheering, and soul-refreshing sermon from 2 Thessalonians, ii. 13, 14: "But we are bound to give thanks always to God for you, brethren, beloved of the Lord," &c. Very appropriate remarks of the labours of our late dear brothers Webb and Mason, which drew tears of gratitude from almost every eye and heart. We then, with friends from Henley, Maidenhead, &c., &c., partook of a very refreshing tea. We had been praying that our conversation might be in heaven, from whence we look for our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whose presence, I believe, we had, guiding and com-

forting the whole of his dear saints. In the evening, Mr. C. Adams, of London, preached from 1st Peter, 2nd chapter, part of 6th and 7th verses: "Behold, I lay in Zion," &c. &c. "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." He felt his Master's presence. It seemed to fill every heart, and gladden every soul, and we do desire to return thanks to Almighty God for His kind and helping hand, and to our dear brethren for their kind and liberal services; and we must say with one of old, surely God is good to Israel. We trust the Lord will bless and prosper his little Hill of Zion, and again increase, strengthen, and build her up, while we would desire unitedly to ascribe the kingdom, the power and the glory to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.

W. BROWN.

23, Oxford-street, Reading,
July 25th, 1867.

WIMBLEDON.---MR. BANKS ---The church and friends meeting at Zoar chapel, Wimbledon, met to take a social cup of tea with their highly and much esteemed pastor, Mr. Luke Snow, after which he was presented with six very handsome volumes of Dr. Gill's Scripture Commentary. Several letters were read testifying to the glorious Gospel as preached by him, one of which I send you a copy. After the letters were read, our dear pastor gave us a very nice Christian address, expressive of the deep gratitude he felt to the Lord in thus blessing his ministry, as he took this presentation of their love and esteem toward him, though but a humble servant in the Lord's vineyard. I am happy and thankful to say, we grow (as a Church) in love, peace, and sweet Christian fellowship.

E. MORRIS.

(COPY OF LETTER.)

"TO OUR DEAR PASTOR, AND BELOVED BROTHER IN CHRIST.---The Lord in His sovereign grace and mercy having blessed the word of His truth to us in an especial manner through your ministry, in calling some from nature's darkness into His marvellous light, and in feeding, teaching, strengthening, and establishing all, in and by the doctrines of His eternal truth; as a testimony of our heartfelt gratitude to the God of all grace for putting you into the ministry and blessing your labours to our souls; and as a token of our sincere love and affection towards you for the truth's sake, we now present you with Dr. Gill's Commentary, and in so doing, it is our earnest desire that the blessing of our God may accompany the gift, and that you may find nothing in it but what is in accordance to divine truth; but much that may prove both profitable and instructive. It is also our desire that it may be to you a memorial of the Lord's goodness, that your labour has not been in vain in the Lord; but whenever you use those books, may that thought encourage you still to go on in the work of the Lord, has both called you to and

blessed you in ; and although He has from time to time removed one and another from you, and will, we doubt not, soon remove another in His providence, still, we do feel that neither time, place, or circumstances, can ever sever that bond of "sweet love" by which the dear Lord has united our souls together. Earnestly desiring the blessing of the Lord still to rest upon you, that many more souls may be given you as seals to your ministry, that many of the Lord's loved redeemed ones may be Spirit-quickened, brought under your ministry, and receive the same blessing from it as we have done, that you with the people of your charge may continue to dwell together in unity of the Spirit, and in the bond of peace, to the glory of God, in the name of the Church,—Yours faithfully and affectionately,
M. S.

[We rejoice to find the evangelist, Luke, is still alive, and labouring with pleasure in peace, and to the advantage of many souls.—Ed.]

SURREY TABERNACLE, WALWORTH ROAD.—"Unity is strength;" and peace, unity, and love, is a trinity that will accomplish seeming impossibilities. Our readers know what this church accomplished in a short period: the full report we gave of the meeting held on Good Friday, when the debt was more than paid, showed that this church had in the short space of three-and-a-half years, raised upwards of twelve thousand pounds beyond the ordinary expenses. At the commencement of the undertaking, regular weekly subscriptions were suggested and carried into effect, and a number of ladies who took a deep interest in the movement, formed themselves into a committee with the special object of gathering these weekly offerings; and right well, with steady perseverance they kept to their "labour of love."

Through the kindness of the officers of the church, we were invited to meet these ladies, the late building committee, and the pastor and deacons of the church on Tuesday evening, July 9th. A beautiful tea was served in the deacons' vestry, and afterwards we retired to the large vestry, where one of the happiest meetings we ever attended was holden. Mr. James Wells took the chair, and was surrounded by his deacons, and the building committee, and facing the chair the twenty-five ladies who had proved so useful in gathering the weekly offerings were seated.

After singing and prayer, Mr. Wells, in a cheerful address, stated the object of their inviting the ladies there on that occasion; it was to present them with some token of the esteem and Christian affection entertained by both church and congregation for their labours. They had thought over what would be most suitable, and it was decided that nothing could be more appropriate than a Bible. Mr. Wells then took an interesting review of the undertaking from its commencement to its close.

It will be impossible in so short a space to attempt to give even an outline of the numerous speakers, we must, therefore, be content to summarise the proceedings.

After the Chairman's address, Mr. Thos Pocock spoke of his connection with the undertaking, and the blessing he had enjoyed in his labours. The treasurer, Mr. Carr, looked upon the gathering as "a harvest home meeting," and in his usual warm-hearted manner, reminded the ladies of the motto he gave at their first meeting—"Faith laughs at impossibilities;" and he further showed that the undertaking had proved a source of increased unity and affection amongst the church. Mr. John Beach, who had acted as supervisor for the committee in seeing that both the materials used as also the workmanship of the building were of the best quality, offered some pleasing remarks on their unity as a church, and the blessings that had increased as they had "gone forward." Another hearty friend in the person of Mr. Mitson followed, and spoke of his connection with the "old, old" Surrey Tabernacle. Then Mr. Albert Boulton, in a quiet, unassuming and Christian spirit, referred to the gratitude the Lord had implanted in his heart, for the great blessings he had received under the ministry of their pastor; and, turning to the ladies he said, "To you, my worst wish is, may the Gospel, through the ministry of our pastor, continue to fall as softly and endearingly precious on your souls as it has on my own." The only object he ever had, in any part he had taken in connection with the church, was the promulgation of that glorious Gospel that was instrumental in the ingathering of precious souls; and from testimonies borne at their recent church meetings, he felt justified in saying the Lord was increasing them with such as should be everlastingly saved. Mr. Isaac Backett told out some of the experience of his own soul in a sweet strain. Mr. Nicholson sat under the ministry of their pastor with great delight, and was strengthened and encouraged thereby. Quietly and in few words Mr. Mead testified, that—

"There his best friends, his kindred dwell,
There God his Saviour reigns."

The Treasurer's eldest son, Mr. Thomas Carr, spoke of the work of grace in his own soul; of the joys and sorrows, the peace and wars, the light and the dark, the rough and the plain, the changing scenes of the Christian life; and closed with a testimony to the good the pastor's labours had been to his soul. Mr. Hurst also made some interesting remarks, after which Mr. Butt said the language of the whole of the friends was "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the glory;" for amongst them many were crying out, "Bless the Lord, O my soul;" the Holy Ghost was manifestly at work in their midst: sinners were being brought to the foot of the Cross; and the saints were being comforted and strengthened by the Word preached. Mr. Butt having referred to the

Old and New Surrey Tabernacle, and to the continued increase the Lord had blessed them with as a church, then spoke of the presents about to be made to the ladies; the twenty-five Bibles had been, especially bound for the occasion, and on the inside cover an inscription had been very neatly printed, and on the page facing it were printed a *fac simile* of the autographs of the minister and deacons; it was not the intrinsic value of the present, but its great worth, as God's Word that would attach to it a value in their estimation above any other present that could be made.

The inscription in each of the Bibles was as follows:—

"This Bible is by the minister, deacons, and congregation, of The Surrey Tabernacle, Walworth road, presented to*—

—as a memorial of her faithful and devoted services, as one of the collectors from the commencement in 1864, until the debt. £10,500 was paid, on Good Friday, April 19, 1867.

JAMES WELLS, Minister.

JOSEPH LAWRENCE
EDWARD BUTT
EVAN EDWARDS
JOHN CARR
HENRY ATTFIELD
JOHN BEACH
JOHN MEAD

} Deacons."

Mr. Wells then presented the Bibles separately to each lady, remarking, he hoped the Lord would bless them, and the book to them, or some other appropriate observation.

At the conclusion of this interesting presentation, a warm vote of thanks was presented to Mr. Wells, which was acknowledged; the company rose and sang,

"Praise God," &c.

prayer was offered: a blessing pronounced; and the happy friends dispersed with grateful feelings.

R.

* Here the collectors name is inserted.

NEWPORT PAGNELL. — Newport Pagnell Baptist chapel anniversary was held Thursday, July the 18th, when two sermons were preached by Mr. W. Bull, of Wellingborough Tabernacle. That in the afternoon from 68th Psalm, 18th verse; in the evening from Nehemiah, the 8th chapter. the last clause of the 10th verse. Our esteemed brother preached to us on this occasion blessedly; we were edified and refreshed thereby. The living in Jerusalem were both fed and comforted. The dear Lord has evidently held and supported brother Bull many years as a bold and faithful defender of the faith; and we follow him, from the services of to-day, with earnest prayer to God that he may be spared

yet many years as an eminent and faithful ambassador of truth. A public tea was provided in the school-rooms. The heat and quality of the tea contributed great praise to the ladies, and withal our comfort. The collections were quite satisfactory; the day fine, the attendance good. For all favours, we, as a Church, desire to thank God and take courage.

DALSTON. — ALBION HALL BAPTIST CHAPEL. — A tea and public meeting was held on Tuesday, June 4th, to commemorate the pastor's birthday, and report progress of the cause. A goodly number assembled to tea, and a larger company were present for the evening meeting. Mr. Blake gave a very encouraging report, which proved the church to be increasing, and the cause progressing. A Sunday school and servants' Bible class have also been established. A sum of £12 10s. was presented to the pastor; in acknowledging which he said, that many of his people went to the sea-side during the summer, but did not like to go without their minister doing the same, and, therefore, had a kind habit of giving him a present for the purpose. Several ministerial brethren addressed the meeting, and a very pleasant evening was spent. We have still to bless the Lord for keeping us in peace and unity, and hope to have yet further cause to praise him for ever, bringing us to Albion hall.

[This is certainly a pleasing report. Mr. Blake's friends have given the churches a fine example. We shall be glad to hear other pastors have received the same kindness.—Ed.]

BEXLEY HEATH. — A public meeting was held in the Baptist chapel on Thursday, the 27th of June, on behalf of the new chapel. After tea, Alderman Abbiss, of London, took the chair. After the report was read by the secretary, the chairman gave a most excellent address, and was followed by brethren Teall, Sturge, Camp, Gibson, Derby, and others. During the evening, donations were solicited in aid of the new chapel; and including £10 10s. of the chairman, £124 was given in donations and promised during the evening, which, with what had been collected before, made about £480, beside £160 paid for the freehold ground. This, in one year, is greatly encouraging; and together with large spiritual prosperity, calls for expressions of devout gratitude.

On Tuesday, July 16th, the 44th anniversary was held, when brethren Wale and Glaskin preached two excellent sermons; but as the day was unfair, we had not so many as usual.

BAPTIZINGS.

MINISTER'S NAME.	NAME AND SITUATION OF CHAPEL.	DATE.	NO. BAPTIZED.
Banke, C. W. ...	St. Thomas' Hall, South Hackney	July 4, 1867	2
Childs, E. ...	Baunds	May 26, "	3
Hall, Henry ...	Ebenezer chapel, Clapham ...	May 29, "	2
Tringer, Thomas ...	Wellesley Street, Stepney ...	July 3	3

Heaven Secured to the Believer in Christ.

SERMON PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

[NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.]

BELOVED, there is nothing can prevent your entering heaven if you are a believer in Christ. What! says a poor soul, nothing? Nothing. Methinks I hear some of you saying, why everything seems against me. Ah, that is the general way of the redeemed to talk as if they would be overcome by the enemy. But it is a peculiar mercy, that God's children never overcome one difficulty, nor one trial, nor one temptation, but as they stand in union with the Lamb of God, they are more than conquerors; and in the warmth of my heart, and according to God's word, I must say it, we are as great conquerors as Jesus Christ. How? For all His conquests are put down to our account. When the Lord brought the children of Israel out of Egypt, there were mountains on either side, Pharaoh's host behind, and the sea in front of them; there appeared no way for their escape. It is a dear position for a child of God to be brought into, and I will tell you why, for there is a secret learnt in that position, that though you are so encompassed round about, there is nothing to prevent you *directing* your prayer to God, and looking up (always take care you direct your prayers aright): thus you lay hold of the strength of the Omnipotent God, and tread on the high place of your enemies. I trust we shall daily go on in the strength, that you began with in your song—

“Christ exalted is our song.”

And well may we sing, whatever may be said against it—

“With His spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One.”

Yet how that dear truth is spoken against by professors, the Church's complete holiness in the Holy One; for it is written, “Because as He is, so are we in this world.” It is a marvellous truth, reason can have nothing to do with it, and it is not tangible to intellectuality, but the Eternal Spirit brings us into a knowledge of the importance of it, and confirms our souls in it, that we stand before God in Christ Jesus without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. Now for the text: but I shall not get over its dear features to-night.

“Now our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts and establish you in every good word and work.”—2 Thess. ii. 16. 17.

I have been speaking some Sabbaths on this dear text, and have come as far as *Loved us*. That is our every-day subject, our every-day mercy, and our every-day blessing; and there is a sweet suitability in the expression “every day,” as the children are brought into exercises, afflictions, and temptations; it is for the development of this truth, that amidst all our trials, amidst all the temptations of Satan, amidst all the rebellion of human nature, with all its corruption, “Nothing can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.” And it

appears to me, beloved, in meditating on the truths of God concerning the Church in itself, that however numerous they were that John saw, and whom no man could number, yet they all stood in the love of God; and for the development of that love in its eternity, durability, and fulness, God took His Church into union with Himself. And we have the manifestation that God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. All our security, blessing, blessedness, and standing, all our life and salvation, is wrapped up and compressed in one word, and it is *Love*. Love is eternal, because God is love.

I shall drop you one hint before I come to the *everlasting consolation*; and do take a little notice of what I say, as you are led on day by day in your dealings and vocations, and just for a minute or two reflect on the subject, amidst all your trials, troubles, and exercises, that a child of God can subscribe, however trying things may be to flesh and blood, as a witness for God, that it is all in *Love*. What! in all things? Yes, and let me tell you in the belief of the truth, however bitter the cup may be, however long the trial may last, and however trying the temptation may be, mind you, love is underneath all, love runs through all, love is the beginning, and love is the ending.

Mark another sweet feature of truth, and this is what I call real experience of a child of God, just to be settled here amidst all that is going on within or without, that a child of God would never have these various exercises did he not dwell in love, and was he not in oneness with his most glorious Christ, was he not a member of His body, the travail of His soul, the purchase of His blood, and the gift of His Father; for was it not so, he would be going down the smooth stream of time, in all manner of abomination, without the slightest hindrance from the devil. But although I am the subject of temptation and trials in myself the same as before regeneration, yet now I know the certainty of the truth as it is written, "We dwell in God, and God dwells in us." These truths received and believed in produce a sweet effect in the mind—namely, tranquillity of soul, reliance in the Lord, confidence in the God of Jacob, and happiness in the Lord, so that come what may, the language from the heart is, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." These are what I call immortal mercies; these are the secrets that transpire between God and His Church; these things are only known by living in them, and it is sweet in the contemplation of the subject, "That He cannot love us more, nor will He love us less." Nor is that all, but in loving me, Himself He loves. I wonder how many there are here know the reality of that truth, that in the Lord loving me, Himself He loves. Not only so, "He abideth faithful, Himself He cannot deny."

And there is another truth I would desire you to notice, which is often passed over by God's children, who think but little of its vast importance and the divine properties of it: you find it in the closing up of Eph. i.: "Which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all," made a glorious Church,—the Church here is the fulness of Christ,—who is the fulness of it; Christ is our glory, and the Church is the glory of Christ, and it is always the same, no separation, nothing intervenes, nothing can come between; it is as the poet beautifully sings—

"One glorious Head, one body there,
Who shall at last our glory share."

"And," says Christ, "the glory Thou hast given me I have given them, that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they might be one in Us." So we live in union to Christ, oneness in Christ, perfect in Him, and have salvation in Him with eternal glory. And I add, and I speak to you in love and affection; what you cannot find in yourself, you are sure to find it in Christ, therefore do not get distressing yourself about yourself and feelings, for you only get comfort when you are brought to look to Jesus. It is of no use to be always living in Egypt, for there is nothing there more than you can procure, gathering straw to make bricks, and I am certain that gives no satisfaction. Our all is in Christ, and it is most blessed to have a right understanding of the truth in the mind, and to be able to talk about His own word. He saith, in Isaiah xlv., "Surely shall one say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength," not in yourselves, not in your experience, not in your frames and feelings, but *in the Lord*. Yet here are God's children thinking they must have it in themselves. No, says the Lord, *it is in Christ*. Reason and unbelief says, I do not believe it is there. I tell you, if you are looking for anything that is good, short of what is in Christ, you will be disappointed. It is all in Christ, and by the knowledge of these things it will be found that all man's excellences, all the wisdom of the creature, and all our plans and stratagems will be swept away. Why? That Christ alone may be exalted. I do really love to talk to poor sinners about a precious Christ, and what they have in Him. And this manifests the love of the Church to have their all in Christ, and nothing in themselves. You may say, you are speaking very free. A free man always speaks freely, and they cannot help speaking free, for Jesus saith, "*Ye shall be free indeed.*" Those that are in bondage have all their religion in themselves, you generally find them speaking about their darkness and doubts. But God's children being called into liberty, are living in the immensity of God's love to them in Christ, and rejoice in *consolation*. We are aware from experience by the Divine teachings of the Holy Ghost, that *consolation* in its importance is very blessed to God's dear children, and God does not keep His children long without some consolation or other. But when we come to the testimony in our text, it is an *everlasting consolation*, consequently, what is everlasting is without change; therefore, it is our mercy to know that we have an everlasting consolation given to us by God. If you were to judge from your experience, you would say, I cannot be a child of God; because you do not enjoy consolation as you wish. Beloved, you must have lights and shades, hots and colds, ups and downs, a little mountain work and a little valley work, sometimes in sorrow and doing business in deep waters, and sometimes at your wit's end. But, saith the poor soul, that cannot be consolation. Oh yes, everlasting consolation even then. Methinks I hear another poor tried exercised child of God saying, Everything is against me, and I am come to the conclusion, I have neither part nor lot in the matter.

Stop a minute, hear what I have to say, and then draw your inferences, never judge till you hear the whole of the subject; now, beloved, just look with me, concerning this *everlasting consolation*. I know many of you have been led by God into the secret. In Luke ii. 25, you will find this recorded, "There was a man in Jerusalem whose

name was Simeon, a devout man." What was he about? "Waiting for the consolation of Israel."

That is our *everlasting consolation*. What? God Incarnate, God with us. "God was manifested in the flesh, seen of angels, preached to the Gentiles, justified in the Spirit, and received up into glory." Therefore Christ is our everlasting consolation. Now let me observe, that the man was in possession of the consolation before he enjoyed it. I want you just to think these things over; the blessedness you stand in possession of, before you joy in it, or before you experience that joy. "He went into the temple." Was he disappointed? Nay, for God had told him "That he should not see death until he had seen the Lord's Christ." Now mark the importance of the subject, there are some, God declares, shall not see life, but here is a man, God declares, who should not see death.

Now, on what side do you stand, I do not ask about your religion, are you reconciled to God in Christ Jesus? Well then, the child was brought into the temple. There was the consolation he waited for, and it was an everlasting and unchanging Christ. If you are looking for a consolation short of Christ, I would not give a rush for such a consolation. The blessedness was when the everlasting consolation, Jehovah Christ, was made manifest to him; then the enjoyment of it was manifested also, not in the abstract, not merely by taking a retrospective or prospective view of Him; but, as some of our old divines say, it was a closing with Christ. How did he do it? "He took Him up in his arms" who was the everlasting consolation, and in the possession of it he said, "Lord, now lettest Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word."

Take a friendly hint, you that know the Lord, in the dealings of God with you, that you never desire one thing but what is according to God's word. There is vitality here, may God help you to consider the matter, *according to Thy word*. But why now, "Mine eyes hath seen Thy salvation which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people," a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel. Come, cheer up, beloved, I know you have some glimpses of this *everlasting consolation*, seeing the salvation of God produces consolation while we are in the wilderness, and having such an everlasting consolation, it is unchangeable; it is "Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Now, are you living in the blessedness of it day by day? Methinks I hear many of you saying, Bless God, I am a witness of it.

Now, another remark, the cry among men and professors is, how they shall die and when they shall die; and some trouble themselves, thinking they shall die without consolation. But I am not afraid, our life and consolation is in Christ Jesus our Lord, He is our everlasting consolation, I am certain of that. He also is our everlasting life, our God, our glory. Why, beloved, I was going to say it is worse than nonsense for God's people to be troubling themselves about dying; for if you believe you belong to Christ, and you know Christ is yours, and you being in Him, then we have nothing without Him, and because you are in Christ, Christ is in you the hope of glory. And, as I before remarked, as nothing can come between Christ and the members of His body, the mercy is, as we are believers, not to trouble ourselves about passing things, but as we are led on in the truths daily to be thinking over

His unspeakable gifts to us, even His everlasting consolation. But we must make a few remarks on the blessedness of the consolation that is communicated to the Church of God by the ministry of God the Eternal Spirit, and take our stand in our glorious oneness with Christ and the real consolation communicated the consolation that is felt, consolation that is experienced, consolation that doeth good, consolation that brings a sinner up from himself and endears a precious Christ.

Now look into 2 Cor. i. 5, and mark down a particular testimony concerning this consolation, and take particular notice of it, whether we are witnesses of the fulness of the divine properties of the same. God having realized the truth in our hearts, "For, as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ." Not through, not with, *but aboundeth by Christ*. Therefore the development of the consolation and the abounding of it is much more than we can calculate, by the abounding of the consolation in us, by Christ Jesus. Now mark, although I love these things as well as any of you, yet observe, it does not abound by our experience of it, it does not abound by our faith, nor does it abound by our hope, but it abounds by Christ, and that is most glorious. This is another glorious truth; hath God salted you with it? Do you know its reality, do you experience its blessedness? Do you see yourself nothing in the whole, and that all the abounding of consolation are by our most glorious Christ? I always love to be particular on this point, because there is that in our old Adam nature that will endeavour to put down to ourselves certain things, thus attempting to rob Jesus Christ of His glory; but whatever abounding of consolation you have, it is by Christ.

Mark a sweet feature of truth, whereby God the Eternal Spirit by His demonstration confirms us in our oneness with Christ; first, *the sufferings of Christ abounding in us*; not *our* sufferings; mark that: our consolation is, the sufferings of Christ abounding in us. There is something so particular, as well as personal, in the ministry of God the Eternal Spirit in a sinner's heart, that the very demonstrations of that Spirit is to endear Jesus Christ to that sinner, and it also is to bring that sinner into an intimate acquaintance with Jesus Christ and salvation in Him; not only to show him, but to confirm him and establish him in the truth and blessedness of the same, whatever Christ is, whatever Christ has done, whatever Christ has wrought and suffered, and what He obtained. God's testimony to that truth is, as Paul says, "All are yours, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Now mark, the sufferings of Christ were never manifested in a sinner's conscience until God had made that sinner alive from death; and until God hath confirmed that sinner in his sinnership before God. When God the Spirit has done that, then His province is to take of the things of Christ and show them to the poor sinner. Now what are the apprehensions, what are the fears, and what are the thoughts of a poor sinner made alive and convinced of sin? Not only that he is a sinner, not only that he is a transgressor, not only that he is a law-breaker, but he hath an apprehension in the belief of these things, that he shall suffer in hell for his sins, as sure as the devil is there. Now when the sufferings of Christ are made manifest by God in a poor sinner's heart, the blessedness is opened, and the soul sweetly enjoys it. I don't think I shall ever forget it to all eternity when I realized the truth of it, that

Christ personally suffered for sin, and He suffered for all the sins of His Church; but the sinner must have it a little more particular than mere hearsay, for he cannot take anything to himself with an appearance of universality attached to it; but God must demonstrate it personally in his own heart, and thus give him a knowledge of Jesus Christ's personal sufferings for him, "The just for the unjust, to bring us to God." And when this is demonstrated in the heart, sin sinks, guilt is removed, all fear of death vanishes, and there is peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord. I pause a moment, for these precious and eternal truths, a knowledge of them, are more worth than ten million worlds. I cannot live happy without the knowledge of these eternal realities, by the demonstration of them in the heart by the Spirit in power. Ah, say some, this is a little too close; we cannot bear it. If you cannot bear to stand the voice of man, how do you think you shall stand God's voice?

But we proceed to make another remark. As Christ suffered, the just for the unjust, so we are brought into fellowship with Him in His sufferings. That word *fellowship* is a very large word, and is fraught with everlasting blessedness. Fellowship, or partnership with our most glorious Christ in all His sufferings. What a glorious mercy! As sure as I know by experience that Jesus Christ suffered for me and my sins, I never shall suffer in time nor to all eternity for them. I am quite free; quite free! Oh, yes. But do you not suffer for sins? Oh, no; God's people do not suffer for sins. The Lord has given us His own mind in His Word, and it is as plain as two-and-two make four, for *He suffered once*, and once was enough; for in that one suffering He suffered all, and stamped the whole with an everlasting deliverance for His Church. We have our sufferings *from* sin, but our most glorious Christ suffered *for* sin. And here is another dear mercy arising to the children of God, which produces real liberty of soul: namely, as Christ suffered for sin and suffered for you and me, there is no more sin for Christ to suffer for. Do you understand these glorious and precious truths? if you don't, may God preach them into your hearts. You will then sing, "Salvation by Jesus Christ," and rejoice there is no sin to suffer for. What has become of it? The Holy Ghost opens it so sweetly, beloved; in the last clause of the 26th verse, ix. chapter of Hebrews, "Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin, by the sacrifice of Himself." That is a dear truth very little known, but a great deal spoken against; but as we belong to Christ and have fellowship with Him in His sufferings and His sufferings abound in us, so our consolations abound by Christ—and we are as free from sin as Christ Jesus the Lord. I know some wriggle and twist about it, and they talk it over when they have a little gossip, and they say, what a presumptuous wretch he is; but you may call him what you please. I bless God I live in the blessedness of it; I have enough in this corrupt nature to vex and trouble me, but I am a new creature in Christ without blame, without spot, free from sin and saved from it; saved in Him with an everlasting salvation, and on the ground of salvation in Him I live in the sweet experience of communion with God through Christ. Really, I do not know what religious folks are about now-a-day, anything but Christ with them; they talk about this or that nice man, and what a sweet experience they have. Let it all go to the dogs. Why? That Christ alone may be exalted.

But we proceed another step, that as Jesus Christ hath put away our sins by the sacrifice of Himself, and redeemed us from all iniquity, we stand personally and eternally justified, by Him, from all things, from which we could not be justified by the law of Moses : and we are delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. We shall now touch another feature of truth. Jesus Christ suffered death. This we see testified of in the Word concerning the sufferings of Christ, Heb. ii. 9, "But we see Jesus made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death." And there was never but one that suffered death, and that was *Jesus Christ*. For we as creatures, however strong we stand in the life and love of God, and the strength of God is made perfect in weakness, yet we cannot stand death. Death kills the body ; death killed the devil ; and death kills some sinners that God never makes alive. Why ? They are dead out of life. But, beloved, our mercy is, Jesus Christ suffered death, so that there is no death for God's children to suffer. Are you troubled about death, beloved of the Lord ? "Yes," say you, "I am." God will disappoint you by dispersing all your fears and imaginations, and make it manifest to your soul that, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Not die in yourself, but *in the Lord*. What saith Paul ?—"O death, where is thy sting ?" Look where you may ;—look up to heaven, it is not there ; look into hell, it is not there. I am speaking of it now in reference to the Church of God in Christ. Where is it ? It is eternally destroyed by our most glorious Christ ; it is done, completely done. *The sting of death* is sin, and Jesus Christ hath eternally destroyed it. Now refer to Rom. vi.—"That the body of sin might be destroyed." Jesus Christ killed sin, and it will never have an existence against the Church of God. Where is the sting of death ? It is gone. Where there is no sin there is no sting ; where there is no sting, there is no death ; where there is no death, there is no curse ; and where there is no curse, there is no condemnation. May God preach those truths unto your hearts and make you more sensible of this, and so live as if you never had been a sinner, and rejoice that you have salvation in Christ Jesus with eternal glory. "O grave, where is thy victory ?" The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin is the law ; but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Christ died, and the victory is ours, the kingdom ours, the glory ours, and eternal life is ours ; yea, "All are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Dearly do I love to stand before poor sinners to tell them of a precious Christ, and to sing and rejoice that we have redemption in the blood of Jesus Christ, the forgiveness of sin.

Before we separate, let me tell you that what you are in yourself, what you experience, and what the devil tells you, never gave you one grain of consolation ; for our everlasting consolation is Christ, by day as well as by night, in the light as well as in the dark, in life as well as in death ; and if we were in hell, we should have our Christ there, for He saith—"I am with you in all places whithersoever you go." "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour by glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and for ever. Amen."

A Pattern for Christian Young Men.

“Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.”

A FEW years ago I went to a country town to supply a brother's pulpit in his absence, and was billeted at the house of a respectable tradesman, a member of my friend's church. My host and his amiable wife gave me a kind reception, and interested me much with their religious history, particularly in reference to their escape from Mr. Legality's jurisdiction, and their discovery, through my friend's ministry, of the “more excellent way” of free grace. I am not about to repeat the tale, though it would be worth telling, as it contains some striking incidents highly confirmatory of the old covenant promise, “All thy children shall be taught of the Lord.”

My host, as I have said, was a tradesman, and employed young men as assistants. When engaging them he always stipulated that they should attend the same place of worship with himself. He reasoned thus: I am, as a Christian man, accountable to a certain extent, for the young people who form part of my family, and I cannot be sure that they attend the worship of God anywhere if they do not go with me. On other days of the week, business often interferes with our domestic arrangements and personal comfort; we are obliged to take our meals as best we can, generally in a hurry and with little sociality. On Sundays we come in from worship at the same time, sit down together at table, one serving suffices, and the meal over, the servant is not liable to further calls, while all are at liberty for any good work they choose to engage in. For myself punctuality on the day is essential. I superintend the Sunday school, and if a superintendent is irregular, the teachers will be so, and the scholars will be so, and the whole school will fall into helpless disorder. Possibly some good folk may say my rules encroach on the rights of conscience. I do not see it. It is not necessary for a young man of strong leanings to engage with me at all; his doing so is perfectly optional on his part, and if his views undergo a change while in my house he is as free to depart. This statement of home law prefaced the account of an exception which follows:

A young man of respectable bearing, then in his employ, had applied to fill a vacancy in the establishment, some months previous to my visit. The usual enquiries on business qualifications being satisfied, my host asked if he belonged to any religious body. He replied that he usually attended the —— no matter what. “Quite right,” said my friend, “I have no right or wish to interfere with your choice in such matters. My rules are so and so, and I would advise you to engage with a tradesman of that community, which no doubt you can easily do.” “Excuse me,” said the young man, “I should like to come to you, of course I would accept your conditions, which commend themselves to me as reasonable, and having been used to work in a Sunday school, I shall be glad to help you in yours. If, after fair trial, either party is dissatisfied, I trust we shall be candid and separate without prejudice.” An agreement was made on the spot, the young man went heartily into the school mission, and expressed himself approvingly of the ministry, though its teaching differed greatly from what he had been used to.

After a time he said to his employer he liked the situation and hoped he gave him satisfaction. Then he had a request to make ; it was that he should be allowed to resume a labour of love he had followed in another locality. The thing being explained, his employer felt he might not object, so henceforth he taught at school and attended service in the morning, and after dinner, if the weather was favourable, he put his Bible and a few tracts into his pocket, and sallied into the country, diverging from the main road into less frequented lanes and footpaths. Coming near to a lonely cottage or a small farmhouse he went to the door, begged a draught of water, or offered to pay for a cup of milk. Generally he would be invited to take a seat, and a conversation would be started about the weather, the crops, or the health of the family, but always led to an enquiry where the inmates went to worship, and how far the place was off. This was often answered by a deprecatory confession, such as that the man worked very hard all the week and needed some extra sleep on Sunday ; or he had a cow to fodder, or a pigsty to cleanse ; or the woman had a young child too tender to be taken out, or one too reckless and boisterous to take to church or chapel ; or, may be there was no such place near. The visitor, as far as he could honestly, would sympathise with their difficulties while he insinuated how some of them might be overcome, spoke a little of the worth of the soul, the solemnity of death, the goodness of God, and the preciousness of Christ ; and to willing listeners would refer to the sermon he had heard in the morning, and the instruction and comfort he derived from the means of grace. He ever preserved a colloquial tone quite unlike preaching, but would wind up by observing that they were each travelling to eternity, and might never meet again till they met at the judgment throne ; that if they approved he would read a few verses from Holy Scripture, and that done he would further propose they should bend the knee in prayer for two or three minutes. He contrived to bring his longest visit to a close within half an hour, and seldom was he let go without a profusion of thanks and earnest request that he would come again. If he felt encouraged to do so he would say he thought he might be that way a month hence at such an hour and would try to look in. Maybe there was another cottage visible from the door he was leaving, and he would ask who lived there, and might be told a poor widow who could scarcely ever get out to a Sunday service. Perhaps if she were asked to come across and meet with them that day month, she would come ? O yes ! she would be too glad, and she should be told of the good gentleman's intention. So a month later he found from six to twelve persons waiting to welcome him. He never omitted to leave two or three well selected tracts to be read between his visits, but especially did he urge them to read God's own word, and in his talk he always aimed to ground his observations on a *Thus saith the Lord*.

To fend off stupid prejudices, he assured his auditors he was no minister, only a plain Christian, indebted to grace, wishful to spread the Saviour's fame. If any were curious to know what denomination he belonged to, he told them his co-religionists were folk who "feared God and wrought righteousness ;" and the creed of his charity stood in the prayer of the Apostle, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth." Now and then he encouraged

a boorish clown who defied all attempts to enlighten or soften him; would entrench himself in the virtue of baptismal regeneration or in some other notion as weak, as truthless, and as worthless; and he met quite as often a wordy self-righteous zealot, who was wiser in his own conceit than "seven men that can render a reason." With such he madeshort work. Controversy he constantly declined. The little time at his disposal could be better employed than in holding arguments where victory itself would be only a doubtful honour. His simple appeals were to the heart rather than the intellect. He affected not the society of persons learned in theological questions, his sympathies yearned over the ignorant and neglected, for whose souls no man cared.

His walk would be from ten to sixteen miles, and, as might be expected he sometimes returned wet and weary, but never dispirited. Scarcely ever did he find that the balance of a day's work was not on the side of encouragement; and often he had happy incidents to relate, cheering to Christian hearts. We have many young men in our churches whose hearts God hath touched, who have love enough for Christ and soul enough to wish they could do a little service in the vineyard, could they not imitate the peripatetic effort of this individual? We have known young men moved by well-meant zeal set out to preach and have earned only contempt and mortification, but who might have been useful and honoured in the unpretending occupation of a strolling missionary who emulated the simple service of the Samaritan woman saying, in effect, *Come see a man that told me all things that ever I did, is not this the Christ?*

Blackheath.

T. J.

The Saviour's Cup.

WAS it the cup of temptation, or was it the cup of divine wrath?

"If it be possible let this cup pass from me."

I cannot conceive for one moment that the cup referred to here, in the agonising prayer of the suffering Immanuel, was the cup of temptation. Of that cup the great Redeemer had drunk deeply and frequently long before he had come to that solemn spot Gethsemane. It was necessary as the great Head of the Church, and as the Captain of our salvation, that he should drink deeply, and, more or less, daily, of this cup to qualify him as a sympathising head, to succour his tempted members. Therefore, says the apostle, "We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Forty days and forty nights he withstood the Prince of Darkness in the wilderness; and doubtless all the artillery of hell was brought to bear against his immaculate and spotless person; and under which he doubtless suffered more than tongue can tell, but there was not a word about this cup *passing from him*. Here

"Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood."

And the great Captain of our salvation came out of the field unstained, and as pure as he went in; and after the devil had spent all his policy and hellish power for the time being, he departed from him for a season. Instead of temptation passing away, he met the tempter and rebutted his every temptation with his own majestic word, and though the devil opposed him in every way and shape afterwards that he could devise, yet he set his face as a flint against Satanic power. And, on one occasion when alluding to his sufferings and death, Satan, by the mouth of Peter said, "*This be far from Thee.*" Perceiving instantly from whence this insinuation arose, and as a proof of his fixed purpose and eternal love, he said, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou art an offence unto me." With what holy and God-like indignation would he hurl behind him that foe who would dare to stand between him and the salvation of his beloved church.

It is true at the last supper, and as he approached the dreadful climax of his sorrows and sufferings, he said to his disciples, "Pray that ye enter not into temptation." "Ye have continued with me in *my temptation*, and you have all declared your readiness to go with me to death, and not to deny me; the spirit I know is willing, but the flesh is weak. I know Satan will foil you. Simon, Simon, notwithstanding your courage, and resolution, when you come into the devil's sieve, you will deny me; and in my dark night of dreadful conflict, you will all forsake me and flee." Well might he, therefore, say, "Pray ye that ye enter not into temptation." But was it temptation *he feared*? Was it that cup he prayed the Father to remove? Surely not!

What then was the cup, and what could the Saviour mean by the words "*If it be possible let this cup pass from me?*" This cup he was about to take from his Father's hand, a cup mixed by Justice and Truth; and this cup contained everything that was dreadful, everything that was penal, it contained that which was adequate to the hell of every saved sinner; all the wrath due to God's elect was in that cup; therefore, it is said, he went a little further and no tongue can tell or thought conceive what was in the space, but "Here he bore the Church's guilt." This through grace can be believed. But the horrors that he felt are too vast to be conceived.

"None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful dark Gethsemane."

Here he met his covenant engagements. First on the solemn spot, to remind his Father of the arrival of "*the hour*," with his heart engaged firmly on the Church's side,—this wonderful Man who was Jehovah's fellow, presents himself to the flaming sword of Justice; and, as I humbly apprehend, to show the utter impossibility of a just and holy God to save a sinner without an adequate atonement, he utters the words, "If it be possible." Here the impossibility was most *fully demonstrated*; for *that Father* who had always heard the Son, is *now silent*, there is no answer to this prayer; though of all the strong cries and tears that had ascended, this was the most piercing cry. But no! Justice exacts its utmost mite, to show to men, angels, and devils, the equity of God's salvation, and the solemn fact that,

"Sin to pardon without blood,
Never in God's nature stood."

That where there is sin, there must be suffering and wrath ; and that God can by no means clear the guilty. Surely had there been a way, or if the wisdom of God could have devised a way agreeably with the other attributes, he loved his Son with love sufficient to move him to take away the cup. But to show the utter impossibility of the thing the Father turns away his face, and the great Son of God, with pleasurable submission, bows to the Father's will, and freely and completely drinks the cup.

The words, "If it be possible," do not imply the least reluctance or backwardness on the Saviour's part, to meet his engagements. Far from it, he loved Gethsemane, he oftentimes resorted thither ; love to his people, and love to me, made him love Gethsemane ; his heart was full, wanting vent ; therefore, he says, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straightened till it be accomplished!" and, therefore, after having sustained the dreadful strokes of divine justice in the garden, he is the first to rouse the sleeping disciples to make his way to judgment and execution ; "Rise," said he, "let us go ;" and then it was, evidently, his sorrows proceed more especially from earth and hell. Judas is at hand to betray him ; the chief priests and captains (armed) are come to take him ; and then mark his emphatic language, "Be ye come out as against a thief? I was daily with you in the temple, and ye did not take me." And why? because you could not ; but now "this is your *very hour*, and the power of darkness." (So it reads in the old translation, Luke xxii. 53.) Then it follows, they took him, and led him away ; many times before, they assayed to take him, but no man laid hands on him, "because his hour was not come." "In the solemn Garden it was the Father's hour," but from the Garden to the Cross, "it was the devil's hour, and the power of darkness." The disciples all flee. Peter denies him with oaths and curses, the rabble mock him, spit upon him. And here, again, grouped round the awfully solemn, blessed spot—Calvary ; heaven, earth, and hell appear combined against him ; and here, more especially on the tree, he crushed the old serpent's head. Those wondrous blessed words, "It is finished," entirely removed the devil's foundation—Sin—and like lightning he fell before the Almighty Conqueror ; here it was he triumphed over death and hell, spoiled the principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in his Cross.

Thus, I think if we to look at the words, "If it be possible," to imply not any reluctance on the part of the dear Redeemer to drink the cup, but to set forth the awful nature of sin, and the dreadful wages due to it, and the unyielding nature of God's holy law and pure truth, we shall see clearly the cup was not the cup of temptation, but the cup of divine wrath.

O, how sweet beneath the droppings of this precious blood to sit and contemplate the love that moved the dear Redeemer to drink this cup, that we might never drink it, but take in its place the cup of a finished and complete salvation :—

"Here I'd sit for ever viewing,
Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my place with God."

August 10, 1867.

GEORGE BURRELL.

Our Troubles and Sorrows.

BY E. J. SILVERTON, TRINITY BAPTIST CHAPEL, TRINITY STREET, BOROUGH.

HAPPY is that man whose trouble ends when the body dies. Some there are who leave the troubles of this world, and enter into a world of trouble. Death to the saint is the hand which opens the prison door of trouble and sets the soul for ever free. But death to the sinner is the hand which opens the iron gates of hell, and turns his soul into such a sea of trouble as life never gave. Oh, that our dying may be the dying of saints; the Lord be with us in the hour of parting!

This land is not our home, God has told us this in his Word, and yet we are sometimes found fitting it up as though we were to stay here always, we forget that

“This is not your rest.”

The Lord is sometimes pleased to bring a little of heaven down to earth. But he will not make this earth our heaven. If we could have all we want in this world, should we ever wish to go out of it? But we must leave the world to meet with heaven. We must be moved up from this class of hard learning, to the top class of perfection. We shall ever be learners here. But what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.

Many men are, at times, in great trouble, and have no friend to help them out. But the Christian is never so placed; he has a friend, always near one, who can and will help,—a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. We are invited to cast our burden on the Lord. This we can do at times, not always; for we need grace from the Lord to cast our troubles upon the Lord.

It is our joy, however, that we have some sweets with our bitter; some help in our weakness; some light in our darkness; some days with our nights; some mercy with our misery; some enjoyment notwithstanding all our sorrow; may we have more to make us sing about than cry about, more to make us glad than sad, more grace than sin, more mercy than misery. Christ is bigger than the sinner. The people of God are not always in trouble as to heaven, are not always cast down as to their love to Christ; they feel sure of eternal glory. They know they are safe in the name of the Lord. Yet there are a thousand things which upset the peace of mind of every man and woman of God.

A man may be sure he is on the right road for the city of glory, hold a copy of his father's will in his hand, and say, with Job, that he knows his Redeemer liveth, and yet sorrow may fill his heart. He may need more gold to pay his debts to his fellow man. He may need more grace to his Father—God. A Christian be in much, very much trouble for the want of a sovereign, a little yellow clay will sometimes move a great mountain of anxiety. The poor of Christ's Church are, on some rent days, bowed to the earth. Oh, what a mercy a five pound note would be to such at such a time!

A child of God should seek to get as much gold as will pay his way, and when he gets it, let him with care spend it, not forgetting to pay

God his part; for God always gives good interest for monies put into his Bank. I say that the poorness of the saints is to them one great part of their trouble; owe no man anything, is a matter to which they wish to attend and if they cannot pay it does, or should, fill them with concern. An empty purse, and an empty cupboard will make a true saint's heart ache. But he mourns more over a wicked heart than he does over an empty purse and cupboard. Because it is his wicked heart which keeps him from saying, "Thy will be done." The greatest cause of a Christian's sorrow, is to be found in his own breast. A man's foes are those of his own house; there are many an unhappy lodgers in a good man's heart. But they are only lodgers, they do not rule the house; grace reigns, sin dwells, grace shall one of these days turn sin out of doors. The house shall be purified, and then opened for a sinless and glorious tenant. So shall soul and body be without sin after the resurrection. But till then as I say there will be much to sigh over, many repentings and cries for pardon, or rather for the manifestation of pardon.

It is a saint's trouble that he cannot live near to God and always walk humbly with his God. A coldness of heart gives darkness of mind, and darkness of mind leads into the wrong paths, ways which lead astray. It is dangerous to walk in the dark.

That we, as saints, should at any time feel willing to serve the world or Satan, or do that which would dishonour our Lord and Master is to us a constant trouble, and more so if these feelings come again and again. The repetition of the same temptation intimates the devil's intention to do damage to the soul; the man of God does not sorrow that he has been tempted, but that he hath yielded to the tempter. If the devil knock at our door, and we admit him not, we do not sin. But if we open the door, ask him in, and offer him a chair, he would be a foolish devil not to take advantage of us.

It is thus we sin, and thus we are troubled; our sin makes the tide of our sorrow to flow high. The Lord forgives all the sin of all his people. But the saints do not so quickly or so easily forgive themselves; a broken limb is ever tender, and a broken heart is ever sensitive to the touch of sin, a good man cannot sin, and be happy. If a man take fire into his bosom he shall be burned. Let the saints of the Most High God mourn that they are such, but let them rejoice that God has taught them to weep over sin. It is a dreadful thing to sin, but it is a great mercy to know we are sinners.

The Lord help us to keep our garments, to walk as saints should walk, to speak as saints should speak, to do as saints should do; may our life be spent in serving our Lord Jesus Christ, may grace help us to rise above all the sorrowing events of this time state; may our eye be kept single, that our whole body may be full of light; may our faith be bright and lofty, and convey us often to the throne of God; may our zeal be hot and fiery, guided by wisdom, helping us to do much in the vineyard of the great Husbandman; may our humility keep us at the feet of Jesus that we fall not. Oh, may our God make and keep us holy, happy, and earnest.

So shall we pass through life, ever blessing the potent arm that beats off every foe, and leads us to the city gates of our eternal and happy home.

Four Sons Dead in One Day.

A SHORT PAPER ON
THE PRIVILEGES, TRIALS, AND TRIUMPHS OF THE
CHRISTIAN FAITH.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PARALLEL BETWEEN EPHRAIM IN THE OLD, AND THE PRODIGAL
SON IN THE NEW.

Sovereign grace, o'er sin abounding,
Ransom'd souls the tidings swell;
'Tis a deep which knows no sounding;
Who, its breadth or length can tell?
'Tis an ocean
Without bottom or a shore."

It has, no doubt, been observed, that the Scripture to which I have referred in these papers is immediately connected with that condition of the Lord's people which is set forth under the headship or leadership of EPHRAIM. Let us read the whole of that precious Scripture together. The word which came to my heart on the Saturday night was—"Thus saith the Lord: refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy."

These words stand between Rachel weeping for her children, and Ephraim bemoaning himself. My text, then, is a link between the two; it is a kind of wedding ring that marries these two mourning ones together; so that in this little family group you have three things which belong particularly and essentially unto the salvation of the Lord's people in the experimental department of it.

There is (1) Lamentation and bitter weeping in Ramah; Ephraim's four sons had been slain; and Rachel was weeping for her children, refusing to be comforted because they were not. The mystery of Ephraim and of his four sons is still upon my mind. I am more and more convinced that there is a "feast of fat things," a "feast of wines on the lees of fat things full of marrow, and of wines well refined," and that this feast is all in CHRIST JESUS THE LORD; but the earnest, the foretaste, the pledge, the little "receivings out of His fulness" with which the saints are favoured here, come through the mysterious channels of the word of God. Ten thousand precious conduit-pipes run through the written Word; when the SPIRIT opens the heart to receive a little of the joy, the ear to receive a little of the truth, and the eye to receive a little anointing; the wisdom then received from the Lord is, as Solomon saith, "better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it." Oh, this beautiful Wisdom!

Her riches are divine,
Her treasures always full,
Brighter than rubies shine;
She'll satisfy the soul,
She leads us to a sweet release,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

How rich are the commendations of WISDOM, by the Holy Ghost, in that cabinet of "THE PROVERBS," wherein is the trinity of the excellencies of composition—"brevity, obscurity, and elegance." The man that findeth WISDOM findeth life, health of soul, happiness in the Lord, and a crown of everlasting glory. I could willingly dwell a long time in the consideration of the work of wisdom, but I am driven to be brief.

Returning to my weeping brother, the prophet Jeremiah, there is (2ndly) the repentance of Ephraim, the Lord's recognition of that repentance, and the relentings of Divine compassion over this wayward child. "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus"—(the Lord recognizes the very words which, in secret, poor Ephraim pours out of his dreadfully bruised spirit; he gets near the Lord, and he says)—"Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised." What is the meaning of this? He means the Lord sent this chastisement; and it had the desired effect at length; although, like a restive bullock, he had behaved under many of the trying dispensations of the Lord. Now he is chastised; now, he bemoans himself; and now he cries out unto the Lord, "Turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God."

How inexplicable to sense and reason are the *minglings* of despondent feelings, and of a living faith in a child of God. Oh, my reader, I have known this many times; if I am not deceived, like Ephraim, I have bemoaned myself; like Ephraim, I have been "ashamed—confounded," bearing the heaviest reproach; yet, like Ephraim, when thoughts of utter ruin and of eternal woe have overwhelmed my soul, I have felt a loving faith labouring to "lay hold upon eternal life," and I have said with Jonah—"Yet I will look again toward thy holy temple;" and in looking, the love of the dear Redeemer in my soul has broken forth in few, but in fervent words, "Oh, my Saviour-God! Oh, my Jesus! My Brother! My Helper—do come to my relief,"

"And have been upheld till now."

The third thing is, the compassion of the Lord toward Rachel, toward Ephraim, toward all truly repenting prodigal sons; for there is an analogy between Ephraim in the Old Testament, and the Prodigal Son in the new. Yea, it is the faith of some, that Ephraim was the type of the whole election of Grace among the Gentiles; and the Prodigal Son is the anti-typical representative of the many thousands who have been by grace Divine recovered from the fall.

The mysteries and the miracles of grace are to be seen by the child of God, when the SPIRIT unfolds the mind of the Lord as written in the 14th and 15th of Luke's Gospel. There, the Great Supper is prepared, the Gospel dispensation comes in in the evening of time, or of this age. There was the morning of the creation, the forenoon of the Mosaic economy, noon time of the prophets, the afternoon of the Incarnation, the bloody sweat, the holy life, the atoning death of the Paschal Lamb. And now, the evening time, the night time, the period preceding that morning which shall have no clouds—the time which the prophet says is "neither night nor day"—is upon us.

Of the Great Supper, of the three-fold sending of the servants, of the three fold *test* the Saviour gave, and of the three parts of the parable—I desire to write in October number.

EXPOSITION OF JEREMIAH
XXXI. 6—11.

BY MR. JAMES WELLS,

Of the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey street,
Walworth road.

“For there shall be a day, that the watchmen upon the mount Ephraim shall cry, Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion unto the Lord our God.”

It is the custom in our day to carry most of the great predictions of the Bible over the Saviour's mediatorial work, over the day of his life and his death, and make those prophecies point to something in the future, something of a fanciful kind. All this arises from the assumption of men, not taking the word of God as their guide; for we find Peter declaring, when speaking of the days of Christ, that all the prophets have spoken of those days. And so of these other predictions, we must realize the fulfilment of the words I have read, and of the following words, in the days of Christ and in the apostolic age. These watchmen, therefore, are nothing else, in the first place, but the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ. And they are said to be upon the mount Ephraim. Ephraim signifies, as you aware, fruitfulness or fulness; and therefore, it is expressive of that Gospel standing which the apostles occupied. They did not stand upon a barren mountain, they did not stand in a barren land, they did not proclaim a lifeless, fruitless Gospel, but they stood upon that mountain and in that land where there were the infinite riches of the mercy of God which are by Jesus Christ; and therefore they proclaimed the same to them that were afar off, in order to bring them up to that Zion which is spiritual, and to that Jerusalem which is above, and which is free:

“For thus saith the Lord; sing with gladness for Jacob;”

that is, the spiritual, Gospel Jacob;

“and shout among the chief of the nations; publish ye, praise ye, and say, O Lord, save thy people;”

then who are his people?

“the remnant of Ismel.”

So in all ages there has been a

great bulk of professors, but it is the remnant according to the election of grace that are the people of God.

“Save the people, the remnant of Israel. Behold, I will bring them from the north country, and gather them from the coasts of the earth, and with them the blind and the lame, the woman with child and her that travaileth with child together, a great company shall return thither.”

The words I have just read may appear difficult as to their meaning, but we shall understand them easily if we remember the words of the apostle to the Galatians, when, speaking of their partial apostasy, he uses similar language, by way of a figure of speech, to that which is here used. “My little children,” he says, “of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you.” If, therefore, you take it strictly in the spiritual sense, and take the New Testament for your guide, you will see that all this language, while it contains natural figures or similes, has at the same time a spiritual meaning.

“They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them; I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble.”

Of course this straight way is the Lord Jesus Christ, and the rivers of water are the promises of God which are by Jesus Christ; and the promises of God can never run dry. Promises of man, you know, friends, run dry, come to nought; that's a very common thing, we see that every day, men making great promises, but either little or no performance; and thus Job says, “My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away.” But the promises of God are rivers of water that can never run dry; because the Lord hath an eternal purpose in every one of His promises. He never promises without a purpose, and that purpose is eternal. Hence it is that His people are called according to His purpose. Here He says what He will do, and the apostle says it is done not only according to the promise, but according to the purpose that is in that promise. Now “they shall come with

weeping ;" weeping after the mercy of God, and after the Christ of God. It is a bad sign when a Christian can be happy without the Lord's presence ; it is a bad sign when a Christian can be happy without the anointings of the Holy Spirit ; it is a bad sign when a Christian can be happy without finding at least sometimes the Saviour's name as ointment poured forth. Here then are these rivers of water, meaning the promises of God, that will never run dry ; and the straight way of course means the Lord Jesus Christ. He is called the straight way for two reasons. First, because as the way, the truth, and the life, he is made plain to all the Lord's people ; "the way-faring man, though a fool, shall not err therein," but shall see clearly that Jesus Christ in His obedient life, atoning death, resurrection, and so on, is the way of eternal life. That is one reason He is said to be a straight way, because His work is made so perfectly plain to them that seek the Lord. And the second reason He is called a straight way is because, thanks to His dear name ! by Him everything is made straight. Many crooks in ourselves, but nothing crooked in Him ; many crooks in circumstances, but nothing crooked in Him ; many crooks we meet with in this life among good people and among bad people, but there is nothing crooked in Him, all is straight, all is symmetrical, all is perfect there, and that eternally so. Everything was straight in the first Adam, but sin entered and made everything crooked. Everything is straight in the last Adam ; there sin can never enter to make anything crooked. Everything was straight in unfallen angels, but sin entered, and made all things with them everlastingly crooked. But while sin has spoiled us in the first Adam, it cannot even touch us in the last Adam. There then, everything is straight ; it is "a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble."

And then, to show that this is a matter of new covenant relationship, he saith,

"For I am a father to Israel, and Ephraim is my first-born."

Now you all know it is one thing

for us to be the offspring of God's creative power, and another thing to be the offspring of his everlasting love and abundant mercy. As the Creator, he is universally the Father of us all ; He is there the universal Father of all creatures. But then as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the saving sense, there he is the Father only of the seed of Abraham, only of those who are born of the Spirit, and are thus brought to know Him.

"Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations,"

meaning, they shall hear it, and so they did hear it ;

"and declare it in the isles afar off, and say, He that scattered Israel,"

in the first Adam,

"will gather him and keep him,"

in the last Adam ;

"as a shepherd doth his flock. For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and ransomed him from the hand of him that was stronger than he."

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

"I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself."—Jeremiah xxxi. 18.

Behold a sinful worm, O Lord,
A soul devoid of rest ;
My only hope is in thy word,
To make me truly blest.

To Thee I lift a sinner's prayer,
To Thee I breathe a sigh ;
Thou God of love, the sinner spare,
O spare me, or I die.

Thy law is holy, just, and good,
But I that law have broke ;
In all transgression I have stood,
And borne a rebel's yoke.

Yet look with pity on the tear,
Thy grace has taught to flow ;
And in Thy loving-kindness, hear,
And ease me of my woe.

Has not the dear Redeemer bled,
For sinners such as I ?
Did He not mingle with the dead,
That His might never die ?

Then while before Thy throne I bend,
And smite upon my breast ;
To me Thy pardoning Spirit send,
Then I am truly blest.

Manchester.

WILLIAM STOKES.

ON CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

CHURCH membership is a most sacred thing. It ought not to be taken up carelessly, or be trifled with, or be easily broken off. Membership of baptised believers is, of course, a membership with the body of the spiritual Church, and with Christ Emmanuel the Head. The rights of membership are equal. The rich have no more right than the poor; the knowing or skilful have no more right, power, or authority, than the ignorant; the one officially engaged, or employed in a church, has no more membership than the unemployed. No member has any right to suppress, or remove, or deprive another. Truly the secret membership with the true Church, and with Jesus Christ the Lord—the Head—never can be cut off. But too often church membership is separated here; there appears little or no bond of union; yea, membership seems not worth a straw in our days. If no fault is to be forgiven how is membership so firm? If no forbearance is to be shown how is membership likely to be settled? Or how, indeed, is Scripture ground to be maintained? Or how can the right and proper spirit be manifested, if for any mere opinion, or for the lordly wish of one to rule over another, or instead of another, membership be severed, then where's the value, where the importance, where the sacred privilege? If a member has not committed sin proved, or not fallen from the truth in a church, how can he or she be deprived of right or position or place without any formal warning, without the voice of the whole body, and that, too, without any allowed defence? Such deprivation of membership is not known in common societies. And why should it be tolerated in a church, and even approved and encouraged by ministers and pastors? The right of the English, as of man generally, is to have defence. How much more in a church! But when one can come into a community, and because of a little more money possessed, or assumed, or other cause, induce deacons to remove a fellow-member summarily and suddenly, with no kind of order, no official

warning, no proper information to the members of what was to be done, indeed, the members not knowing that any wrong was done by the accused; no fair ballot, for some knew not what was doing; three or four meetings granted to the accuser, and no right and privilege of a defence to the accused, of a full, clear, decided explanation of the affair; then what is membership worth? It is a disgrace to mere humanity, an insult to common sense, a reproach, a blot, a shame to any society. Besides, how improper, how unseemly, how degrading, for a professed Church of Christ, especially when that member so ill-used, so injured, so severed, was by all the others said to be loved, admired, yea idolized? Who will now wish to be a member of a Baptist church if this is to stand? Where's anything in Sacred Scripture to warrant such a thing? But above all, when that member was an accredited and acceptable minister; yea, the recognised, the popular, the prosperous pastor of the same church, doing more than any they had heard in honouring God, harmonising Holy Writ, and establishing souls. Yet, in such unprincipled manner they cast him out. The churches ought to say, with strict unanimity, no such thing can be lawfully done. All the churches should say, with scriptural faithfulness, we have no such custom amongst us. All the churches should say, with great solemnity, we will not have it so. For, alas! such has been the strange conduct of Hadlow Baptists to W. House, leaving him an outraged, ruined, sinking man. Now, will all ministers and Christians say, Amen?

STRICTURES ON "N. L."

DEAR BROTHER,—I have read very carefully the letter of your correspondent, "N. L.," in the August number of the EARTHEN VESSEL, and failed to discover whether he contends for "Strict Communion" or not. He says:—"It appears that some persons wish it to be understood that the word Particular (which is in the trust-deeds of Baptist churches) means Particular redemption."

From the exception he takes to this definition, I conclude he is a "Strict Communion Baptist." But he afterwards says, "Neither will I join with those who will respect no one's opinion but their own." If he here refers to Baptists practising Strict Communion as "respecting no one's opinion but their own," it would appear that "N. L." is an open or mixed communionist; but if he simply dissents (irrespective of Baptism and the Lord's Supper) from that exclusiveness exhibited by some Strict Communion Baptists, I heartily join with him.

N. L. says with respect to the extract from the Colchester trust deed, "Whether the Law would confirm or annul it is a matter of opinion." The Law has decided the point in the Norwich Chapel case, and the word "Particular" is not sufficient (as is clearly shown in the decision of the Master of the Rolls) to carry with it Strict Communion."

I cannot see with "N. L." that the "Strict brethren" are to blame for the "drifting into open or mixed communion." Having discovered that the term "Particular" was no longer definite enough, I submit that it was wise to use the term "Strict Communion," and I do not think that a conscientious abiding by the principles of Strict Communion should be branded as "bigotry," as it very frequently is. Surely if the practice of Strict Communion be "offensive to other churches or individuals," we are not to blame; God having, we believe, led us to receive it, we are bound to follow it at all risks. The Arminians call upon us to give up the doctrines of sovereign grace, and call us "bigots" because we will not. The Episcopalians require us to give up our independency of judgment, and ignore us because we cannot; and open or mixed communionists desire us to lay aside "Strict Communion," and because we dare not, we are designated "bigots." Thus we must part with doctrines and ordinances, or we cannot be recognized.

The open communion churches are rapidly increasing, and I have frequently found among the members of

our Strict Communion churches much indecision upon this point, and many will, I fear, when a favourable opportunity occurs, desert us, or join in introducing mixed communion.

Surely, "N. L.," in his last paragraph, does not mean that he can point to ministers who would practise open communion, but are afraid of being "discouraged by the Strict men." If so, where is their individual liberty?

In conclusion, I would again press upon churches in drawing up their trust deeds—not to rely upon the term "particular," but introduce therein a "Strict Communion" clause. With Christian regards, I am yours truly,
JOSEPH THRIFT.

82, Windsor Road, Holloway,
Aug. 3, 1867.

"UP AND DOING—FOR CHRIST'S SAKE."

[We have lately received several letters, and a roll of manuscripts from a young man—a Christian young man—who is greatly exercised with desires "earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints." We will give a few lines from one of his notes. Addressing *The Editor of the Earthen Vessel*, he says:—]

"Your name is respected by me as the defender of the glorious doctrine of Free, Sovereign Grace; and a staunch opponent of the God-dishonouring sentiments of Arminianism.

"I consider myself a most remarkable instance of God's free mercy—the son of Papists, educated at a Catholic boarding-school (Sedgley Park, Wolverhampton); an assistant at their altar ceremonies; my father, the founder of a Catholic mission in London, and maintainer of a Catholic priest in his house—I myself a blasphemer, and everything that is bad. I was the last object in the world that you would suppose to change himself; in fact, it is simply ridiculous to infer it. God not only very remarkably changed my whole being, but has implanted within me a burning desire to be up and doing for

His honour and glory. Since my conversion, I have deplored my ignorance of God's holy Word; but studiously and incessantly given all my mind and leisure to obtaining the desired knowledge. God has wonderfully blessed me; the pastor who received me (by believer's baptism) into the Church has remarked at it. I am determined in my disposition, and though so young in God's service, a most determined advocate for the doctrines, generally termed Calvinistic. My own eyes were wonderfully opened by the perusal of a certain work published by you some years back, entitled *Gospel Times*. I succeeded in obtaining nearly all the numbers, and no money should or could purchase them of me. I prize them next to the Bible, as the most precious thing in my possession.

"In my combats for the truth, I have had quoted to me—and put in my hands as a clencher—a book, entitled, 'Reflections on Religion,' by Lorenzo Dow, certainly Arminianism under its most revolting form and worst aspect.

"As this is a work belonging to a champion of Arminianism, I have determined to answer it (*with assistance called from other authors*). I began it as a means of better exercising myself in Scripture, which of course has to be constantly applied to. The thought has struck me, would you allow it to appear? It is astonishing the indifference to doctrinal matter: ask one in a hundred his ideas of Calvinism; and he hardly knows the meaning of the word. I mention the above, as I myself and many others were wonderfully benefited by your *Gospel Times*, especially 'Conversations with the Dead.'

* * * * *

"I claim only to answer Lorenzo Dow—not to be author of any original dissertation on the subject. Lorenzo Dow is simple in his writing, but the more dangerous. I burn to be up and doing for Christ's sake."

[A painful pleasure ran through our hearts, at finding *The Gospel Times* was useful. This young man's papers begin in No. 187 of *The Gospel Guide*.—Ed.]

NEW BOOKS.

"*That Path that so few Persons are in.*" This sentence is found in the early part of a sermon by Rev. J. J. West, rector of Winchelsea, Sussex, headed, "THE GIVEN ALL ONES," and published by Mrs. Paul. We never look into Mr. West's sermons without feeling a solemn awe enter our spirit, and make us feel certain his appeals, his warnings, his expositions, and his references, both to the Word of God and to the sinner's heart, are more than the product of natural gift or studious preparation. Here is the opening paragraph of the sermon before us. Mr. West read his text: "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;" and then he said—"The path of a child of God is a path of suffering and exercise: and the chief exercise of every honest sinner is, that they are often unable to see that they are saved. Profession is one thing: possession is another! In these days of heresy and error, it is a solemn thing to stand up in a pulpit, and preach before our fellow-sinners the vast facts of the Gospel. It encouraged my own heart, under the exercise of coming here this evening to speak to you, that a hearer sent me a note, and said he was asking earnestly for me, that Jehovah would give me power in the pulpit to separate between the precious and the vile, and to point out to the persons who heard me that path that so few persons are in. Your city, vast as it is, may teem with churches and chapels, and speakers and preachers of all sorts and sizes; but there is only one path, and that is the trying path that of Jehovah's few are in. The Psalmist says, speaking of his own experience, and he was not a hypocrite, for he was speaking under the immediate teaching of the Holy Spirit of God—'My soul followeth hard after thee; thy right hand upholdeth me.' Now, how many are there in this house who understand anything of that hard following of the soul? 'If,' said the Saviour, 'any will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross

daily and follow me.' How many are there here that know what it is to bear a cross? Hezekiah, tried and exercised as he was, says—'Behold! for peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.' Oh, my fellow sinners, what a mercy if you and I have the same experience that our sins, great and vast as they are, are all so cast behind Jehovah's back that he cannot see them! We heard on Sunday, I think—'He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob; neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel.' Oh, what a God is our God, that though you and I are full of sin from head to foot as the sea is full of salt water, yet God will not see sin in his people!"

The Great Fire; or, The Conflagration of the World. (A penny pamphlet, to be had at our offices, and at J. Paul's.) A solemn enquiry, as regards the end of this dispensation, has been the subject of some papers by Mr. James Wells, Mr. R. Govett, and others, in the weekly issue of *The Gospel Guide*. This pamphlet is the result of a careful and of a gifted geological and Biblical study. We have been urgently requested to issue it for the good of our fellow-men. It first appeared in the Rev. E. Nangle's "*Achill Herald*."

The Substance of Things Hoped for, &c. This Shilling octavo contains over sixty pages of close, critical, and expository refutations of Mr. James Grant's three volumes, "*The End of All things*." The author of this pamphlet is Major-General Goodwyn, whose large volume, "*Antitypical Parallels*," is now become a work of much value to many Christians in these times. The Major is a truly God-fearing and most devoted man; and however difficult some may find it to follow him, we are persuaded spiritual edification will be the result of a careful perusal of his works. We can send a copy of the pamphlet to any address, for 13 stamps.

The honourable and laborious William Beard, minister of Malmesbury, died July 22nd, 1867, in the 76th year of his age. He travelled and preached the Gospel many years.

"WRITE ICHABOD EVERYWHERE!"

THIS is the stern commandment of a country minister, who can see nothing in his vision but desolation. He says, "B— has run from his family, and left them destitute." Sad leap! This "B" was a country tailor. He left sitting on the board, and commenced standing in the pulpit. But his gifts, or his devotions, or his attractions, or his decisions, or his something, was not sufficient to obtain for him such a large and respectable audience as could make a gentleman of him, so the poor fellow was always out at the elbows. Sometimes he changed his church; at other times he altered his creed. All kinds of efforts, but none were permanently successful; so, at last, he flies off, and leaves all. We are sorry for him. Could he have been an industrious tailor and a devout occasional minister, he might have done well. Let this be a warning to young men. Then our correspondent tells us to write "*Ichabod*" everywhere, because a young Irishman run into the big college, and was made up into a minister, and being duly qualified and commissioned, he is planted among the sweetest hop-gardens in the world; but that would not do. Then he is exalted to the antiquarian throne of the Metropolis; that would not do. Then he raises the stormy wind of Revivalism in the black country, which "grew small by degrees, and beautifully less;" so that would not do. Well, these are no new things: they are no arguments why we should yet "write Ichabod everywhere." Nay, indeed; the Lord is alive, and will reign for ever. The Church is alive, and is saved for ever. The Gospel is alive, and will have its friends for ever. The glory is not departed. The glory of the Lord shall shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

We are pained to learn that that truly good man, the Rev. W. Parks, of Openshaw, near Manchester, has been very ill for some months. *The Gospel Magazine* announces a testimonial is to be presented to him. Mr. Edwin Slater, of 129, Market street, Manchester, receives subscriptions.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

[The following is given to show how the grace of God doth endear the truth of the Gospel, and the saints and servants of the Most High, when its recipients are in distant lands, at the ends of the earth, as David once was; as some of us—once unhappy ones—have been. We are glad to find this young friend is still with his face Zionward.—Ed.]

To MR. CHARLES WATERS BANKS.—When I wrote you last November, I hoped I might be able to report the discovery of some hidden branch of the church in these parts; but not having been removed from Lynchburg since my anticipations have proved unfruitful; nevertheless, I cannot refrain from writing now. I feel a pleasure, having a few things in my heart and upon my mind, of which, for some little time past, I have felt a desire to speak.

I receive regularly the EARTHEN VESSEL, Mr. J. Wells's sermons, *Cheering Words*, &c., and rejoice in receiving those heavenly souvenirs from such a distance. My mind always becomes solemnized when I open my package and peruse the contents. I feel a love warmer and warmer going out towards the people by whom those select publications are supported, and their testimonies maintained, yet, while I rejoice, I have often felt my soul weep because of the harsh words some good people have used towards others of God's people, instead of speaking and acting in love towards each other, "endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace;" that is, in Jesus Christ.

When, in a good publication I found some speaking of some of God's people as "the EARTHEN VESSEL clique," a cold chill ran through my veins, causing my soul to shudder at the idea of that sentence appearing where it did. It has remained upon my mind; and I am grieved at such evils among God's family. Again, when I have found one good minister of God working against another, not allowing him difference of opinion (in things not prejudicial to the truths of the Gospel, in good faith), but taking up a general war against him, refusing to be reconciled, notwithstanding the magnanimous and brotherly hand of the other which has been most irreproachably and admirably held out, and in a very Christianlike manner; this thing has also grieved not myself alone, but hundreds beside. You

will agree with me when I say it is good for the soul to find the people of God *working together for good*; it is good when they speak often one to another, submitting counsels, exchanging testimonies and uniting in praises; it does the soul good to witness prosperity among the churches; and I hope you may speedily attain to your desires, your contemplated church being built, notwithstanding the "troubled times," and a people blessed therein, devoted to the Lord, His people, and cause. We fain would find the Church flourishing exceedingly in favoured England, and desire that the Church grew in the United States, even as it doth there; here "the city" is indeed "low," the members whereof being subject also to much mourning, more so, I believe, than in England, generally speaking, but do we now get tired of the truth of God? No. We stick to that; the greater our prostration, the tighter our grasp upon the truth. The following quotation from a letter lately received from a venerable Christian of old standing in the truth, a deacon, will speak of the experience of thousands of God's tried little ones, myself among the number:—"I was glad to receive your kind letter of the 13th of June. I was glad you did not think the delay in writing was caused by indifference. I am frequently so dark in my mind, so full of doubts as to my title being clear to mansions above, that I fear to lead others to think that I am one of 'His;' when, perhaps, I am not."

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

I know and believe God has His chosen people, chosen in Christ ere the world began; that His promises are sure to them; and not one of them are, or shall be lost; but am I one of them? Is my name in the Lamb's Book of Life? were my sins, which are so numerous and heinous, 'nailed to His cross?' has He 'graven me 'upon the palms of His 'hands,' These are the questions which cause me much anxiety, when I realize something of the dark depths of sin and depravity within, for I can truly say 'in me,' that is, 'in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.' Thus you perceive, dear friend, I am not able to write a joyous letter; nothing but mourning, and if it is the right kind of

mourning, there should arise a little comfort; for He has said, 'Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.'

When I read that letter, such Scriptures as the following came with sweetness to my mind, and of course my heart received them with welcome:—"Forasmuch then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He likewise Himself took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." (Heb. ii. 5.) "I will gather them that are sorrowful for the solemn assembly, who are of thee, to whom the reproach of it was a burden," &c., &c. "The Lord shall comfort Zion; He will comfort *all* her waste places, make her wilderness like Eden, her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, and thanksgiving, and the voice of melody" (Isa. lvii. 3), even though they may, perhaps, have to wait some of them for *full* comfort until the earthly tabernacle shall have been dissolved, yet they are not left altogether comfortless, for the Gospel is a comfort, more or less, to the child of God, for would it not be worse without the blessed Gospel of peace? Then, thank the Lord for the same, ten thousand times, again and again, "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy; he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." O what a glorious and abundant harvest awaits the child of God, the "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ," and what sympathizing, kindly, friendly, and comforting communications we find in the Scriptures by the way, how by their union with the vital experience of the Christian they become, of their divinity, an evidence strong as the threefold cord of salvation that cannot be broken. What spiritual and social intercourse may be said to be held between the Christian of to-day, and the Christian of thousands of years ago, by means of the Scriptures, that through patience and comfort of which we might have hope, and were it not for the recorded experiences of the church of old, I believe I should often have to give way to utter despair; but I thank and bless the Lord for "the corn of the valleys," while I wait for "the wheat, the oil, and the wine" from the tops of the mountains, "the heights of Zion." I have often to wait a long time with my face prostrate in the dust of self-abasement before I am favoured to stand upright and bask in the sunshine of Jesus

Christ, and then the great brilliancy of the illumination does not last long. I find I do not realize so many, nor so lengthy seasons of secured rest and joy as of old, but when those times re-appear, they will be all the sweeter, looking unto the source of my salvation. I often sympathize with those who sing—

"Weary of earth, and self, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free;
And to thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be."

Meanwhile, I am thankful and glad indeed for the Scriptures, become more and more zealous of heart for the truth of God, warmer in my sympathies for the people of God, and in the same spirit have advanced the few lines herein contained.

Before I close, though perhaps I am rambling very much, I would like to make a few remarks concerning the Christian occupied with military duties, finding myself in the United States army (though by no means giving it the preference above a citizen's life of peace, not by a long way, a number of connected and unavoidable circumstances having brought me therein), and having received letters from time to time from Christians, expressing wonder that a Christian should voluntarily become enlisted therein, thinking perhaps my remarks might catch the eye of some Christian soldier who being troubled on this point might become more reconciled to his lot—I should say then in a few words, that war is an evil, but sometimes, and under certain circumstances, peace would prove a greater evil, and of two alternative inevitable evils, the least should be chosen, which thus becomes a moral necessity, according to the emergencies presented at the time being, and taking the war side, I would do so in the spirit of Joab, who, acting under orders from King David, arrayed his troops wisely in front of the enemy, and went to work soldierly and praiseworthy with the following good precedent on his lips, to his command, "Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people and for the cities of our God, and let the Lord do that which seemeth him good." (2 Samuel, x.) The right-minded hate war; it is a horrible thing; their prayer would be with the Psalmist, "Scatter thou the people that delight in war;" they delight in peace, even while engaged in war, they rather desire peace, but the integrity, honour, security, and international intercourse of nations must of necessity be maintained even at the point of the bayonet, and a Christian soldier having sworn service, to "obey all lawful and proper orders" from superior officers, doeth so,

knowing that in this thing, as in all others, what we do is mixed with sin, "in many things we offend all;" therefore, unless I saw and felt plainly and conscientiously that I was about to be engaged in an unrighteous, wicked, and on the whole, unreasonable war, I would serve faithfully and solemnly, hiding from the sting of death, from the curse of the law, the wrath to come in the person of Jesus Christ, without whom, and out of whom every man, woman, and child on the face of the globe would be without hope and without God in the world. Then what a refuge, what a glorious hiding-place, what a secure abode, what a wonderful person is Jesus Christ—adaptable, suitable, and sufficient to our every need, and how important, necessary, and true the divine declaration, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Wishing you, dear brother, an abundance of good, and hoping the Lord may bring down unexpected showers of blessings upon you and the whole Israel of God,

Believe me,

Yours sincerely and truly in the truth,

FELIX MYERS.

"A" Company, 29th U.S. Infantry,
Post, near Lynchburg,
Virginia, U.S. America.

July 31st, 1867.

UNHAPPY SUICIDE OF THE LATE
MR GEO. WRIGHT, BAPTIST
MINISTER, OF LAKENHEATH.

For many years we have had correspondence with Mr. Wright, of Lakenheath; for a long period did he sustain the pastor's office there; and a man more highly respected and esteemed could scarcely be named. We have heard, for some time, of his desponding state of mind; for which various causes have been assigned, but we never anticipated a result so exceedingly painful as the following report discloses.

On Thursday morning, August 15th, a report became prevalent in the town of Bedford that an elderly gentleman had been found drowned in the river. This unhappily proved true, as will be seen from the evidence taken before Dr. Prior, borough coroner, at the inquest held at the "Ship" Inn, St. Cuthbert's, on Thursday afternoon.

John William Thornber, minister of the Particular Baptist Chapel, Castle-laue, identified the body as that of Mr. George Wright. He was a minister of the same denomination as himself, and had charge of a congregation at Lakenheath, Suffolk. He was 52 years of age. He had been visiting him during the last three weeks. He had for some time been suffering great mental

depression, brought on through the loss of his wife. The witness continued—Since he has been at my house he has been somewhat better than before. The last few days when walking with me, he asked me whether certain parts of the river were deep. He has told me that several times he has been tempted to commit self-destruction, but he had disregarded it. He has occasionally been very much tempted to blaspheme, and he has told me that he would rather die by his own hand than do it. Last night he was very much depressed, and could not come into the chapel, but remained in the vestry. We returned home at about eight; he then told me that he thought he was lost. I talked to him about an hour and a half. He afterwards fell asleep in his chair. He awoke about twelve o'clock, and then retired to his room. He was very much agitated, and during the night kept coming in and out of my room—I should think about twenty times. The last time I saw him was about half-past six. I afterwards said to my wife, "Mr. Wright is very quiet, he must be asleep." She got up and went to his room, and found that he was gone. I thought he was gone to take a walk. We examined the house all through, and then went in search of him, but without success. A little girl afterwards brought the news that some one had been taken out of the river, and it was believed to be Mr. Wright. He spoke about making his will a few days ago, and Messrs. Turnley and Sharman's clerk came. In the clerk's presence he told him that he had not been influenced in making his will.

He left £5 to his servant girl, £19 19s. to his housekeeper, and £200 to Mr. Thornber for his kindness. Witness said he thought deceased was worth somewhere about £1,000.

Police-constable Haynes said he went down to the river. He found the body at Mr. Rainbow's public-house. He found a purse, a pair of gloves, a bunch of keys, and 1½d. on his person. Afterwards assisted in conveying the body to the "Ship" Inn.

Ebenezer Hart said he was working at the pits near Mrs. Layton's. Mrs. Layton told him that there was some man drowning in the river. Four of them immediately rowed down the river in a boat. I saw the deceased in a floating position in the water, with his stick in both hands, where the river parts for the overshot. I put my oar under his arm. He floated round the boat, and then we got him in. He appeared quite dead.

Joseph Rainbow said—I was at work in my garden at half-past six. I saw deceased come down the path which leads from St. Cuthbert's into Thames-street. He appeared in a great hurry, and was going at the rate of five miles an hour. Shortly after he passed by my house in a very hurried manner. I saw no more of him until they sent for me at half-past nine.

At this stage of the inquiry it was stated

by the Coroner that deceased was seen by four young men in a boat before he was seen by Ebenezer Hart. One of these young men, named Matthias, who was sent for was not forthcoming.

Rowland Hill Coombs, M.R.C.S., said he was sent for to see the deceased. He was quite dead. Used Dr. Sylvester's system to restore him, but without avail. Besides two small bruises there were other marks of violence. He was of opinion that death was caused by drowning, and he should think he had been in the water upwards of an hour.

Joseph Thomlinson, clerk to Messrs. Turnley and Shaaman, said—On Saturday last I prepared a codicil to a will for the deceased. He left £5 to his servant-girl, £19 19s. to his housekeeper, and £200 to Mr. Thornber. Deceased appeared quite satisfied. He was rather taciturn, and I had to question him several times. The instructions were originally given to me in writing. To show his state of mind, when the name "Helen" was read to him, he said to him, he said there was an "a" to be put after the "n." Twenty pounds had been put down first of all to Mr. Thornber. Deceased said that was wrong. It was only like twenty pence for all the kindness Mr. Thornber had shown to him.

Before the evidence of the last witness was taken, the room was cleared, and on the admission of the reporters,

The Coroner said the inquest was adjourned until the next day at four o'clock.

It was stated the object of adjourning was to obtain the presence of some of the deceased's relatives, and also the parties who were in the boat and last saw him alive.

A LETTER BY MR. THOMAS EDWARDS, OF TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

MR. EDITOR,—Who the person is who asks Mr. John Corbitt questions and signs "W. E." in your May number of the EARTHEN VESSEL, I know not. One thing, however, must strike the minds of the truth seeking ones in Zion, and that is the disposition with those who hold with water baptism (especially immersion) to shrink from an honest inquiry into those principles which they so sternly vindicate. (1.) If "W. E.'s" inquiry had been favourable to Mr. Corbitt, I question whether he would have complained, because it was signed in an anonymous way.

How long will it be ere the Lord's people learn that union with Christ is the foundation for Christian communion (not water baptism)? (2.) Surely in these days of ritualisms and outside ceremonial, it is high time that Zion looked more after her spiritual interests. (3.) "W. E." asks plain questions, why does not Mr. C. answer them? the reason is obvious. (4.) Then, in your July number, Mr. Chambers comes forward to defend Mr. Corbitt; is it because Mr. C. needs such a shield bearer?

if so, I sympathise with him. But how does he defend his pastor? Not by answering the questions which "W. E." asks, but by asking a lot of questions quite foreign to the subject. So, "W. E.'s" fair inquiry is disposed of!

And now, Mr. Editor, allow me to ask your numerous correspondents for their Bible authority for immersion and Strict Communion. (5.) Have not our water-baptist brethren lost their model or pattern of baptism according to the Primitive mode? (6.) When the Lord instructed Moses respecting the Tabernacle and its furniture, He commanded that all things should be made according to the pattern which was shewed him in the mount (Heb. viii. 5), and when all was completed the Lord signified His approval of the same. But where is your pattern or model when you adopt immersion as the mode? (7.) Can you infallibly conclude you are right? Can you prove it was not done by sprinkling or pouring water upon the candidate? Have you not lost your pattern? Where is your precedent? If it is to be found, produce it; or else cease to speculate, or what is worse, to lay such unwarrantable stress upon so doubtful and sensational a ceremony. (8.) The Lord has hid from you the original mode; that it might now be reckoned among divers baptisms, and carnal ordinances that are past; for so those view it who are satisfied with Jesus only, and with His finished work. His baptism, as well as His circumcision, was for His Church, not for Himself; and Paul also classes them both together (Colos. ii. 10-12). Surely, as ours is a spiritual dispensation, it is high time to contend for a spiritual baptism only; and then we shall have the one true baptism spoken of in Ephes. iv. 5, even one that unites all the living members of the Redeemer's body to Himself in vital union, and to each other in love. (9.) Hence such are all made to drink into one spirit, 1 Cor. xii. 13, so will the Lord's people receive each other as God for Christ's sake, hath received them; not because they have, or they have not, been baptized with water, but because they have received Christ into their hearts by precious faith. This is safe ground to give them the right hand of fellowship upon. (10.) To such, the whole spirit and liberty of the Gospel proclaims as with a trumpet tongue, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?" Did Paul tell the Corinthians to be baptized, before they came to the Lord's Table, or did he tell them to examine themselves to see if they had faith to discern the Lord's body? The characters he would have excluded from the Lord's Table are to be found in 1 Cor. v. 11, while those who are contained in 1 Cor. vi. 11, need not fear to draw nigh looking unto Jesus.

Again, how is it since our Baptist brethren are so partial to water, that they live in the neglect of one of the Saviour's plain commandments, since while there is no

plain command for immersion, yet there is a plain command for them to wash each other's feet. Let my readers see the particulars in the 13th chapter of John. Did not Jesus rise from supper, lay His garments aside, take a towel, gird Himself, pour water into a bason, and wash the disciples' feet, and then say, "If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet; for I have given you an example that you should do as I have done to you?" I name this to show how possible it is for persons to pay such a strict regard to the letter of the word in baptism, and yet depart entirely from it as above described. I know my Baptist brethren are ready to say this feet washing ceremony had a spiritual meaning, and signified how ready we should be to forgive and pardon each other; as well as to show our willingness to be servants in the most menial form to the household of faith; and our need of fresh tokens of the cleansing blood of Him who by His one offering hath perfected His Church for ever. So also, with regard to water-baptism, in whatever way administered, it was evidently to shew forth the cleansing, purifying, and burning testimony of the Spirit's influences upon the Church of Christ. (Matth. iii. 11; Luke iii. 16.)

And now the Gospel day has more fully broken upon us, it is time these shadows had fled sway, seeing the time of reformation is come. (Hebrews ix. 10.) "For the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did, by the which we draw nigh unto God." Let those, therefore, who condemn Ritualism in the High Church, be careful they do not adopt it in dissenting communities, by contending for ceremonies, concerning which the mode is hid from them, and upon its true signification the Church of Christ is much divided; both of which prove it among the shadows fled away. (11.) And exclusive, and unscriptural zeal for these things reminds us of the fabled dog, who, not content with the substance already in his possession, grasped eagerly at the shadow; the result you know. Let us remember that all true worshippers worship God in spirit and in truth; and that the believer's blessedness lies in resting in a finished work, for with the heart man (taught of God) believeth unto (Christ's) righteousness. Hence it is written, "thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because He trusteth in thee."

Hoping the Lord's blessing may rest upon Mr. Corbitt in his new sphere of labour, and that the Lord's people may fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows under his ministry to CHRIST *only* (not to water baptism) and that he may become more and more spiritual; coming to a holy and Scriptural determination to receive at the Lord's Table those whom the Lord has received graciously and loved freely, and then he will, indeed, be a Strict Baptist, with a baptism which will warm his own heart

and the hearts of those to whom he ministers.

THOMAS EDWARDS.

Tunbridge Wells.

[The above letter, with a very contemptuous note to the Editor, has rather surprised us. The kind friends to whom brother Thomas Edwards now ministers have, we understand, built him a nice chapel, parsonage, &c., and retiring more from the world as he has done—or thinks of doing—we never expected to hear from him again. But he comes forth like a giant refreshed with *new wine*, and challengeth all the Baptists in Christendom to prove their authority for immersion. Mr. Edwards was once a Strict Baptist himself; having been blind himself, he surely can pity us poor blind Baptists a little; and seeing he comes forth to challenge us so strictly, we have felt a desire to know how he got his eyes opened so clearly, and how he was led to be quite satisfied, in renouncing Baptism, he was obeying, and more highly honouring, his Lord and Master.

We have inserted figures in different parts of Mr. Edwards's letter, which are designed to refer to comments, which Mr. Edwards's letter calls for; but which we cannot stay now to make. Besides, we leave those several singular statements open that others may think upon them, and speak their minds.—Ed.]

LOWER TOOTING, SURREY.—PROVIDENCE BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The little church connected with the above place of worship, was for some years accustomed to meet in a cottage, but as the ministry of their pastor, Mr. H. Welsh, proved acceptable, and the number of hearers gradually increased, the rooms were found to be inadequate to our requirements. We were so poor that to build a chapel seemed quite out of our power; still, after long consideration, it was resolved to make an effort if a suitable site could be obtained. Just at this juncture the Lord sent us a kind friend who offered to give us a piece of ground whereon to build. This offer we thankfully accepted, and immediately commenced a subscription of a penny or three pence per week, according to our means, for the formation of a building fund; and although, of course, the principal amount had to be borrowed, the money raised in this way, and by means of collecting cards, defrayed many of the expenses that are not included in a builder's contract, but as unavoidable as those that are. In January, 1863, we had the pleasure of seeing the new chapel opened; and although it will seat more than double the number that could be accommodated in the rooms, the congregation has so much increased that the chapel is generally well filled. We have had to keep our shoulders to the wheel, and our minister has laboured amongst us for almost nothing. The result is that, besides meeting all incidental expenses

we have paid back two-thirds of the borrowed money. On the 15th of July last we held our annual summer tea-meeting, and a very happy one it was, such as will be long remembered with pleasure by most of us. In the afternoon, Mr. Wyard, senior, delivered a very solid and profitable discourse from the words, "The prayers of all saints." Notwithstanding the stormy weather, and the distance that many of our friends had to walk, we had a good attendance, and as many as could be comfortably seated partook of tea, which was provided gratuitously by our lady-friends. In the evening we had a full house. After a hymn had been sung, Mr. Griffin called on our senior deacon to perform a duty that had been entrusted to him, and he, in an appropriate speech, in the name of the Church and congregation, requested Mr. Welch's acceptance of a small purse of gold, which had been subscribed amongst the friends as a little expression of their affection and high esteem. Our dear pastor, who was taken by surprise, and almost too much overcome to speak, tendered his thanks in a few words. Another hymn was sung, and Mr. Griffin read, offered prayer, and gave us a most encouraging address; this was followed by more singing and an address from Mr. Ballard, and the services were concluded by prayer.

THE BRITISH AND IRISH HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MY DEAR BROTHER Charles,—In your last note to me you ask, "do you think of coming to England this summer?" At that time I could not say; but now write to say (D.V.) I shall be in London and some parts of Kent and Sussex, about the end of the present and some part of the month of September, when I hope to have the opportunity of spending some little time with you. I trust all is going on well with you, and that in your present path you feel more than ever the favour of God, and can rejoice in the Divine presence. We are all well in health, and I trust my soul desires the light of the countenance of my Father who is in heaven, above and beyond all things of the present life. The Lord has done great things for me in many ways, and often when I would murmur my mouth is closed a sight of his great mercies. My prayer is I trust heartfelt, O that the Lord would in His great love permit me to be of some service in his vineyard, and finally of the riches of his grace give me an abundant entrance into the kingdom of his dear Son, where I trust you and I, with all our scattered relations, may meet never more to separate, in the presence of the King. My mission to England will be on behalf of the British and Irish Baptist Home Missionary Society; do you think you could be of any service by asking your numerous readers to send you a mite towards so desirable an object during that month? It would greatly cheer my heart to receive from the

VESSEL (which has been the purveyor of spiritual food to the churches of our land for about twenty-three years) some little of the gold which God has given for the carrying on of his truth in the earth. Doubtless there are among its readers those who love the Irish brother and would gladly take a portion of that store, the result of Paul's order to the churches, 1 Cor. xvi. 2, "And send it for the still further spread of the Gospel among such whose cry is, Come over and help us. I will leave the matter with you my brother believing you will will act wisely. Yours in love.

S. J. BANKS.

[We give the preceding note from our dear brother, just as it reaches us, simply adding, we hope to give notice of his preaching in London in September and also, that any communications for him forwarded to our office, will be gladly transferred to him and acknowledgments given in due course.—ED.]

WALTHAM ABBEY,—BETHEL CHAPEL.—The first anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. F. Green, took place on Tuesday, July 30th. The weather being very propitious and inviting, caused many kind friends to come from various parts and to unite with the little band, amongst them, we were glad to see several friends and members of the General Baptists with their pastor, but surely, if they were subject to trammels of free-will and universal redemption, they could find no false props of that kind, bartered under that ministry so divinely set forth in both the services of the day. The pastor commenced the service by giving out that well-known hymn,

"Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake."

which appeared to throw animation into all who joined in the song of praise. The dear old father in Israel, Mr. Samuel Milner, delivered a sterling discourse from the words recorded in Job vii. 17, 18, upon which he descanted most sweetly, he therein described the lapsed condition, of the election of grace, through the Adamic fall, and their exaltation in the unchangeableness of the second Adam, the Lord Jesus Christ, to the great encouragement of the Lord's tried ones present; after which a bountiful supply of tea and cake, was served up to a numerous company of friends, who paid their most ardent respects to the same, in right earnest, the very efficient way in which it was managed reflects great credit upon the ladies who were engaged in the affair. After this repast, the pastor ascended the pulpit and read a portion of truth, and invoked the divine blessing to rest upon the evening service, by way of easing the labour of our esteemed brother John Hazelton, who suffers from a disorder of the throat, though notwithstanding this, he came up in the strength of his Master, like a giant refreshed with new wine, and gave from John xvii. 10, one of the most precious vital and elaborate

discourses, that we have been favoured to hear for some time past; showing how the dear Son of God in the immutability of his attributes, was, and is, glorified in his people, from everlasting to everlasting. The savour of such a sermon cannot easily be erased from the mind, "causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak." Thus terminated one of the most happy and profitable seasons recorded in the annals of the church at Waltham, to the praise and glory of God's unspeakable grace,

A BETHLEHEM.

DEVONPORT. — EBENEZER CHAPEL, MORICETOWN, August 19, 1867. — MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS, — We have lately had that capital champion of truth in our quarters, Mr. James Wells. He has given us some precious words of the everlasting Gospel at Trinity Chapel, Plymouth; and there is every reason to believe that brother Corbitt, the manager, congregation and all who know the certain sounds of a free grace Gospel in this neighbourhood, have rejoiced, yea, and will rejoice; but you will, no doubt have an account of the anniversary meetings from a more able pen than mine. I am glad to see "his bow abideth in strength."

Towards the close of the year 1866, you were good enough to publish an account of our rise and progress, furnished by my excellent friend, Mr. Kemp (his father proclaimed Jesus and Him crucified in the pulpit I have the honour to occupy); your love for Zion leads me to believe you will be glad to hear that since that report was published, we have grown a little; the Lord has blessed his word. Our sanctuary holds only about three hundred. We have only seven sittings to let. Prayer meetings are well attended; Sabbath School has superintendents, treasurer, secretary, eighteen teachers, and 150 children; fifteen brethren, whose mouths are opened in prayer; ten trustees and deacons, who cast their best energies into our cause; and best of all, the Lord has added twenty-one members to this part of his vineyard since we opened ten months since. Last Thursday I had the pleasure to baptize four of his vessels of mercy. We have no baptistery at our chapel; but Pembroke-street chapel, in which you have preached on one of your visits here, was kindly lent for the occasion. It was a solemn and happy season, and I hope will be blessed to the decision of many.

The building, so kindly lent, is occupied by a few of the Lord's heritage who have no settled minister. Supplies, but not always regular. Will seat three hundred. Not a penny in debt. Church cannot be disturbed as long as a few members continue in communion; in the midst of a dense population; and I suppose offers an eligible opportunity for some willing servant of our Lord to stand up and proclaim his holy name.

Pardon my intrusion; and if you can find a corner in the VESSEL for this note, it will

oblige many, who, like myself, are subscribers, and will, I hope, tend to exalt the dear name of our precious Christ.—Yours in Him, J. A. KING, Pastor.

IRTHLINGBOROUGH BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Services in commemoration of the 51st anniversary of the Sabbath-school here were held on Tuesday, July 23rd, 1867, when two sermons were preached by Mr. James Wells. The day, the hymns, the prayers, and especially the two excellent discourses, will never be forgotten by the hundreds who came to cheer our hearts and to listen to the well-known voice of the "minister of the New Surrey Tabernacle." Mr. Wells never preached in Irtlingborough before; but if all is well, this is not to be his last visit. The chapel was crowded in every part long before the time of service, and every available foot of ground in the vestry, school-rooms, and chapel, even up to the pulpit door, was occupied by attentive hearers, very many of whom heard the word with joy, received it with power, and went away saying, "That man has very much to do with God, is often in His presence, and certainly carries the Bible in both heart and head." As soon as Mr. Wells ascended the pulpit in the afternoon, the young pastor (Mr. George Cook) commenced the service by reading that beautiful hymn,

"Lord, we welcome thy dear servant,"

&c., which I need not say was sung in right earnest by the many present, who felt they could, at the close of every verse, add a hearty amen. On the following Thursday, Mr. Cook, who was ably assisted by his loving, thoughtful, zealous, and kind co-workers, the teachers, conveyed the children and many friends (numbering in all above 300) by train to Castle Ashby, where they were supplied three times during the day with ham, cheese, cake, bread and butter, tea, &c.; and after spending several hours in the beautiful and extensive castle grounds (the seat of the Marquis of Northampton), all were to their homes brought safely, smiling, happy, and satisfied. Money received during the two days amounted to the enormous sum of £28 9s., which is more than twice as much as has ever been received in any year since the formation of the school in 1816. Bless the Lord, bless the Lord!

KENNINGHALL, NORFOLK. — Baptist Chapel. The Sunday-school anniversary was held on Lord's-day, July 21st last. Mr. Hawkins preached the sermons, and in the public service of the evening, gave the children a Scripture lesson, edifying the adult as well as the youth. The recitations also of the children, their singing, &c., was a great reward to their excellent and indefatigable superintendent, Mr. Rix. On the 22nd, Mr. Ewing, the newly chosen pastor of this church was ordained in the presence of overflowing assemblies. The chapel

and graveyard with its tombs and epitaphs, so worthy of the Baptists of this interesting village and neighbourhood, the large gatherings from sister churches, and the excellent sermons and addresses greatly impressed us all. The ordination services were as follows: Mr. Horne, of Norwich, read the Scriptures and prayed, Mr. Brown of Attleborough, preached at 3 o'clock from Rev. iii. 4. After tea, which was presented by the ladies of the congregation, of which some 220 partook, a public meeting was held; Mr. Harvey read the Scriptures, and Mr. Dearle prayed. Mr. Gilbert, the senior deacon, presided over the meeting, and gave a history of the church and its former pastors; Mr. Hawkins stated the nature of a Gospel church; Mr. Ewing related his call by grace, and to the ministry, to the thrilling and solemn pleasure of us all; Mr. Brown gave the charge to the pastor, and Mr. Horne prayed the ordination prayer. Mr. Gooch, of Diss, addressed the church, Mr. Noble, of Carlton, Rode, spoke briefly, because of time, on the connection of the Sunday school to the world and the church. On the Tuesday, the children of the school had their annual treat in a meadow about a mile distant from the chapel, kindly granted for that purpose by Mr. Bryant, where they joined in various innocent sports, and the weather being fine many friends assembled to share in the pleasant holiday.

MR. KERSHAW, AND THE DECEASED MINISTERS.

Death is continually taking down some of those whose names and labours have been fragrant in the hearts of the Lord's people. Mr. Cordwell, a citizen of Gloucester, writing to us of his journey to London, says:—"On the Sunday morning after I was with you, I went to Gower-street chapel, and heard Mr. John Kershaw. He gave for his text Deut. xxxiii. 3. But his mind appeared to be so deeply impressed with the solemnity and blessedness of the saints' departure to glory, that he occupied the whole of his time in commenting on the last words of Moses, Jacob, and Stephen. He remarked that he had been led to this train of thought from circumstances with which he had been lately brought into contact. I could scarcely hear all he said; but I think the following is about the substance:—That he had recently preached at the anniversary of the Widow's church at Cirencester, where the minister (Mr. Tanner) died several months ago; and while there he heard of the departure of Mr. Beard and Mr. Gorten. He earnestly prayed for the continuance of the life of Mr. Philpot. And as to himself, Mr. Kershaw said, while feeling grateful to the Lord for the comforts and conveniences of this life, he felt more detached from the world daily, and a greater desire to live according to God's word, and as an example to the church. He then apologised for

having left the text untouched, and said it would do for some other time.

In the afternoon, I went to Wansey-street, Walworth road, and heard Mr. Wells at his new tabernacle, this being the first time of my entering it. The tabernacle appears to be a good serviceable building, put up with common sense, economy, and exemption from the Popish ornaments with which many dissenting chapels are now contaminated. Would not Mr. Wells be able to dispose of several of my little books? With Christian respects, I remain yours sincerely, RICHARD CORDWELL.

ORDINATION OF MR. THOMAS STEED.

REHOBOTH CHAPEL, SHADWELL.

THE thirty-seventh anniversary of the formation of this church, took place on Lord's-day, August 11th, 1867, when three sermons were preached, that in the morning and evening by Mr. Steed, that in the afternoon by Mr. Stringer, which proved favourable opportunities and were well attended.

On the Tuesday following, was the day appointed for the ordination of Mr. Steed, as pastor of the church.

The service having been opened by singing, Mr. Dixon read and prayed. Mr. Webster described the nature of a Gospel church, and in the course of his remarks referred to its materials, offices, and discipline. This part of the service being concluded, about 150 friends sat down to tea, a greater number than we have been favoured with for some time past.

The evening service commenced a little after six o'clock, Mr. Mote in the chair. Mr. Bradley engaged in prayer. Mr. Mote, in stating the object of the meeting said, "it was an important one, and as affecting the future of both it was no common union, it was akin to the marriage union, he hoped it was a union formed by God as well as by themselves, and then it would prosper. He concluded by asking Mr. Day to read the report that had been drawn up, giving an account of the rise, progress, and changes that had happened unto Rehoboth since its formation in the year 1830, which was highly interesting to those who had been associated with the cause in its infancy, and had helped in some humble measure to make its history. With regard to Mr. Steed, it set forth that he having supplied us for two years, by the will of the church, was invited to the pastorate which he accepted.

Mr. Wale then asked the usual questions, which Mr. Steed satisfactorily replied to, with much feeling, and at times with emotion.

A show of hands was taken, which proved unanimous. Mr. Wale then gave the right hand of ordination; Mr. Stringer gave the charge to the newly appointed pastor, from Deut. xxxi. 23; Mr. Webster the charge to the church.

This happy and important occasion was then brought to a close by singing, and Mr. Wale engaging in prayer.

HITCHIN, HERTS. — **MOUNT ZION CHAPEL.** — The annual festival of the Sunday school was made very encouraging this year on 11th August last. The sermons were preached by brother Hawkins, who is leaving Tunbridge Wells. The people of God here have had great opposition, because their pastor and they held immovably in adhesion to the glorious covenant relation of the Son of God, the Word, in all its divine and ancient glories, His underrived, infinite, and eternal Godhead. But God has graciously blessed his labours, and they enjoy occasional additions in peace and harmony, with the closest affections to one another, through grace, perhaps equal to any church in England. The debt that fell on their own, comparatively, little band, and which was expected to crush them, is now reduced to nearly £100. The teachers and friends were much cheered at this anniversary, and had a greater gathering together of the children than ever dared to meet with them before on like occasion, it was said. These annual seasons often cheer the teachers in their arduous work, and increase their supporters and labourers. May this, and such like institutions in our churches of truth flourish the world throughout! After fourteen years' labours our brother W. Tucker's ministry is as fresh to the church as at the first. This to him, is as he feels, a marvellous mercy, and he desires the affectionate fervent prayers of the true ministers of the Gospel, and the spiritual churches of Christ. Brother Hawkins was seen, they said, to be as pleased in the field as the children themselves, as he raised the shouts of huzzahs in loyalty to the Queen, in respect for the pastor, in gratitude for the friends, and in youthful glee for these opportunities given by Christian benevolence.

KING'S LANGLEY. — **DEAR SIR,** — On Friday last in company with an old and esteemed brother in Christ, Mr. Hanshaw, of Watford, (who is well-known to you) we committed a departed friend to the grave. A lady whose devotion to God's ministers at King's Langley, for many years, had entitled her to the name of a mother in Israel; and at a meeting of friends afterwards, it was proposed that a brief memoir of so esteemed a Christian should be prepared by me, and sent to the **EARTHEN VESSEL** for insertion, (if admissible) but as the time at my disposal will not enable me to prepare such memoir before the middle of next month, I have prepared a brief notice of her death, which if you think proper to insert in September, will be gratefully appreciated by the friends at King's Langley. I am Sir, yours in Christian fellowship,
HENRY BROWN.

We have to record the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, who was for thirty-two

years a member of the Church of Christ at King's Langley, Herts. Our dear friend, who may be truly called a mother in Israel, departed this life on the 3rd August last, and her death has created a blank in the little assembly of saints at Langley, which will not easily be filled up. And we propose in our next, to insert a brief memoir of this aged Christian.

[From the testimony which our venerated and beloved brother Hanshaw has borne to the Christian life and death of Mrs. Turner, we shall be thankful to Mr. H. Brown for the promised memoir. — Ed.]

JIREH CHAPEL, EAST BERGHOLT — On Lord's-day July 28th. our much esteemed pastor T. Poock, with his untiring zeal for the great Master, preached two sermons in the above chapel, (on behalf of the same) and I must say, although the cause is young, there was a chapel full of warm hearts. Yes! hearts warmed by the fire of Divine love, anxious to hear and learn somewhat more of God's redeeming love. And then the earnest prayers of God's children, it reminded me of the children's hymn,

"A day's march nearer home."

Our dear brothers, W. and J. Churchard, of Ipswich were present and took part in the services, which I must again say were earnest and full of love to our heavenly Father, Son and Spirit, blessed Trinity. We finished with

"Grace 'tis a charming sound,"

and so it proved to be, for while faces were lit up with glory the heart and tongue shouted forth its praise to Him who did it all. There appeared a most remarkable desire in all to listen, and tears were seen trickling down the cheeks of some, oh then, dear brothers and sisters let us pray that the Holy Spirit may work in the midst of those, who live in the dark Roman Catholic village of East Bergholt. Yours in Jesus,

ONE PRESENT.

PRESENTATION TO MR. WILLIAM STOKES. — A large tea-meeting was recently held in the school-room, George-street, Oldham, Mr. Stokes in the chair, to make a present to the chairman from the teachers and friends of the Sunday school, Oldham. The true object of the meeting was kept profoundly secret up to the moment of the presentation. It consisted of a very handsome mahogany writing desk, with every article useful to a literary man. A chaste brass plate bore the following inscription: — "Presented to the Reverend William Stokes by the Sunday School teachers in connection with the Baptist church, King-street, Oldham, as a token of affection, and grateful recognition of his self-denying efforts to serve them during his pastorate." Mr. Stokes, having been taken by surprise, could only acknowledge the present in very broken terms. Mr. Stokes's pastorate at

Oldham was but temporary, but in accordance with the wish of the church, would have been a permanent one, had that been practicable.

IPSWICH, BETHESDA CHAPEL.—The Sunday school anniversary of this favoured cause of Christ was holden at the end of July last. The sermons of brother Hawkins, and that of brother Poock, the pastor, were each illustrative of the character, the nature, and the blessed fruits of teaching the youthful minds the pure word of God. The lessons which Hawkins gave the whole school were not only thrilling to the children themselves, but the pastor, teachers, and friends present, all united to ask him to give them a second evening on the Friday ere he left them for St. Neots. This he did, and it was gratifying to him and friends to witness elder scholars waiting for him at the station, a little after six in the morning of his departure, to bid him once more, "good bye." God has blessed Bethesda school with godly teachers, and it has gone on with the labours of the pastor, by God's grace, in adding to the church of souls, who, being saved with an everlasting salvation, had through their instrumentality, become quickened by the Spirit of God. And the prayers of teachers and friends are that God would bless them yet ten-fold.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Constitution hill Baptist chapel Anniversary this summer was a success. We find on a note the following:—"Mr. Bullen gave a Scriptural discourse in the afternoon, which was thought valuable in its doctrinal testimony, and healthy practical bearing. It dovetailed Master Williamson's sermons together well. We trust Mr. Bullen will be long and successfully devoted to the ministry of the Word. On Monday, we had a happy meeting. Mr. P. W. Williamson stood before us, as a father, as a wise counsellor, and a sympathising friend. Mr. Bullen well sustained the spirit of the meeting. Brother Lodge was very clever, and opened up some secret treasures; while brother Whiting evinced the same kind heart toward us he has ever done. Our deacons, the Messrs. Drew and Vallis, with their wives and families, were industrious and happy. I would like to add more: but not now."—A STRANGER ON THE ROAD.

NEWBURY.—The Rev. J. E. Cracknell, late of Cambury chapel, Cheltenham, was publicly recognised as the pastor of the Baptist church, Newbury, on Monday, July 15th. The Rev. John Aldis, of Reading, preached in the afternoon. After tea, the meeting was presided over by H. Flint,

Esq., who in the name of the church, gave Mr. Cracknell, a very hearty welcome to the town. Addresses were given by the newly chosen pastor, the Revs. John Aldis, R. Jenkyn (Wesleyan) E. W. Shalders, (Congregational) and Mr. G. Buckingham, (deacon of Baptist church, Blackheath.

BROCKHAMPTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—The anniversary of this cause was held on Tuesday, July 23rd. Mr. Pegg, of Bethel chapel, Cheltenham, was engaged to preach the sermons. A monster wagonette was secured to carry him, the senior deacon of Bethel, Mr. Broom, and over twenty other of the friends from Cheltenham, to Brockhampton, a distance of about nine miles. In the afternoon a large company, for a village service, were present, among whom we observed the ministerial brethren, Maybrey, Bell, and Bridgeman. After the afternoon sermon, the chapel was filled by those friends who came to partake of tea. And again, in the evening, Mr. Pegg preached the word of life to a congregation of attentive hearers, who filled the chapel. Many of the friends declared they never more enjoyed a service on the earth; and the deacons of the cause were, on their part, elated with the collections, which considerably exceeded that of former years. ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

STEPNEY.—On Thursday, July 25th, 1867, the twelfth annual excursion of the children, teachers, and friends of the Cave Adullam Sunday-school, was held. Four vans and an omnibus were well filled; the company, accompanied by Mr. Webster, their pastor, repaired to Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, Chingford. The party returned to the chapel in good time highly gratified with the fineness of the day, and the rural beauty of the forest, and were dismissed home by the singing of a suitable hymn. An address commendatory of the good conduct of the children, and benediction by the pastor, thus terminated a day of mutual enjoyment and comfort. The school is increasing, and working efficiently under the superintendency of Mr. Henry Freeborn, aided by able and united teachers.

COGGESHALL.—Coggeshall not a wreck yet: praised be the Lord of Hosts. On the first Sunday of August, I baptised two sisters, believers in eternal happiness in Christ Jesus. We also admitted two: a brother and sister, from London, to fellowship with us; also, one that returned from among the wanderers. Praise God for the increase of five. To Christ be the glory, to the Holy Ghost be the honour. As a minister of Bible truth, I am, yours respectfully, ISAAC DIXON.

BAPTIZINGS.

MINISTER'S NAME.	NAME AND SITUATION OF CHAPEL.	DATE.	NO. BAPTIZED.
Ailwood, T.	Charles street, Camberwell road	August 1, 1867	5
Gill, W.	Rye, Sussex	July 31, "	2
Littleton, S.	Nashias street chapel, Frome	July 14, "	3

Full Satisfaction in Prospect.

A SERMON DELIVERED ON LORD'S-DAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1867,
IN SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET, W., BY PASTOR J. WILKINS.

“ I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.”—Ps. xvii. 15.

THE good man is sometimes in such a condition of mind that the present time seems to afford him little or no consolation. Such, indeed, was the case with poor Job ; with David, also, when he said, “ My tears have been my meat and my drink day and night ;” and, doubtless, it is the condition of some in God's house this morning. Such is your present state of mind, such your experience that, like the patriarch of old, you turn first to the right hand and then to the left, and exclaim, “ O, that it were with me as in days past, when the candle of the Lord shone upon me, and when in His light I could walk through darkness.” Beloved, I say again, this is the experience of many a good man and woman. The wicked man, too, may be in the same condition of mind ; but then he has no consolation with it ;—not so with the Christian.

I find that comfort is derived from two sources : 1st. Past experience ; and 2nd. Future joys. Yes ; if this day be not a happy Sabbath, I can look back upon many such past, and say with the poet—

“ Did Jesus once upon me shine ?
Then Jesus is for ever mine ;”

so that when the present time is destitute of comfort the past and future seem to come in, and we say of such experiences—

“ Though painful at present,
'T will cease before long ;
And then, O how pleasant
The Conqueror's song ;”

and in looking to the future raise our Ebenezer and say,

“ Each sweet Ebenezer we have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help us quite through.”

It is far better to look back upon a life spent in God's service than one in the devil's. Such a review of the past as the latter is dreadful to think upon, and can bring no consolation to the soul. But we look back upon the past and see what Divine grace has saved us from ; see the friendship, and foretastes of eternal joys realised, and stand amazed. But, again, if the past should seem to look dark and dreary, and you say, Well, perhaps, after all, it is only a little excitement ; then, Christian, look at the future, and say, “ I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.” It is as though David had said, if the past and present times fail to afford me comfort, then I'll look to the future. St. Paul could say, “ I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,” &c. Look, then, beloved, at the future in the text, for consolation. I wish to call your attention to three things in connexion with the text this morning :—

- 1st. The Assimilation to Christ ;
- 2nd. The Period of its Completion ;
- 3rd. The Satisfaction.

1st. The Assimilation. — What a thought ! To be like Christ : “ Like our glorious Emmanuel,” our risen and exalted Saviour. Why, to me the very thought is almost overpowering. It has been said of one of our missionaries, that when he was translating this part of our text to the poor natives, one of them exclaimed, “ O, massa, that be too good.” He thought to kiss the Lord’s feet would be a great favour, that a greater could not be conferred upon him ; and we read, “ This honour have all his saints.” But we remark further, this assimilation to Christ suggests two thoughts :—

1st. In what it consists ;

2nd. God’s object contemplated in the Christian’s spiritual calling.

1. In what it consists.—In the Lord’s dealings with us, in our experience. I do not think myself that by being assimilated to Christ we shall be exactly like Him ; no, He does not intend to deify us. Oh, no ; it comes in three things—viz., being morally, mentally, and spiritually like Him—we are to be perfectly holy. There are two principles at work in our hearts now if we are real Christians—good and evil. But Jesus was entirely holy ; and so in Him every individual member is holy. We are to bear the image of the heavenly, then we shall be pure ; there will be no sin in our lips, hearts, or lives—quite free from sinful longings ; our thirsts will be holy, desires and thoughts pure, and everything that will make our celestial bodies perfectly happy and satisfied. Indeed, the Christian has this principle in his heart already ; and sometimes he says, O that I could get away from these scenes, from business cares, into some quiet glen—a retired spot—and there sit and read my Bible, and meditate upon it, and enjoy fellowship with God. I know such are your thoughts—you hate sin ; but then, if you did this, you would carry yourself there with you, your evil heart would come too. Do what you will you cannot get rid of sin until you get to heaven.

But again, “ bodily perfection,”—not that I believe the component parts of our bodies will enter heaven ; no, but what Paul means when he says, “ He shall change our vile body, and fashion it like unto His glorious body.” We shall have a body adapted to its sphere ; our present body is mortal and corruptible ; but this mortal is to put on immortality, this corruptible must put on incorruption ; and then shall be brought to pass the saying, “ Death is swallowed up in victory ;” just, for instance, as the fish and the bird have bodies adapted to their spheres, so our bodies—they shall be free from all that is vile and gross, and be spiritual like Christ’s. And not only this, but our state here will bear no comparison with that hereafter. John seems to have thought thus when he said, “ We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.” Christ’s is now a state of rest, ours is one of conflict ; Christ’s is one of glory, ours of shame ; the world mocks, hypocrites revile. But I will not tarry here further than to say, we shall be in our celestial bodies—like Him—morally and spiritually perfect.

But 2nd. Just a thought on God’s object contemplated in our spiritual calling. This enters into the great economy of salvation. It is to be His own glory ; and He will never leave His Church until He has assimilated it entirely to Himself. I cannot explain to you the great ma-

chinery by which this is brought about ; but it seems very much like what Ezekiel saw in vision—a wheel within a wheel—a vast piece of mechanism all working together, according to the counsels of His own will. Yes, friends, the teeming millions of ransomed souls are to be like so many mirrors, all reflecting Jehovah's glory ; and Paul seems to have caught the electric shock, so to speak, concerning this. This is the great object,—Your Captain, Priest, King, and Brother, contemplates your being like him—our Great Redeemer.

But I come, secondly, to the Period of its Completion,—“When I awake.” I should like to dwell on these three words. There is infinitely more in them than we could exhaust, if we spoke on them at all our services to-day. It shows the pleasing death of the Christian, like going to sleep. There is nothing comforting to those who die in open hostility to His truth. Believers go sweetly to sleep in the arms of Christ, like a child in the arms of its mother. Yes ; they sleep until the morning of the resurrection Christ will come and awake every one. Not the soul—that never sleeps ; not *mind*, but *matter*. He will wake the body with the sound of a trumpet, from the cold grasp of death. I do not know how long this world will last ; some say a few days, a few years—I don't pretend to know—I believe they will rise. It is a beautiful thought, “Christ perfuming the Christian's grave.” Putting them to sleep, He says, “I'll come and wake you in the morning”—the morning of eternity. Try and realise the pleasure ; for there will be no fading summer, no chilling wintry winds ; no, but all sunshine there—like Christ.

And with reference to the resurrection of Christ, it is a pledge of our own. God will gather the glory, but the merit of Christ is the power of the resurrection. Mary said, “Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died.” Pleasing thought, that death must flee when the Saviour comes. All power over death is vested in Christ. The Saviour had not suffered when Lazarus lay dead ; so He asked His Father as a favour to let Him raise Lazarus, before the demon death was conquered.

But we come, Lastly, to the satisfaction. And I remark, first, it is complete. You will never, will never realise perfect satisfaction here, in this world. I do think that the powers and capacities of the mind will be very much more enlarged there. The real essence of mind is the same in all men ; but one is gifted with a more capacious mind than another. And if we have here great minds and lofty intellects, what will it be in heaven, with no impediments, no obstacle whatever. A host of things that pleased me as a boy, afford me no consolation now ; and also things more recently too ; no, they are like Jonah's gourd.

Just one solemn question. We shall all awake—for there is to be a resurrection of the just and unjust. Shall we awake, then, in His likeness, to eternal salvation ? May the Lord fix these truths in your hearts, for His name's sake. Amen.

Perhaps you are ready to say, “I am afraid that I am not a child of God, because I am so dull and lifeless, my prayers are so cold and dead, and I am so heavy and careless under ordinances ;” this is the method which God takes to make you discontented with yourself, your duties, and performances, and to make you look at Christ as your all.

Mr. R. Wheeler's Experience, and Thoughts on Chastisement.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Allow me to lay before the Church of Christ a few thoughts on the above subject.

When the Lord brought Israel out of their long captivity, and safely landed them on the other side of the Red Sea, so that they could look upon its shores and see all their enemies dead, they sang of His conquest. So, when the child of God (after many long weary years of slavery, and hard bondage of spirit) is brought into the sweet liberty of "Sonship," and sees in the life, sufferings, death, and resurrection of Jesus, the complete destruction of all his enemies, and is raised in Him where there is "no condemnation," the change is so wonderful, the freedom so sacred and delightful, that his prayers (for deliverance) are now turned to praise; and, like Miriam and the liberated children of Israel, with timbrels and dances he takes up the song, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider He hath thrown into the sea." Thus it was with me about ten years ago; my soul was so filled with love to Him (who had so freely knocked off my chains, and set my soul at large,) and to His dear children, that I thought I should like to tell them of His goodness, hoping to be the means of removing some of the stumbling-blocks out of their way; and as an indistinct knowledge of the true nature of "chastisement" had proved a sad one to me for many years, I ventured (in love) to publish a small essay on the subject. To some it has proved "a word in season;" but some have misinterpreted its true and proper meaning: hence has arisen the hue and cry, "Beware of that Mr. Wheeler; he holds error; he denies the chastisement of God's people; he sets aside heart-work;" with divers others of a like nature. Not that I ever taught an erroneous doctrine; God forbid I ever should. Neither does the treatise above referred to contain anything (if weighed in the balances of impartial justice) but good wholesome Bible truth, "doctrinal, experimental, and practical." (To be misunderstood and misjudged by those we love, and have walked in fellowship with, is very painful to an honest mind.) And it is the wrong construction, making the doctrine appear to be what it is not, and then drawing conclusions from the same—that does the mischief; and this has caused me to be held in contempt; for certainly, if the doctrine taught is perverted, it follows of necessity that false inferences must ensue; and the man is condemned for what he was never guilty of. They said the apostles taught evil practices to fetch good out of them. This is just the case in point; because I say that "God is love" at all times, and under all circumstances, and in every part of life's journey; that God always bears towards His Church the same "most tender affection; and because I separate between outward affections (common to all the world) and those peculiar to, and which make manifest sons from bastards; they say I deny God has any discipline, correction, or chastening in His family at all; that He takes no notice of anything they do or say, so that they may go loosely on in sin, cheating, lying, drunkenness, and divers filthy practices;

that it is no matter to them, for God does not chasten, but winks at it all, and so they may like the "sow wallow in this mire." This is the spawn of the bottomless pit; and if I taught, believed, or practised such hellish doctrine, I ought to be branded, shunned, and despised by all godly ministers and godly members, and justly deemed a fit companion for the reprobate here and hereafter.

Now, briefly, to the point. First, Who are they that are chastised? Secondly, What is chastisement for? Thirdly, What is chastisement? In answer to the first proposition, Who are they that are chastised? First, None but the objects of God's everlasting love; Second, None but those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life; Third, None but sons; Fourth, None but the bride, members of Christ's body, of His flesh, and of His bones.

Second proposition—What is chastisement for? First, To separate sons from bastards; Second, To raise them out of their spiritual death-state in Adam the fallen to live in Christ, "the resurrection and the life;" Third, To bring them into subjection to the Father of spirits that they may live; Fourth, To make them partakers of Christ's holiness; Fifth, To profit their souls; Sixth, That afterwards it may yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in the spirit exercised thereby.

Third proposition—What is chastisement? Chastisement is the exclusive work and operation of the Holy Ghost; God's discipline in the heart commenced the moment the Spirit breathed the breath of life in the dead soul, and creates, or deposits within the cell of frail corrupt mortality, the "incorruptible seed." The first fruits of this is "godly fear," which never leaves its possessors, but is its chiding, correcting, or approving companion to the end of this new journey from the city of destruction, till he lands safe in the celestial city; as Hart says,

"The fear of the Lord is clear and approved,
Makes Satan abhorred and Jesus beloved;
The deeper it reaches the more the soul thrives;
It gives what it teaches, and guards what it gives."

"And is the spirit of faith
A confidence that's strong;
An unctuous light to all that's right,
A bar to all that's wrong?"

For the sake of brevity, I mention "godly fear" is one of those blessed and prominent properties of the new creation-work in the "town of Mansoul," but is nevertheless attended by its godlike and inseparable companions, "faith, hope, and love." These all do their sacred work in the soul; and in proportion to their operations produce a hallowed influence on the life, walk, and conversation. "But the flesh is flesh" still; and only "sons" know and feel it.

I admit all that is admitted by them that have opposed me. The child of God hates sin, and flees from it; but if through the power of temptation he is like Peter overcome he will, he must, like Peter, weep, because he has done what he hates; his spirit within is grieved. I have wept again and again over the existence of evils within, that God's restraining power has kept within; and if my days are many on this earth, doubtless I shall weep again. The conflict, then, of sin is between the *holy life within* and the *unholy flesh*, in the which that life is found.

But the question of sin, between God and His Church, was for ever

settled on Calvary, when Christ, as the husband of that Church, stood arraigned at the righteous bar of inflexible justice. There, on Him, the whole Church stood before God as *their Judge*. They were found guilty, the sentence passed, and in its utmost rigour was fully executed on Him, when that agonising substitutionary Victim yielded, on the accursed tree, obedience unto death, His own most precious life—an offering for sin. Here He brought the whole flesh, Adam, or the fallen-state of His Church, under its righteous sentence before God, *as their Judge*; and in the sleep of death, the end of all the flesh of His Church hath come before God.

But now the resurrection changes the whole scene. The whole of *the old creation* has passed away under the deep deluge of Divine wrath, and is *buried* in the grave of Christ for ever. God now declares Himself fully satisfied; Christ sees the travail of His soul brought forth in the resurrection; and in the new creation God stands forth no longer the Judge but the “justifier” of this new creation, and says to the husband of His Church, and to her *the bride* in Him *justified*, “Come, thou, and all thy house, into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation.” So, by this discovery of Divine truth (in marriage union) I see God, not only as my Father but as my Justifier; and He is perfectly righteous in justifying me as a new creature in Christ risen, having once condemned Him, and put Him to death for *my offences*. And what He did for *one* He did for *all* His children, though *all* do not see “what great things He has done for them.” And by faith (which is the operation of His Spirit) I am taught to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, even whilst sin still lives in me. Crucified, or dead in Christ, although I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; for “Christ is my life, my wisdom, my righteousness, my sanctification, my redemption.” This gives solid peace; and this is the peace I preach by Jesus Christ; He is Lord of all.

Some may ask, what about trials and afflictions? If soul trials, soul afflictions, soul conflicts, is meant (which none but God’s children know), I answer, they lie just between the journey from the city of destruction and the celestial city Jerusalem above; they begin with the first step, and only finally end

“When death that puts an end to life,
Shall put an end to sin,”

or sinful flesh. If outward afflictions are meant, such as losses and crosses, sickness, privations, deaths, solemn visitations, &c., then I answer in these there is no distinction. The Holy Ghost (Eccles. ix. 1, 2) says, “All things come alike to all.” There is one event (of an outward kind) to the righteous and to the wicked, so that no man shall know by all that is before him either love or hatred; something infinitely higher than outward afflictions, must prove whether “I am a chosen, loved, adopted son of the Most High God, or whether I am a bastard. When outward afflictions befall the child of God, he may be very submissive or he may be very rebellious. I have seen persons destitute of grace as patient and submissive as a lamb under severe affliction; and I have seen the children of God as rebellious as Jonah. Since grace has occupied its seat in my heart I have experimentally proved these two extremes, by which I have learnt it is not the outward affliction itself

that can sanctify, but the Spirit of God ; and He can do so either with or without them. I speak thus, because sometimes when the child of God sees trouble, like a gloomy cloud, gathering around him, he asks, " Art thou come to bring my sin to my remembrance? what have I done that this calamity is come upon me?" This is a distressing mistake. On the other hand, he may say, " because I have troubles and afflictions here 'tis a proof that I am a son." This is a false comfort. I say that outward trials, sorrows, crosses, or afflictions, neither make us sons or prove that we are sons. " Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision ;" but first, a new creature ; secondly, " faith that worketh by love," which purifies the heart, and is the only true regulator of the walk and conversation of a Christian man.

R. WHEELER.

36, Charles street, Middlesex Hospital.

THE LORD OF THE HARVEST.

" They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6.

The time for toil has passed, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves ;
Worn out with labour long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the labourers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with heaviness of heart and brain ;
Master, behold my sheaves.

Few, light, and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves,
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat.
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves,
Therefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
" Master, behold my sheaves."

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility ;
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves !

So do I gather strength and hope anew ;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

] The above sympathetic and spirited lines are taken from *The Gardener's Magazine*, for September, 1867. This large, we may say handsome weekly and monthly journal, being conducted by Shirley Hibbert, Esq., F.R.H.S., is decidedly one of the best of the Horticultural and Floricultural papers now in existence ; and its low price places it within the reach of many thousands who now, as amateurs, amuse themselves in their gardens, shrubberies, nurseries, and groves.—ED.]

When God brings Paradise restored into a man's heart, he brings him first into the deep valley of humiliation.

The Death of Mr. William Palmer

LATE PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH MEETING IN BARKING ROAD CHAPEL.

THE Plaistow marshes have been to us the scene of interesting events in the Gospel for several years past. There, the little handful of corn in the valley has produced a goodly amount of real fruit; there, hundreds have rejoiced under the sound of the Gospel, and, there a church has been planted, which we hope will still grow, and thrive, and prosper. We well remember being there, united with Mr. Bloomfield and others, in recognising Mr. Cracknell as pastor over the little church, in the small Mount Zion which stood at a humble distance from the road-side, as though it almost feared to be too bold. There our faithful friend, Mr. Stammers, and other good brothers and sisters in the Lord, helped to nourish the little plant. They met, and prayed, and sang, and read, and heard the Gospel well; until Mr. Cracknell was removed to Dacre Park. Then Plaistow church seemed forsaken; but this removal of Mr. Cracknell—much as it displeased some at the time—was only to make room for a man more suited every way to build up the house of the Lord in that remote suburb of the great metropolis.

WILLIAM PALMER (not the Homerton Bishop; but another William Palmer) was brought to the help of the saints at Plaistow. He fell in among them like the barley loaf in the camp in Gideon's history. As soon as he was heard, he was gladly received. All the people rejoiced to see and to hear him. A plainer spoken man we never heard. His words were all good old Saxon words; they were delivered with such honest boldness—with such an open frankness, and with so much of noble, and heavenly feeling that no one doubted his mission being of the Lord.

We were called to Plaistow again. Mr. Inward, and others, helped us in the services wherein Mr. William Palmer was recognised as the acceptable pastor of the Plaistow church.

The little humble meeting-house was soon too small. William Palmer had a mind to build a large Mount Zion; and he had the means. To work he went, and now, in the Great Barking road, a lofty and rather large building stands as a monument in memory of a man whom thousands loved in the Lord; but whose work has soon been finished here.

On Sunday, September the 1st, 1867, we were requested to send supplies for the pulpit vacated by the illness of the minister. One of our worthy deacons, Mr. H. W. Lee, went down in the morning, and returned, saying Mr. Palmer was better. Mr. Cartwright, late of Buckland Common, went down to preach to the Plaistow people at night, and returned, saying, "Mr. Palmer is dead." This was a stroke severe indeed. But, the will of the Lord is done; and we must bow submissively. We have no doubt his ransomed spirit is now before the Throne of God and the Lamb.

We write no biography of this good brother now. We loved him

in life—we mourn over his death; but can only now record the circumstances as they have transpired.

The following letter describes briefly

MR. PALMER'S MINISTRY.

My dear friend and brother, William Palmer, once told me his preaching began thus :—

It was through a man who was to preach at Little Zion; the man was caught in a storm of rain, and got wet through; when the man got into the chapel, he saw brother Palmer, and he said, "Mr. Palmer you must preach; for I am wet, and cannot." Mr. Palmer, after being pressed to speak, did so; he was asked to come again.

He commenced his labours at Little Zion, in the month of March; it was Palm Sunday; this was the first of his preaching. He had not been out of the pulpit one Lord's day from that until he was laid aside by a sickness which was unto death. The last Sunday he was able to speak in his Master's name was on the 11th of August, 1867; he preached three times that day; in the morning and evening at home, and in the afternoon at Jireh chapel, Wilson street, Bromley. He told me he hoped the Lord would give him strength for he felt very low in body; he hoped the Lord would enable him to say a few things to the comfort of souls and the honour of his God. He spoke to the comfort of souls, for they all loved to hear him speak of experience, and exalt his Lord.

After Mr. Palmer had commenced preaching, he often said to me he thought he must give up; he felt himself to be such a fool; and the people would not hear such a poor thing as he was. The congregation was small at that time. On Wednesday evenings there were prayer meetings; about seven or eight met for prayer; and all there felt it to be heaven's visits to our souls. He would say, as we returned home, "Was it not good to be there to night? Come with us next Wednesday, and help us."

Thus the cause grew in love to Mr. Palmer, and to each other. Six then formed themselves into church-fellowship with Mr. Palmer, which was done October 14th, 1863, by C. W. Banks and Inward. That evening is dear to the memory of many to this day. The word was blessed to many souls. The last Thursday in October, 1863, he baptized his first in Zoar chapel, Manor street, Poplar; there were six in number, and in and on the 26th of May last was the last time he was favoured to administer that ordinance. The church now numbers fifty or sixty, and all are in union one with another, and my prayer is that they may live and die so, and that they may keep the unity of the Spirit in bonds of peace.

I have known my dear friend for five years; he was the same out of the pulpit as in it; he always had a word for his Master at home as well as at public meetings. We have often gone together, and he was beloved wherever he went. Several places I have been alone, and it has been asked me, "Where is Mr. Palmer?" "He is not coming." "I am sorry," has been the answer.

He was an example to many. Ministers might take a pattern from him. I do greatly lament the loss of a good, kind, loving, tender-hearted friend, minister, and counsellor, always ready to give advice, and you could speak to him in confidence; he would not hear any back-biting by anyone. He was like Paul, knowing nothing among men but Christ, and Him crucified.

E. W. DEBNAM.

23, Wilson street, St. Leonard's road, Bromley, E.

September 16, 1867.

THE FUNERAL SERMON.

THE funeral sermon for the late Mr. William Palmer, pastor of Mount Zion Chapel, Barking road, Essex, was preached on Sunday evening,

September 15th, by Thomas Stringer, of Stepney, to a crowded and deeply-affected congregation. Mr. Stringer read, for the lessons, a portion from the Book of Job, and from the Thessalonians. After prayer, the text was read, taken from the Gospel of St. Matthew xx. 8., "Call the labourers, and give them their hire."

The preacher commenced by observing he stood before them with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, grief and gladness. Sorrow on account of the loss of the Church, but joy on account of the dear departed brother, who had left all on earth, and is now where sorrow and death are unknown.

Death is a solemn thing, and although twenty-five millions or more die annually, and to some it becomes a common-place thing, yet death at all times is a solemn matter. The clammy cold sweat of death is no trifling matter. To the Christian, however, it is not so awful.

Owing to the crowded state of the chapel, Mr. Stringer said he would condense his sermon; and, therefore, divided his text in the following order:—

1. THE CHARACTERS SPECIFIED.

2. THE COMMAND GIVEN.

3. THE CAUSE ASSIGNED.

The labourer in God's vineyard is not a loiterer. The dear departed Mr. Palmer was not a loiterer. The labourer must work hard for the good of the people, which the departed did. In his death there will be a great loss in the neighbourhood. The labourers are *living men*, no dead man can labour; he cannot understand labour. In this capacity our late dear departed brother Palmer was a minister called by God. He was a living man. He lived a life of hope, a life of dependence on God, and a life devoted to the God of truth. A life, not always light; darkness came to him sometimes. We are not always in sunshine; or, at least, it is not so with me. And this living labourer will be greatly missed here. God can send another; but the question is, will He? 'Tis not what He can do, but what He will do.

2. *Loving men*.—The labourer must be a living and a loving man. Everyone who knew our departed brother, knew him to be a loving man. It was his love to souls that caused him to build this chapel. A living, a loving, and (3) a *faithful* labourer. He was faithful to God, faithful to the realities of the Gospel, and faithful to his own conscience, and now he has got his reward. He was faithful to divide the Church from the world, to divide the possessor from the professor. Bless the Lord for his labours, we can ill spare him in these times; but we must leave it. What the issue of dear brother Palmer's ministration in this place will be, eternity alone will disclose; for I believe the minister will know his own children in the world to come. But these labourers are also *qualified* men. The minister has to work with his brain; it is mental, and physical work. And if a minister does not work, when he has preached three or four sermons he will have preached his all. He must be clear in his judgment: and his tongue must be as the pen of a ready writer, rolling out the truths of the Gospel; so that the death of this good man has left a terrible vacuum in Plaistow. And then there are *working* labourers. He must not be sluggish. He must pore over the Scripture so that he does not make one portion to contradict another; but makes them harmonious in themselves. And he has to read all he can,

and God can make books handmaids to the Gospel. Prayer and meditation are his constant study. Our departed brother was a labourer with truth. He did not want to assist God in salvation-matters. He knew that God needed no assistance from man. And he laboured in the truth. And not only this, but he *confirmed the saints*. In all these respects William Palmer was a good labourer in the vineyard. The same honest William Palmer in the pulpit as he was out of it.

II. *The command*, "Call the labourers." I have often said, If it were the Lord's will, I should like to die in the harness—in the pulpit, or in the vestry, or near it. I should not like to be laid by long, knowing the Church to be in want for a minister. I have often said so, but, of course, this must be left in the hands of our Master. I should like this.

Our brother was not laid aside long. "Call the labourers." The first call, and the most important one is the *call by grace*. This is quite distinct from the call to the ministry. To be called by grace is the flying for refuge to Christ. Still, our dear departed brother realized the *call to the ministry*. This call is various. Perhaps it is a longing to preach. Several Scriptures coming to one's mind, and one pores over them, and feels he must preach. At the same time he may be like Moses, saying he could not go, just as if our "won'ts" could make *null* the eternal decrees. And in the midst of our late pastor's usefulness death comes, and he is called home, triumphant, by a convoy of angels. But there is the *call to suffer reproach*. This your minister did not escape. I have had a good deal of this; and I don't know that it has done me any harm. Hard epithets and cruel names were said of William Palmer; but he suffered in this respect for Christ and for conscience sake. Many snares were laid in his way, with the hope that he might be overtaken, but he was delivered; and now he is called home to his eternal rest.

He had been in the ministry for about five years, and now he is called away; while I have been preaching in my little way for over thirty-three years. But there is an appointed time. Here your dear departed pastor has left wife, children, Church, and everything, and is now before the throne, shouting "Victory, through the blood of the Lamb." Bless the Lord!

III. *Cause assigned*.—"Give them their hire," their reward. Not a reward of debt, but a reward of grace. God could not owe His creatures anything. It is a reward of grace, and the parable from whence the text is taken, says, "They received every man a penny," denoting to the believer that there are no degrees in glory, although there are degrees in punishment. There are no degrees in glory, for all the labourers in the vineyard received a penny, denoting equality. And dear brother Palmer has now gone to receive his reward. A little more than five years in the ministry, and he is taken home, and has gone to receive his penny—his reward. What is it? Heaven in all its glories inexpressible! Heaven for ever!

Some have got hold of the notion, and I hope none here to-night think so, that when the soul departs from the body, it goes into a kind of limbo, as if Christ's blood did not cleanse the soul from all uncleanness. What a horrid idea! Paul said he longed to depart. What for, Paul, to go to a dark place? No! "To be with Christ." I am

sure we don't want such a dogma as this. It's going back to Popery. No, our brother is called home to receive his reward—a crown. James calls it a "crown of life." Paul, a "crown of righteousness," which the "Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day." Here Paul refers to the Isthmian games. The winner in the contest was awarded by the judge, who was on an elevation raised at a certain place to view the contest.

The judge awarded the corruptible crown. But this judge might be bribed, and so he might not award correctly. But not so with our great Judge. St. Paul says, "I have fought the good fight. I have kept the faith, I have finished my course, and, therefore, there is laid up for me a crown, which the righteous Judge shall give me. And not me only, but all them that love his appearing." Peter closes this up beautifully. He calls it "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

That, then, is what your late dear pastor has gone to, to inherit his reward, a reward of grace. And I have had many happy times in conversation with him in my own study. And when I have been preaching here I have seen him sitting down on the left there, taking down the word of life with all attention and eagerness; and at our public meetings he has enjoyed the various speeches.

The dear fellow has come into the vestry here, after I have preached, and told me what a blessing the Word has been made to him. I repeat, it is a great loss to this Church and to this neighbourhood.

God bless you, the dear wife of his joys and his sorrows. You have lost a tender, praying, husband. God give you the grace to be submissive to His will. You children have lost a most affectionate, praying father—so affectionate. I remember him saying to me, looking at a dismal convent, "If any of my children were in there, 'by Job,' (the very words he used) I would go with my fist and break it down."

May the deacons be led to pray for direction; and may the members hold up their hands. May it be our concern so to live that we may die the death of the righteous. Amen.

Mr. Stringer, at the conclusion of the sermon, read the following paper:—

On Thursday, August 29th, there were, apparently some things passing in his mind. I asked him what he was thinking about, when he replied, "Not very pleasant thoughts." Then holding up his hands, he exclaimed, "Oh Lord, my soul is among lions." After this I repeated the question. He replied, "Not unpleasant thoughts; I was thinking about the goodness of the Lord Jesus." This he repeated two or three times.

I then asked him if he was afraid to die. Upon which he immediately said, "Oh no: but I have sinned so." He seemed to feel deep conviction for sin, and once he said, "If it were the Lord's will he should like to be spared a few years longer." After this, however, he said he should not get through this illness. At another time, he said to a friend, "I want you and Mrs. Palmer, to pray that the Church may be kept together in unity."

On Friday, August 30th, he spoke about the precious fountain of Christ, and seemed deeply affected at the sufferings of Christ. He asked for the Bible, and read Job ix., which was blessed to him; also Isaiah xii.

Saturday, August 31st, he expressed a thought about getting better; at the same time he added, "The Lord's will be done." He wished me to tell his brothers and sisters that if he got better it would be for the glory of God. He was asked a few hours before his death if he felt the Lord Jesus to be precious. He repeated two or three times, "Very precious." At

this time he inquired of Mrs. Palmer what made her look so uncomfortable. She replied, "Because I am afraid I shall lose you." He answered, "You will not lose your God." After that he was asked if anything could be done for him. He replied, "All has been done that could be done." Not long before he died, he appeared to be in a doze, and he repeated, "Five per cent." A friend said, "Mr. Palmer, you have done with money matters now," when he immediately took hold of the speaker's hand and said, "It is said 'Come out from among them and be ye separate.' Only I had a little matter on my mind, just now, that seemed to trouble me a little, but I leave it in the hands of the Lord, and now I have done with it." After that he asked for the Bible, and his sister-in-law brought it to him in a light and trifling manner, at the same time saying, "We are all sinners." He declined to take it. "I cannot flounder about in such solemn matters as this, seeing I am in such deep waters."

Mr. Gilpin, a minister, who visited him, stated after his death that he never felt such a soul union with any person in his life, and that he never saw such contrition for sin, nor such a desire to honour God.

Brother Buttery, one of the deacons, went down to see him, and had three interviews with him during the day. At the first Mr. Palmer held out his hand and embraced him with kisses, sobs, and blessings, and his earnest entreaty was to tell the Church to dwell in unity and love for his sake. At the second interview, he asked Mr. Buttery to pray, at which he was solemnly impressed that Mr. Palmer would not get better. At the third interview he blessed Mr. Buttery and the Church, and his earnest prayer was for God to keep the Church in the bonds of love.

Sunday, August 25th, Brother Stammers, the other deacon, went into the country to see our pastor. Soon after he arrived, before he could see him, Mr. Palmer was taken worse; however, he went up stairs, and though Mr. Palmer knew him, he could not speak. Some time after, his sister said he seemed to revive, and wanted to see Mr. Stammers, who went up into the room. He fixed his eyes on Mr. Stammers as soon as he entered and put his arms out to embrace him, kissed him several times, and then sobbed together. When he first spoke, he said, "How is this you leave to-day?" He was informed the Church had a minister, and that brother Buttery took Mr. Stammers's place. He smiled, and seemed pleased, and said, "That is all right." Mr. Stammers asked him the state of his mind, to which he replied, "I have had some darkness of mind since I have been here, but, bless the Lord, I have had communion with him." At Mr. Stammers's second interview, Mr. Palmer smiled, and held out his hand, begging that the deacons might be led to pray much for the Church, that it might be kept together. Mr. Stammers repeated the inquiry as to the state of his mind, and if there was anything he wished to be done; to which he said, "My mind is comfortable now, I am on the Rock." He was asked the question, "On Christ?" He said, "Yes, yes, that's it." Before leaving him, Mr. Stammers said, "Shall I pray with you before I go?" He took hold of his hands and pulled him on his knees, and said, "Yes." When he concluded he said, "Amen, amen," and kissed him three times, and called upon God to bless him.

We pause here. We shall anxiously watch over the Church; and hope a more detailed account of our departed brother's life and death will soon appear.

We have natural life from Adam, and spiritual life from Christ, both in the same man; and the old man will strive, he creeps into all our prayers, and into all we say and do. Since I came into the church, I am sure I have found enough to damn all the world, but yet the Spirit is almighty to keep down the flesh.

HEAVEN'S FOUR GREAT POWERS IN THE SALVATION OF THE SOUL.

A FEW WORDS ON MR. THOMAS EDWARDS, OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS; AND MR. HENRY VARLEY'S SERMON AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

MR. GEORGE ABRAHAMS, of London, and Mr. E. Vinnall, of Lewes, preached sermons for Mr. Thomas Edwards, in his new Salem Chapel, London Road, Tunbridge Wells, on September 11, 1867. Our Mr. Abrahams is quite the bishop of all those who turn their backs upon water baptism, and who contend there is now but one baptism—"the baptism of THE SPIRIT"—of which we would here write fully, but other and better pens are at work; and in due time our brother Thomas Edwards' letter will receive further notice. A friend has lent us a copy of a sermon, preached by Mr. Edwards last January, some notes of which have been published. It is as full of Scripture quotations as it can well be; and a vein of spiritual, experimental, and real Christian reflection runs through the whole. Hardly, therefore, as the bishop and his disciples may think and speak of us poor water Baptists, we can for ourselves declare that "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." We have had many baptisms in our time; and "the enemy has come in like a flood," threatening us with temporal and eternal destruction more than once. We have thought we knew what David meant when he said, "If I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there;" but none of these things have moved us from the love of the truth, nor can any of these things destroy that deep-rooted spiritual love which we bear to all whom we have known in the Lord. God Almighty, in a time of awful darkness and distress of soul, sent His servant, George Abrahams, with a message of mercy to us; and although four-and-twenty years have rolled over our heads since then, our faith in the fact that the Lord did in great mercy send the word with mighty power through Mr. A. has not been shaken. He is rich, we are poor; he stands on high ground, we lie in the valley. He

denounces water baptism, we attend to it when fairly called to do so. But none of these differences destroy either our love to good men, or our hope in the Lord. Still, we could never yet clearly see any authority for altering the terms of the great commission given out by the Great Master—"Go ye therefore and 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 HAVE COMMANDED YOU, and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen." These were Christ's words to His own eleven disciples. They are the words unto all whom He sends out into the ministry now. If Mr. Abrahams, if Mr. Edwards, if Mr. Vinnall, or Mr. Hampden can show us where this great commission was repealed, we shall look and listen with no small astonishment. We had purposed to give one extract from Mr. Edwards' sermon, but it will be found in CHEERING WORDS for October.

NEWINGTON.

During Mr. Spurgeon's absence, Mr. Henry Varley, of Notting Hill, preached in the Metropolitan Tabernacle; how often we do not know; but his sermon delivered on Sunday morning, August 25, has been published in No. 248 of "The Penny Pulpit,"—is headed "The Preaching of the Cross," and is to be had at J. Paul's, in St. Paul's Churchyard. Mr. Varley has done a great deal to benefit the people in his neighbourhood. He and Mr. Pickworth, together, erected a large free tabernacle; with it there are schools, day schools, Sunday schools, missionary efforts, and charitable institutions of almost every kind; so that we must hope a large amount of temporal, educational, and moral benefit is conferred upon the inhabitants around; and we are told Mr. Varley increases in his knowledge of Gospel truth. Of this we know but little. One thing, we find

in nearly all the young preachers of this day, and that is, a singular something which says indirectly to all the old Gospel ministers who have not yet been called home—"Get out of the way, you do not preach the Gospel to sinners. Consequently, sinners are not saved; the churches do not prosper. Let us young ones come; and we will show you what is 'the preaching of the cross;' and we will show you what the 'preaching of the cross' will do!" Well! many of us old preachers are flung into the shade. These young ones come up; they build tabernacles, they hire theatres, halls, lecture-rooms, and all kinds of places; they crowd them; they convert people in great numbers; they baptize them; they make them members of their churches, and "great revivals" take place. Not one unkind feeling against all this will we indulge in; not one unhappy word will we write if the Lord preserve us in our right mind; because in all this we see ONE SIDE of the Saviour's great definition of the Gospel dispensation. He gave many definitions of His Gospel kingdom; but there was one which is, perhaps, the shortest of all; and to us has appeared many times the most terrible. It has two sides to it, an outside and an inside. On the outside is written,—"MANY ARE CALLED." This outside of the Gospel dispensation we see clearly enough in our own day. Go among the Puseyites and Ritualists, you see, "Many are called." Go to the Congregationalists, or Conference Methodists, or Primitives, you see, "Many are called." Go to the large tabernacles in Newington and Walworth, or Stepney Green, or Pentonville: you see, "Many are called." But then there is the inside definition of the Gospel dispensation—"BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN."

It is remarkable, the Saviour said nearly the same words twice. First, they stand in Matthew xx. 16, in connection with the parable of the labourers hired into the vineyard. Those who had done the most work murmured because those who had wrought but one hour had the same reward. The Saviour said to the murmurer, "Is thine eye evil be-

cause I am good?" And then adds, "So the last shall be first, and the first last, for MANY BE CALLED, BUT FEW CHOSEN." Any comment upon these tremendously solemn words, we cannot give. There they stand; they have their meaning. "The day will declare it."

Again, in Matthew xxii., you read of the man who had not on the wedding garment. There was no mercy for him; there were only two things for him. First, a question piercing enough to strike the man dumb. "HE WAS SPEECHLESS." What was the question? It was one which indicated a daring act of presumption on the part of the man. The King saw him; the King interrogated him—"FRIEND, HOW CAMEST THOU IN HITHER, NOT HAVING A WEDDING GARMENT?" No answer could he give; showing that he had come in without any inward revelation of Christ in his own soul, and without any faith, which lays hold of eternal life by JESUS CHRIST.

Then, the second thing was ten thousand times more dreadful for the man than the first. The first was bad enough; for, as we have already said, it indicated a *wrong beginning*. The man did not go in right; it also indicated much ignorance; the man did not seem to *know* his real condition; and then it indicated a *total destitution*—a thorough unfitness to be at the feast. He had no wedding garment; consequently, there came, secondly, the stern command—"Bind him hand and foot, and take him away; and cast him into outer darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. FOR MANY ARE CALLED, BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN." In both these grave and serious scriptures, a double idea is evidently involved. First, that only the elect of God can really be saved; and secondly, that many beside the chosen ones would be called into the Gospel feast; and that many would be sent into the Gospel vineyard to labour who might get their penny in time, but were not chosen in Christ unto salvation. Natural enmity against divine sovereignty is implied in those great workers who murmured at the last-hired getting their penny; and

this enmity, this unpleasant feeling toward the exercise of Divine sovereignty, appears in many of the discourses of the modern and more fashionable ministers of the day.

We by no means place Mr. Varley among the host of ministers who evidently despise and defame many who were called to preach Christ's Gospel before these young gentlemen were born; but we find even in Mr. Varley's sermon a spice of the feeling which now almost universally prevails. What, in the bottom of his heart, does Mr. Varley mean by the following?—

“Let me say that while I hold as a fundamental truth that the one offering of Christ purchased His Church, His redeemed family, from out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people under heaven, there is an aspect—and that aspect is seen grandly at the mercy-seat—where God lays a basis wide enough to meet every sinner who comes to him. Oh, brethren, we cannot have the Gospel of Christ cramped down by some of the views that we have expressed as Calvinism. We must have a greater regard for God's word than that; and I do not hesitate to say that though from Genesis to Revelation every passage seems to teach the absolute sovereignty of God, yet if there were one word found there—one passage—inculcating the responsibility of man, and the condemnation of man by God for the rejection of Christ, I would preach that truth as though Calvinism were never heard of. And thus, my beloved friends, we must deal with this sacred word. We must not cabin, or crib, or confine it according to our ideas, but ever be ready, as it seems to me, with the grand answer of Christ. He had told his disciples, “It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God;” and their inference was—“Who then can be saved?” But what was Christ's grand reply?—“With God all things are possible.” Oh, brethren, what a release is such a grand view of the character of our God, suggested by the statement of the anointed Son himself.”

We ask again, What does Mr. Varley mean by these terms, “We cannot have the Gospel of Christ cramped down by some of the views that we have expressed as Calvinism?” “We must not cabin, or crib, or confine it according to our ideas.” What does this mean?

We are willing to let the mere term “Calvinism” go; but when that is dispensed with, and we come to the law and to the prophets, to the teachings of JESUS CHRIST and his Apostles, yea, to the whole tenor of the Word of God, we find the salvation of the soul is positively “CONFINED” to the exercise of certain POWERS, which powers are in the hands of certain DIVINE PERSONS; and all the natural Liberalism in the world cannot alter or remove those eternal bounds and bonds, those immovable walls and gates, by which the Church's salvation in JESUS CHRIST is secured and surrounded. The NEGATIVES and POSITIVES in CHRIST'S Gospel are, to us, awfully grand, fearfully solemn, and as immovable and unalterable as is the throne of God itself. AGAINST these negatives and positives there has always been either an Arian, a Socinian, or an Arminian heresy; besides these heretical principles there have been, and there now are, the great clouds of Ceremonialism and Formalism; and last of all has come forth A BROADCAST CHARITABLE EXTENSION SCHEME, which will go all the way the Gospel goes; but then it will go further still; so that if the Arian and Socinian heresies would “TAKEAWAY” from the words of God's book, the Arminian and the Liberal Extension Scheme would “ADD UNTO those things;” and both are alike dangerous. We have no jealous or unholy spirit; but we ask all zealous and inexperienced teachers, to lay well to heart those four great lines the Saviour drew of THE POWERS which work out the salvation of every saved one. Let every preacher experimentally know them, and work according to them, and he will not be far from the right. Look at them in John vi. 44 and 65:—

I. “No man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him.” [Now look at verse 65

in same chapter]: "No man can come unto me except it were given him of my Father." Here is the first Power producing, working, and implanting the Divine principles of a sinner's salvation. God the Father, by the grace of the Spirit, giveth and draweth.

II. The second great line the Saviour drew, is expressive of the ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY, and PERFECT UNITY, existing in and between the Father's *drawing*, and the sinner's *coming*. (See John vi. 37.) "All that the Father giveth me, SHALL COME." Others may despise, or hypocritically, or formally acknowledge Christ, but the redeemed and called of the Lord "*shall come*." This is the great *principle of perfect power* solemnly and sweetly propelling the purchased and peculiar people unto the ark of the covenant, **THE CHRIST OF GOD.** For,

III. The third line declares the essential terminus of the sinner's coming. "All that the Father giveth me COMETH UNTO ME." How many may come to sacraments, and rest in them, it is hard to say. What numbers come to popular ministers, and lean upon them, none can tell; but the called of God come to Jesus Christ; and what that coming is would require a volume. Here is the third power—it is the power of faith, believing in Christ. It is the power of unity, being *one with Christ*; it is the power of knowledge, knowing Christ as in the word **HE** is written; as in the heart, by the Spirit, **He** is revealed; and as in fellowship, in supplication, in meditation, and in ordinances, **He** is realized. Oh, this is a power most precious indeed! This is our mercy—our life—our strength—our comfort—our all, and our in all.

"One with Christ, for ever one."

IV. The last power in Christ's own Gospel line of things, is that of **PERMANENT PRESERVATION.** This is variously and beautifully expressed. Survey its most compassionate and comforting assurance. See how it meets all the misgivings of a poor coner; and sets at defiance all the destructive efforts, whether from Satan or from man. "Him that cometh unto me,

I will in *no wise cast out.*" "No man is able to pluck them out of my hand." &c.

Mr. Varley's sermon demands further consideration. But time and space forbid it now.

EXPOSITION OF MICAH II.

VERSES 7—13.

By MR. JAMES WELLS.

Of New Surrey Tabernacle, Walworth Road.

"O thou that art named the house of Jacob, is the spirit of the Lord straitened? are these his doings? do not my words do good to him that walketh uprightly?"

THIS is just descriptive of the conduct of mere professors in all ages. Not knowing their own real condition as sinners, they are sure to bring in some creature doing, creature condition, creature doctrine, or human invention; as though the Holy Spirit, that taketh up the isles as a very little thing, who quickeneth the soul, who giveth to every man severally as He will, as though the Holy Spirit could not carry on His work without creature assistance. The Lord is pleased to use means, but He never did and He never will own any means but those which he himself appoints. Hence we find in the 78th Psalm that the Israelites soon lost sight of the greatness of the power, as well as the greatness of the goodness, that brought them out of Egypt, so that they must call in a golden calf to assist them, and thus they limited the Holy One of Israel. Now it is a great mercy to be taught our own nothingness, our own helplessness; and when we are taught this, then we shall feel that all the limitations, that all the straitenings, that all the hindrances, are with us, and not with the Lord. We are easily hindered; but who can hinder him? We are easily limited, but who can limit him? Such then was the carnal professor then, and such is the carnal professor now.

"Do not my words do good to him that walketh uprightly?"

Ah, say some, not unless you preach them very carefully. You must not go and preach them like a man sowing grain, throwing it about

with both hands, anywhere; no, you must not throw the seed like that; you must preach God's word very guardedly, or it will do a deal of harm; you must guard it here and there, and guard it I don't know where. Such is the language of that legality and unbelief everywhere manifested among professors. The word of God is not bound, and those who know their need of the word of life, of mercy, and of salvation, will not only know that God's word, God's doctrines, do them good, but they will know that nothing else can do them good. He sends his word and heals them; he sends his word into the prison, and brings their souls out; he sends his word and bruises their adversary Satan down under their feet, and giveth them the victory. We rejoice, then, that the words of the Lord do good to him that walketh uprightly. But they do not to the man that does not walk uprightly, certainly not. If a man make a profession of believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his soul is lifted up above God's truth, he does not walk uprightly. But he who knows his need of mercy will be sincere in his belief. It does such persons good; it cannot do the others any good, not unless it quickens their souls, because they do not feel their need of the good which the word of the Lord does.

“Even of late my people is risen up as an enemy: ye pull off the robe with the garment from them that pass by securely as men averse from war.”

If you are real Christians, had lived in that day, and you had on what you have now spiritually, the robe of Christ's righteousness, and the garments of salvation, and like another pilgrim you were passing on towards the heavenly city, you would be quite averse from war. You have left of warring with God, you have left off warring with your own soul, and you have left off warring against God's truth. But those men that war against it,—the Pope if you went to Rome, would say to you, Off with that righteousness of Jesus Christ; you must not have that. And if you went to others that I could name, they would say, Off with that, you must not have that. And so they

rise up as enemies to God's truth. They would rob us of Christ's righteousness, and substitute the delusive inventions of men into the place of the perfect righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus they would rob us of that which is essential to our eternal welfare.

“The women of my people have ye cast out from their pleasant houses.”

There it is, you see, the enemy spares neither sex nor age. “The women of my people,” simply because they love my truth, and my love to them is a pleasant house, a very pleasant place; as far as you can, you cast them out from their pleasant houses.

“From their children have ye taken away,”

as far as you could do it,

“my glory for ever. Arise ye,”

which they had to do by and bye,

“and depart, for this is not your rest: because it is polluted, it shall destroy you, even with a sore destruction;”

which it did, Nebuchadnezzar came in and destroyed them.

Now what was the kind of minister they liked?

“If a man walking in the spirit and falsehood do lie, saying, I will prophesy unto thee of wine and of strong drink; he shall even be the prophet of this people.”

Now you will not recognise the force of this unless you remember that they were warned of the captivity by Nebuchadnezzar; and that the prophets had prophesied that the new wine should be cut off, that famine should set in, that pestilence should destroy. This is what the true prophets declared. The false prophets, therefore, that said that Nebuchadnezzar should not take the city, that the harvests and the vintages should not be blighted, but that prosperity should reign, even these should be the prophets of this people. See in this, friends, an illustration of the truth that “if it were possible, they should deceive the very elect.” We have delusions within us, we have delusions round about us, both in the world and I may say in the church; and how much we need divine wisdom amidst

it all to enable us to discover the strait gate, the narrow way, which after all only few are favoured to find. But "shall the unbelief of some make the faith of God without effect? God forbid."

Now the prophet comes to another covenant, to another scene of things altogether, where the Lord takes up the people in what he has constituted them in the new covenant,

"I will surely assemble, O Jacob, all of thee,"

that is, the spiritual Jacob, brought to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I will surely gather the remnant of Israel."

Do you not see the difference in the language, friends? This is the language of eternal and determinate love; this is the language of eternal choice; this is the language of yea and amen promise, which the Lord teacheth his people their need of.

"I will put them together as the sheep of Bozrah,"

Bozrah signifying tribulation;

"as the flock in the midst of their fold; they shall make great noise by reason of the multitude of men."

And so in the apostolic age they did.

"The breaker is come up before them; they have broken up, and have passed through the gate, and are gone out by it: and their king shall pass before them, and the Lord on the head of them."

We were under sin; Christ came under sin, and broke that down; we were under the curse, Christ came under that, and broke that down; we were under death, Christ came under that, and broke that down; we were under tribulation, Christ came and broke that down. So the breaker is gone before us, and so we pass through the gate of regeneration, the king before us, the Lord on the head of us; and if the Lord be our leader, we are sure to go right, and be saved at last.

VISIT TO YARMOUTH.

THE GREAT QUESTION—WHAT CUP WAS IT?

MATE.—Glad to see you again, old friend, safe and sound, I hope, through mercy. Heard of you lying

off the phosphoric shores of Yarmouth for some weeks past.

Master Salt.—Thank you, Mate. Life is very uncertain; when we part we have no assurance we shall meet on earth again. My ship is sure to go to pieces one of these days, and I thought it was going to pieces last month, she was so thoroughly out of order; but the good and all-wise Pilot steered her into dock, placed her on the blocks, had her so much repaired that she may last and live through many seas yet.

Mate.—Did you find a suitable harbour or port where to ride at anchor?

Master Salt.—I did, Mate; a real "Free Grace Port," called Salem, a little spot in the Albion road, near the Park; put it down in your pocket book, Mate, and when you go to Yarmouth, go to little Salem; brother Suggett is first mate, and he speaks well of his Captain, of His finished work, and also of the eternal security of the vessels of mercy. Brother Brand, of Bungay, preached the anniversary sermon the last Lord's day in August, your humble servant also assisting; and at other times with great pleasure hoisting the royal standard at the mast-head. God bless Salem in the Albion road, Yarmouth.

Mate.—I suppose you would reckon Yarmouth a heathy spot.

Master Salt.—No doubt many find it so to their bodies, but not so much I fear for their souls. The first Thursday night I found out little Salem, it was a prayer meeting, we mustered nine, all told; yet thousands on the sands, professors and profane, regarding the things of this world, and neglecting the service of God. I found more food and soul comfort in Salem than on the sands, piers, or jetty. O, you who go to watering places, do look to the health of your souls as well as the health of your bodies.

Mate.—Have you seen that letter, my friend, written whilst you were at Yarmouth about our conversation last time, differing from us to *in toto*, but kind and courteous?

Master Salt.—Indeed, I have, and what do you think, why, I very nearly differ as much from that gen-

tleman as that gentleman differs from me. Only think, Mate, of his taking two lines of the hymn we sang so sweetly at the garden, and his singing them in the wilderness. I shall feel obliged to seize them again, as being altogether in the wrong place. Where is there a word ever spoken of Christ shedding blood in the wilderness? but there is in the Garden. So those lines still belong to us who sing of Him who drank the cup of temptation in the Garden of Gethsemane, where

"Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood."

Mate.—We must never use poets as proofs, only as helps in illustration. To the word and to the testimony, a "Thus saith the Lord," alone can decide.

Master Salt.—It is granted that, at the wildness, Satan left him for a little season, but then stated, "There is not a word about the cup passing from him." True, but in the shallow brain of poor Salt, he fancied the one included the other. This is singular, I always thought, Get rid of the tempter and the temptations would go with him.

Mate.—Well then, but what do you think of that argument respecting Simon? that is a strong one I think.

Master Salt.—So do I, but all of our side again. Jesus rebuked Peter for expressing an inconsistent desire and said, "Get thee hence, Satan," that spirit (though unknown to Peter) which attempted to stop Jesus in his work was of Satan.

Mate.—You seem lashing alongside, Master Salt, but be as gentle as possible.

Master Salt.—I will; but as the writer insists without the least proof that this cup was the cup of Almighty wrath due to the election of grace; and he calls it, "The agonising prayer of the suffering Immanuel," and again he says, "Of all the strong cries and tears that had ascended, this was the most piercing;" referring, of course, to, "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me." Did Christ pray an impossible to be answered prayer? Did He pray a prayer at which His Father "was SILENT?" Did our glorious

Redeemer pray such an inconsistent prayer that (according to this gentleman) the Father TURNED AWAY HIS FACE, like Jesus had before done to Peter's desire? Did He pray this prayer by the Holy Ghost then?

Mate.—You shake, you tremble, my friend, and well you may. Here is the Father silent at the prayer of His agonising Son. Here is the Holy Ghost inditing a prayer at which God the Father turns away His face (so the writer says); and here is the Son either praying or passing away of the cup, which if He really means, He has changed since He engaged to do it, and, if answered, His Bride is eternally lost. Or, if I understand this gentleman, Christ did not mean it at all as a prayer for the cup to pass away from Him, "Only to demonstrate the impossibility of its removal." Surely this is marvellous indeed. Perhaps this writer is referring to some other person, for the Christ I adore says of His Father, "I know that Thou hearest me always;" and the Apostle, by the Holy Spirit, says, just contrary, "That He was heard in that he feared."

Master Salt.—Yes, Mate, our great Captain would not, for hours, in strong cries pray that the cup might pass from Him, if He did not really wish it to pass. Then we ask again, How can it possibly be the cup of Divine wrath? I have brought forth passages to prove that near the Garden, if not actually in it, Christ gave notice of His visit from Satan, "Hereafter I will not talk much with you, for the prince of this world cometh, but hath nothing in me." Now for proof texts that Jesus either expected to meet divine justice, or to drink the cup of wrath in the Garden. Surely where such confidence exists, some passages may be found; till then, Master Salt must believe in the cup of temptation in Gethsemane, and after his trial—at Calvary the cup of wrath he drank.

R. G. EDWARDS.

Sutton, Isle of Ely.

If you wish to know what God has done before time, look at what he has done in time, and make your calling and election sure.

A PATTERN FOR PREACHERS.

THE LATE RECTOR OF CHRIST
CHURCH, BLACKFRIARS.

WE have read the funeral sermon for the late Rev. Joseph Brown, preached by Rev. W. Curling, and published at J. Paul's Pulpit Office. From that sermon, we here give two small paragraphs; but the whole should be read by all ministers who wish to stand well in the sight of God, and of His people. Mr. Curling said:—

“Let me say that a minister performs but a very small part of his duty when he preaches in a pulpit. It is important for him there to state clearly, fully, unmistakably, in all honest simplicity, in all deep self-renunciation, those precious truths of the everlasting Gospel, which God has made the power of salvation to many. But if he confines his ministerial teaching to the pulpit, he will do comparatively little good. The power of the minister must be seen and felt somewhere out of the pulpit, and far beyond the narrow boundary within which I now stand. It must go down from the pulpit into the houses, and into the homes, to the minds and to the hearts of the people, rich and poor, in the parish where he lives. It must be seen in the walk of the minister. The power of his preaching must be experienced, must be admitted, must be known to exist in the simplicity of his character, in the loveliness of his spirit, in the sympathy with which he goes forth and mixes with his fellows, entering into all the minutiae of the concerns of domestic life. He must shine as a light in the world, for so his Master has bid him. He must so shine that men may see his good works and glorify his Father in heaven. Or, to take another figure which Christ employed to express the duty of practical every-day duty of the Christian minister, he must be felt as the salt of the earth. Salt, you know, communicates a savour; salt gives a relish; salt renders things fragrant and pleasant: so the minister must be felt wherever he goes, just as the salt of the earth.”

Of the late rector's character and

conduct, Mr. Curling bore a testimony high indeed, but we believe, quite correct; he said—

“I never stood in a pulpit with deeper feeling than I stand in this pulpit now. I was never called to perform a duty that more solemnly interested my feelings and under the weight of which I feel my mind very greatly to sink. I have been asked to say something to-night, by way of remembrance of one exceedingly dear to the people of this parish—concerning a man greatly beloved, deservedly beloved, beloved by all both rich and poor, but especially the poor man's loved minister was he; the poor man's, the poor woman's, the poor widow's deeply regretted minister is he. Embalmed I know in imperishable remembrance in the hearts of all that knew him as a minister, out of the pulpit as well as in it. In it most faithful, most sound; in it exhibiting truth in the purest simplicity, the very milk of the word, and the strong meat to those that required it. Never compromising, never keeping back, never once withholding any portion of divine truth from the minds of his hearers, but dealing out the whole counsel of God. And then, out of the pulpit, so consistent, so exemplary, so beautifully simple, so extremely humble, so gentle, and tender, and kind—everybody's friend, nobody's enemy. Never, from the first moment of his entering upon his pastoral charge to the hour when he breathed his last and went to glory, was he the subject of unkind censure or reproach.”

EXTRACTS FROM MR. PELL'S
SERMONS.

“He giveth more grace.” Well you want more, do you not? If you have received grace and are arrived at that position to want no more, you are, I am sure, in a poor place. I do believe in my inmost soul that no one upon earth who has received grace but will feel that they need more grace. Are you satisfied? O, yes Sir, quite satisfied as to the quality of it. Oh, blessed be God, and so am I! but we want more of it. Well, he giveth more grace.

And never mind getting into debt with him, for the more you get into his debt in this way the more is he honoured by you; for we can only repay him with his own coin; and God will always be satisfied with this. Let us have grace then, whereby we may serve God acceptably. Whereby we may serve him acceptably! What great stress is laid upon this whereby, seeming to imply that we cannot serve him acceptably without grace, ah, and implies just right, too. Let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear. With reverence,—what great importance is attached here to the way and manner of serving God. He must not, he cannot be served just anyhow, [but with reverence and godly fear. Now, there is more than one kind of fear; there is a slavish fear, and there is a filial fear, a child-like fear, an evangelical fear. David says, Psalm lxxvi. 16, "Come and hear all ye that fear God and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." He does not say, all ye that tremble at God, all ye that are afraid of God, but all ye that fear God; all ye that fear to offend God, all ye that love God, and that love to serve him with this kind of fear.

We are not tied down as it were to some tyrant, but are under the love and care of a reconciled Father. But why is this fear called a godly fear? why, because none but God can give this fear. I know no other reason why it should be called a godly fear, for 'tis in this way only that we can serve God acceptably, "For our God is a consuming fire." These are terrible words (apparently so) but they cannot be eradicated out of the Word of God, and what I see portrayed here I dare not for the life of me hold it back; but I must preach it as it comes under my notice.

Some have tried to preach up the doctrine of annihilation, but for my part I cannot, for I never saw it in the Word of God. If I saw the doctrine of annihilation in God's book I would gladly preach it, but there is no such thing. I say I would gladly preach it if it were to benefit

these poor lost souls in hell; but they know nothing of the doctrine of annihilation there, but are ever finding God to be "a consuming fire." That poor man that we noticed the other day under the character of the rich man who called for a drop of water to cool his tongue, that same tongue is still consuming and ever will, "For our God is a consuming fire." But to the child of God there is something very relieving in it after all, for it says 'our God.' Yes, it is your God weak, and trembling believer, who fears that through your sins you will find God a consuming fire to your soul, but he shall be a consuming fire to your enemies only and not to your soul.

FRAGMENT FROM PELS.

"We have this treasure in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power might be of God and not of us." But are not earthen vessels like to be broken? And then what becomes of the treasure? Suppose you had a valuable treasure reserved in an earthen vessel, and then the vessel were to be broken to pieces, what would be the result? Why, say you, it would fill the whole place with perfume.

Ah! and how many of God's earthen vessels have been broken to pieces! How many of these was Queen Mary permitted to dash to pieces in her days? And what became of the precious treasure? Why it descended as a sweet savour to the throne of God, while it fills the whole globe around with the perfume down to the very end of time, for the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

LETTERS FROM THE HEART.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—
Yours came to hand duly, and likely you have expected a line from me before this, but not till now have I felt altogether at liberty to take up my pen to write to you. I learn from yours that your health is not very good, but would adore the God of grace that your soul is being favoured with some spiritual, experimental, views of him who died for the certain

and honourable salvation of God's chosen family. Precious faith views of the precious Lord Jesus, are exceedingly pleasant, refreshing, edifying, comforting, and animating. Powerful revelations of Jesus to the soul by the Spirit's gracious operations, are among those great things which belong to the favoured children of the Kingdom.

The vessels of mercy are taught to know not only the reality but also the richness, freeness, fulness, and greatness, of God's pardoning, justifying, quickening, supporting, preserving, and saving mercy displayed alone in that glorious Jesus, "Who is made higher than the heavens." O, my dear friend, what a mercy, indeed, it is to have the mercy, the sovereign and covenant mercy, of God in the glories of atoning blood, in our consciences, speaking peace there, in our hearts, producing consolation there, in our meditations, yielding fruitfulness there, in our lives, supplying the evidence of following Christ there, in our prospects, giving the most blessed assurance of endless glory. This knowledge of divine things very sweetly and greatly exalt Jesus in the souls of his people. He is very glorious in the sight of those who see their own deformity, very precious to those who feel their own vileness, very great to those who understand their own nothingness, and, beyond expression, delightful to those who are solemnly experienced in their own wretchedness and helplessness. Such deformed, vile, destitute, wretched, helpless offenders are the characters upon whom the loving and lovely Lord Jesus magnifies the exceedingly rich wonders of his saving power, grace, and mercy. Yes, he selects such poor worthless worms, that he may yet more illustrate his love, magnify his grace, and endear his name in their everlasting salvation. Sincerely do I hope that you, my friend, may daily, by the blessed Spirit's teaching, become more and more meltingly acquainted with the glorious person, complete work, exhaustfulness, pleasant ways, amen promises, of your glorified Lord Jesus. You can't look at him too much, you

can't trust him too much, you can't prize him too much, you can't walk with him too much, you can't praise him too much, and eternity will be none too long for the enjoyment of him. Amen.

Yours, my dear friend, prayerfully,
R. BARNES.

Glemsford, January 27, 1851.

BOOKS.

Ralph Erskine's Poem for Gospel Ministers has been published by Messrs. Nichols and Sons, in Long Acre, with a preface by Mr. Thomas Creswick Nichols, in which he introduces the following remarks:—

"Preachers now-a-days get so wonderfully 'gentlemanly,'—knowing that gentlemanly manners obtain gentlemanly money—that to find *bold* and indefatigable men like Erskine and others of his age, is a matter of no small difficulty. 'Preach the Gospel and yet not be offensive' is a mysterious term, lately introduced; for whenever was the gospel in its native state anything but offensive to the world? 'Ah! but,' says one, 'we want nice places, and plenty of people; and if we preach the Gospel in the same discriminating way that the Apostles did, they won't come to hear us.' This, no doubt, is cause for great grief: not only for the *good of souls*, but for the good of pockets; for where the place is not full, the gold is not generally so plentifully lavished; though whom *God* raises up to preach he *always* blesses with plenty of hearers, without resorting to works of supererogation, gentlemanly ideas, or extraneous efforts to entice the folks to hear. Seeking, earnest souls will be sure to come and hear from sheer necessity; while others will only come and go; and wherever good *is* done, it is not by the man's gentlemanly ideas, novel preaching, or wonderful zeal; but by the power of the Holy Spirit. The labours of Erskine, Bunyan, Huntington, and others, were wonderfully blessed of God; though they did nothing but simply preach the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God—faithfully, earnestly, and powerfully: yet hundreds of men

are now resorting to every known folly to entice people into their religious play-houses, while there is no more work of the Holy Spirit in their midst than there is of poverty in the Queen's palace—not an atom! This

poem is adapted both for preachers and hearers."

Faithful Gospel ministers must be content in these times, like their Master, to be despised and reproached.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE OPENING OF THE NEW SURREY TABERNACLE.

ON Wednesday, September 18, 1867, two services were held in the above place of worship, to commemorate the second year of its opening. In the afternoon, Mr. James Wells, the pastor, delivered a discourse from the words, "They desired us to remember the poor, which I also was forward to do." Previous to which Mr. Thomas Stringer read a portion of Scripture and offered prayer. A large body of friends were then supplied with tea.

In the evening, at half-past six a public meeting was holden, when the spacious building was filled in every part. Mr. Thomas Pocock occupied the chair, and was supported on the right by Mr. Wells, and on the left by Mr. Butt; and among a large number of ministers and friends on the platform we noticed Messrs. Stringer, Timothy Baugh, C. W. Banks, Isaac Comfort, J. Webster, Thomas Jones, A. Kaye, J. Beach, Albert Boulden, Evan Edwards, W. Fielding, Lawrence, Mead, Hart, Mitson, Elijah Packer, R. Wilkins, R. H. Davey, H. Dodson, Treasurer, and Mr. Murphy, Secretary of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society. The meeting was commenced by singing Joseph Swain's Pilgrim song:—

"Pilgrims we are to Canaan bound,
Our journey lies along this road;
This wilderness we travel round
To reach the city of our God."

Mr. Isaac Comfort offered prayer.

The Chairman said he had much pleasure in again occupying that position: for the object they had in view on that occasion was a most delightful one—to aid one of the noblest institutions in the land—the "Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society." He said "noblest" institution, because he believed most of the recipients were of noble descent, being "kings and priests unto God." He was also thankful the friends had determined that the proceeds of the first anniversary, after their heavy debt had been discharged, should be de-

voted to this object: it was to be a kind of thank-offering for the Lord's goodness to them as a Church: and he was certain no better object could be selected. The Church there, by their annual sermons and regular subscribers, had always been liberal to the Pilgrims, and his desire and hope was that they might not only continue that support but if possible increase it. Mr. Pocock also threw out some suggestions for the further consideration of the Church as to assisting some other benevolent institutions.

Mr. Wells was glad their chairman intended to keep them at work: he thought their next duty would be to help necessitous causes and churches where the truth was maintained; for no effort was spared to get the chapels out of the hands of the friends of truth, and introduce duty-faith preachers. This appeared to him to be the next work that would require their attention. John Bunyan McCure was about to come to England, to ask the churches to assist him in paying off the debt on their chapel at Sydney; and he hoped the church at the Surrey Tabernacle would be the first to take up his cause. As to the Aged Pilgrims' Society, he must say he was proud to be connected with it, and he hoped the meeting would do all they could that evening to support it.

Mr. Edward Butt said the statement he had to make that evening would be very short, as they had accomplished in the past four years all that was needed for their building. He then read the following report:—

WE are this day spared to celebrate the second anniversary of the opening of the Surrey Tabernacle. It is with heartfelt gratitude we record the goodness of the Lord in what has been accomplished. The cost of erection and every necessary expense attending the same has been paid by the united liberality of the church and congregation amounting to the sum of £10,500. It is a source of much pleasure that the ministration of the word of life, by our esteemed minister in this place, as well as in former years is attended with the bless-

ing of the Most High. May we one and all unite in solemn and earnest prayer to God.

To grant him bright celestial views,
While he proclaims the Gospel news
With fiery zeal his soul inflame,
While he exalts the bleeding Lamb.

We have a little gloom over this day arising from the absence of one of our deacons, Mr. J. Carr, who took a very lively and active part in our affairs. The low state in which he is now in almost forbids us to hope of his ever meeting with us here again, but the Gospel of the grace of God is to him indeed precious.

This day will be made an occasion for promoting the interests of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, the claims of which have for many years been brought before the friends by our esteemed minister. The first collection was made in the year 1836, amounting to £11 15s. 6d. Since that period the sum of £2,300 has been paid to the Society, besides the collection made at Communion Service held at the opening of this place of worship amounting to £37 in aid of the funds of the New Asylum. We rejoice in what has been raised, and that many dear old pilgrims worshipping with us have been partakers in the bounty of this valuable institution for many years. The Society was formed in 1807, and has continued its useful career for sixty years. About 2,500 cases have been relieved, many of these have been long on its funds and received a large amount. At the present time there are two pensioners who have each received considerably more than £200. We have now on the funds 620 aged pilgrims in town and country, receiving monthly annuities. The cases when recommended by the subscribers are visited by the Committee, and if their experience is satisfactory are in two months placed on the approved candidate list and receive 4s. per month, and as the funds will admit, are raised in rotation to the five guinea pension. There is an Asylum at Camberwell where forty-two of the pilgrims reside in comfortable rooms, coals are provided from a separate fund, and various little presents are continually flowing in. A new Asylum is now in progress, to be erected at Hornsey Rise, the ground has been obtained. It is proposed to afford accommodation for 80 to 100 inmates; the late Mr. J. Box left by deed a considerable sum of money for this object, before this is available the building must be commenced. The committee are desirous of proceeding with this undertaking, and we shall be pleased to receive contributions or promises for this object, that the Surrey Tabernacle may have a share in this as it has done in the Asylum at Camberwell.

Before closing this brief statement, every year appears to lessen our subscribers by death. We therefore want a few annual guinea subscribers still to keep up the permanent list; but for this home and society, how many of the saints of God must have

ended their pilgrimage in the workhouse; many feel this would be no disgrace, but the society they must come into association with, would tend to depress, and cast them down. We are encouraged to believe that there is still with the minister, deacons, and people here every desire to help forward the cause of the poor and the afflicted in Zion.

In conclusion, Mr. Butt remarked, it was with very great pleasure they met that day: their debt being all paid, the whole of the day's proceeds would be given, part to the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society, and part towards the erection of the New Asylum at Hornsey Rise. As a church they were at peace, and increasing; their attendance was never larger; their pastor's health, and strength, and vigour of mind, were mercifully continued to him; and the truth was valued and prized as dearly as ever. For all these mercies they had much cause for thankfulness.

Mr. Timothy Baugh, in moving the first resolution, said he hailed with joy that day, from the fact that they were about to lay on God's altar an offering, in recognition of the many blessings that had been showered upon them as a church and people. After some excellent observations, Mr. Baugh moved—"That this meeting rejoices at the success which has attended the erection of this place of worship; and for the liberality displayed by the church and congregation in paying the entire cost; and earnestly prays that the blessing of the Lord may abundantly rest upon his servant, who has so long and successfully laboured among this people."

C. W. Banks seconded the resolution: there were three features in it that called for rejoicing:—first, they all rejoiced that the debt was paid; second, there was gratitude for blessings received; and third, an earnest prayer for the pastor's welfare. He was also rejoiced to hear Mr. Wells's decision respecting assisting poor churches: he would find a number of deserving cases. A few weeks since he (Mr. Banks) was preaching on the Forest of Dean, near the borders of Wales. Not many years since the Lord made known his truth to one Richard Snaith, residing there, that truth having been greatly blessed to his own soul, he felt a great desire to make it known to the thousands who live in that wide and desolate place. The desire grew, and Richard Snaith spoke to the people in the open air. Since then they had erected a small chapel, and two years ago, it was opened, a church had been formed, and a people were there being gathered who held firm by the truth. Having become rather "popular" there at the opening

they had sent for him again; and they had a right down happy gathering at the second anniversary; three sermons on the Sunday, and on Monday they met again and praised, and prayed, and rejoiced, and blessed the name of God together. There were saints of God there he could assure them. But they were all hard-working men and women; they had erected a house for the worship of God, and now they had to pay a considerable sum by regular instalments into a building society; and if the Church there could send them a little aid now and then it would rejoice his heart, their hearts, and be helping a people who were struggling to maintain the truth. Mr. Banks further referred to Mr. J. B. McCure's coming to England; and having expressed his Christian regard for Mr. Carr, who was in the deepest affliction, he concluded by seconding the resolution.

The next resolution, expressing a hope that the present meeting would be the means of increasing and making more widely known the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society, was moved by Mr. Thomas Jones, who, in a spontaneous address, congratulated the pastor and the people on their position; the chairman, on his capital begging qualifications; and concluded with some choice remarks touching "Pilgrims and their Pilgrimage." Mr. Steed, the Rehoboth pastor, next gave a thorough warm-hearted address, which appeared well received by the meeting.

A third resolution, expressive of pleasure in the prospect of the erection of a new asylum, and earnestly asking for aid for the same, was moved by Mr. Thomas Stringer, who, in his usual energetic manner, laid the claims of poor pilgrims to Christian sympathy most zealously before the meeting. Mr. Butt, in seconding the same, remarked that this was the largest meeting that had ever been held on behalf of the Aged Pilgrims, although it had been established sixty years, and he hoped it was the commencement of better days.

The pastor, Mr. Wells, moved a vote of thanks to the chairman; Mr. John Beach seconded the same, which Mr. Pocock, in a few words, acknowledged; a verse was sung; the benediction pronounced; and the meeting, which for interest never once flagged, was brought to a close at half-past 9.

The collection, after the afternoon sermon by Mr. Wells, amounted to £45; the collection at the evening meeting was £35, making a total of £80, the whole of which will be given to the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society and new Asylum.

R.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN CARR.

The evening following the one on which the above services were holden saw the close of the mortal life of Mr. John Carr, who is mentioned in the report. Most of our readers will recognize the name at once; and many country friends who were in the habit of visiting the Surrey Tabernacle, when in town, will know that Mr. Carr was for many years "the clerk" as well as a deacon at Mr. Wells'. He took the deepest interest in the erection of the new tabernacle, to the fund of which he and his family liberally contributed, and to which he acted as treasurer. We remember well meeting him in the new building on the day of its opening, hours before time to commence the service; and in reply to a remark we made as to his being there so early, he said he could not rest long away, being anxious to see all was done, and in order; he then in his usual kind manner conducted us over the entire building, explained every particular, thus enabling us to furnish the readers of this magazine with the full particulars of the building which we gave after the opening. His heart was thoroughly devoted to the work; and he has often publicly spoken of the blessing he has realized in connection with the same. The Lord was pleased to spare him to see not only the work accomplished, but the entire cost honourably paid; and then, after a short illness, has removed him from this world—where his sweetest employment was the singing of Jehovah's praises—to that region of eternal bliss, where, with the blood-washed throng,

"— They chant their never-ceasing songs:
Worthy the Lamb, to whom all power belongs,
And Holy, Holy, Holy, is their cry,
Lord God of Hosts! supreme in Majesty!

We cannot this month more than mention the solemn circumstance. We have reason to know the Lord was with him to calm his mind, and having arranged his matters, and seen his family, he remarked he was "now only waiting for the summons to come." On Thursday evening, September 19th, 1867, that summons came. Seldom have we felt the loss of a Christian brother more than we have Mr. Carr's translation to his Father's house above; and we hope next month to furnish some further notice of his last days. R.

ANNIVERSARY OF BROTHER
RICHARD SNAITH'S CHAPEL, ON
THE FOREST OF DEAN, COOPER'S
HILL, AND CHELTENHAM.

To my beloved brother, Robert Young Banks, pastor of the Baptist church, Egerton Forstall, in Kent. To you, my brother, I now address a few lines in this way, because as regards writing long letters, it seems impossible for me to do so. I never know what it is to have one hour to spare. Too much, I know, my time is occupied; but sometimes I have a little hope that the

Lord will not altogether despise my efforts to publish his truth. He knoweth how sinful I am, how imperfect are all my works, and he knoweth what motive moves me to all this long and laborious toil. Now one word as a reason why I write not private letters to you, my revered and beloved brother, it is simply because the work of a triple editor, and the labours of a town and country preacher, leave me no time for it. Take one sample. On Saturday, August 24th, 1867, I travelled from six in the morning, until near six at night, to reach the Forest of Dean, not far from the borders of Wales. I found brother Richard Snaith, the pastor and preacher there, with his chapel, his parsonage, his industrious wife, his family, and his friends, all well. On the Lord's-day I preached three times, and I did enjoy liberty in my blessed Saviour's service. On Monday morning, we climbed up some of the hills, looked into some of the ovens, sat down in some cots, and talked to some of the blessed saints who in the forest dwell, I stole away for a moment or two, and ascended "Mount Pleasant." Here I enjoyed such a view as in Kent or Sussex you could hardly find. I took my pencil and paper, and looked around me, and concentrated the scene in a quaint bit of rhyme like this. I said,

"Here's hill, dale, and valley,
In splendid sweet array,
O'er rocks and mounts I'd sally,
And spend a quiet day.
Then wander up Mount Pleasant,
Tow'rd the Severn cast your eye.
The scene is truly glorious,
'Twill raise your soul on high."

I was obliged to come down from my hill-top reverie; and after dining with brother Snaith and two of his friends in a cot with gardens green and lovely all around, we returned to Cinderford parsonage, where we found the clergy were assembling to prepare for the public meeting at night. The sight of them did my soul good. There was the Malvern missionary, Archdeacon Moor, from Hereford. He looked as rosy and as happy as a bright May-morning. There was the Whitestone vicar, John Hudson, and his comely dame, and their son. Like a flint for firmness in the truth, is John Hudson; his eyes like bright stars throwing out light in the darkest and most mysterious things around. There was the Cheltenham visitor, Isaac Pegg, of Bethel; and with him I had much private converse; for his pathway, as yet, is neither over prosperous, nor pleasant. There was John Thomas, of Breame, (oh, what a brother in Christ was he to my soul!) There was that heart of oak man, Samuel Boverly, there was William Harris the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Forest of Dean Gospel Estate. There was that cedar-like Richard Snaith, and I cannot tell who beside. We had communion with each other and the Lord. Then a splendid tea party assembled in the chapel; and after that the public meeting commenced.

I ought to have said, brother Cordwell, an author, and publisher, and preacher, in the city of Gloucester, was with us all Sunday and Monday; and when in the midst of the public meeting, he fell on his knees and cried to God in prayer, we all felt it a solemn time. And that night was a time most memorable indeed. The short sermons given that night by Messrs. Moor, Hudson, Pegg, Snaith, and myself, were listened to kindly. The next morning, after prayer and singing by John Thomas, (such singing as would make your heart weep tears of love) we set off for Cooper's till, a long journey. When I reached the chapel, brother Jacob Short, and his people were singing. I had two sermons to preach that day, and the Lord helped me through the work. Then, we set off for Cheltenham that night; and on Wednesday afternoon I preached in Bethel; a large company had tea; and at the public meeting, three excellent brethren, who are "Village Preachers" indeed, gave addresses. Mr. Pegg presided; Mr. Broom was preceptor, and I was favoured to deliver the closing address. Bethel chapel, Cheltenham, is a good substantial place; and, as it is the mother of all the churches in that city of gardens, I would be glad to see it flourishing and prosperous. My good brother Robert, I must only say the next day I returned to London, and here I am toiling and crying for help by the way. The Lord ever bless you, and your flock at Egerton, so prays
C. W. B.

BATH—EBENEZER CHAPEL, BAPTISM.—On Sunday morning, Sept. 1, twelve persons were baptized in the river Avon by our beloved pastor, Mr. J. Huntley, whose heart was cheered to see his labours have not been in vain. He has most bitterly felt the loss of his dear and loving partner, who was always so kind and sympathizing with him in all his sorrows; but I trust this will help to comfort him, particularly as one of the candidates dates her conversion to the dying words of Mrs. Huntley, who said she hoped to meet her in heaven.

It was a delightful morning, and there was gathered around the banks of the river about five thousand men, women, and children, to witness the solemn ordinance of Believer's Baptism. As soon as our dear pastor commenced the service by prayer, a solemn silence pervaded the vast assembly whilst he offered up a most earnest prayer that God's blessing might rest upon all present, and that many may be pricked in their hearts, and brought to love the Saviour.

We then sang the 13th Hymn in the Selection:—

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free.

Mr. D. Wassel, of Somerset-street chapel, delivered a masterly address from the deck of a barge that was in the middle of the river, on the importance of believers fol-

lowing the example and command of our blessed Saviour, and proving it to be an ordinance only for believers to attend to, and challenging the world to prove to the contrary but what this is the right and scriptural way to be buried with Christ in baptism. We sang the 446th Hymn in the Selection—

Dear Lord, and wilt thy pard'ning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

Mr. J. Davis, of Somerset-street chapel, offered up an earnest prayer for the blessing of Almighty God to be there realized and felt amongst the people.

The candidates were then baptized, Mr. Huntley addressing those present between each immersion, bringing forward some beautiful similes to bear on the subject. There were five females and six males; then followed a most touching scene. A poor man, a captain of a barge, that had wanted to come before the church, but who could not make up his mind to do so, was present, dressed in his best clothes. He felt the love of Christ so precious in his soul that he could hold out no longer, but took off his coat: said the Lord told him he must be baptized; he went into the water, and there, before the whole multitude, related his experience: that he had been for thirty-five years a drunkard, a swearer, a Sabbath-breaker; but by going into Ebenezer Chapel the Lord met with him, and broke his heart, through Mr. Huntley's preaching, some two or three years ago. He said, "I do love my blessed Jesus, and He has told me to be baptized, and I wish to be; and I hope that many of you present may be brought to love Him too." There was a solemn silence whilst he related his experience. Mr. Huntley then, on his confession of his sins, and repentance toward God, like Philip of old, baptized him in the name of the Holy Trinity; and he came up out of the water, and walked all through the streets to his home, and like the Eunuch, praising and blessing his Saviour.

The Rev. W. Huntley, of Limpley Stoke, the honoured father of our dear pastor, preached in the morning from 2nd Epistle Timothy, 1st chapter, 12th verse, showing that Christians ought not to be ashamed of the ordinance, proving it to be ordained by God the Father from heaven. In the afternoon our pastor received the candidates into the church by giving them the right hand of fellowship, and some good and wholesome advice as to their future walk and conduct. Eight more from other churches were added to the number, making 20 additions to the church that day. Surely, we have room to rejoice that God is in our midst, and that to bless us. In the evening he preached from Galatians iv. 18. There was a good congregation present, and we had a refreshing season.

On the following Monday, Sept. 2nd, nearly 200 sat down to a good tea, to celebrate the seventh anniversary of Mr. Hunt-

ley's pastorate over us, and also to welcome in our dear brothers and sisters. The chapel was very tastefully decorated for the occasion with beautiful flowers, and a motto, bordered with flowers and evergreen, bearing the words, "God bless his faithful servant, our beloved pastor." After tea there was a public meeting, when addresses were delivered by our beloved pastor, and the Revs. D. Wassel and J. Davis, of Somerset-street chapel; Mr. G. Cox, Mr. S. Littleton, and Mr. Luckman; every one present seemed highly delighted. Thus terminated a happy, cheerful, and I trust profitable meeting.

I am happy to state that our Sunday school is still in a prosperous condition; we have over two hundred scholars, and I am pleased to say that four of the candidates that were baptized on Sunday are teachers in the school. We took the children out in a field on August 5th, where they thoroughly enjoyed themselves over their tea, and after with racing for toys, &c.—Yours in Jesus, W. W. WHEATLEY, Superintendent of Ebenezer Sunday-school.

APPEAL FROM SYDNEY, N. S. WALES.

FROM THE STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH, CASTLE-REAGH STREET, SYDNEY, TO THE CHURCHES, AND ALL WHO LOVE OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN ENGLAND.

DEAR BRETHREN,—We deeply regret being compelled to appeal to you on the present occasion for pecuniary assistance, and do so with great reluctance; our only reason for it is, because our position as regards our place of worship, and our standing as a denomination in this large and populous city is at stake.

Those of you who are in the habit of reading the colonial correspondence published from time to time in the EARTHEN VESSEL are doubtless aware that the Church in Sydney has erected a chapel for the worship of God.

This circumstance was for many years felt by us to be very much needed. First, that it might secure for the denomination a position among the many professing churches with which the city abounds; and that it might prove a spiritual home for our brethren from other parts of the world on their arrival here, instead of being obliged to wander about seeking for a faithful ministry among other denominations.

Soon after the settlement of Mr. J. D. M'Cure, as pastor of the church, a piece of land was purchased at the cost of £700, which was collected among the friends. The chapel was built at a cost of £1,400, £460 of which, through the exertions of some of our friends, and the liberality of others, has been paid. You are also aware that our pastor has travelled through the colonies, preaching the word of life wherever opportunities have offered. Our only hope of success is with the brethren in our Fatherland; for we stand here numerically

weak, poor in worldly circumstances, and isolated from all other denominations by the soul-saving doctrines we hold, and by God's help will never relinquish; consequently we have no favourable ground to work upon, and are compelled, rather than sell our house of prayer to another sect, to appeal to you. Feeling assured that you will not stand by and see the only place of worship (with one exception) in this vast colony belonging to our denomination sacrificed for the sake of a few hundred pounds, our pastor has received invitations to visit England from Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, and other Baptist ministers, promising him their influence and support in this work. Therefore we have reluctantly consented to part with him for a season, and desire to commend him to your Christian hospitality and kind consideration, and to commit him and the object of his mission, and all the Lord's family, whether at home or abroad, to the care and keeping of our ever gracious Jehovah, and humbly trust that He will dispose all our hearts in this matter, so that whatever is done shall be for the glory and honour of his own dear name.

We have requested Mr. J. Wells to act as treasurer for us, to whom we respectfully request that all donations and collections may be sent in order that they might be forwarded to the treasurer in Sydney, Mr. Joseph Dickson, and duly acknowledged in the various publications.

(Signed on behalf of the Church),

JESSE COWLEY, GEORGE WAGG, JOSEPH DICKSON, SETH COTTAM,	}	Deacons.
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SYDNEY.—My dear brother, it is arranged for me to leave Sydney for England, on behalf of our chapel debt, for it is impossible for the money to be obtained here. In New South Wales there is no denominational sympathy, our church is the only Particular and Strict Baptist church, except one at Ryde. And now that we have been visited by one of the most disastrous floods attended with loss of life, and destruction of property ever known in the colony, by which thousands are rendered homeless, and hundreds of houses swept away we have therefore no hope in New South Wales. Will you have the kindness to publish the appeal drawn up and signed by our deacons on behalf of the church, in your *VESSEL*, and if it would not be giving you too much trouble to forward copies of the appeal to the *Gospel Herald*, *Zion's Trumpet*, *Gospel Standard*, and *Gospel Magazine*, you will by that act of kindness, very much help me in the object of my mission to England. I would write to those magazines myself, and forward a copy of the appeal to each, but I cannot, to be in time for this mail. It will be giving you a deal of trouble, but then you don't mind trouble, for Zion's sake. And I can assure you, that whatever you do to help me in this matter, it will be for the cause of God and

truth, in this far off part of the world. And if I am enabled to return to Sydney, through the liberality of English Christians with the means that will enable us to pay the money that will deliver us from the bondage of debt, the Australian saints will indeed "shout aloud for joy." Oh what a triumph it will be, the Lord grant that we may realise it for his name's sake. I have arranged to leave by the "Great Britain," which will leave Melbourne on or about the 21st of August. Directly I come I must commence my work, for no time must be lost, it is very important that I should return to Sydney as soon as possible. Excuse my not writing you more now for the mail is just leaving. I remain, my dear brother, yours in the Lord,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

EUSTON ROAD. — Rehoboth Baptist chapel, 296, Euston road. The opening services in connection with this new cause of truth were held on Sunday and Monday, September 15th and 16th. A devotional meeting was held on Sunday morning at eleven, in which ministerial brethren, Messer, Austin, Archer, Gander, and Waite, each took part, a good number of friends came to bid us God speed. At night, Mr. William Waite, the minister of the place, preached a good Gospel sermon from 1 Cor. ix. "For necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel." We have heard well of the sermon; it was powerful with the unctious of the Holy One. May this young servant of Jesus Christ go on and prosper. On Monday evening a public meeting was held. About forty sat down to tea, which gave every satisfaction, and for once we were favoured to get a cup of tea without hearing anything said against other churches, or other ministers; we heard no back-biting, for which we were thankful. When the public meeting commenced, the place was densely crowded. Mr. W. Waite took the chair, supported by C. W. Banks, Timothy Baugh, D. Gander, A. W. Kaye, and E. J. Silvertown. After singing and prayer, the chairman briefly stated the object of their meeting, and said they had not opened in opposition to any course, but entirely with a desire to preach the Gospel of Christ for the good of souls, and the glory of God. After singing one verse he called on A. W. Kaye, who expressed himself as anxious to be useful in the Gospel; and in real eloquence poured forth a Christian exhortation and address. The chairman next introduced Mr. E. J. Silvertown, who said many good things and gave some plain honest reasons why no apology was needed for opening a new place of worship in London, concluding by recommending all to go where they could hear best and get most good; after whom came Mr. Timothy Baugh, of Islington, who gave a well ordered, thoughtful, studious and powerfully eloquent speech, containing wise counsel and practical advice for both minis-

ter and people, for which from the depths of our heart we thank him, and may his Master long spare him to labour in the Gospel vineyard. After the collection the chairman introduced that hard-working, overburdened servant and slave of the churches, C. W. Banks, who kindly named, and reviewed the previous speeches, and then apparently from out a full heart spoke some deep-toned and loving words of comfort, concluding an earnest, warm-hearted speech by giving some real, experimental and fatherly advice to all the ministers, reminding them that many may be called, while few are chosen. Brother D. Gander, late of Claygate, in a calm, solemn, and concise speech spoke of the labour attending the ministry, and of the blessedness attending the ordinances of God's house, (*i.e.*) believer's baptism, church fellowship, and the Lord's Supper, &c. A vote of thanks for the ladies presiding over the tea tables, proposed by Mr. T. Baugh, and seconded by Mr. E. J. Silverton, was carried unanimously. These opening and we hope profitable services were concluded by singing and prayer, and the ministers affectionately expressing their desire for the success of the little cause, and the young minister. Yours faithfully
ELIHU.

MYDDELTON HALL, UPPER-STREET, ISLINGTON.—Pastor, Mr. T. Baugh. Aug. 11th, public services were held. Two good sermons were preached by the pastor, and one in the afternoon, by Mr. Varley, to a crowded congregation. On Tuesday, Aug. 13th, Mr. James Wells preached in the afternoon to a large number, after which a tea and public meeting were held. A good company sat down to tea, which was served in the most satisfactory manner, the provisions being both excellent and plentiful. The hall was quite full in the evening. The chair was taken by John Reynolds, Esq., who spoke warmly and kindly of his attachment to the cause at Islington, and especially its minister, and commended the church for having chosen him as their pastor. The meeting having been opened with singing and prayer, the chairman called upon Mr. Varley, who made a most excellent speech, full of good and kind remarks for the well being of pastor and people, which were much appreciated. He urged the good influence our own conduct should have, both at home and abroad, over those with whom we came in contact; they should be able to take knowledge of us, that we have been with Jesus. Would, there were more of it; there is too much world in the Church. We fear people may often take knowledge of us that we have been with Satan; and thus, our holy religion, which in our better moments we so much prize, is brought into bad repute. Mr. Silverton spoke well, at the close of which he had the pleasing duty to make the pastor a present of a purse of gold as a small token of affection from the members of the Church and congregation, the pre-

sent meeting being one to commemorate his 34th birthday. Mr. Baugh then rose and made a powerful speech; he hesitated whether to let the purse lie on the table, or take it up; but he reckoned, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." One thing, as regards himself, he said ever since he had been in London he had been misunderstood. We suppose he is not at all surprised at that; he would be very unlike his Master if he was not; and we are very often in a position that we ourselves cannot understand; we wonder if others cannot. The Lord help us all to go straightforward—do the right as far as He has taught us, and leave the results with Him, whether adverse or prosperous. He thanked the friends, one and all, most sincerely, and resumed his seat, when the friends showed their appreciation of his speech in the usual way, which lasted some little time, the chairman said, and put it to the friends, and they said it ought to be published. The Rev. D. Jeavons, and C. Vernon having spoken, the meeting was brought to a close. The choir sang several pieces during the evening, which altogether made it a very cheerful and happy meeting. The collections were very satisfactory. To God be all the praise.

A GOOD DAY AT KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES.—On Monday, September 2nd, the anniversary of Providence Chapel was commemorated. The weather was fine; the natural sun shining forth in his brilliancy and strength; and many experienced what far surpasses even that invaluable blessing, for I really believe the glorious Sun of Righteousness did indeed shine upon their souls with bright refulgent beams, and healing in His wings. The morning service commenced with that sweet hymn—

"Hail, sovereign love, that first began," &c., after which brother Curtis, of Hayes, read 132nd and 133rd Psalms, then followed another blessed hymn:

"'Twixt Jesus and the chosen race," &c.; after which our venerable brother Foreman delivered one of his usual sound, solid, and truly scriptural sermons, from Isaiah 62nd chapter, 8th and 9th verses; and many poor labouring souls were enabled to gather in the spiritual sense. An excellent hot dinner was provided, and real union and harmony among the friends appeared to reign. The afternoon service commenced, and consisted of more sweet hymns. Brother Benford read and prayed, after which brother Wilkins, of Soho, delivered a most encouraging and savoury sermon from Deuteronomy, 33rd chapter, 27th verse, the recollection of which will not easily be forgotten. About 150 persons sat down to a comfortable tea; their countenances appeared cheerful; and, at least for a short time, the inquiry, so frequent among the saints of God, "Why art thou

cast down," appeared to be lost sight of. The evening service commenced with that very sweet hymn:

"Blessed are the sons of God,"

&c.; after which brother E. Beazley read and supplicated the Throne of Grace; and our brother Milner delivered a solemn, weighty, and impressive sermon from Job, 36th chapter, 22nd verse; after which the numerous friends present joined heartily in singing:

"Once more before we part,"

&c.; and

"A day's march nearer home."

And so it was, really, in the best sense. We feel a thorough union to the friends at Providence. First, because they are established upon sound Gospel principles. Second, because they are decided for, and will maintain nothing less than the whole truth. Third, because as far as in them lies, they are determined to have that truth spoken to them only by men whose conduct and conversation unite in adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. May the Lord abundantly bless them with much of His Divine grace and cheering presence, earnestly prays

A. WEAKLING.

HEYWOOD, NEAR ROCHDALE.—A beloved Christian friend, writing of Jireh chapel, in Heywood, where brother R. Powell is labouring, says:—"Jesus is still making good his own word; and meeting with and blessing us at our little place. We have had three baptized and added to our church, on the first of the month, for which we thank our God, and take comfort. Our minister teaches us the things concerning Jesus Christ; and God is with him. I do indeed feel it so, many times. I have heard many ministers, but none under whom my own soul has been so blessed so long; and my earnest desire is that he may be greatly blessed in his work. Oh how my heart is poured out (at times) for showers of blessings on the word spoken, that it may be seen and felt to be the power of God to salvation to poor sinners. Surely, he must answer me, I have his own word for it, oh that my poor trembling faith could hold him to his own word. It is hard work at times, even when we pray, that his kingdom may come and at the same time see Satan's kingdom carrying all before it in the world, and in the church; it damps our very souls, and makes us wonder where it will end. Bless God, I know his kingdom will come; and that I shall see it, because he makes me cry yearningly for it to come to our little place, and in all the world. What a blessing that his cause and our desires are one. I do feel it to be so as I write. The world has nothing to compare with this blessedness. Oh no! their joys are like the apples of Sodom, they turn to ashes in the using. It cannot be so with them that are kept hanging on Jesus; though he seem not to hear them."

BAPTIZING BY MR. THOMAS POOCK, AT IPSWICH.

"Oh, what wonders love has done!
But how little understood!
God well knows, and God alone,
What produc'd that sweat of blood;
Who can thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful Gethsemane!"

Six poor sinners—hoping they have felt an interest in Him who was baptized first in water, and then in sweat and blood, satisfying justice for their sins, procuring their pardon, securing their call from death to life, promising to sustain and supply with daily strength to walk, talk, fight, conquer, and gladly crown Him their prophet, priest, and king—were baptized by T. Poock in Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, on Lord's day, Sept. 1, 1867; and although a host witnessed the solemn scene, we never remember such order and apparent feeling as was by the congregation visibly observed. We are not ashamed to own our Jesus, our King and lawgiver, for us, to us, and in and with us; and whoever may depart from Him as such, blessed be His dear name, we can say—

"His grace has kept us to this day,
And will not let us go."

WIMBLEDON—ZOAR CHAPEL.—DEAR MR. EDITOR—Through the kindness and mercy of our Covenant God, we were favoured to hold our 7th anniversary on the 3rd of September, on which occasion two excellent discourses were delivered by Mr. James Wells and Mr. Timothy Baugh, through which means we were much comforted and encouraged. Also on the 19th of September, our beloved pastor baptized two believers in the Lord Jesus, which service was attended with special blessings. To God be the praise, that he may still go on to increase our dear pastor in a knowledge of Christ Jesus, whom He so delighteth to extol, is the desire of the writer, M. E.

EAST BERGHOLT.—JIREH CHAPEL, NEAR COLCHESTER.—BROTHER BANKS—According to invitation through your introduction, I visited the Baptist cause, and gave them a Sabbath. Found a kind-hearted, but poor people, with a neat, well-built chapel, for which they have to pay to a building society a monthly subscription—an excellent plan to obtain a freehold chapel. On the Sabbath evening there was an open-air service at Chapel, a few miles from Ipswich, when we enjoyed the Master's presence. It was pleasing to behold the villagers sitting under the hedges, singing the praises of God. I found it good to be there. What pleasant work it is, when God gives life in the soul, in the preaching of the everlasting Gospel. But, alas! alas!—in the pretty village of East Bergholt there is a nunnery, which puts a damper on one's spirits. Oh, ye Baptists, arise and serve a little Baptist cause. Subscriptions received by SAMUEL JONES, 40, Watling-street, London.

PIMLICO.—The eighth annual meeting commemorating the settlement of Mr. Wise as pastor of the Baptist church meeting in Carmel chapel, Westbourne street, was celebrated on Wednesday, September 18th. Mr. Milner kindly officiated in the afternoon, and preached an excellent sermon. A very comfortable party sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held. Mr. Wise, the pastor presided. From his opening remarks, we gather that Mr. Wise, is a quiet minister of the Gospel. He is entirely opposed to anything of the revival kind: indeed he had not thought of having the usual annual meeting this year; but was, however, persuaded to this by his brethren in office, the deacons. Mr. Wise's speech was one of a minister being happy with his people, and a people happy with their minister. The chapel was nearly filled with people. Spirited addresses were delivered by Messrs. G. Wyard, sen., G. Webb, (of Lincoln's Inn Fields) E. J. Silvertown, J. Chivers, S. Milner, and Grey.

CITY ROAD.—The photograph of the ancient J. A. Jones is now before us; but the old veteran has laid down his sword. "Time, that doth all things else impair" has commanded him to rest until the chariot comes to take him home. Fourscore years and more have rolled over his head; and although he is yet in the body, neither from the press nor from the pulpit hear we anything now from J. A. Jones. A young sire—the youthful Griffin, "late of Richmond,"—is announced to preach in Jirch Chapel, in the East Road, every Sunday during October, November, and December. Of Mr. Griffin's ministry, we may give a review either here or in **THE GOSPEL GUIDE**.

BILLINGBOROUGH, IN LINCOLNSHIRE.
—Mr. William Wilson, late of Riseley, has commenced a three months' labour at Bisborough. We hope it will lead to a long and successful pastorate. We have known and esteemed Mr. Wilson many years, and wish him increasing joy in his master's work.

DEATH OF MR. J. HAMBLIN.

That solid and upright man of God, J. Hamblin, once of East Lane, of Footscray, and last of Orpington, Kent, has gone to his rest. We cannot give a record of him this month, our pages being over-crowded with matter we are pledged to give; but we hope to erect a literary memorial to the worth and usefulness of so good a man. Mr. John Brett, once the minister of Sudbourne, in Suffolk, now of Hatton, near Hounslow, has just lost his wife. She died most happy in the Lord. Mr. Evans, of Hounslow, improved the event. A letter containing her dying experience, written by her husband, has come to hand, which we hope to give next month.

THE LATE MR HAMBLIN.—BROTHER

BANKS.—Our venerable brother Joseph Hamblin, pastor of the church meeting at Bethesda Chapel, Orpington, and formerly of East-street, Walworth, exchanged worlds on Tuesday, August 27th, 1867, aged 71; and was buried at the Baptist chapel burial-ground, Fooks Cray, Kent, on September 3rd, once the scene of his labours. He died in a full and certain hope of a glorious immortality. The respected pastor of Sutton-at-Hone, Mr. Neville, officiated. Our brother Whittle and many weeping friends were there, including your humble servant, SAMUEL JONES.

WHAT IS WANTED IN LONDON.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS**—It is a common proverb among ministers, that if the Lord has work for a man to do, He will be sure to open a door for him. This I have found true. The Lord has opened several doors for me, and from the tokens of satisfaction I have received, I believe my ministry was acceptable. Last year I travelled 3,500 miles in preaching the Gospel, which infringed upon my hours of business, having been for eighteen years in a very large house. I should be glad to supply Churches in London. I should like a more extensive sphere of labour, where I might be instrumental in gathering in those of the elect that are still hidden in the ruins of the fall. My doctrinal views are entirely of a free-grace character. Dear Brother Banks, we do want in London a more awakening ministry. Many of our churches are in a very drowsy condition; they are slumbering for want of an alarm being sounded in God's holy mountain; and while it is important that God's people should be comforted, it is equally important that sinners should be awakened; or how can we expect additions to our churches? I pray the Lord to bless your endeavours for the furtherance of His Gospel, and that the latter days of your ministry may be the most fruitful; that as you grow older in years you may grow in grace, and in a deeper knowledge and more experimental acquaintance with Him whom to know is life eternal.—Yours in the Gospel, P. D.

[We will give our brother's address to any church requiring an intelligent and earnest minister. There are great efforts making for the benefit of London's large family now; nor is it all in vain; but if all pastors and preachers, if all deacons and members, if all Christians who hold, and love, and live the precious Gospel of Jesus Christ, could become united in heart and in action for the extension of the Gospel, and for the ingathering of souls, they might be "terrible as an army with banners." Instead of this, however, the jealous jarrings of nearly all sections, weakens, and hinders our progress. We weep over this, and over other evils. But "until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high," a wilderness and a desert state will be our lot.—Ed.]

Memorials of Departed Friends.

WE noticed last month the death of MR. JOHN CARR, a deacon at the Surrey Tabernacle, and a Christian brother, esteemed and beloved by many thousands in London, and in different parts of this country. The bereaved family have kindly sent us a memorial card, of which the following is a copy :—

In affectionate remembrance of Mr. John Carr, late of Wickham terrace, New Cross, who departed this life September 19th, 1867, aged fifty-six years.—“ Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.”—Psalm cxvi. 15.

A discourse, full of solemnity and of experimental elucidation, was preached by MR. JAMES WELLS, which is published, and bears the following title :—“ Final Victory : A Sermon preached on Sunday evening, September 29th, 1867, by Mr. J. Wells ; being a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Mr. John Carr,” &c.

We all feel—at least, we especially feel—we have lost a real friend in the death of Mr. John Carr. It is but a twelvemonth since he presided over a public meeting on behalf of a new chapel for Bethnal green ; and all then present were encouraged and delighted at the cheerful, benevolent, and truly Christian spirit manifested by him. But his zealous labours for the extension of the Redeemer’s Kingdom are exchanged for the presence and the praises of that Lord Jesus Christ, whose Person he adored, and whose salvation he enjoyed.

There—God, his King and portion,
(In fulness of His grace,)
He doth behold for ever—
And worships face to face.

It falleth not to our lot to write a memoir of Mr John Carr ; that is briefly included in the sermon which forms No. 464 of *Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*, and which will be treasured up in many a home and in many a heart. Our readers, who do not see the sermon, will be glad to read Mr. Wells’s account of the closing scenes of the good man’s earthly career. After referring to the twenty-eight years’ knowledge he had had of Mr. Carr, Mr. Wells said :—“ In the beginning of August our brother went into the country, hoping that it would revive his health, but it did not. And when he returned, I thought within my own mind, Well, now is coming what I have been looking for. That affliction under which he has laboured certainly must terminate very soon in death. He did not think so. Well, when this affliction came on, he was rather low in his mind, and he could not realize the Lord’s presence, nor his interest in his love. And when you come into affliction so serious as that, with such feelings as those, and such fears, it is very solemn. Well, I visited him first—went and prayed with him ; but I do not think it did him any good. The moment was not yet come. But eight days before he died, one of our deacons visited him ; and he himself—our departed brother—made sure it was his last day ; and I being informed of the same, acted accordingly. Some of you will recol-

lect the Wednesday evening, eight days before his death, when, after hearing that he could not last many hours, one of our deacons saw him ; and the peace, the love, the joy, the light, the dignity, the glory, the happiness, were all that an angel could desire. Not a shadow of a fear. He made sure then that he was dying ; called his family together, and spoke to them rather as though he was going a journey to some other part of the earth, than as though he was going out of this world, never to return to it again ; and blessed his children in the name of the Lord, and made sure he was dying. But the Lord spared him eight days after this, and he got a little lower again—a little of the joy left him. I saw him on the Wednesday morning, the day of our anniversary, and I felt in my own mind then it would be the last time that I should see him. I conversed with him and prayed with him, and in praying with him I felt myself pretty near to the gate of heaven, pretty near to the Lord—there was a loftiness, a power, and a savour. When I left him, he took hold of my hand as though he did not wish to let go of it again. He seemed in holding my hand and bidding me farewell ; he seemed to recollect, as it were, almost in a moment the way in which he met with me, the way in which he was brought among us, how he has been among us, how useful he has been, how he has been respected, and how he has respected the people, and the place, and every thing pertaining to it. And then there were some hymns—the two hymns we have sung this evening and the other we shall sing ;—they were chosen at the request of the family. He repeated some of these lines, and sang them too, a few hours before he died, and with great emphasis :—

“ I'll raise my fainting voice and say,
Let grace triumphant reign.”

And so the other we sang as well :—

“ O happy saints, that dwell in light !”

and the one with which we shall close presently—the 69th Hymn, three verses of which he sang a few hours before his death. Now the Lord was pleased thus to bless him, and to bless, very much bless, the visit of one of the deacons to him. And to the last day he continued in this happy state of mind. He spake of the covenant in which he was interested ; he spake of the Rock, and of his belief that he was on the rock ; he spake of Christ's work in the completeness of it, and felt sure that that work was his—was imputed to him, and that he wanted nothing altered, but was perfectly satisfied. He died a happy man ! My hearer, you may depend upon it the nearer you are to God the happier you will live, and the nearer you are to him the happier you will die. So then, not that we should have been at all doubtful of his state had he not been thus favoured in his last hours—we should have been perfectly satisfied that he was a Christian, and that he was now in the presence of the Lord—still it is, at the same time, very pleasing, and very encouraging to see the children of God in their last hours so honoured and so favoured, it is a sweet thought that — ‘ all is settled.’ And happy the man that can say,—‘ And my soul approves it well.’”

Thus we have recorded a short notice of one whom we shall ever remember with feelings most grateful and sincere. Friends have assured us that such a crowded congregation has never before filled that immense

building—the New Surrey Tabernacle—to listen to that most impressive sermon, of which our extract forms a part.

On Thursday, Sept. 26, 1867, Mr. Carr was interred at Nunhead Cemetery. There were not less, we should think, than between five and six hundred persons present on the occasion, most being suitably attired. In the mourning coaches, after the relations, were the whole of the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle. Among the friends on the ground we noticed Mr. Timothy Baugh, C. W. Banks, William Flack, Henry Hanks, Mr. Comfort, Sir John Thwaites, and representatives from most of the London Strict Baptist churches. It was found impossible for one-fourth to find even standing room in the small chapel, Mr. Wells, therefore, gave the address at the grave in the open air. At the wish of the widow, the body was taken into the chapel, where Mr. Wells read a few verses and offered prayer; the corpse was then taken to the grave, and having been laid in its last resting-place, Mr. Wells delivered a very impressive address, of which the following is the substance:—

We are not on this occasion, solemn as it is, called upon to sorrow as those that are without hope. Our brother died in faith, in the perfection that is in Christ, and in Gospel uprightness; and his end was a peace that passeth all understanding; and as we can enter heaven only by the truth of God, and as we cannot either live in the Lord or die in the Lord but by the *truth* of God, and as the God of truth has engaged to guide his people into all truth, it will well become the present occasion to note what the doctrines were in which the Old and New Testament saints died.

Shall we begin with the patriarch Jacob? We see in the 28th of Genesis what yea and amen promises were there and then given to him. They were in substance the same that had been before given to Abraham and Isaac, all summed up in this form—"In blessing I will bless thee." Abraham called, and others left; Isaac constituted a child of promise, and Ishmael cast out; Jacob loved, and others, even his own brother, not loved. Jacob well knew that the redemption of Christ was a sure, unconditional, and infallible redemption from *all* evil; so he saith, "The angel which redeemed me from all evil." And he saw in the promise given unto him eternal salvation; so he saith, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Jehovah." So that Jacob, like all the Old Testament saints, and New Testament saints too, died what, in modern phrase, would be called a High—very High—Calvinist; and so lived and so died the departed. And who is there among you who would not desire, above all things, to live this life of faith, and die this safe and happy death of the righteous, that your ultimate reward may be like his?

Again: What were the testimonies in which Moses died? When he fell asleep in the Lord, "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." What then, I say, were the spirit and order of things in which Moses died? Can we not gather from his own words; and will not those words show us that he died in the spirit of free and reigning grace? Does he not testify that God, in his eternity, was his refuge; that eternal powers were his support; that God should thrust out the enemy, namely, sin, Satan, and death, and all pertaining thereto, and that he would destroy the same; and that the consequences of this should be,

that (*true*) Israel should dwell beyond the reach of the enemy, in a land of corn and wine, with heavens refreshing as the dew; that they should be happy and victorious, and every enemy for ever silenced? Doth not Moses say of Jesus Christ that he is a rock, and that his work is perfect? And so Moses died what is called a High Calvinist. And Jacob and Moses, who were one in spirit on earth, are now both in the Kingdom of Glory.

And of David it is written, "he died full of days, riches, and honour." And whatever reference this may have to his temporal position, it has a much weightier meaning when taken spiritually. His soul was filled with the days of eternity, the riches of God's grace, and the honour of being accepted of God; and his was a good old age, because he was found in the way of that righteousness which is by faith, and in which faith and righteousness the Apostle Paul above all things desired to be found. He died in the Lord by the belief of the truth. And what was the truth or doctrine in which King David died? Will not the 23rd of 2nd Samuel show us the doctrine in which he died? Was it not in the knowledge, in the belief of, and supreme love to, an everlasting and sure covenant? And did he not find in this doctrine of the covenant all his salvation, and all his desire? And though it may not seem to flourish, he knew it could not fail; he knew (as we see by 110th Psalm) that Christ's priesthood was eternal, and that the oath of God was immutable; and easily may it be shown that all the prophets held, and lived in, and of course died in these same testimonies. Our faith in Christ is mere fancy and delusion if we do not believe God's truth concerning Him, so that all liars concerning Him are to have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. Is this a light matter? Remember, we are to come to the law of faith, and to the testimony of Christ; and if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them. Is it not then the weightiest of questions whether we are so living the spiritual life of the righteous—whether we are so living in the faith and in the truth—that we shall die in the same faith, in the same doctrine as did Jacob, Moses, and David, yea, all the old Testament saints; these all died in the faith of the yea and amen promises; they did not receive the promises in the actual fulfilment of them, but saw them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them. These promises were the lamps of heaven hung out by a Divine hand, and lighted up their path all the way to the better country; and thus were they led in a straight way wherein they did not stumble. May it be our happy lot—in the same Spirit, in the same faith, in the same doctrine, to follow in the same footsteps, and so come to the same happy end. I need not stay to show that the Apostle Paul fought a good fight in contending for this Gospel; that by this same faith and order he finished his course, and from hence he knew the victory and the crown were sure; and this faith is sure to have, through the lives of its possessors, all those works that shall adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour; this same faith, these same eternal truths by which God dwells with men. It was the Lord's presence in this order of things that so made the face of Stephen shine, and that made his death so happy. It was this saving order of things which made Simeon pray to depart. He knew Jesus Christ, and he knew what was truth concerning him. And now, in conclusion, what were the doctrines in which the

Saviour Himself lived and died? Did not the angel say of Him that He should reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end. Let this be the text of the doctrines in which He lived and died. And is it a light thing to differ from Him? How can we walk with Him if we are not agreed? And did He not bring his disciples into entire agreement with Himself? Did He not say, "I have given them the words" (that is, the doctrines) "which thou gavest me, and they have received them?" And it was by the truth of these doctrines that they were to be sanctified; "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." And doth not the whole of the 17th of John show in what doctrines the Saviour lived and died? and herein and hereby it is that He and His people are one—here it is that it is so good for brethren to dwell together in unity. And did He not die saying, "It is *finished*?" Does not this sum up the whole? and are not all His people hereby complete in Him?—the purpose accomplished, the iniquity pardoned, and grace and glory, called the double, all settled and secured? And was He not brought again from the dead by the blood of the everlasting Covenant? It is, therefore, a Covenant of eternal life. And is not this the Covenant unto Him, that his remotest posterity shall know and hold the same words or doctrines?

And thus the Saviour and the saved sinner are included in the same Covenant, and after the order of the same shall be together for ever glorified. Let then our solemn prayer be for the God of truth to guide us into all truth, that we may escape the delusions of the great deceiver of souls, and see at the last the face of God with joy, when his voice breaks up the tombs—to us may it be to eternal life. But do not forget that Gospel truth, and that alone, can set you free, or form and fit you for that eternal world.

At the close of Mr. Wells's address Mr. Butt read, and the friends sang a hymn; Mr. Wells offered a few words in prayer, and the service closed.

A REMEMBRANCE OF AN INTERVIEW WITH A BROTHER DEACON.

THE Lord deals variously with his people in death as well as in life. He has ordained them to an inheritance to which by his mercy they must come. These feelings were in my mind, when on Friday Sept. the 6th, I visited my friend and colleague, Mr. J. Carr. On entering his room he said, "I am so prostrate that I cannot talk with you this evening." I just reminded him of a few Scriptures and engaged in prayer and left him. On the following Monday, I saw him, and this was indeed a solemn interview. His mind was dark, but being left alone we entered into some very close matters respecting his state.

"How are matters with you now, do you feel that all is settled, and that your soul approves it well?" A pause followed.

"I cannot say now that I feel that it is so."

"Do you, my friend, think that the Lord will at last cast you away?"

"I hope not. But there is a conflict within."

"Well, you have met with the people of God, and it has been your delight?"

"Yes, I can say, 'I have loved the habitation of thine house.' O that I could feel now the preciousness of the things of eternity!"

Pressing my remarks still further, I said, "Do you think that at the last great day, our God will say, 'Depart from me, I never knew you?'"

This led to a pause, when he said, "*No! He will not.*"

After some further conversation, we united in prayer, and felt that the Lord was in our midst; yea, indeed, it was a season long to be remembered.

On Wednesday, Sept. the 9th, I saw him again, and found his darkness was gone. After we talked of the way the Lord had led us; of the afflictions through which He had brought us; and of the very many mercies we had received from His hands; he said, "I am dying; I could never have thought death could have been so easy; my fears are all gone, I can leave everything now in the Lord's hands."

I said, "Have you any message to the Church?" His reply was, "Tell them I am resting entirely on the work of the Lord Jesus Christ; for He is to me everything now! O, the love of Christ how precious! I have never had to regret anything I have done for the service of the Lord. How great His love is to me!"

Then alluding to our anniversary, he said, "I am glad the cause of the poor is to be advocated on that day. The Lord has done wonders for us. Four years ago who would have thought it!"

He wept; he sang; he rejoiced. The whole of his family were present on this occasion; and after some further conversation upon the certainties of the Gospel, we went to prayer, and a holy season it was. After a close friendship of more than twenty years we took a farewell of each other, till we meet where sorrow and parting cannot be known. To the wonder of us all, he lived eight days after this, and bore further testimony of the faithfulness of that God who had loved him from all eternity, and brought him right at last.

E. B.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. JOHN CARR,

OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE, WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS' ARMS, SEPT. 19, 1867.

M ost holy God, thy ways are true and just,
R ighteous art thou, in Thee we put our
trust;

J oin all our powers to praise the sacred
name

O f him who loves, and ever loves, the same,
H ere we are called a brother dear to mourn,
N or would we wish he could to us return.

C hosen in Jesus long ere time begun,
A nd called in time the Christian's race to
run—

R edeemed from sin, by Christ's atoning
blood,

R egenerate by the Spirit of our God.

S alvation was his great and glorious
theme;

U nited was his heart to that grand scheme;
R ejoicing in the truths the Gospel brought,
R ejecting all that *other* gospels taught;

E nduring much — when faint pursuing
still;

Y et now he sees 'twas all his Father's will.

T hus, though we mourn, and feel the
stroke severe,

A nd friends surviving shed the falling
tear;

B e this our solace—this a healing balm—
E nthroned above he sits, secure from harm,

R esounding forth the praises of his Lord.
N o sickness there—no pestilence—no
sword;

A ll is one scene of lasting joy and rest;
C almed are his fears, no doubts disturb his
breast;

L ost is his faith in sight, in that blest land
E ternal pleasures his, at God's right hand.

Forest Hill.

J. C. G.

THE LATE RECTOR OF OPENSHAW.

SINCE we have known Manchester, three men of great power in the Gospel have been removed from it—MR. WILLIAM NUNN, MR. WILLIAM GADSEY, and now MR. WILLIAM PARKS—whose departure from this world of sorrow is expressed in the following memorial card, which has been forwarded to us :—

In affectionate remembrance of the Rev. William Parks, B.A., rector of St. Barnabas' Church, Openshaw, near Manchester, who died on the 2nd. instant, in the 58th year of his age, and was this day interred at the church in which he has laboured for the past twenty-four years.—
 "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."
 —John xiii. 7.

Fairfield, 8th October, 1867.

We once spent a short time in converse with this now departed saint. His decision for the truth of the Gospel could hardly be exceeded; while his benevolent heart was ever ready to sympathise with the Lord's people in their afflictions, trials, and sorrows.

He was a most indefatigable labourer in the Lord's vineyard. We fear his studies and exertions in the cause of truth were too much for his mental powers. He is gone to his rest; he has received his reward. His spirit has joyfully associated herself with millions of the glorified in heaven; while ALL UNITE in looking upon, and ascribing majesty and honour to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever." But what that is we know not now. In our little "CHEERING WORDS" for November, we have given part of Mr. Parks's last epistle to his bereaved flock. We believe it will be found very comforting to all who know experimentally the value of the Gospel of Christ in its saving and meetening power.

 THE DEATH OF AN AGED PILGRIM.

WHO HAD BEEN AN INMATE OF THE ASYLUM AT CAMBERWELL FOR UPWARDS OF THIRTEEN YEARS, AND A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE FROM ITS FORMATION.

JUDITH GREGORY said to Mr. James Wells one Sabbath day, "Does Mr. Upton preach the truth?"

Mr. Wells, knowing her character from her conversation in the factory at Chelsea, said, "*You are an ungodly woman.* What do you want with the truth? If you live and die as you are, you will be lost."

The words took hold of her, were applied by the Holy Spirit with divine and saving power; her conversation was changed, and the people in the factory said, "Why, Gregory has turned Methodist!"

When Mr. Wells began to speak in the name of the Lord, she became one of his hearers, and was one of the number who formed the Church in Princes place, Westminster.

She worked as long as she was able for her living. When her strength began to fail, the Church with the Pilgrims' pension, supported her the remainder of her days. For the last six months, she has been confined to her bed; and, at times, has been deeply tried in her mind about the reality of her religion, though in her darkest moments she

would often allude to the way and manner in which she was led to see and feel her lost condition as a sinner and when, through age and infirmity, she could not reach the Tabernacle, and meet in the assembly of the saints as in past days, she would sigh. A few weeks before her death, one Lord's day afternoon when visiting her, she said, "O, that I could hear that blessed man of God, through his instrumentality I was made to feel my sad state, and often my soul has been encouraged while in the house of prayer."

"Do you think so," said I, "after all the reproaches that have been cast upon him that he is a servant of God?" "I don't think so, but I am sure that he is, and that God raised him up for a great work. I am a monument of mercy; hitherto the Lord hath helped me. I do love his precious name. O, that I could feel more of His presence, my mind is so dark at times; many doubts, many fears, many rebellions, but I know that he can save to the uttermost."

"No voice but Thine can give me rest,
And bid my fear depart;
No love but Thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart."

As her end drew near, the clouds began to disperse, light broke in, and she felt that the mercy of the Lord was from everlasting. On Monday, October 7, she fell asleep in Jesus.

The friends at the Surrey Tabernacle, having taken care of her in her life-time, deposited her remains at Nunhead cemetery on the following Friday. Mr. Wells delivered an address at the grave to those who had come to pay the last tribute of respect, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. E. B.

MRS. JOHN BRETT.—This spiritual and valuable partner of John Brett (whose labours in the ministry at Sudbourne, in Suffolk, and in many other places, have been noticed in this publication), departed recently, at Hutton, near Hounslow. We cannot possibly, this month, give the letters which her husband has given us; but we will (D.V.) as early as possible.

Solemn Question in Death.

[WE have ever been ready to plead the cause of the poor, perhaps it is because the really poor best know what it is to be poor. Be that as it may, we willingly obey the request of our brother Benjamin Taylor to give the following:]

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I send you a letter which I received from a sister in Christ, a widow indeed, a woman of great faith and prayer, eminent for consistency of walk, and godliness of life. I have known her for many years as one of the most tried ones among the Lord's living family. Her letter speaks for itself, and may I beg the insertion of it in the EARTHEN VESSEL, for the perusal of others who may be suffering in the furnace of tribulation? I deeply feel for our sister in

her trying circumstances ; and should rejoice if any of the kind readers of the *VESSEL* would contribute a small mite as a token of their Christian affection to one that is in every sense of the word worthy of their notice. I rejoice to find that a lady, a lover of the truth as it is in Jesus, has, through the insertion of a former letter in the *VESSEL*, manifested such kindness. This deed will not be forgotten by Him who "gathers the lambs in His arms, and carries them in His bosom." Poor as I am, I shall have great pleasure to set the wheel in motion by contributing for my own part 2s. 6d. towards helping a needy one.

Pulham St. Mary, Oct 9th, 1867.

B. TAYLOR.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—The Lord has put me into deep waters ; I have had one wave upon another for this last two years, but blessed be my God it has not been all sorrow. I have been blessed with great joy ; my loving Father has Himself mixed the sweet with the bitter. I told you in my last I had one dear girl in a very sad way for the last month. She has been much worse but seems better. Last Friday week got up to dinner and tea, and was so cheerful she evengot to a chair alone, and exclaimed, "Safely landed once more." She got to bed about 7 o'clock ; but about 12 she had another attack of sickness. It did not last long ; she seemed to go to sleep. About 6 her sister asked her if she would have a cup of tea, but this time she said, "No, thank you." She asked her if she would take her medicine ; she said, "Yes, please." After that she lay so quiet, I thought she must have been asleep. Once or twice she opened her eyes, and made an effort to speak, but was not able. My dear brother, my dear girl from the time of her birth to her death, has never given me a moment's uneasiness as to outward conduct ; always punctual in all her actions. I can say in my heart before God, I never remember her telling a falsehood ; and if she found any one telling a lie, she would tell them the consequence. I cannot tell when a change of heart took place, but I believe her brother's death made a great impression on her mind. She would frequently take her Bible, and ponder over it, and very much enjoyed Huntington's "Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer." I think she was in one respect like young Timothy ; "knew the Holy Scriptures from a child." She was only four years and nineteen days old, when she had read the Old and New Testament through, and her father gave her a new Bible as a reward. I can say respecting my late husband ; "the memory of the just is blessed." I said to her during her affliction, "My dear child, I should like to know the state of your mind, as to the prospects of eternity. Are you respecting it, happy ? "Yes," she would say, "perfectly happy." I said to her one day, "Charlotte, my dear girl, do you feel yourself a sinner in the eyes of a holy and just God ? do you feel your interest in Christ ? are you happy in Him ?" She would say, "Yes." I said to her a few days before she died, "Charlotte, my dear, are you still resting on Christ, for salvation ?" "Yes, mother ; but it seems you won't believe me." I said, "Yes, my dear, I will, but I am so anxious about you." The week before she died, her sister Martha read one of Mr. Wells's sermons to her, and she said "that was good," and said to her sister Martha, if she was to take that sermon over the way (meaning the Wesleyan chapel,) they would fling it out of the pulpit. At another time, her sister Hephzibah said to her, "Charlotte, is your mind easy ?"

and she said "Yes, quite;" and her sister replied, "If you are resting on Christ, that will be easy." She said again, "I will read the Psalm that I got comfort from;" it was the fifty-first psalm, and these were the words, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord;" but I do not remember she said anything, she was a very little talker. She would answer all questions very satisfactorily; I believe she was a deep thinker; and there is a blessed portion for them that thought upon His name. I could not perceive any outward conflict; she was quietly resting on Jesus. One more thing I will notice respecting my dear girl. When her sisters were baptized in June she seemed very low in spirit; I tried to comfort her, and said, "If it should please God you should get better you must go to Sudbourne, and if you wish it Mr. Large will baptize you;" she seemed pleased, and said "Do you think so? but I shall not be able." I said, "The will of the Lord be done." She said, "Yes, mother." "Then" I said "you are willing either to live or die?" and her answer was, "Yes." Always so calm and so happy; not a murmur, nor the least impatience manifested. My dear brother, you may not feel so confident as I do respecting the state of my dear child. I have had to travail in soul for her; and the Lord has given me such comforting promises in my own soul, such sweet answers of peace, that I cannot doubt it. I have had days and nights of agonizing prayer, and wrestling with my God, and He has answered me to my soul's comfort. Yes, I will maintain my hold, 'tis Thy goodness makes me bold; yes, there is nothing to hinder us coming boldly to Him who is our all, and in all our troubles He is our stronghold. I have had deep and sore trials, and sore afflictions and bereavements. Buried my only son, had all dear children laid on a bed of suffering, my affliction in breaking my leg, and now another dear girl laid in her last resting place, all in twelve months and a few days, and can I say aught to these things? no, God forbid; I can say with sweet submission, "Father, Thy will be done." My dear brother, a singular providence took place yesterday as I sat writing; a lady, a lover of truth, a member of Mount Zion, Barking road, Essex, came down to see a friend; and seeing your letter you so kindly put in the VESSEL concerning my dear boy, she thought she would call and see me; and a more warm-hearted lover of the truth I have not found for years, her visit did indeed comfort my poor disconsolate heart. I told her I was writing to a dear friend of mine, a minister at Pulham St. Mary, to tell of my great loss, and she experienced a great wish to have it put in the VESSEL. She administered to my temporal need, blessed me in the name of the Lord, and left me; promised to call and see me if ever she came down in the country again. My dear brother, I shall ever have to bless the Lord for the kindness of Mr. Large, and the Sudbourne friends. They collected between them 30s. and Mr. Cutts, of Leiston, one of Aldringham deacons, 1s. 9d., for which I felt truly grateful. They likewise would like to see it in the VESSEL; these kind providential deliverances open up to my mind a passage of Scripture I had brought to my mind, "I will cover thy head in the day of battle." We laid the remains of my beloved child by the side of her dear father and brother, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, at the early age of twenty. My Christian love to Mrs. T., and yourself.—Yours in Christ,

S. MASON.

“The Morning Star,” and What they Say.

“Trust not yourself, but your defects to know
Make use of every friend and every foe.”

School Maxims.

A PIQUANT scribe in *The Evening Star* newspaper, who labels himself “JAQUES,” gave his liberality an airing in a late issue of that respectable journal in this fashion. He first recites the well-known fable, ascribed to Benjamin Franklin, of the patriarch Abraham and the fire worshipper, which he naively suggests ought at least to be in the Apocrypha; meaning, one may suppose, that it would not be out of place in the Gospels. He then asks, “How does the reproof suit us in the nineteenth century?” The compositor must have made a mistake when he set this up in the interrogative form, instead of printing it in bold type as an indignant exclamation, for as such our censor Jaques certainly intended it. He thus proceeds: “Here is a case in point which I found, I who am an unwise *helluo librorum*, a devourer of many kinds of literature—in the EARTHEN VESSEL, or some such godly tractate, in a letter to brother Buttery (what a name!) from the local preacher of Jireh chapel: ‘According to invitation I visited the cause, and gave them a Sabbath. Found a kind-hearted but poor people, with a neat but well-built chapel, for which they have to pay to a building society a monthly subscription, an excellent plan to obtain a freehold chapel. There was an open air service at Capel, a few miles from Ipswich, where we enjoyed the Master’s presence. I found it good to be there. But alas! alas! in the pretty village of East B——, there is a nunnery, which puts a damper on one’s spirits. O ye Baptists, arise and serve a little Baptist cause. Subscriptions received by Samuel —— 40, —— street, London.’ We are not at all partial to nuns, but surely brother Samuel needs much of the spirit of the apologue above” (viz. Franklin’s fable, or as he called it, a parable of Abraham’s ungracious ejection of the fire worshipper.) “In the midst of his own religious enjoyments he experiences a damper because a few Christian ladies wish in the same little village to worship God their own way. Another brother also feels that it ‘damps our very souls to find Satan’s kingdom carrying all before it in the world and in the church.’ Surely this is too general a condemnation.”

It can hardly be necessary to say for the information of Jaques, who as an *omnium gatherum* does not disdain to seek pickings even in the EARTHEN VESSEL and godly tractates in general, that we have no illwill for nuns, but we have a mortal antipathy for nunneries and for all the crafty inventions of that soul-enslaving system which has damped the spirits and burnt the bodies of thousands of God’s best servants, and humanity’s brightest ornaments. We think better of Abraham than to believe he would have refused food and needed hospitality to the blindest idolater who asked him for relief; neither would we. Firm as we are in our own faith, exclusiveness is not an article of our creed; we desire the good of all men not excepting even the Pope. We would not deny to the papists any civil or political right of citizenship; we would not deny them all the liberty to “worship God their own way” which we claim for ourselves, but, passing by its theological dogmas, dangerous

blasphemous errors we count many of them to be, we abhor popery because of its intolerance, its barbarous exterminating principle and spirit, which, having the power, never ceases to torture and slay unless its domination over mind and conscience is endured with unquestioning submission.

Questions of faith or opinion we refer to the arena of polemics, where we will use no weapons but the sword of the Spirit. 'Tis there true English Protestantism fights all its theoretical battles. Popery on the contrary grasps the thunders of heaven, the sword of the magistrate and jailorship of Tophet to frighten, to ruin, to destroy. Paganism grew sick at the sight of the Christian blood it had shed; Mohamedanism, whose stern alternative was the alcoran or the scimitar, has begun to doubt the policy of its course, and its governments are gradually discovering that the state authority should be exercised for the protection of its subjects, their persons and property, whether they follow the standard of the Crescent or the Cross. Everywhere else the softening influences diffused by the doctrine of Jesus who "did no violence neither was any deceit in his mouth," (Is. liii.), whose advent was inaugurated by angelic choristers singing, "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men;" give some signs of progress. Despité atrocious exceptions which thrill and shame us, we are sanguine enough to believe an ameliorating process is at work, and that mankind are coming slowly but surely to acknowledge a common brotherhood and common rights. Rome alone remains imperious, bitter, unchanged, and unchangeable. There is a maudlin charity which dreams of improvement in that quarter. To such charity history is a label or a blank. We cannot accept the flattering fallacy. Popery through all its trumpets declares itself to be infallible, the same through all time; the same now as when it butchered the Huguenots and Waldenses; as when it persecuted to the death good men who renounced its pernicious heresies in our own country. In England, in the presence of an open Bible and a few at least who believe the Bible and the faithful records of later times Popery is wondrously civil and liberal, but in Spain and other countries where it can use its teeth, it fully sustains its claim to unchangeableness. What right then have we to give its head centre and princely officials the lie direct, and insist that like other human systems its temper is capable of modification and is brought into harmony with altered times? We will not be guilty of such an insult. We should never think of interfering with the few Christian ladies in the village of East B——, who wish to worship God in their own way, in a nunnery, but we wish their number to be fewer, and their feet led into a more excellent way. We do not conclude that all cloistered sisterhoods are as bad as some we have heard of, we should be sorry to doubt that many of them are better than their superiors, and that they are innocent tools in the hands of a designing clique whose arms are power, pomp, riches, and luxury. We agree with Young that "A Christian is the highest style of man." We believe also that pure civilization is directly or indirectly the fruit of evangelical faith, but we revolt from the idea of a man or a nation becoming sincerely religious by any compulsion save that of the Father of spirits, to whom every one must give an account of himself of what he believes and of what he does. If popery were as true in its teaching as we deem it false, its encroachments on human liberty, and its practice of a divine prerogative, would

stamp it anti-Christian, and justify us in ascribing to it all the characteristics of Babylon the great, the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth. She is intriguing and struggling for precedence in these realms to punish us for our foolish dalliances with the sorceress, and to make her destruction more striking she may have a temporary triumph, but we are confident of the result. "Her plagues shall come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine, and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her," Rev. xviii. 8.

We complain not of the animadversions of Jaques; there is no apparent bitterness in them; but should he look this way again we would have him to know that the sight of a nunnery is disagreeable to us because of its associations. Writers to the *VESSEL* may be the wiser for his criticism. They will know that they are under inspection, and they must so write as not to be misunderstood. It is well for us sometimes to climb on another's stand-point and look at ourselves through others' eyes. But stand where we may we shall never see a nunnery, a monastery, or a mass-house, without a pressure of regret that such nests of priestly mischief continue to blur the face of our once Protestant England.

Blackheath.

T. J.

The Great Rock of Offence.

SUCH, in thousands of instances, is baptism by immersion; the baptism of the New Testament, the baptism which our Lord Jesus Christ demanded of John the Baptist, the baptism of the day of Pentecost, and the baptism connected with believing the Gospel here, and with salvation hereafter. That the baptism of believers by immersion into water previous to their being added to the church is an ordinance enjoined by Jesus, practised by His apostles, and well-pleasing in the sight of God, is beyond all question with those who are enlightened by the Holy Spirit to see its mode and meaning, as recorded in the only book of appeal. That thousands of the saved ones do not so see it, we are ready to admit; that salvation is not confined to its observance, we know full well; and that multitudes believe it to be right, yet never submit to it, we are as firmly persuaded. Nevertheless, unto us, who do see it, who heartily believe it, who have embraced it, and who are authorised to baptize all who come in faith, with true repentance, and for fellowship in the church, unto us, it belongeth to be faithful in this practical part of the Gospel ministry; and while we have ten thousand sins to mourn over, while we can esteem every good man in grace, in Christ, in gifts, and in devotion to God, as being better than ourselves, yet, in this we rejoice that none of the changings, or censures, or reproaches, or arguments, of any, and of all such men as Mr. Thomas Edwards, and the party to which he has found it convenient to unite himself, has ever moved us an inch, nor shaken us for one moment. Therefore, in our humble way, we hold on, and grieve not because on account thereof we are called to suffer the loss of many friends, and to be circumscribed in the extent of apparent success. There is a large and

intelligent body of Christian men in this land, and in other evangelized nations, who are quite prepared to answer either Mr. Wilcockson's "Twelve Questions," or Mr. Thomas Edwards's weak, and simple, and contradictory assumption; and because there are many who are sincerely asking "THE WAY TO ZION, with their faces thitherward," we shall, the Lord willing, issue, as fast as possible, some of the able letters which Mr. Thomas Edwards's letter has (instrumentally) produced. Our brethren Thrift, of King's Cross; Thomas Corby, of Sharnbrook, and others, have written manfully, instructively, and to the point. As these letters appear in our pages, we ask our friends to see to it, that opportunity is given to all around them, to read them, praying that the Lord may overrule this attack upon us for the accomplishment of much good, not only in the day in which we live; but as the volumes of the EARTHEN VESSEL will continue for generations after we have passed away, so, we trust, that what is now written and published in defence of this most sacred and symbolical ordinance, may be rendered useful to our children's children for a long time to come.

A Christian gentleman in Kent has written, and we have printed, and published a penny pamphlet, bearing the following title:

"Unto what, then, were you baptized?" A reply to a letter addressed to the editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, by Mr. Thomas Edwards, on the subject of Baptism, by Elihu. Being a supplementary number to THE EARTHEN VESSEL. London: Published at 4, Crane Court, Fleet Street. Price one penny.

We will only give the first paragraph in this pamphlet now. The writer's spirit and power may be seen herein. He says:—

"When we behold the turning away from the "faith which was once delivered to the saints," which said "faith" was not to be altered, added unto, or taken from while time shall last; when such departures are continually taking place, we may well ask with St. Paul, "Unto what then were you baptized?" Was it because you read of baptism in the Holy Scripture's? Was it because you thought it right? Was it because you thought it an act of obedience, or because others did the same? *In fine*, were you persuaded in this act by man, or did you think God would be pleased with you? If either of these reasons, or a thousand more of like import, was the cause of your baptism—that baptism was in vain. In fact, you have not been baptised at all. You may have been immersed, but that is not baptism according to Holy Scripture and the experience of every Spirit-taught man or woman; else the Mormons would have it. Thus it is that there are so many abortions in the Church of Christ, or turning back like the dog to its own vomit."

This pamphlet is worthy of universal reading; and for six stamps we will send six copies of it to any address which may be given us.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. W. PARKS, B.A., LATE OF OPENSHAW.

By WILLIAM STOKES.

It never fell to my lot to be personally acquainted with the above excellent clergyman; but I have known him for years through his varied and outspoken publications. These I never read but with interest; and on frequent occasions I much admired his manly honesty, in the assertion and defence of the old-fashioned doctrines of sovereign grace. Occasionally, his vehemence and earnestness betrayed him into

the use of expressions that many would deem coarse and vulgar, and in a few instances his exposure of error partook a little too much of scolding. But, notwithstanding these slight drawbacks, his published tracts and sermons prove him to have been no common defender of the faith "once delivered to the saints."

When, early in last year, I printed my tract on "Imputed Righteousness," I sent

him a copy at a venture, but unaccompanied with any note, as I feared it might have appeared too obtrusive on the part of a stranger. He very courteously acknowledged my little production in these words: "Dear Sir,—I was very glad to get your tract on 'Imputed Righteousness.' It is sound and excellent; but I question whether your zealous friends in my parish, for whom I perceive you officiate sometimes, would relish it. . . . You are sound and they are unsound. I trust that the Lord may bless whatever means you may adopt for spreading his truth.—I am, yours faithfully, &c." It may be proper to add, that my unsound friends in his parish never, to my knowledge, objected to the "sound doctrine," which I labour to preach wherever I go. This good man has now departed to his reward; and the great Manchester district has lost a faithful servant of Christ, who to his last made it his study, "to declare the whole counsel of God."

"I have kept the faith."—2 Tim. iv. 7.

The days are dark, and dense the gather'd gloom,
That hovers o'er yon newly-opened tomb.
A saint lies there! Soft be the gentle tread,
Nor rudely venture near the silent dead.

Let awe profound protect the grassy sod,
That shrouds the ashes of the man of God;
Sacred his life, and sacred to the close,
That ends it's labour in a sweet repose.

What though no herald pomp is sought or found,
Nor cared for, on this consecrated ground;
What though proud fashion turns with idle sneer,
From all the worth that now lies buried here.

Yet, let that fashion know, that in this grave
Sleeps one who ranked the bravest of the brave;
No frown he feared, nor threat, nor empty scorn,
Against the truth from Sovereign mercy born.

That truth he knew, and prized with holy love,
As precious far all worldly wealth above.
What bribe could tempt his bold and faithful heart,
From that dear treasure ever to depart?

Avaunt, ye crowds, who nothing know but gain,
Of "lucre" eager, and of pleasure vain.
What worth are ye, or your's, for God and Truth,
In later manhood, or in early youth?

One Parks alone your thousands would outweigh,
For solid working in this treach'rous day.
He "kept the faith" with firm and manly hold;
But ye, far meaner, nothing "keep" but gold.

Thou saint of God, here let thy dust remain,
Till thy great Saviour shall return again.
That dust is precious in his watchful eyes,
And when He comes, he'll bid that dust arise.

Thy fight is o'er, thy work is nobly done;
The conquest gained, the holy triumph won.
Peace to thy slumbers;—we our loss deplore.
But thou art now where losses are no more.

Be our's the task, like thee, "the faith to keep,"
When all around are sluggish or asleep.
Like thee, be bold for sovereign truth and love,
Till we are raised to brighter worlds above.

There at His throne, who all our sufferings bore,
Our grateful hearts shall worship and adore;
And while the hosts around His footstall fall,
We'll join the chorus, "CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL."
Manchester, October 1867.

IN MEMORY

OF OUR DEAR FATHER, MR. JOHN SAXBY,
BAPTIST MINISTER, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MARCH 10, 1867, IN THE SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

OUR father has gone to his heavenly rest,
His labours are o'er, his spirit is blest;
The transit was sudden, how glorious the scene,
Set free from a world of temptation and pain.
His greatest delight was in preaching the Word,
In expounding the Scriptures, with "thus saith the Lord."

He faithfully preached to sinners around,
And pointed them only (where mercy is found)
To Jesus, the Saviour, who died on the tree;
Was buried, but rose to set chosen ones free.
Salvation, through works, he ne'er did commend;
His theme was free grace, from beginning to end;
Poor sinners were warned, the lambs were refreshed;
His labours of love to many were blessed,
But now He hath called him His mansion to fill;
In humble submission we bow to His will.
Then farewell, dear father, thou art now free from pain,
In heaven, through grace, we shall meet thee again.

Berkhampstead.

S. SHIPTON.

HEAVEN'S CURE FOR ADAM'S SICK SONS.

By E. J. SILVERTON,

PASTOR OF TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH,
TRINITY STREET, BOROUGH.

The cure for souls is the most important cure ever made known to the public. Its value is to be measured by the eternal worth of the soul it cures. To cure the body is a great work, but to cure the soul is the greatest work heaven can engage in. The making of whole worlds is not so great a work as making souls whole. God spake worlds into being, but it cost Christ his life's blood to bring the soul to glory.

We have many doctors who attend to the person, but there is only one who can attend to the soul. The business of soul-healing is only in the hands of Jesus. He is the only person who can cure the sinner of his sin. There is no other name under heaven, and Christ is so skillful in all cases that a better soul-doctor is not needed. All who have been raised from spiritual sickness say he is the chief of ten thousand, the best friend they ever met. He is only praised by those whom he hath made whole. It is only the sick who seek him, and it is only the sick cured ones who praise him. Those who still have no faith in Christ, are near unto death, yet they, like many dying people, think they will soon be as well as other people. Oh how hard it is to make men believe they are dying creatures. The blind think they see, and the dead think they live, the sinner in his sin thinks he is as good as any saint. There is always most danger when people are ill, and yet believe they are in the best kind of health. This is the state of every sinner, till he is undeceived by the Holy Spirit. He is walking to hell and thinks he will come to heaven's gates at last. He is working against heaven, and yet thinks heaven will take him in when his work is done. He is living like a sinner of sinners, and yet hopes to die the best of saints. Sleeping sinners live near hell; there is hope for a man in a burning house if he is awake; but if he is sleeping, there is

little hope of his getting from the flames. Sinners sleep over the burning pit. But they are dreaming all is well. Now I say that Adam's sons are all sick; all have sin's fever, and yet they are not willing to be cured; they would all die to a man if the Lord did not interfere. Jehovah has sent out a great physician to heal the diseases of the soul, and this he has done, using much wisdom, inasmuch as the sons of Adam do not wish to be doctored by heaven's physician. His wisdom is seen in that he does not listen to the objections of the sinner, but applies his holy cure at once to the soul. Earth's physicians often have to say that they can do no more for this dying sick man or woman, they have done all they can to save them, but still they must die. But Christ has no incurables in his hospital, he never tells the poor soul he cannot be cured; heaven's physician cures the worst cases, it matters not how bad a man is, if the Holy Physician undertakes to cure him, he will be made clean and sound. This is a wonderful remedy, it gives sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, strength to the weak, and makes those who take it new creatures. Oh that men knew the value of this medicine; oh that they knew what a state of danger they were in; did they but see how diseased they are from the foot to the crown of the head, there would be hope for them. Let no sin sick sinner sink in despair, thinking his is too bad a case to be cured; if he is willing to take the medicine, Christ will undertake his case, and will save him. By the conduct of Jesus he seems to delight to treat the worst cases, indeed he will not treat a person at all, if he is not very bad; he must feel so sin-sick, as to think he will soon die. The glory of this divine doctor, is to heal those who were the worst of all those who were diseased by sin. He takes the devil's worst, and makes them the most healthy of all saints. The bigger the sinner the greater the saint. But no thanks to sin for a great saint; but thanks to Christ who takes the biggest sinners to make saints of. God has shewn his mercy and his wisdom in that this

holy remedy is without money and without price. Sinners get it for nothing; all that God required, Christ has given; so it is made free to the sinner, it is wine and milk without money and without price. Oh, what a bill we run to cure the body, and after all the body dies and rots away; but the soul's Physician cures for nothing, and saves it from death. Would that we were as thoughtful of our soul as we are of our body. We feed the last and starve the first; we dress the body, but if the Lord did not dress the soul it would go eternally unclothed. The Lord has said, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him. It is a mercy heaven's medicine is cheap to those who use it, had its inventor marked it at ever so low a price it would have been beyond the reach of every poor sinner; when a man is penniless, he could not buy the world if it were to be sold for the lowest price (a farthing). The sinner has not one tear of repentance to give God for his salvation, and if his salvation depended on a single tear, he has not that tear to give; by nature he is repentanceless. Bless the Lord, he cures and saves us all for nothing, he has no doctor's bill to send in; he makes no charge, all that we can ever pay him is our praise; and we receive, of heaven's remedy to do this. For we cannot sing without his grace. Now those who have been healed by the use of heaven's divine balm, are cured for ever. They are never more to be sick, they will never suffer a relapse, they cannot be as they once were, their old disease cannot come upon them, they will live in a state of health for evermore. No more spiritual sickness, no more dead in trespasses and sins, no longer a stranger to self and God; but saved and blessed with eternal salvation, never again to be under the curse of sin. It is not considered a good cure when the patient goes back to his former state. This cannot take place with the sinner, he is not cured or he is cured for ever, never to be sick again. He is healed once for all, heaven's physic not only heals all the wounds of the sick man, but it ever prevents the like sickness coming on again; it not only makes him

healthy, but it keeps him healthy. Those who have been led to try this wonderful medicine never wish to try any other. They have no mind to change doctors, they feel they can trust their lives in his hand who has raised them from the mouth of the grave. It is a great blessing to be raised from a state of weakness, to be made strong. But the blessing is double when we are put beyond the power of sickness, so that no disease can reach us. Christ cures the soul; he cures it for nothing, and he cures so well that it will never need to be cured again. Those whose eyes Jesus opened, did not die blind, and those to whom Christ gives life shall never die. Pardon once, pardoned for ever; saved once, saved for ever; loved once, loved for ever; healed once, healed for ever. This is a favour, sin is killed, and we live to the Lord. The proprietor of this remedy for sin-sick souls, has seen fit to put the medicine in the Gospel, and the Gospel in "Earthen Vessels." He uses human means to dispense his cures. Cured men are used in the cure of others. These can well tell the sick and the dying the power of this remedy. They know its efficaciousness, they have proved its value, they can speak well both of it and its maker. The Lord of heaven be praised for the success of his salvation cure for souls; we must all have been shut out from the pure and the holy, but for this healing, cleansing, curing, and saving physic, medicine from heaven. We are now washed, blessed, and sanctified, and are on our way home; our Father has told us we shall neither die nor be killed. Bless his name!

NEW BOOKS.

Our Clifton packet contains—Mr. Sears's "Little Gleaner," for October, and "The Sower," with "Clifton Sermons;" all of them full of excellent reading for Christians and Children. *The Gospel Magazine* contains a long epistle from the late Rev. W. Parks, of Openshaw, who has since been called home. *The Sword and Trowel* has articles of both kinds answering to its title, some of a critical and others of an edifying cha-

acter. We are sorry to learn Mr. Spurgeon has been a great deal hindered in his work of late by illness. He has preached occasionally; but we hope this bad cold, and all its painful consequences, will speedily pass away. *The Scattered Nation* holds on with articles of rare literary talent, and much evangelical effort. "England's Past, Present, and Future," is a large and cheap twopenny demy octavo. History and prophecy are here portrayed in a gifted and instructive medium, free from speculative extravagancies, and full of fruits, which speak more powerfully of the character and course of all erroneous principles and religious pretensions, than many volumes of high price and lofty exhibition. Mr. Westfield's "England" might, with good effect, be placed in the hands of all Sunday school boys and girls. Its influence would thereby be of incalculable benefit. Protestant teachers, Protestant masters of large firms and factories, should certainly aid the circulation of this most seasonable pamphlet. "The Dreadful Prayer Meeting" is issuing in some quarters with acceptance. We should like to see it flung by hundreds into all the omnibuses and railway carriages in the United Kingdom. It is fitted as an arrow to pierce hard and flinty hearts. We send 100 copies of it through the post for 30 stamps. It is the first number of series called, "Tracts to Tell the Truth." The second number is entitled, "*The Great Fire: or, The End of the World—What will it be?*" These two, certainly, ought to go together; there is no sentimental falsehood or flattery in either. The most awful time ever this world saw is depicted in words of wisdom, drawn from biblical, from geological, and from natural sources. It is undeniable.

We have lately received from Mr. Nichol, of Edinburgh, a volume of *Puritan Divines*, bearing the title—"Dæmonologia Sacra," by Dr. R. Gilpin. It is a book as full of Satan, of his devices, of the dangers he prepares, and of the destruction he leads many into, as it can well hold. All who read such a work, and see the plight and peril of poor fallen man in the world, will surely

(if from the great enemy they are themselves delivered, be more than ever anxious to use all means to warn the children of men, against the terrible malice and power of the great adversary of souls.

The Agonies of the Church of England; with a View of the Halfway-house between the Anglican and the Apostate Communities. Men of high and refined intellectual training; men who are not easily carried away by the false alarm of "The wolf is coming;" men who throw their thoughts well into any subject before they publicly write books and papers thereon; great and careful scholars are coming forth to warn this country of its near approach to a crisis more painful than any it has known, since the Reformation delivered us from the black doings of the deluded Papal power. The writer of "*The Agonies of the Church of England*" (who is none other than one of the Editors of *The City Press*, for in that paper, of October 12th, the article first appeared) has, in few words, shown us where the cause of all our sorrowful anticipations as regards the safety of our Throne, our Parliament, our Church, and our nation altogether, is found. The bold penny pamphlet, "*The Agonies of the Church of England*," now publishing at G. J. Stevenson's, 54, Paternoster row, will cause an excitement which must produce good results if our doom is not sealed.

Our London Baptist Churches. No. I. contains Mr. H. G. Maycock's farewell sermon, in outline, and his farewell address, in full, on leaving Hope chapel, Bethnal green. It is certainly becoming quite popular now-a-days, for ministers to resign their pastorates when their churches are enjoying prosperity. Mr. Bloomfield and Mr. Anderson took the lead in this singular line of action. Now, Mr. Maycock has done the same. We understand none of the church at Meard's court wished Mr. Bloomfield to leave; and none of the people at Deptford desired Mr. Anderson's departure; and certain it is the flock at Hope chapel had not the most distant wish that their highly-esteemed under-shepherd should forsake them. But between the two former-named

brethren and Mr. Maycock there is this difference: they (Messrs. Bloomfield and Anderson) were exclusively devoted to the ministry; Mr. Maycock is the manager of a large manufacturing business in the city; and he has conscientiously realised the fact, that a man whose mind, whose physical and mental powers are engaged the whole six days in secular enterprises, cannot fulfil the important duties of pastor and minister of a London church. We have ourselves painfully suffered from this attempted amalgamation—to serve God and Mammon; and we know, effectively, it never can be done. Before Mr. Maycock so far injured himself as to be fit for neither the city nor the Church, he has resigned a pastorate where the people loved him, and where the Lord honoured him. His printed address, in which all is clearly and affectionately explained, can be had at our offices in Crane court.

Unto What, then, Were ye Baptised? Such is the interrogatory title of the first published reply to Mr. Thomas Edwards, of Tunbridge Wells, whose letter, attempting to negative the ordinance of baptism, appeared in our pages not long since. This supplementary pamphlet can be had at J. Paul's, or our office; six copies free for six stamps. The author of this reply to Mr. Edwards, in a private note to us, says:—

“The copies of reply to Edwards are safe to hand. I do intend, with the blessing and help of my God, to circulate the whole of the copies. The 22nd and 23rd verses of the 15th chapter of the 1st book of Samuel, have, for years, been a light to my path; also, a bar to my feet, or I should, long ere now, have done as Saul did in his day, and as many in ours have done, and I fear will yet do. It is not a man's respectability or popularity is anything to me, either in the Church or out of it, in religious concerns; neither do, or can I believe that it is any account with my God, But I believe with the ancient Rutherford, “that when Christ shall bring all out in our blacks and whites; at that day when He shall cry down time and the world, and when the glory of it shall lie in white ashes, like a May flower cut down and having lost the blossom; there shall be few, yea, none, that dare make any point that toucheth the worship and hon-

our of our King and lawgiver, to be indifferent. O that this misled and blindfolded world would see, that Christ doth not rise and fall, stand or lie, by men's apprehensions.”—(Letters, pp. 11 and 12.) I am quite in harmony with the above; for I do believe that my God's ordinances are as his word, for it is a part thereof; and woe be to him who lives and dies an enemy thereto. I am able to make a difference in the case of Rutherford, and others, who may have been cradled, as it were, in the lap of ignorance and superstition; although I do not see how it is that they, as taught of God, do not in time find out their error, as Mr. Philpot, Mr. Tiptaft, and many others; but for one who hath been delivered from such mire to turn again to it, or what is the same, to turn his back on those things they once received, as they believed from heaven, it is painful to the last degree to think of. May my God ever keep you and me faithful not only to his ways, &c., but also faithful to those who turn away, not adding soft words or flattery to any of them.”

It will be seen from this extract that the writer of the pamphlet, “*Unto what then were ye baptised?*” is more zealous for “the obedience of faith” than many in this day. We have not, from any impure motive, used flattery, or soft words; but, when we have received a man as one sent of the Lord to preach His Gospel, we fear to treat him in any other way than in the “spirit of meekness.” Besides, broken bones, a broken and contrite spirit, a fear to wound and to grieve any of God's children have, for years, been our inward portion. And the wounded are not fit for war; unless the Lord fill us with the power of His Spirit, we can only do as Paul said to one of old, “For love's sake, I rather beseech thee.”

Winnowed Grain, &c. The fourth edition of this little quarto is now publishing by S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster row. It contains “Selections from the Addresses of the Rev. J. Denham Smith.” Very happy does this preacher appear in his knowledge of Jesus, in his assurance of interest in Jesus, and in his manner and spirit while speaking of Him to others. Mr. Smith, by his addresses, speaks to many thousands. When we heard him we loved him;

he was then sound and strong in the faith, and spoke like one who lived in the closest communion with the Lord. Truly, we thought, "the life he lives in the flesh is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved him, and gave Himself for him."

The book for young students of divinity is *Owen Jones's 'Church of the Living God.'* It has been laid before some of the best theological booksellers, who pronounce it a valuable and respectable volume; its printing and binding are of the best kind. We send it from our office, post free, for thirty-six stamps.

Paradise Restored, &c. Dr. John Mason's volume on "Jerusalem during the Millennium," is declared to be a perfect gem; but then, as we printed it, we will only say it has been reviewed at great length by Mr. Isaac Pegg, in his *Christian Dial*, for October; and if Anti-millenarians wish to read a cutting criticism they have it there. We have suffered so much in this sin-smitten world, and we have so anticipated the final conquests, and gloriously revealed and possessed triumphs of Jesus, that we cannot but believe Dr. John Mason, in many things, is of one mind with the Spirit and Word of the living God. Seeing so many despise these lively hopes, we wish, like the Church to say, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountains of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense." There, we sometimes wait in hope; there we often weep in sorrow; but there, we are favoured at times to say, "Master, it is good for us to be here!" And,

"If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the Fountain be!"

A Conference betwixt a Papist and a Jew, &c. Published by G. J. Stevenson. This rare old tract was first printed in 1678; the riots around Mr. Murphy's tent in Birmingham has caused its reproduction. It is a grand old discussion, and to Jew and Gentile, to Romanist and Protestant, to Ritualist, and every formalist, we commend it with all our heart.

On our table we have two sermons by Mr. James Wells. The one is headed, "Independents Wrong—

Strict Baptists Right;" the other, "What it is to be Baptised by the Holy Spirit." We believe these are out of print. If so, if we had permission, we should be inclined to make some extracts from them on another occasion.

We should be disposed to make our December VESSEL a DOUBLE NUMBER, and give some good replies which have reached us; but we cannot decide upon it yet.

The Three Graves, &c. The Narrative of the Great Oakington Commemoration has been issued by Hatfield and Tofts, of Cambridge, in a neat tract.

NOTTING-HILL.—On Tuesday, Oct. 15th, the annual meeting of the Building committee was holden in Johnson street chapel. Mr. James Wells preached in the afternoon; Mr. P. W. Williamson presided in the evening; and presented a report altogether pleasing; and furnishing ample proof that the ladies and friends altogether had worked well and successfully. Mr. Williamson has been the pastor of that church now nearly twenty years; and he is still surrounded by an affectionate, and numerous Christian family; and the hope was expressed that he might work on with them for at least thirty years longer; and that his ministerial jubilee might be witnessed by hundreds who should be as seals to his ministry, as souls for his hire. The very venerable C. Woollacott delivered a faithful and affectionate address. The brethren Henry Hall, W. Flack, C. W. Banks, and Timothy Baugh also addressed the meeting. Mr. Williamson baptized the last Sunday evening in October, and we were favoured to converse with some young friends after the meeting who were anxious to be united to the happy church there assembling together. On the same evening, Mr. J. A. Jones's birth-day meeting was holden in Jireh chapel, East road. The patriarch was present at this his eighty-eighth natal day; and addressed the friends. The chapel was crowded; and several ministers spoke good words on the occasion. We have noticed before Mr. Maycock's resignation address at Hope chapel, Bethnal Green; and Mr. Wilkins's pastoral celebration at Soho. Shalom chapel, in the Oval, Hackney road, has been replenished and re-opened. Mr. Myerson has been working too hard, and has been unwell.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

Our brother has safely reached England from Sydney, New South Wales. His appeal to the churches was given in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* last month. The following letters he brings with him, which express the favour and mercy he found on the voyage, and the use the Lord was pleased to make of him. We have read portions of his log-book, which we hope will soon be published, and that the object of his mission here may be attained is our most hearty desire. We believe he is open to be invited to preach. Letters addressed to our office will find him.

The following letter is from Lieutenant John Gray, R.N.R., Commander of the S. Ship "Great Britain":—

"S. Ship 'Great Britain,' at Sea,
16th Oct., 1867.

"To the Rev. John Bunyan M'Cure.

"DEAR SIR—We, the undersigned fellow passengers, on the eve of what we trust will prove a prosperous voyage, beg respectfully to assure you of the warm esteem and approbation with which we view your conduct during our passage from Melbourne to Liverpool—your devoted attention to the spiritual wants of the numerous souls on board, your praiseworthy and humane care of the sick and dying. The many difficulties you met with tended rather to stimulate your exertions than to damp your ardour in a good cause.

That your future prospects in this world may, under God, be rendered as smooth and peaceful as the onerous responsibilities of your calling will allow; and that you may never cease to strive for the possession of that inestimable crown of life, the gift to those good and faithful servants of your heavenly Master, is our united and heartfelt prayer."

(Signed by 62 passengers.)

"S. S. 'Great Britain,'
Oct. 18, 1867.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot allow you to leave the ship without expressing to you my appreciation of your very great kindness and exertions for the religious, moral, and intellectual improvement of both passengers and crew, also for your kind attentions to the dying, and the last sad duties to the departed.

"Wishing you every success in your present mission, and a safe return to your family, believe me yours sincerely,

"JOHN GRAY.

"To the Rev. J. B. M'Cure."

THE INAUGURATION OF A REVIVAL OF THE LONDON STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

(BY A CORRESPONDENT.)

Something there was, what, none presumed to say;
Clouds lightly passing on a summer's day;
Whispers and hints, which went from ear to ear,
And mixed reports no judge on earth could clear.

Not long since, a new Strict Baptist church was opened in the North Brixton Hall; and happily the Divine blessing evidently has rested upon the undertaking. Mr. Glenn, the enterprising deacon, and indeed the promoter of the cause, thought that as all "parties" were having meetings, why should not the Strict Baptists arise from their sloth and show their independence, as others have done? With this motive, a most novel programme was issued for a day's services to be held on Tuesday, October 15th, when eight sermons were announced to be preached on one day, and a prayer-meeting to precede the sermons, that is, the opening service was to commence at seven in the morning. This programme, as it appeared publicly, met with much criticism. Some were sure it would prove a failure—the idea of eight sermons in one day! And had it been a failure, small noises would have been heard in small quarters; but it began in a humble way, and

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride,
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

Thus beginning lowly, these services ended nobly, beginning with a desire for the glory of the great Head of the Church, they finished, as the last hymn at the conclusion of the last sermon of these services expresses it—

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days,
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Now to the programme. As early as seven in the morning, several of the faithful in Christ met, and prostrated themselves at the mercy-seat, beseeching the

presence of the Holy Spirit during the day's services. Breakfast followed. The first sermon was then preached (at nine o'clock) by Mr. Thomas Attwood. Text: "Glorious things are spoken of thee, Zion." &c. The first preacher was well selected; his utterance and appearance is like the morning dew—soft, and pure, and gentle; as kindly affectionate to his brethren as to be an example to them.

Ten o'clock. Preacher, Mr. Thomas Steed (minister of Rehoboth chapel, Shadwell). Text: "And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." The ten o'clock preacher is of a different stamp to that of Mr. Attwood. Thomas Steed is somewhat like St. Peter; he cuts off not only the right ear of the priest, but cuts at anything and everything which stands opposed to his views of the "eternal decrees" of the Almighty. But Thomas Steed is an unflinching advocate of those truths which are too much ignored in the Church.

Eleven o'clock. Preacher, Mr. Thomas Wall, of Gravesend. Text: "This honour have all His saints." The venerable and godly Thomas Wall preaches what he feels. No deep thought, no eloquence. Like the perpetual dropping of water, which makes visible impress even on the adamant; sentence after sentence falls from his lips, and makes the deep impression on the hearer that the words spoken by the preacher are words of truth and soberness. The doubter and unbeliever would not have the feeling of unbelief while listening to the counsel of this rightly revered father in Christ.

Twelve o'clock. Preacher: Charles Waters Banks (Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL) Text: "And you hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." Mr. Banks is certainly a workman that needeth not to be ashamed—rightly dividing the word of truth; deep thought, a well-read mind, a fluent utterance, yet now and anon a sarcastic word fixes the attention of every hearer. In a theological point of view, we can best describe the preacher by the words of Thompson—

Ascend
While radiant summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful seen! here let us sweep
The boundless landscape.

Of course these hasty notes of some of "the stewards of God's mysteries" are laconic, and must be accepted by their reverences as such.

At the conclusion of the sermon by Mr. Banks, several friends partook of a cold collation.

Three o'clock. Preacher, Mr. Timothy Baugh. Text: "Then they that feared the

Lord 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. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

Mr. Timothy Baugh is an independent thinker, and an eloquent speaker, and will never be one of a party or clique; steady in speech, words rightly chosen, makes him deservedly a "rising man."

Four o'clock. Preacher, Mr. Isaac Comfort. Text: "And the yoke shall be destroyed because of the anointing." Comfortable words indeed, without assuming, without denunciation, "high in doctrine, lowly in mind."

Five o'clock. Tea provided, a goodly number partaking of the social beverage.

Six o'clock. Preacher, Mr. B. B. Hale. Text: "I will not meet you as a man." A high-toned intellect, with more educational endowments than generally falls to the lot of Strict Baptist ministers. Young men especially would do well to study the discourses delivered by Mr. Hale. Thoughts of the noblest, spoken in polished English. If a college could be inaugurated for young men in connection with our churches, Mr. Hale would be the right man for the professor's chair.

Seven o'clock. Preacher, Mr. E. J. Silverton. Text: "The angel of the Lord stood by." A good preacher, who is not at all particular that he pleases all. He is content to know what he does is right, and does not things because others do them. Mr. Silverton has the fiery zeal of Whitfield, and now and then eloquent passages are dashed into his fiery speeches.

So, gentle critic, eight sermons by eight clergymen in one day. All went off capitally—all were pleased; and above all, permanent good was done. Another barrier to bigotry has been kicked down; and the few other barriers that are left are rotten, and will soon follow.

PECKHAM—RYE LANE.—On Tuesday evening, Oct. 8th, a very interesting meeting was held in Rye lane Baptist chapel, Peckham, to celebrate the opening of the enlarged Sunday school and class rooms. At five o'clock a large number of friends assembled in the beautiful school-rooms at the rear of the chapel, and were bountifully supplied with an excellent tea (provided gratuitously by the ladies of the congregation), thus allowing the whole proceeds of the same to go towards the debt incurred in erecting these schools. In the evening, at half-past six, a public meeting was held in the chapel. Thomas

Dare, Esq., presided, and was supported by a number of ministers and gentlemen. The chapel was full, and the gallery was occupied by the Sabbath school children. Mr. Cowdry offered prayer. George Thomas Congreve, Esq., of Coombe Lodge, the secretary (under whose able superintendence, and the blessing of the Lord upon the same, the schools have so rapidly increased), gave a pleasant and interesting statement of their growth and present position, showing what a large amount of good may be effected by unity and perseverance. Mr. Congreve's address was warmly received by the meeting. Addresses, of an interesting character, were delivered by Messrs. George Webb (of Little Wild street), Mr. Crumpton, Mr. Timothy Baugh, and others. Mr. George Moyle expressed his gratitude to the ladies who provided the tea; to the friends who had that evening handed in their subscriptions so liberally; to their excellent neighbour who had presided; and to all who had attended the meeting, and helped the movement. In the course of the evening the children sang several pieces in very excellent style; among them the following, composed specially for the occasion by Mr. Congreve, was sung, and as we think it worthy of wide circulation, we here find room for it:—

HOME! SWEET HOME!

Beyond the dark river a land I behold,
A country all fair, and a city of gold;
Sweet home, where the burdened and weary
find rest;

The home of my Father—the land of the blest.
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,
The home of my Father—there's no place
like home,

How soft is the air, and how pure is the light!
How clear is the sky, never darkened by night!
The beams of the sun neither scorch nor grow
pale;

The waters of life ever flow—never fail.
Home, home, &c.

There Jesus, with all His redeemed shall ap-
pear;

His soft hand so gently shall wipe every tear;
No sorrow, so sighing, no sickness is there,
And angels immortal the rapture shall share.

Home, home, &c.

The crowns in those mansions shall always be
bright;

The robes of the ransomed shall ever be white;
The harps of the blessed—their music how
long!

Salvation! Salvation! how sweet is their song.
Home, home, &c. G. T. C.

The Secretary announced that the subscriptions, profits of the tea, and other sums received that evening, amounted to about £63. A vote of thanks to the chairman being given, and the benediction pronounced, the friends separated. The school has been enlarged to double its former size, is beautifully

lighted and ventilated, every accommodation is provided, and we think deserves the title of "Model Sunday School." On the opening day it was tastefully decorated with flowers, evergreens, banners, and mottoes.

JIREH CHAPEL, EAST ROAD, LONDON. — The entrance into the eighty-ninth year of his age was commemorated on the fifteenth of October last by Mr. J. A. Jones and his friends. A goodly number met in the afternoon when Mr. Hazelton preached an admirable sermon. The text was Exodus xv. and 8th verse, "The Lord reigneth for ever and ever." The chapel was deemed full to tea, but was crowded in the evening as it had been announced the respected veteran would be present. And present he was, cheerful and gratified, though exceedingly feeble; very many friends gladly took this opportunity of shaking hands and bidding once more farewell. Having been helped to stand up he spake as follows: "My dear Christian friends, I see a full house, but I am not surprised at it, for I expected it, and I am glad to see you." After a pause he proceeded to say, "I wish you all knew yourselves as sinners in the sight of God, and that, as I did many years ago, you each fled to Jesus as the only way of salvation and God." And having again rested a little he said, "All who seek find. If God did not intend you to find, He would not, I was going almost to say, He would not have taken the trouble to make you seekers. You may know a great deal of other matters, but you know nothing if you know not Christ. Oh, it is a great matter to have the fulness of the blessing of Christ. I am, my dear friends, a supra-lapsarian, I glory in love in Christ above the fall. Love above blood, and then through blood to be holy and without blame before Him in love through all eternity. Ever since I knew the Lord I could not do as I did before. If there are any who have not been stopped in doing the ways of sin, they have not yet felt that living holy change which makes the new creature. The Lord bless you, and sanctify all your bitters, turning them all into sweets, and making them to drive you more to look to Jesus. Ah! looking to Jesus implies one thing, what is it? why, that you have eyes to see! I am soon going home, I don't expect to be here any more, but may the Lord be with you, and bless you every day and always, and for ever. I thank you for all your kindness to me, I pray the Lord may return it into your bosoms sixty-fold." It

was visible to all present how feeble our dear old friend had become, and most gratified were the friends for this opportunity to hear and see once more this aged servant of the Lord on the verge of Jordan's river. The meeting then proceeded, Mr. Milner took the chair, Mr. Pearce of Newton Abbott, prayed; Mr. Parsons of Brentford, addressed the friends on the "Holy Spirit's work in the Soul;" Mr. Hawkins on "The Holy Spirit as the Spirit of a Son;" and in his address said, the Lord had surrounded father Jones with social comforts as well heavenly. He had present all his children, one son, and six daughters, four-sons-in-law, he has sixteen grandchildren, and ten great-grand children. Mr. Webster, on "the Holy Spirit as Comforter;" Mr. Attwood, Mr. Pearce, and Mr. Hazelton also followed on some precious characters of that blessed being, the Holy Spirit.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERMONS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—There is a pleasing service in connection with country churches which is almost unknown to those existing in London and the great cities, I allude to the harvest thanksgiving. Believers living in the country see more of the goodness of the Lord, on all hands they are surrounded by His wonderful works; they realize the truth of the saying, "God made the country, man made the town." They are able to trace almost daily the growth of the staff of life, first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear; and are thus made to feel, more fully than others, their dependence on Him who holds the winds in the hollow of His hand, who giveth the early and the latter rain, and maketh his sun to shine upon the just and the unjust. Such a service was held on Tuesday, October 8th, at Farnborough Baptist chapel, Kent. The weather was gloomy, and threatened rain, yet our dear brother, S. Blake, of Dalston, brought down a goodly number of friends, so that we had a very good gathering in the afternoon to thank God for his mercy in permitting the ingathering of the precious fruits of the earth.

Brother Blake expounded the four first verses of the 104th Psalm, so graphically descriptive of the loving kindness of the Lord of the Lord and we found it to be a time of refreshing from His presence.

After tea a public meeting was held, the chapel being crowded. Unfortunately, the loved pastor, Mr. I. Ballard, was unavoidably compelled to be absent, otherwise the meeting, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit was all that could be desired, the great Lord of the harvest being truly in our midst. Brethren Haydon, of Tooting, Blake, of Dalston, and Brewers, of West Wickham, in turn addressed the people upon the rich spiritual teaching couched in the mysteries of earth's harvest-fields. The meeting, a

happy and profitable one, was brought to a close by the Chairman, an old friend of the church at Farnborough who briefly addressed the unconverted, concluding with the following lines written during the evening:—

Great God of the harvest, we gather this day,
To thank Thee for mercies received by the way,
In which Thou hast led us from the dawn of the year,
Right on to the present with tenderest care.
We thank Thee for spring-time, for life-giving showers,
For bright summer sunshine, and bright summer flowers,
For fruit, and for grain by which we are fed,
And the millions of England provided with bread.
Our Ebenezer we raise, and lift up our hand,
With thanks for the favours conferred on our land,
For garner's well stored with the bright golden grain,
We bless Thee, our Father, again and again.
We thank Thee, our Father, for spiritual bread,
The Gospel by which Thy people are fed,
We thank Thee for Jesus the gift of Thy love,
For foretaste below of the blessings above.
We bless Thee that life still abides in Thy Word,
That Thy Spirit is still on the barren soil poured.
That sinners who seek Thee sincerely still prove,
Jehovah, unchanging, the fountain of love.
Hear now our prayer, oh, bless our land,
Within its borders still give peace,
Let labour still, on every hand,
Be blest by Thee with rich increase.
Give to the powers which dwell on high,
To rule in justice without guile,
That mercy, truth, and equity,
May reign supreme in Britain's isle.
Let showers of blessing, Lord, descend,
For rich effusion on this place;
Let hardened foes become Thy friends,
And sinners yield to sovereign grace.
Fill all the saints with heavenly love,
Hear Thou the widow's plaintive cry,
In Thee let orphan children prove,
A friend, a guide, for ever nigh,
O let the Gospel's joyful sound,
Soon spread o'er earth's wide harvest field!
From pole to pole Thy praise resound,
And earth to Thee her increase yield.
The Lord is blessing Mr. Ballard in this place; he was privileged to baptize a brother and a sister at Eynsford, on Lord's day, October 12th, and there are others we trust who are not far from the kingdom of God.—Yours truly, E. KNIGHTS.
Brixton Hill.

PLYMOUTH.—Services in commemoration of the ninth anniversary of the ministry of Mr. F. Collins at Howe street chapel, Plymouth, were held on Tuesday, the 15th of October. In the afternoon, a meeting for prayer and praise was held, commencing at three o'clock, at which an address was given, founded upon the words in 1 Samuel vii. 12, by Mr. Vaughan, of Mount Zion chapel, Devonport. Mr. Vaughan expressed his unabated attachment to the pastor and people of Howe street, and gave an affectionate address to the people upon the Lord's help to them during the past nine years, his help at the present, and the encouragement it afforded to faith in the future. Several brethren engaged in prayer. At half-past five o'clock the friends assembled partook of tea together, which was provided for the occasion; great decorum prevailed, and all appeared to enjoy the social family reunion. The public meeting for the evening was opened at seven o'clock by singing a hymn selected for the occasion. Brother Foot, one of the deacons of the church, offered prayer; another hymn from Gadsby's selection was sung, when brother Westaway, another deacon, of the Church, rose to address the meeting. Mr. Westaway expressed his undiminished interest in the peace and prosperity of the Church of Jesus in Howe street, also in the welfare of the pastor, and the successes of the ministry. He proceeded to direct attention to evidences of the Lord's gracious presence having been manifested to them during the periods of the establishment of the church at Howe street for nearly fifteen years. After some very pertinent and encouraging observations to the people, he said he had a duty to perform, which gave him much pleasure, the friends had entrusted to him a token of their affection to their pastor, and requested him to present the same. Turning to the pastor, he remarked, "I now present you, my dear brother, with this purse containing £18, as a small but sincere token of the love the people bear to the Gospel you preach, and their affection to you as a minister of Jesus Christ, and their beloved pastor." Mr. Collins rose, and stated that he accepted the present in the same spirit in which it was given. He appreciated the present for its money value, but far, far, more as it was a practical expression of their love to God's truth, and to him as a minister of Jesus Christ. Nine years have passed since the Lord brought him among them; some who were with them then had gone to heaven; some who were with them at their meeting nine years ago were at the meeting now. Others had, by God's grace, arose to fill the vacancies in the church militant of those who were called to join the church triumphant. When the kindly Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL wrote to enquire if he could supply a church for a month, he had no idea at that time that the place was Plymouth; and the Church was at Howe street Baptist chapel; and when he came

and preached his first sermon from Hosea xiv. 5, "I will be as the dew unto Israel," he was persuaded that, if the Lord brought him to settle there, he would provide for him. From that time the dew had continued to descend, the holy anointing had been realized, and God had blessed the feeble testimony he had borne to the saving of the lost. He was cheered, while reading in THE EARTHEN VESSEL of a few months ago, a letter from his old friend and brother Ward, it made him glad to find that his friend, though in a distant settlement of Australia, continued to abide by the Gospel of free grace, and to sound forth the jubilee notes of the finished work of our precious Christ. He did most heartily reciprocate the kindly feelings expressed by his brother Ward, and wished him the continual presence of God his Saviour, and success in the ministry of the Gospel. Mr. Collins stated certain reason why he should be grateful: although so often he was the subject of hardness of heart, darkness of mind, and miserable ingratitude of feeling, yet he desired to enjoy a grateful heart to God for his many mercies, and again expressed his sense of kindness of the people shewn him for the last nine years and again this evening. After singing a hymn, Mr. R. Bardens addressed the meeting bearing his testimony to the blessedness of the unity of the Spirit which prevailed among the people, all flowing from the union of the church with Christ their head, and to his own oneness with the truth, the people, the cause, and his beloved pastor. Mr. Westlake, of Ebenezer chapel, Stonehouse, addressed the people upon the oneness of the Church in Christ, dwelling upon the word ONE, and expressed his hearty good wishes for the prosperity of the cause. Mr. John Easterbook, made some observations upon the solemnity and importance of the apostle Paul's direction to stand fast in the Lord, a direction especially important to the times in which we live; and bore his personal testimony to the precious blessing of Gospel peace which prevailed in our midst. Mr. George Cudlipp referred in his address to several Scriptures which set forth the blessedness of cleaving to the Lord with purpose of heart, particularly remarking upon the gladness of the heart of Barnabas when at Antioch, he saw the grace of God; and so was his own heart glad in seeing the grace of God at Howe street. The meeting, which was of a most pleasing, and, we may hope, of a profitable character, came to a close. The singing of the hymns and anthems selected, for the occasion by the choir, conducted by Mr. Griffiths, was very acceptable, and contributed to the harmony of the occasion. The Lord be praised for past mercies, and may he give us grace to trust him for what is to come.

BOSTON.—We have an excellent paper from our brother D. Wilson, whose health is better, and whose ministry is gathering many around him.

MR. WILKINS' FIRST ANNIVERSARY

AT SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.

Last Tuesday was a day of special interest to the worthy pastor of Soho. Not only was it the first anniversary of his settlement in London, but also the anniversary of his first entering the ministry, and likewise his birthday. On such an eventful day the friends of Soho testified their sympathy for their pastor by presenting him with a very handsome testimonial.

During the afternoon, the friends met for the purpose of taking tea. At half-past 6 o'clock the public meeting commenced; the evening was very unfavourable, but the chapel was well filled. Mr. Wilkins presided, supported by several brethren.

Mr. Wall opened the proceedings by engaging in prayer.

The Chairman then said he must make a few observations. First, a word of welcome to his friends, brethren, and sisters in Christ, members of Soho, and to others present, who form part of the congregation. He also welcomed friends from other churches, and most heartily did he welcome his worthy brethren, the deacons, and his brethren in the ministry, to whom he tendered his most sincere thanks. His esteemed brother Faulkner was absent through illness, and his brother Cox through old age. He had received a letter from brother Maycock, who was absent through press of business. Brother Foreman was on a preaching tour in Yorkshire. Brethren Wilson and Wyard were engaged at other meetings. Having said this much, he would offer a few words about himself. That was the first anniversary of his settlement at Soho; it also happened to be the 39th anniversary of his birth; it was also 18 years since he commenced his ministry, with the following words, "Narrow is the way that leads to eternal life," he being then 21 years old. Now, in reference to the cause over which he was called to labour, his brethren and he were working together in perfect harmony; still, during the year that was past, many things told them this was not their rest. He was pleased with the success of their Sabbath school; some of the teachers he had baptized, others were inquiring. He had baptized twice during the year; he did not give numbers, neither did he know how many had been added. He believed his hearers received the Lord with profit and comfort. He hoped the meeting would be characterized by sobriety, but he was anxious also that it should be cheerful, social cheerfulness without levity.

The senior deacon, Mr. Jeffries, then, after a few suitable remarks in the name of the friends, presented Mr. Wilkins with a very handsome time-piece, a purse containing eleven guineas, and a very nice book-knife, the latter being the gift of members of the Bible-class.

Mr. Wilkins replied that he was taken somewhat by surprise by this expression of

sympathy. It was only just before the meeting commenced the matter was made known to him. There were times when expressions of kindness unfitted a man for speaking; he appreciated this avowal of love and attachment. The money was valuable; he should be foolish to say he did not value it; but he viewed the testimonial from a higher estimate as the spontaneous utterance of the sympathy of his people.

The meeting was subsequently addressed by Messrs. Palmer, Wall, Wigham, G. Webb, Meeres, Alderson, Green, &c, each expressing their sympathy with the cause of Soho, and their esteem for the present pastor.

A great part of the evening was occupied by the young friends singing various pieces, some of which were executed very creditably, in fact, it may be said to be a "singing meeting." Mr. Wall humorously observed that he was pleased to hear so much singing; he liked a singing religion, as in this world there was plenty of gloom. The tractarians were enticing the young by musical displays; it was therefore very important among dissenters to cultivate this beautiful part of worship, which alike influenced the young and delighted the aged. The Romanizers well knew if they could get the young they would also have the more advanced, and so sought by every means to entrap them.

MR. GEORGE WYARD ON THE LATE W. PALMER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I was somewhat moved in my feelings, on hearing of the sudden departure of brother W. Palmer, late of Plaistow, and I was somewhat more moved when I read the short account of him, as recorded in the *VESSEL* for this month, because it brought to mind so vividly the feeling created in my heart towards him when I once heard him pray; and it was the only time I ever did hear him; and, indeed, the only time, I think, I ever saw him to recognise him. I had heard of him, but nothing that very much commended him to my affections and regard. Excuse me, dear sir, but we are so apt to be influenced by hearsay—God forgive us. The circumstance to which I refer is as follows:—A few ministerial brethren were invited to spend an hour or two together, in united prayer and praise, at Trinity chapel, Boro', and myself among the rest. I went, not knowing whom I might meet. But, recollecting the exercise for which we were gathered together was a very honourable and scriptural one, I did not very much concern myself about who might be there. I suppose there were present twelve or fourteen. All gave out a verse of a hymn, and all prayed; short and acceptable—acceptable to God and ourselves. One of the brethren that prayed was a very white-faced man, whom I did not know till I heard his name announced—it was brother Palmer, then of

Plaistow, but now no longer of Plaistow but of Paradise above. He prayed as one accustomed to have fellowship with God; as one having the life of God in his soul, and the good of Zion at heart. Nature had given him a fine manly voice; and grace had taught him to use it for God. When I heard him pray I felt much union of heart, and said within myself he is a good man, and I love him; I'll make myself better acquainted with him, if I can; and if I had known he had been so near heaven as his unlooked for death has proved he was, I should have been prompt in carrying out my inward and silent determinations. But now all is over; he has gone beyond my reach; he will not come to me, and I cannot go to him until the Father of mercies shall be pleased to say, "Child, it is enough; come home." The spirit and tone and earnestness of his prayer is still with me; and I could not help dropping the tear of sympathy when I read the account of his short illness and death, and of the circumstances connected therewith. God bless his widow and children, and take care of the church. Ministers die, but the Master lives. Yours in common salvation.

GEORGE WYARD, SEN.

197, Downham road, Islington,
October 8, 1867.

N.B.—I felt I must bear this testimony. Would to God that ministers more frequently met together for prayer. I question whether there would be so much shyness, and distance, and hard thoughts of one another as there is now. O God, stir us I pray thee.

[We have read this note with grateful, humble, and prayerful emotions of soul. We thank our excellent brother Wyard for it, and so will thousands we are persuaded. He has written like a father in Israel, and like a brother in the Lord. The late brother Palmer made our acquaintance on his first setting out in the ministry; and many times we have communed together, and in public have laboured together, and never for one moment did we question his sincerity in the faith of Christ. We can pray with brother Wyard, that the Lord would stir up in all his ministers and churches a great spirit of faith, of earnest prayer, and of unity of heart and hand in the cause they espouse.—Ed.]

LONDON ITINERANT BAPTIST MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE public meeting of this Association was held at little Alie street chapel, White-chapel, on Tuesday, September 3, 1867. An excellent tea was prepared by friends connected with the chapel.

Public meeting commenced a little before seven; a large number of ministers and friends assembled. The chair was occupied by Mr. P. Dickerson, the highly esteemed pastor of the church at Little

Alie street (the President of the Association). After singing and prayer, the chairman introduced the business of the evening by a most interesting and appropriate speech, detailing some of the circumstances of his early itinerant labours, and the gratifying results attending them. He congratulated the Association on the encouraging aspect of the meeting, and called on the Secretary to read the report which was of a most pleasing character.

The report stated that the Association originated in a frequent meeting of a few ministerial brethren as long back as Sept., 1850, its original name being "The Baptist Ministers' Mutual Instruction Conference," of which Mr. Cousens was the Secretary. The place of meeting being altered from time to time, it was finally arranged by the kind permission of the pastor and Church at Alie street to hold their monthly meetings there.

The present objects of the Association are:—

1st. The mutual instruction and encouragement of its members by holding monthly meetings for the discussion of theological subjects:—A text of Scripture is proposed for consideration at one meeting, and discussed at the next. The time of meeting, the first Tuesday in each month, from 7 till 9.

For seventeen years past, the brethren have thus continued to meet, although the numbers present have, at times, been small.

2nd. To afford facilities to causes requiring occasional, or more regular, supplies for the pulpit, application being made to the Secretary, who keeps a list of names of brethren, able and willing to preach the Gospel of the grace of God, wherever his Providence may open a door. This Association, though quiet and unassuming, has been a help to many causes which, not being able to maintain a pastor, have been assisted by the services of the brethren belonging to this Association.

3rd. A further object kept in view is the opening of places of worship in neighbourhoods where causes of truth do not exist, but in this respect little has been done for want of adequate funds. Some attempts have, however, been made which have been attended with encouraging results. We may mention the Baptist cause at Buckhurst Hill, where our brother, Henry Cousens, sustains the pastoral office. This cause originated by some of the brethren of the Association preaching in a cottage in Snakes lane, Woodford. The people in that locality, who loved the discriminating doctrines of grace, rallied round this unfurled banner of truth. This proved a home to some. Their numbers increased. They removed to a larger place, a church was formed. Our brother Cousens, in the Providence of God, was called to take the oversight of the newly formed church, to whom he continues to break the bread of life.

Testimony of an encouraging nature has often been given respecting the labours of those who have been thus employed; many a mourner has been comforted; many a captive liberated; many a thoughtless sinner brought to penitence and prayer; many anxious inquirers directed to Christ, and many of the Lord's family edified and blest. Not a few of the brethren who were members of this Association have been called to the pastorate, among whom may be mentioned brother Dearsley, of Dalston; Bracher, of West Ham; G. Webb, of Somers Town; William Webb, of Staines; Lodge, of Cumberland street, Shoreditch, and Cousens, of Buckhurst Hill, as previously mentioned.

The members of the Association have not only been employed in various parts of London and its suburbs, but in many of the counties: Kent, Surrey, Essex, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and Sussex. The causes at Staines, Sunningdale, Harrow, Weald, Romford, and Lessness Heath, have been for years past the sphere of labour supplied by the brethren; thus many a babe has been nourished by the sincere milk of the Word, and many an old pilgrim revived and strengthened by the old wine of the kingdom.

The Association admits none to membership who are not honourable members of a Strict Baptist Church, deeming it disorderly for brethren to go and preach the Gospel while they are not associated with some Christian Church.

The chief object in holding this public meeting is to make known the existence, and to explain the objects and operation of the Association, so that if a few Christians should be located where the Truth is not clearly preached, and desire to make some efforts for its establishment amongst them, this Association will be happy to aid them as far as possible in opening some suitable place, and sending them supplies.

The adoption of the report was then moved by Mr. Dearsley, and seconded by the patriarch, Mr. Felton.

The second resolution was moved by Mr. Wyard and seconded by Mr. Cousens:—

"That this meeting, agreeing with every effort to publish the name and fame of Jesus, desires prosperity to this Association."

The third resolution moved by Mr. Flack and seconded by Mr. Woodard:—

"That this meeting, deploring the prevalence of error in its various forms, pledges itself to countenance and encourage the ministerial brethren in their work of faith and labour of love."

The fourth resolution, moved by Mr. Bracher and seconded by Mr. Hall:—

"That this meeting sympathizing with those who live in places destitute of Gospel preaching, rejoices in the efforts put forth by the members of this Association to meet such cases."

The fifth resolution, moved by Mr. Austin and seconded by Mr. Chipchase:—

"That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Chairman and President of the Association, to the respected pastors for their presence and service, and to the brethren at Alie street for the use of the chapel."

All the speeches were to the point, interesting, and profitable, and it is believed that almost every lover of Christ, and His truth and cause were ready to say—It is good to be here.

Communications to be forwarded to the Secretary, Mr. J. Austin, Hertford House, Manor Road, South Hackney, N.E.

SIBLE HEDINGHAM — REHOBOTH CHAPEL.—DEAR MR. EDITOR.—On Tuesday the 8th inst. we held our third anniversary of the opening of the above place of worship, when our brother Stringer preached in the morning from the 69th Psalm, last verse—a very encouraging, and Christ-exalting sermon. He dwelt chiefly upon the name of Jesus, the name above every other name. The afternoon service was commenced by singing

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

Brother Dyer having read and implored the Divine blessing, took for his text the two last verses of the 3rd of Matthew. Having spoken upon the Three in One God in connection with a sinner's salvation, and the ordinance of Believers Baptism, he came upon the latter clause of the last verse—"In whom I am well pleased"—in His Son, in His person, work, and offering, &c. At half-past 5 about 120 persons partook of an excellent tea, after which brother Boamerges, in the person of T. Stringer, again ascended the platform, preached a very warm and animated sermon from Ezekiel iv. 3, 5. He noticed—First: "And the Spirit took me up." Not yourself, no; nor did He pick you up, and set you on the road to the heavenly Jerusalem, and leave you there to get on the best way you can. 2nd. He brought me into the inner court, into the Church court, not into formal worship, but into internal worship, and finally the glory of the Lord filled the place. Thus ended another day at Rehoboth; and we believe many have cause to say, "It was good for me to be there." And we earnestly hope that some sinner or sinners were arrested, and to Jehovah Shammah be all the glory. I am sorry to say our collections were not what we could have desired, which I believe is owing to the excessive flatness of the slate trade, which is a great endurance in these parts. Just now, I believe many a one of God's dear family have scarcely enough of that bread which perisheth. If this should meet the eye of any of those who have a little of this world's goods to dispose of, it would be very gratefully and thankfully received by our treasurer, J. Newman, Coal Wharf, Sible Hedingham. We are very anxious

to see all just debts paid. God has been pleased to send us a deep, experimental undershepherd. Many are blessed and comforted, and some, we believe, are brought to the birth, and are only waiting for a clearer manifestation of "Jesus" in their own souls. If our debt was cleared off, it would be the means of a blessing to both pastor and people; and as the gold and silver is His, we are looking up to Him that He would give the £150 to clear off our debt. But He will be inquired for in these things; and may He grant us our request is the sincere desire of
MINIMUM.

CLAPHAM.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS—In reading the EARTHEN VESSEL for this month, I find it stated on the cover that Bethesda, Cranmer Court, Clapham, has been sold to the Plymouth Brethren. Will you allow me to say that is not correct; the cause at Cranmer got into a very low condition; the attendance was very thin; when some of the Plymouth Brethren (I suppose hearing how matters were), made application to brother Flint to rent the chapel. He asked my advice. I at once said, let them have it, the congregation has fallen off; you have money of your own sunk in the building. And I certainly thought it was better, under all circumstances, to allow the Plymouth Brethren to rent the place than to sell entire to the Bible Christians or any other Arminian sect. And it is only just to brother Flint to say that he had a great desire the place should remain in the hands of the Strict Baptist body. In fact, he offered to me, if I felt inclined to try whether I could do any good; and even now, if any Strict Baptist brother felt inclined to buy, I believe the P. B. would soon have notice to quit. But I think one Strict Baptist cause is quite enough for Clapham. Oh, that it were otherwise, for look which way you will, Zion seems under a cloud. Wishing you every blessing, I remain yours in Gospel bonds,
W. CAUNT.

[We thank Mr. Caunt for this note. It confirms our statement, that Cranmer Court is not now in the Strict Baptist interest. The only difference between our statement and our friend Caunt is, we stated the chapel was "sold" to the Plymouth Brethren, but it appears it is "let." We could have wished that Mr. Caunt could have assisted Mr. Flint in retaining the same.—ED.]

CLARE, SUFFOLK.—On Sunday, September 24, 1866, Mr. S. Wilson, late of Swansea, delivered his first message in the Baptist Chapel, Clare, to the church and congregation then assembled. He was in this part of Suffolk a perfect stranger after the flesh; I am not aware he was known to any one that then heard him; only by name. Our Lord says in the 10th of John that His sheep know His voice, and a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him. Our highly esteemed brother had not proceeded

far before the voice of the chief Shepherd was distinctly recognised; through Him the gladdening and soul-cheering strains of new covenant blessings, as treasured up in our living Head, Christ Jesus (as we have been wont to hear from our once beloved pastor and still beloved brother, Mr. D. Wilson, now of Boston) sounded harmoniously through the place; and ere the first sermon was over, we could adopt the 19th verse of the 2nd chapter of Ephesians. The Holy Spirit has enabled him many times since then to open the box of precious ointment, that the odour thereof has filled the house, and to the praise and glory of Zion's true God, be it spoken, that the loving command given by the dear Redeemer to Peter, in the 21st of John, has been carried out by him, viz., "Feed my sheep." The Lord has so filled his earthen vessel and enriched his mind with Gospel truths that every Sabbath day there are fresh discoveries of the dear Saviour realised; and we confidently hope greater things are yet to be seen. Mr. W. has been preaching here the last nine months on what is called probation, and has now accepted the pastorate. The Lord bless the union to the glory of His great name, and make it a long, loving, and prosperous one. I only add, I have often heard it asked by ministers, "Is he a Calvinist, a hyper, or what is he?" Such may perhaps be asked, of my brother Wilson. I answer—We indulge not in human distinctions; he preaches Christ as God's Bible speaks of him; he is a Christian and a man of God.—Yours faithfully,
ROBERT PAGE.

BATH—BAPTIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL, EBENEZER CHAPEL.—The teachers of the Sunday-school have for some time past felt the desirability of giving to Mr. Wheatley some manifestation of their appreciation of the most valuable services he has rendered the church and school in having for many years most faithfully and efficiently discharged the duties of superintendent. Being anxious to make the testimonial one worthy his acceptance, and which should convey something beyond a token of love and esteem from the teachers, the subscription list was left open to give the friends of the chapel and school the opportunity of contributing. The presentation was made on Friday, September 27th. After the usual prayer-meeting, the minister (Mr. J. Huntley) said he had a most pleasing duty to perform, and he was happy that he had been chosen as the medium through which a testimonial was to be presented to Mr. Wheatley. In the course of his remarks, he referred to the trials Mr. W. had been called upon to bear, and he trusted that the testimonial would tend to cheer and encourage him. He then handed over the testimonial, which consisted of a handsome purse of sovereigns, and an address engrossed on parchment and framed. Mr. W., in returning thanks, was so much moved that he could scarcely speak; his heart appeared too full for many

words. He most heartily thanked them all, for it was what he had never expected, and trusted he might prove himself worthy of their confidence. It was a matter of great joy to him, for at times when contemplating his many trials and crosses, he was inclined to think that he had grievously sinned against God, and therefore he was punished; but when he compared his afflictions with his blessings, his loss of health and losses in business appeared as nothing; and he was thankful that God had blessed him with so efficient a band of teachers. He again thanked them all, and sat down and wept. The meeting was closed with prayer. May God bless His churches here and elsewhere with many such happy seasons.

KINGSBRIDGE TRINITY CHAPEL.—
DEAR BROTHER BANKS—We held our harvest thanksgiving service on Thursday, the 10th of October. Mr. Vaughan, of Devonport, preached two stirring and appropriate sermons. Not being able to accommodate more than 200 persons in our own chapel, we deemed it wise to engage the Town Hall, both for our tea and services. The Hall in the afternoon was comfortably filled; in the evening it was crowded to excess, and a great many obliged to stand. A great number sat down to tea, talking together of the goodness of the Lord. Surely, the Lord is with us. Our chapel on Sunday evening is well filled. I have not got to preach to empty seats; and I have every reason to believe that the Lord is blessing the word to precious souls. May the Lord make the little one to become a thousand. Our chapel is somewhat hidden; but those who love the truth as it is in Jesus find it out. How sad it is to find so many preaching a yea and nay Gospel!—creature works, ceremonies, ritualism in the Established Church and out! Our dissenters are stepping after them as fast as possible.—Yours in the Gospel,
JOSEPH PEARCE.

P.S.—Since I wrote you last, I have had to pass through an ordeal of affliction. In March I was laid low with bronchitis; before I got well, my dear old father was taken ill, and expired. My sister has been ill for many weeks; through mercy she is recovering slowly. Surely, it is a tribulated path; but

“It will cease before long,
Then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!”

BIGBURY, DEVON.—The cause of truth established for many years in this place has a promising appearance at the present. It has a supply of the ministry of the Word in the personal ministrations of Mr. R. Bardons, of Plymouth, and Mr. Bastend, of Frogmore. On the morning of Wednesday, September the 11th, the friends assembled at the river side, when the ordinance of Believer's Baptism was administered in the open air, this being the first administration of that ordinance in the village

for nearly 20 years. Mr. T. Collins, of Hove West, Plymouth, discoursed to the people from the words of our Lord, recorded in Matthew xxviii. 19, 20, after which Mr. Bardens conducted a believing sister into the river, and immersed her in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The service was conducted with good order throughout, and the blessing of the Lord appeared to rest upon the people, the effect of which there is reason to hope will be seen in days to come. In the afternoon and evening of the same day, harvest thanksgiving sermons were preached in the Baptist chapel by Mr. Collins. The weather was unfavourable, but the congregations were good; the Lord blessed His Word to the comfort of the people; it was a day not to be forgotten; there are tokens of more prosperous times for the little church of Jesus in this place. The same day, and in the same village, the minister of the State Establishment held harvest thanksgiving services, who had as his auxiliaries the Volunteer corps and band belonging to a neighbouring town. The Lord reigneth, and the truth is, will be, and ever must be triumphant. Political Popery is dying in Italy; ecclesiastical Popery is rapidly spreading in England. Still, Jesus reigneth—the truth cannot die. The elect are being gathered, and the Redeemer shall go on to gather until all the ransomed shall return and come home to Zion, for He must reign, reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.

TOTNES.—A new, neat, and commodious Baptist chapel was built at Totnes, and opened for public worship about one year since. The building, though unpretending in appearance, is in a very favourable situation; it is the only place of truth, and the only Baptist cause in the town, being strict in its order. Harvest thanksgiving services were held in this chapel in September, when sermons were preached: afternoon, at 3 o'clock; and in the evening at half-past 6 o'clock. In the afternoon the text was Psalm cxviii. 3; and in the evening from Revelations ii. 10. The chapel was filled with an attentive and devout congregation, gathered together from various churches in the neighbouring towns and villages. The presence of the Lord was enjoyed, and the people were encouraged in the Lord their God. The aspect of this rising cause is very cheering and encouraging to the heart of our brother Brown, the minister of the place. May the Lord increase them an hundred-fold!

STREET, SOMERSET.—On Monday, October 7th, the jubilee of the Baptist chapel, and the tenth anniversary of Mr. Roberts, the present pastor, was celebrated. It was indeed a joyful occasion, and will long be remembered by those who were present. Tea was provided (of which quite 130 partook), and given for the benefit of the minister by some members and

friends of the church and congregation. The meeting after, which was a full one, was presided over by Mr. W. Gould, the senior deacon, who gave a very interesting account of the rise and progress of the cause, bringing out of the treasury of his lengthy experience "things both old and new." He had been connected with it nearly 60 years. Preaching was commenced in a cottage, at which time there was not a dissenter (the members of the society of friends excepted) in the entire parish. They had to endure some petty persecution; but by the help of their Covenant God, in a short time they built their chapel, in which they had been favoured, for more than fifty years, to worship and adore Him. They had seen many changes, had lost many friends, and not a few from them had departed in the Lord, and were now perfectly happy in the rest of the blessed. There are only three of the members now living who were present at the opening of the chapel. They had had four pastors, all of whom had been honoured of God, and made a blessing to the people. They love the good old way, and are determined to stand fast and firm in the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Many a feeling tribute of love was paid to departed worth by the minister as well as by others, as bygone times were referred to. He had buried nearly 40, some of whom had "finished their course with joy," and of whom it was pleasant even now to think.

Addresses were also given by Messrs. Kick, Westlake, Impey, Ward, and Gullop, each making instructive and happy reference to the jubilee of the Jewish dispensation; but inviting attention more particularly to the glorious Gospel jubilee, by which men of all nations and all ages (even as many as the Lord our God shall call) are to be restored to God, to liberty, to joy, and to life everlasting.

HERTFORD.—We had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Robert Bowles in Ebenezer chapel, Hertford, during the past month, and were glad to find that he is in peace with the Church over which he presides. The discourse from the words, "Sirs, we would see Jesus," displayed a well-stored mind of Scriptural knowledge, and an experimental acquaintance with the sorrows and difficulties that more or less mark the Christian pathway in this world, often making him desire to see Jesus by faith here, and thus increasing his longing anticipations to see Him in the bright and better world without a veil between. The people appear to appreciate the ministry, and the result is found in the Christian affection that exists between pastor and church. We were deeply pained to hear from Mr. Bowles that a very heavy domestic cloud has now for more than six months rested over his family circle. Mr. Bowles's eldest son has suddenly been lost. A quiet, intelligent, well-disposed youth, about 16 years of age, was in a situation in

London, in which position he was highly respected, not only by his employer but by every one in the establishment. He was, in the discharge of his duties, occasionally sent out on business. Some six months since he left the house of his employer upon some errand, and has not since been seen or heard of. Being a youth of quiet and domestic habits, it is the more mysterious. Home was his delight, and anything in the nature of a roving disposition was the very opposite of his character. Every effort, both by the parents and the master have been made to discover what has become of the lad, without the slightest clue being obtained. Deep is the sorrow of the family, and we share in that sorrow, and pray that yet this dark cloud may disperse, and all may be able to say

Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

HOXTON—Zoar Baptist Chapel, Evelyn street, New North road, was opened on Lord's day, October 13th, when three sermons were preached by Mr. W. Haydon, future minister, and by Mr. Joseph Cheshire. On the following Monday evening, a public meeting was held. Mr. Cheshire invoked the divine blessing. Mr. Haydon, the Chairman, spoke of the way the Lord had led and instructed him since first opening his mouth in the Master's name. He commenced preaching in the open air some six years ago; a people had been gathered, many of whom had attended, summer after summer. At length a school room was opened in Vincent street, Old street road, two years ago, and a Sunday evening and week day service carried on until the friends were compelled to leave, which led to the opening of the present comfortable place of worship. A plan of future proceedings was proposed and warmly approved by the friends; there will be no collections, but the cause will be supported by the envelope system. Brethren Field, Eaton, and Cheshire delivered addresses; brother Delamer prayed, and the Chairman pronounced the benediction.

NEWTON ABBOTT.—The annual harvest thanksgiving services were held in the Baptist chapel, Newton Abbott, on Tuesday, the 1st of October. Sermons were preached in the afternoon and evening by Mr. F. Collins, of Howe street, Plymouth. The Lord gave us fine weather, good congregations, and liberal collections. It was a matter of thanksgiving to the friend of the truth as it is in Christ, that the Lord has so graciously sustained our brother Pearce, notwithstanding the trying circumstances through which our brother has been called to pass. A new chapel has been built. Influences have been employed to weaken him, yet the old chapel is filled, all the seats are let, and the contributions are as large as before any division took place. The friends all appear willing to strengthen his hands, and encourage his

heart; the thanksgiving services were of the Lord blessed, to the joy of many hearts. May God still bless his servant and his cause.

CHEERING NOTE TO OUR ESTEEMED BROTHER MITSON.—MY DEAR SIR,—Father wishes me to write to you, and express his thanks for your repeated thoughtfulness and kindness to him; I assure you he esteems it a great kindness. Many an hour he has spent over Mr. Wells's sermons, and he likes them much. The *Gospel Guide* speaks of Popery coming on England with gigantic strides. It is, indeed, dear sir, a melancholy fact, that the church clergymen here are but one step behind the Roman Catholic, as they are having crosses put up everywhere, and the Virgin Mary with the Babe of Bethlehem; and the clergyman at Shelfanger is now preaching for the confirmation that is shortly to take place. He said in his sermon, on Sunday week, the moment the bishop places his hand on the head of a person the sins fly out of them. We are thankful to say that we are going on very comfortably at our chapel now. Mr. Horne, the minister who has been with us for nearly nine years has left us, and is gone to a larger church at Norwich; but the Lord has been pleased to fill his place with one liked by the people, even better than he was, so that our congregation is increasing very much, while several have been added, and more are expected soon to do so. Hoping this may meet you and yours well as it leaves us. Father and mother send their Christian love to you. Please to remember me very kindly to Miss Mitson., Wishing you every blessing, believe me dear sir, most sincerely yours,

BERTHA WEBSDALE.

Roydon, March 4th, 1867.

THE LATE MRS. TAYLOR.—The following remarks were found written by my beloved wife, Jane Taylor, some time previous to her decease:—"Oh, how many times, ah, many a time, has my soul been blest, and my poor drooping spirit been refreshed at Zoar (Great Alie street). The first time I heard that servant of God, Mr. Taylor, of Manchester, I never shall forget it. Oh, how he fed my soul during his stay in London that first visit (1843). I can truly say my soul mourned his absence. Mr. Taylor was a perfect stranger to me, so that I had no partiality to him as a man. And at Crosby road, under our pastor C. W. Banks, oh, how I have sat and feasted while he has been preaching. Sweet times, and much love to some of the people. And again, how many times has my soul and spirit been comforted in hearing Mr. John Wigmore. The precious things that I have heard from his lips will never be forgotten while I live; once most especially, from "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth;" and the sweet things he said I hope never to forget. Then, that's not only once but

many times. Many other ministers I have heard many times, very nicely. And since I have been at the Grove (Camberwell) I hear Mr. Tay very well. Sober, solid, spiritual discourses; nothing exciting, but solid heart-work; and I hope my poor heart and soul is right, for I know and feel—

"That all my trust
On Christ I stay!"

Her last words to me, her now bereaved partner, were:—"I feel this mud wall cottage shake, and think it now must fall.

"Oh, may I live to see the place,
Where He unveils His lovely face;
Where all His beauties I behold,
And sing His name to harp of gold."

In the article of death she said, "They are all ministering;" and as her dear spirit was departing my dear son filled up the sentence, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" JOHN TAYLOR.

[This was a sober and solid sister in Jesus. And happy days were they to the Gospel at Crosby row to which she refers. They are fled for ever.]

STRIKING SENTENCE FOR MINISTERS.—A young brother, writing from a distant part of the country, and speaking of his numerous and varied labours, says, "But I shall go out no more; my health is bad; my constitution is weak; I have now a flock to feed; and require time for meditation and prayer; for I am assured of this that in the closet THE BATTLE IS LOST OR WON." "Praying the Lord may bless you, and sustain you, and help you through your numerous toils and difficulties. I know you have your share of these, and grant you many of his precious love visits, to cheer you, amidst perplexing, changing, turbulent affairs of life."

"A Man of Truth" says, Mr. John Foreman has been into Yorkshire, visiting Mr. Anderson, Mr. Crowther, and other good men in the north; and that he has been preaching "visitation sermons" in different places. This is like placing the seal of approbation upon all the changes and removals which have recently taken place; and it is thought that that great county of Yorkshire, which has been considered so destitute of Gospel truth, will experience a great revival. There is in that county plenty of room, plenty of people, plenty of property, and hundreds of thousands of hearts beating warm with zeal for the Gospel. We hope they will see better days.

Marriage.

On Wednesday, October 16, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the Rev. John Alexander Brown, of Drummond road, S.E., to Amy Elizabeth, second daughter of George Thomas Congreve, Esq., of Coombe Lodge, Rye lane, Peckham.

Death of Mr. George Abrahams,

OF REGENT STREET CHAPEL, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

As we were finishing up this number of our Magazine, we received the intelligence of the death of this deep-taught servant of the Lord. Mr. Abrahams was not a minister whose name was continually before the Christian public; he was not what is termed an anniversary preacher; or one who was often found away from his own flock. For more than thirty-five years he has been pastor over the church from whose midst he has just been removed by death. With that people the Lord very signally blessed his ministrations; the deepest affection existed between pastor and people; and up to the last, the church and congregation, both for unity and numbers, continued in full strength.

It will not be possible at this late period of the month, to do more than to record this heavy loss to the church. Next month we shall hope to furnish some fuller particulars.

On Wednesday, Nov. 20, 1867, Mr. George Abrahams, the pastor of the church meeting in Regent street chapel, City road, quietly passed away from this world of sorrow and sin, to be "for ever with the Lord." For a long period, Mr. Abrahams had been suffering from a very serious affliction, and his medical advisers had decided that it would be necessary for him to undergo an operation. With this object in view, it was thought advisable that Mr. Abrahams should for a time reside in the immediate neighbourhood of a very eminent medical gentleman, who took the deepest interest in Mr. Abrahams' case, so that the patient might have the advantage of three or four daily visits. This arrangement was complied with; but before many days had elapsed, and previous to any operation taking place, Mr. Abrahams was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, which proved the means of relieving him from a body of affliction, and ushering his happy soul into the presence of Him for whom he had so many years laboured with much love and ability, to set Him before thousands who were wont to listen to his peculiar accents.

On Tuesday, the day previous to his death, he remarked to his devoted attendants that he knew he was dying; and very calmly he gave certain directions respecting some matters, and expressed a wish that Mr. Luckin and Mr. Robinson should officiate at his funeral. The day following, Wednesday, when he was evidently fast sinking, and when the power of speech had left him, Mr. Nunn said to him, "If you are happy in your mind, press my hand," and the dying saint, in answer to the request of his devoted brother, several times pressed his hand with a firm grasp.

Shortly after, the immortal soul was released, and only the mortal tabernacle was left amongst us.

Mr. Abrahams, although a great sufferer, had not been detained long from his loved employment. His last discourse was preached on Thursday evening, November 7th, in his own chapel, from the words of the Psalmist, "I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant, thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations (Psalm lxxxix. 3, 4). The first Sunday evening in November, while administering the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, he was led very solemnly to speak on the importance of holding fast by the truth; and he then charged his hearers, "if that should be the last time he should address them," to hold fast the profession of their faith. This was the last time he spoke publicly in his Master's name, with the exception of the Thursday evening following, as mentioned above.

The Sunday following his death, Mr. C. Robinson, a member of the church, occupied the pulpit, and the deepest grief was manifest throughout the congregation, for what at present appears an irreparable loss for the church; and the preacher implored the Lord to "disappoint their fears by not causing the church to be scattered."

On Monday, the 25th, the body of Mr. Abrahams was laid in his study, and hundreds of his friends there took a farewell glance of that countenance upon which they had so often gazed, while he "talked to them of Jesus."

On Tuesday, November 26th, the funeral took place at Abney Park Cemetery; and on Sunday, December 1st, Mr. Luckin is to preach in the morning, and Mr. Bayfield (of Brighton) in the evening, when special reference will be made to the solemn event; and in our January number we hope to devote some space to the funeral, the sermons, and some further reference to the deceased.

Mr. Abrahams leaves behind him a widow and twelve children; we pray they may realise the promise of our Lord, "I will be a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow." R.

Although Mr. Abrahams' departure was at too late a period in the month for us to give any lengthened detail of his last days, we cannot allow this number to be issued without a few words in remembrance of one whose ministry, on one occasion, was so signally and specially useful to us. In the year 1843, the Lord sent him with a message of superabounding mercy to our soul. At that time we had some interviews with him, and remember some part of the history which he gave of himself. He had then been preaching in London over fifteen years, so that his ministry in the great metropolis, and in different parts of England, must have been something like forty years, during the whole of which

period he was preserved and honoured, to bear a faithful testimony to the greatness and glory of the Person and Work of the Lord Jesus Christ, as well as to the essential dignity and power of the Personality of the Holy Ghost, and of His sanctifying grace and peculiar work in the hearts of the redeemed. In these last days few men can be found who more faithfully, in their ministry, take forth the precious from the vile, than did the late much revered and greatly beloved servant of Christ, Mr. George Abrahams.

Of his many bodily infirmities we have heard, occasionally, for years, but the tidings of his death came suddenly upon us; and although for him to depart and be with Christ is far better than all the mercies and privileges he enjoyed here, still, for his own church and congregation, for ourselves, and for thousands throughout the land, we could but shed tears of sorrow when we found he had been, after severe afflictions, called home.—EDITOR.

“Unto Him that Loved Us.”

“Unto Him that loved us.”—REV. I. 5.

THIS is the language of one who had an *experimental knowledge* of the love of Jesus; not a mere speculative or hearsay persuasion, but a divinely inwrought enjoyment of His love; a spiritual knowledge of the everlasting, free, infinite, invincible, transforming, and eternal love of Jesus Christ.

“And washed us from our sins in His own blood.” This statement implies an *experimental enjoyment* of the purifying efficacy of Christ’s blood. The Spirit-taught apostle having referred to the principle which actuated the Saviour, proceeds to declare its results, which, while they manifest the glorious power of the Divine love, bring into clearer view the condition of its objects. To love the holy and happy would have been an essential outflow of benevolence. But for the eternal and only begotten Son of God to set His Sovereign love upon sinful and ungodly creatures, who were His enemies, was to engage Himself to offices of love which none but the God-man could accomplish. To love such creatures was to unite Himself with them, and graciously to identify Himself with their wretchedness, and firmly resolve to save them from all their sins, and to bring them by His Holy Spirit’s power to a sweet realisation of His own happiness and glory. Blessed be His glorious name; having loved His people He will not abandon them in their misery, troubles and trials; nor suffer them to remain at a distance from Himself in time and eternity (John xiv. 1—3).

But the Redeemer had many formidable obstacles to remove before He could bring us to the enjoyment of the Divine favour. God is holy and just; we are sinful, guilty, and depraved. We have violated the holy law, dishonoured a just legislator, and incurred the righteous indignation of God’s justice. Jesus must magnify the law, honour the legis-

lative authority of God, and satisfy God's justice. As fallen creatures, we are actuated by principles which have a natural tendency to perpetuate and increase our crimes and our miseries. The evil principles of sin that are within us are so extensive and powerful, that not an instance can be adduced, since the fall of Adam, of a human being in whom they have not discovered themselves with the very first exertions of his rational powers. The seeds of evil are sown deep in the human heart, and produce abundance of evil fruit. The fountain being polluted the streams are necessarily vitiated. As "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," therefore our ways are perverse. Notwithstanding the threatenings of God's law against all unrighteousness, and the restraints imposed by natural conscience, &c., the sinful propensities of our evil hearts display themselves in open transgressions; and even when these are prevented by circumstances, there is a secret alienation from God, a desire to be independent of Him, a love to sin, which fully proves the entire ruin of our nature, and shows that of ourselves we cannot cease from sin.

But general views do not deeply affect the mind. The apostle speaks here in the language of conscientious enjoyment of the cleansing efficacy of the blood of Christ—"And washed us from our sins in His own blood." This text teaches us that there is everything venerable, and even awfully grand, in the plan through which sin is forgiven and salvation is bestowed. God has indeed discharged all the debt, and set His elect free; but this is done by a price of incalculable, infinite value. The Scriptures of truth constantly inform us that sin is not forgiven without punishment or satisfaction. This was clearly manifested by the sin-offerings under the law, which at once proclaimed the justice of God, and illustrated the way in which mercy is exercised. To these there is an allusion in the text: "And washed us from our sins;" not by the blood of inferior victims, but by His own blood. "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree."

In Isaiah liii. 10, it is said, "When thou shalt make His soul an offering,"—*asham*, guilty, as the word here used signifies; or, by a figure, an offering for guilt—guilty. He was not in Himself guilty, but innocent, and perfectly so; yet He was accounted and treated as guilty, Heb. vii. 26; 2 Cor. v. 21. The reason of this was, the sins of all the elect were imputed to Him, laid upon Him, laid to His charge, and He was made accountable for them, being made a curse for us. Hence, He was made an offering for guilt. His sufferings formed that real and mysterious expiation which hath put away sin. These were endured according to the Father's appointment—voluntarily endured in the nature that had sinned. And His sufferings were intense, unfathomable, ineffable, involving an overwhelming demonstration of the wrath of God against sin, and the direful effects of transgression. But these were fully sufficient. The dignity of His Person gave infinite value to His sufferings, so that they rendered it consistent with the justice of God and even conducive to His glory, honour, and praise, to extend forgiveness to the guilty. How powerful that blood when sprinkled on the awakened conscience! There are no stains of guilt it does not wash away, never to be again remembered in the court of heaven. It washes away sins past, present and to come. The believer in Christ has proof of its virtue every day of his life. It makes him clean in the eyes of God. It inspires

peace of conscience; it comforts him in sorrow, and supports him in death, and admits him into heaven, where there are pleasures for evermore.

The apostle, simple, holy, and upright in his conduct amongst men, was yet conscious in his own experience of inward defilement; for, though it may seem paradoxical, the more holiness the Spirit bestows upon the believer, he is the more deeply affected with a sense of his unholiness. Having higher and clearer views of the holiness of God, he feels the more his own unworthiness. Having larger views into the extent and spirituality of God's holy, just, and good law; he sees the more his own manifold short-comings; and is ever ready to confess himself the chief of sinners. But when the Holy Ghost applies the blood of Christ to the soul, then there is a sweet sense of meaning: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." Made nigh by the blood of Christ—an entrance into the holiest by the blood of Jesus; "for through him we both have access by one Spirit into the Father." Eph. ii. 13—22.

R. Mayhew says, "Christ's blood is purifying blood (Heb. ix. 14). It is Christ's blood purgeth from dead works in a state of death, and from lifeless works in a state of life. Yea, it is Christ that must wash us in His own blood." This precious blood has washed away the plague spots, and stains of many thousands who are now praising the Lamb for doing so. Amongst the happy number I desire to be found, sincerely saying, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory and dominion, for ever and ever." Amen and amen.

Boston, Lincolns, Oct. 9, 1867.

D. WILSON.

The Travail of the Soul from Despondency to a Happy Deliberance.

A FEW WORDS OF EXPERIENCE TO CLOSE THE YEAR WITH.

WE began this work more than twenty years since by recording some of those things which the tried believer is called to experience in this wilderness. From time to time we have continued in this path, and in closing another volume, we shall simply refer to a state of conflict which all the earnest followers of the Lamb are called to endure in some portion of their Christian life.

We know "the Book of Psalms" is a part of the holy Word which is little thought of, little understood, but little quoted, and perhaps but little realized in the large professing family in these days. Still, there are some of the house of David yet upon the earth, and to them ALL the experiences of David, Asaph, Heman, Moses, and others, are frequently useful.

There is a remarkable verse in the 31st Psalm which we have found to express both sides of that inward conflict which the ancient saints were often the subjects of; and some in these days know their twofold spiritual conflict. When David was once more enabled to rejoice in God, he refers to a fearful state of dark agitation, of awful desertion, and of sudden amazement into which many adverse circumstances had driven him. Let us look carefully at these words, as expressing THE EXPERIENCE OF THE

TRIED SOUL in its night of sorrow, as well as THE JOY OF THE BELIEVER in his morning of deliverance.

Our words will be few. The portion we have referred to is the 22nd verse of the 31st Psalm, "For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes; nevertheless, thou heardest the voice of my supplication when I cried unto thee."

What did David mean by his "haste?" This word stands in opposition to "faith," which is a steady, and sometimes a stern and strong reliance upon the Lord. "He that believeth shall not make haste." He will wait for the Lord. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." But a soul who doth believe in the Lord may sometimes be driven to hasty and to false conclusions respecting its state and condition before the Lord. Peter exhorts to soberness, and in times of danger and distress it is a mercy to be enabled to commit all unto, and leave all, with Him, of whom one said, "Let my sentence come forth from thy mouth."

What, in his haste, did this mysterious man of God say? "I am cut off from before thine eyes." The eyes of the Lord expresses his knowledge, His love, His approbation, and His blessing. To be persuaded that He will say at last, "Depart from Me, I never knew you," is a temptation or persuasion most horrible indeed. To feel that there is no love in God toward you—no sanction from heaven resting upon you—no Divine blessing for you, is an agonising grief beyond the power of words to define.

How did David prove that all this which he said in his haste was false? Because he realized after all, that the Lord heard the voice of his supplications when he cried unto him. There is a three-fold experience resulting from the Lord hearing our cries. 1. In seeking the Lord, if He hear us, He draws that seeking soul closer and closer unto Himself; until the Spirit of adoption carries out the meaning of that great Scripture, "Come, now, let us reason together," &c., and that other one, "Put me in remembrance, let us plead together, declare thou, that thou mayest be justified."

Again, when the Lord hears a man's cries, He relieves his soul; and gives him some rest at the footstool of mercy; which is a great mercy for a tempest-tossed spirit. But, more than all, deliverance is the result of cries being heard, and of prayers being answered. This is the highest blessing. Deliverance from all enemies, from tears and sorrows, from death and from hell.

Now David addresses himself to two kinds of experience, to two classes of believers.

Gratitude contrains him to exclaim, "O, love the Lord, all ye his saints; for the Lord preserveth the faithful." He would have all the saints to cleave unto the Lord, and honour Him with all their souls and strength.

And, then, to such as "hope in the Lord," he speaketh to their help, "Be of good courage; and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."

All the branches of this Scripture carry with them the three great lessons of Christian experience. 1. That it is through great tribulation, the people, who are saved, have to pass. 2. That no trouble can finally stop the living soul from crying unto the Lord. 3. That out of all its terrors and trials, God will deliver every ransomed saint. May we all prove these things for Christ's sake. Amen.

A LETTER FROM SAMUEL COZENS, OF AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—When I left Willenhall, a quiet, sober-minded man came up to me, and with a grave countenance and solemn voice said, “Mr. Cozens, you are *Jonah*, you are *running* away from the Lord ; and mark my words,—you will pass through the belly of hell, and God will bring you back again.” The first part of the prediction is as true as the Bible. I have indeed passed through the belly of hell—such a hell that I would not wish the greatest enemy I have on earth to experience. I have been in darkness and the deeps, without one spark of glimmering day ; and have been more than once, or twice, or thrice, in a horror of great darkness, Gen. xv. 12. Yes, and the darkness was so dense that there was not a beam of hope ; and O, the horrors of that darkness can only be known by being felt in the belly of hell. I used to think that no man, after being brought into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, could ever after feel the pains of hell. But I had not then dug down into the awful chambers of imagery, where

Swarms of ill thoughts their bane diffuse.

But I have seen enough since then to exclaim,

Tell it unto sinners, tell,
I am, I am, out of hell.

A spark in the ocean, a stone in the air, a Daniel unhurt in the lions' den, the Hebrew children unconsumed in the fiery furnace, a Jonah undamned in the belly of hell, are not greater miracles than that the most upright should be out of hell. The human heart is far more devilish than the devil, for he has no mercy to insult. If the heart is deceitful above all things it must be worse than the devil. Our God never assumed the nature of devils to redeem them ; but he has assumed our nature, and, therefore, to sin against Him in our nature is a species of evil that out-devils the devil himself. It is an evil of which he cannot be guilty. O Lamb of God, to deny Thee that died for us ; to sin against Thee that suffered such a passion and death for our sins, is cruel ingratitude, and more than diabolical wickedness ; and if we have not with our lips done as Peter did, have we not in our lives followed the example of those who forsook him and fled ? Who was the worst, the man who no doubt was struggling in himself to carry out his solemn resolution, but fell in the fight ; or, those who fled from the contest, and left their loving Lord alone in the hands of His enemies ? Have we not again and again sung in solemn sadness, “Prone to wander,” about, “His loving heart is still eternally the same.” He anticipated Peter's folly, and prayed for his faith. He inspired his confidence, and made him feel the power on the whelming waves. He challenged his love, and bade him feed His sheep and lambs ; but never once mentioned the naughty words of his lips. O, to treat with any unkindness, or to exhibit the least disrespect towards so loving and tender a Shepherd is base indeed. Peter might have said of himself and all his fellow-disciples, “We were as sheep going astray, but (blessed adoration !) are now returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.” O, I would hold fast, or, rather, I would be held fast by his crook, and never more, even in thought, stray from His blessed feet, but sit there—like Mary—like a child at home. There is no hell, no horror of darkness there, but sacred, high, eternal noon. I am sure I did wrong in leaving dear Old England, and the evils that have come upon me were the rods for the fool's back ; but the rods are fewer than our sins, and lighter than our guilt. “He corrects us in measure.” The rod is in a Father's hand, and love measures the affliction that shall be chastening.

We know all that is going on at home, for I have found *VESSEL* readers in all the colonies that I have visited. We get the periodicals almost as punctually as the people get them at home. We got the July periodicals last Monday the 23rd ; and when I am reading what you are doing, I can hardly

realize that 14,000 miles of God's great and wide sea is rolling between us. Try and fill your periodicals with as much vital godliness and sound doctrines as you can, for hundreds in the interior are so remote from the public service of God, that they have nothing for their souls but what they get from the religious publications and the Bible. Think when you are freighting your VESSEL that it has to go further than Captain Cook went; and that the poor and needy feel the terrible loss of the stated means of grace. Poor dears, my soul often weeps for them. You folks at home, that can jump into your railway carriage and be taken from one end of the land to another, can form no idea of the colonies.

I am writing on what comes under my observation, and I have thought I would send it to you, but so much that I have written has never been printed, and as I attach some importance to my papers on the colonies, I must have your promise that you will publish them, for to copy them would involve a great expense of time. I promise you that they shall be interesting. But one thing be sure to do, and that will be a blessing; dissuade everybody from coming out here. I have rarely met with any but what are longing to return home again. They get out here, but have not the means to return, and here they are obliged to stay. I came here about two months ago to fulfil a twelve months' engagement. Mr. Dowling is succeeded by a gentleman from the Metropolitan College.

Give my love to all enquiring friends, and especially to Mr. Wells, and accept the best wishes of yours very truly and sincerely,

S. COZENS.

MEMOIR OF MRS. ELIZABETH TURNER,

OF KING'S LANGLEY, HERTS, WHO DEPARTED
THIS LIFE, AUGUST 3, 1867.

OF the early years of the subject of this memoir the writer has been unable to obtain but little information, except that she was in infancy deprived of the dearest relative on earth; but the deprivation of maternal care was compensated for by the devoted attachment of a tender, loving father, whose circumstances enabled him to give her that education which was so useful to her at a later period of life. She married at the early age of eighteen; and though the marriage was a happy one in many respects, she found difficulties arise to which she had before been a stranger, and which it is quite unnecessary to mention in this memoir. Her writings (for she kept a diary from a very early age) show that she was the subject of religious impressions; but the precise period when she was called by grace does not appear. She has, however, been connected in membership with the Church of Christ assembling for worship at King's Langley, for upwards of thirty years; and it is this part

of her useful, if not eventful history, which we have thought might be profitable and instructive to the people of God who are journeying the same road, subject to the same cares, beset by the same temptations, yet guarded by the same Almighty power which protected our departed friend, and eventually took her to that heavenly rest "which remaineth for the people of God."

During her long connection with the Church below, she appears to have adorned her profession, and to have merited the high esteem and regard which were ever entertained for her; and her loss will be long felt by many as a counsellor and friend, both in the secluded village in which she dwelt, and as a valued correspondent to those far away; and the writer of this memoir who has had the advantage of her friendship for a period of nearly twenty years, and who has in his possession a large number of her letters, feels that he has sustained a loss that will not easily be made up.

As a member of a Christian Church, she often lamented the coldness of heart and want of vitality which characterized the cause of God, at which she was deeply grieved. But

while she was distressed at the lukewarmness of professing people, she was by no means insensible to her own shortcomings; and both in conversation and correspondence, she frequently alluded to her own spiritual coldness and want of affection to the God of all grace; and in one place she remarks—"I feel so much want of vitality in spiritual things, whether I read the word of God or attempt to pray, the enemy is always near to disturb and divert my thoughts, and to sink my soul into despair." Her later years seem seldom to have been free from despondency; at times she seemed to have lost all hope that she was numbered with the people of God; but with all the assaults of the adversary, her faith remained unshaken to the last; and her attachment to the Lord's family only ceased with her life. And many valued ministerial servants of God who have entered into their reward, and many now living, can bear testimony to the kindness of heart with which she invariably entertained them, both when her worldly circumstances were comfortable, and when they were very limited. Her humble cottage was always open to receive the ministers of God—for the cause at King's Langley is too small to support a stated ministry), and among those who supplied there from time to time, and of whom she always spoke in terms of the greatest affection, are, Mr. Tester, Mr. Hanshaw, Mr. Brown, Mr. Woodcock, Mr. Broughton, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Edwell, Mr. Davis, Mr. Trimmings, Mr. Bagfield, Mr. Skedes, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Searle, Mr. Mulvey, Mr. Lawder, Mr. North, and many other Christian friends, who at various times supplied the pulpit there, and with many of whom she was on terms of great intimacy; indeed if there was one thing more than another she highly prized it was the companionship of those who laboured ministerially in the service of God.

Our friend, Mrs. Turner, was a woman of superior attainments, among which poetical talent was most conspicuous, and was invariably exercised when any dear friend was

called from this life to a life eternal. A large number of her poems, both in manuscript and print, show gifts of no mean order, and are mostly of a spiritual tendency. The following lines on the prospect of death may perhaps be deemed worthy a place in this memoir—

"Pilgrim, bid the world adieu,
Plume thy pinions for the flight,
See the golden gates in view,
Hark the first-born sons of light.

"Strike anew the golden lyre
To the praise of sovereign grace,
Haste to join the sainted choir,
Swell the harmony of praise.

"Nought on earth is worth thy stay,
Nothing here deserves thy love,
Fettered spirit, robed in clay,
All thy treasure is above.

But a sojourner below,
But a transitory guest,
Happiness thou canst not know,
Severed from the land of rest.

Fear thou not the dart of death,
Start not at the chilly wave,
Jesus with his latest breath,
Shouted victory o'er the grave.

Since thy Lord while here below,
Was for thee uplifted high,
Death received a mortal blow,
'And his own can never die.'

The pathway of tribulation, of late years, was the road our departed sister had to travel, and although she never knew the want of the bread that perisheth she had amidst much bodily affliction to labour for a precarious subsistence by keeping a small school, and many of her old scholars now living still entertain for her a fond remembrance and speak in terms of great affection for their kind old school-mistress, and it is pleasing to know that her labours have tended of God's blessing to bring many to think of a more important education than that which fits them for mere earthly duties; but, of late years, increasing infirmities rendered the instruction of the young ones a great toil and exertion, and the pain her of leg (from which she suffered much) was often so intense as almost to incapacitate her from continuing this mode of obtaining a livelihood; but she appears to have borne the suffering with Christian fortitude, and her constant prayer for resignation to the will of

God was answered by Him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And so she laboured on to the last, though past threescore years and ten, and her little scholars came as usual to their school, on the 3rd of August last, to find that their schoolmistress of the preceding day had suddenly left them for a better world.

It is gratifying to remark that many who loved her for her Master's sake, expressed their regard for her while living; and that for some little time before her death she was aided by the Aged Pilgrims' Fund; and several Christian friends who knew her well, from time to time (as appears from her diary), rendered her some kind assistance, indeed, her diary of later years constantly abounds in expressions of her own wants and fears, and of her Master's great mercies which are faithfully recorded. On the 31st of July last, three days before her death, she remarks—

"Gracious Lord, Thou knowest, and only Thou, the peculiarity of my situation; interpose for us I beseech Thee; enable me to take up my cross and follow Thee."

While the last entry, and no doubt the last lines she ever penned, is—

"I rose this morning almost despairing as to temporal things, when the Lord graciously interposed for me through the medium of my kind friend M. C. To God be the praise."

But though increasing bodily pain often rendered her very desponding, and the assaults of the foe were very frequent as she neared the end of her earthly pilgrimage, the presence of her Saviour was often with her to dispel her fears, and graciously permitted sweet intercourse and communion with Him; for she writes on one occasion,—

"My mind, on awakening early this morning, and I was led to see that the trials and conflicts the believer meets with here below are ordained by infinite wisdom to raise his hopes and affections to a better world."

On the 2nd of August last, about

twelve o'clock our friend retired to rest, having spent the evening in company with her son who had been reading to her from Bunyan's Holy War, little supposing that her own conflict was so soon to be ended; but about two o'clock in the morning she aroused her daughter, who immediately went to her bed-side; she appeared to be in great agony, and said, "Oh, Louisa, I shall die." Those were the last words she spoke; and although medical assistance was immediately procured, before it came she breathed her last.

So sudden and unexpected was her death that an inquest was held at Hemel-Hempstead, Herts, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the testimony of her daughter, Mrs. Weedon, that she died from spasms of the heart to which it appeared she had long been subject.

That our friend was prepared by the grace of God for the solemn and sudden summons from time to eternity we can entertain no doubt, both from our personal knowledge of her character and from the testimony of those with whom she so long enjoyed Christian fellowship.

She was buried in King's Langley church-yard, on Friday, August 6th, and a large number of friends were there to show the respect they felt for the deceased; and on our way home, the writer of this memoir (who, with our venerable friend, Mr. Hanshaw, attended the funeral) remarked to him that the words "In sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life," were certainly applicable in the case of our departed friend, who has entered into her everlasting rest to sing nobler praises than employed her earthly pen, and we bid her adieu, in hope some day to join her, in the language she so appropriately employed in some verses she composed on the death of that esteemed Christian minister, Mr. Edwell.

"The conflict ended, and the victory won,
Immortal glory circles round thy brow,
With golden harp in mansions near the throne,
Eternal praises thy employment now.

Dear saint, farewell, though here we
meet no more,
Grateful remembrance of thy worth
shall tell,
Till upon Canaan unobscured shore,
We meet again, no more to say fare-
well."

HENRY BROWN.

ANSWER TO MR. EDWARDS.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your correspondent Mr. Edwards already knows the answers Baptists are likely to give to his questions. He has, doubtless, many times before his alteration of views, been similarly called upon for his reasons for Believer's Baptism, and Strict Communion. Perhaps if he were now to go through one of his baptism sermons, and place his present reasons for ignoring baptism by the side of those which satisfied him a few years ago, that baptism was a Scriptural ordinance and binding on the Church, he might discover that he was nearer the truth then than now.

I gather from his letter in the September EARTHEN VESSEL that he lays aside water altogether, so that sprinkling, pouring, and immersing, are (in Mr. Edwards's opinion) equally wrong, only to immerse is the most distasteful and carnal.

I feel that I cannot tell Mr. Edwards more than he already knows about baptism, and am quite sure that the reasons he gave on his last baptizing occasion would satisfy me now; and if they satisfied Mr. Edwards then, Mr. E. must not be surprised if they content Baptists now. There are, doubtless, many believers in and about Tunbridge Wells who have been led, through the arguments of Mr. Edwards, to embrace and walk in the ordinance of baptism; and the fact that they still abide by the ordinance ought to be a great grief to Mr. Edwards especially if he has as tender a conscience as John Newton had when he made a special voyage, after his conversion, for the purpose of counteracting his own previous infidel influence; but I do not see in your correspondent's letter the slightest expression of sorrow for having been, in the matter of baptism and Strict Com-

munion, a blind guide. On the contrary, he exhibits a very censorious spirit towards those, who, to say the least, a few years ago, were equally intelligent with himself upon the matter of baptism and Strict Communion.

May I remind Mr. Edwards that about forty days after the death and resurrection of Jesus, He gave to His disciples a command to "teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Surely baptizing means either sprinkling, pouring, or immersion. At least, so professing Christians, of every denomination (with the exception of Quakers), have for centuries believed. And the three thousand, on the day of Pentecost, surely were sprinkled, poured upon, or immersed. Has Mr. Edwards ever noticed how much the Lord had to do with the baptism of the eunuch? It is said, "And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, Arise, and go toward the South," and, afterwards, "Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near and join thyself unto this chariot," and, after the baptism, "the Spirit caught away Philip," &c. The presence of the Spirit at the baptism of Christ intimated God's approbation of both person and ordinance; may not the presence of the angel of the Lord, and the Spirit, in connection with the eunuch's baptism, intimate that Philip was engaged in administering an ordinance of God's appointment?

Mr. Edwards takes exception to water baptism because *ours* is "a spiritual dispensation." The same objection holds good with equal force with respect to the Lord's Supper (which I presume Mr. E. administers). Is not Christ the true manna, the bread of life? Then why have literal bread? Baptism is equally expressive of the Saviour's death as the Lord's Supper; it does not simply show forth the "cleansing, purifying, and burning, testimony of the Spirit's influence upon the Church of Christ." Paul says, "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized, were baptized unto His death?" And then it sets forth His resurrection, "therefore, we are buried with Him by baptism, that

like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

Baptism thus sets forth, as well, the death and resurrection of the Saviour, as the death of the believer to the world, its sins pleasures and religion, and his resurrection to newness of life."

The Roman Catholics have divided one ordinance, and kept back from the laity the cup; Mr. Edwards has separated the ordinances, and entirely keeps back one. Is there any difference between them? In this particular I think not; they have both taken unwarrantable liberties with holy things.

Mr. Edwards says, with triumph, "Did Paul tell the Corinthians to be baptized before they came to the Lord's table? or did he tell them to examine themselves to see if they had faith to discern the Lord's body?" Did it ever occur to Mr. Edwards that the reason why Paul did not tell the Corinthians to be baptized was because they were *already* baptized? (See the 12th, 13th, and 14th verses of the 1st chap. of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, which clearly show that the exhortation contained in 1st Epistle to Corinthians xi. 28, was to *baptized* members of the Church.)

A word or two for the Baptists' mode of baptism. The word baptism is generally, even by those who practise infant sprinkling, defined as dipping, plunging, or immersing. Mr. Edwards is quite aware that Jesus and John went down *into* the water, and came *up out* of the water; and also, that John baptized near Enon, "because there was much water there." And that it is said that the eunuch commanded the chariot to stand still, and that "they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him." Sprinkling or pouring could easily have been done in the chariot, especially as water was always carried by travellers.

As regards baptism, since the days of the apostles, all professing Christians (with the exception of Mr. Edwards and a few others and the

Quakers) agree that it has been constantly practised, either by sprinkling, pouring, or immersing. Cripps (Barrister-at-Law) in his treatise on the "Laws of the Church and Clergy," says, "At first it is said baptism was administered publicly, as occasion required, by *rivers*; afterwards the baptistry was built at the entrance of the church, or very near it, which had a *large basin* in it, that held the persons to be baptized and they *went down by steps into it*. Afterwards, when immersion came to be disused, fonts were set up at the entrance of churches, which baptistries here spoken of are to be seen attached to many of the foreign churches in the present day, as at Florence." I submit that, coming from one who is probably a member of the Church of England, and contained in a *Book of Reference for Lawyers*, upon the Laws and Ceremonies of that Church, which now practises infant springling, the above is a valuable testimony as to the antiquity of baptism by immersion. Mr. Edwards is also aware that the Prayer Book enjoins dipping (if required), and that a few years ago a clergyman of the Church of England (Mr. Cadman), baptized a young lady by immersion, a large bath having been placed in the church for that purpose; this fact, together with the words in the Prayer Book, are testimonies in favour of immersion. I believe that some years ago, Dr. Cumming held a public controversy with a Roman Catholic priest, in which the priest asserted that baptism originally was by immersion, but that his (the priest's) Church, being infallible, had a right, and exercised that right in adopting sprinkling instead; which statement, as to immersion, was not, I believe, effectually contradicted by Dr. Cumming.

As to Strict Communion. Can Mr. Edwards point to a single case in the New Testament where a person unbaptized partook of the Lord's Supper? Jesus, as the Bishop of the Church, having been baptized previously, the three thousand, the Eunuch, Paul, Lydia, the jailor and many others as well, are, I beg to

submit, sufficient precedents for Strict Communion.

Hoping that Mr. Edwards may yet see his error, and, like Cranmer, publicly own the same,

I remain, yours truly,
JOSEPH THRIFT

82, Windsor road, Holloway.

September 10, 1867.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. PEARSON,

MEMBER OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH,
RYARSH, KENT, WRITTEN BY
HERSELF; FOUND AFTER HER
DEATH. SEPT., 1867.

THERE was a time when I cared for none of these things. Till I had completed my nineteenth year I often used to go to the house of God, but I did not pay any attention to the reading of God's most holy word, and my heart was as hard as the seat I sat on, until one Sunday in October, 1837, Mr. Fremlin preached from the words (at Malling) in Isa. iii. 10, 11. In his subject he was speaking of the thunders on Mount Sinai, which seemed in some measure to arouse my conscience. He then repeated the text again, which seemed to be like an arrow to my heart, particularly those words, "Woe unto the wicked for it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

What terrors of mind I then felt I cannot describe. I went home weeping for my sins. At night I was afraid to close my eyes in sleep for fear that I should awake in hell. I tried to pray, but thoughts arose in my mind that I was too great a sinner ever to be pardoned. I was in great distress of mind all the following week, so as to say with the Psalmist, "I mingled my tears with my meat, and I watered my couch with my tears."

The following Sunday it was my turn out, for I was then in service. I could no longer spend my Sabbaths as I had formerly done—with gay companions. I went to the house of a Christian friend to take tea and go with them to chapel. Mr. Fremlin spoke from these words, "And I saw, and behold a white horse: and

he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer." Revelation vi. 2. I felt a little encouraged, and hoped that in the atoning blood of Jesus I should find pardon of all my sins. The hymn that was sung after the service seemed so to meet my case,—

"Hail, mighty Jesus, how divine
Is Thy victorious sword,"

particularly the verse,

"Deep are the wounds Thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart,
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart."

But what conflict of mind I passed through for several days! I was tempted to believe that there was no God, and the Bible was not true, and that it was no use my trying to pray; so that I felt I could not pray nor yet let it alone. I thought then, within myself, that there must certainly be a God, and the Bible true, for things did not come by chance. The following Sabbath, in the afternoon, Mr. Fremlin spoke from these words, "And be sure your sins will find you out;" he said "Some people's sins have found them out already, and let me tell you they will find you out." I thought he was telling the people all about me and all that I had done, and my sins seemed to appear all before me. I appeared a greater sinner than ever, so that I was led to cry, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

I went on for a week or two, Mr. Fremling spoke from these words, "He shall call upon me; I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and will honour him." I then felt such peace of mind and happiness, and such love for the worship and people of God, that my heart burned within me. I thought, Oh, how great the love of Jesus towards such a sinful creature as me, to suffer on the Cross and die, to raise me to a throne of glory! Oh, that I could love him more, and serve him better!

The Lord's people were my choice companions, for I now found that "wisdom's ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace." The world no more could charm me,

I now began to pray for my relations that they may be brought as humble penitents to the feet of Jesus.

Our sister was confined at home some weeks previous to her death. On hearing of her affliction I visited her; she then told me she had passed through great darkness of mind, and conflict with the enemy. Could not feel her interest in Jesus; doubting her interest in the inheritance above the skies, but the Lord had then, for the past few days, appeared in his still small voice speaking to her soul, removing her doubts and fears, turning the dark season into a Gospel day, for she then expressed to me she felt her interest in Jesus, felt she was on the Rock, and that Jesus was precious to her soul; that he could make her dying bed soft as downy pillow are. On visiting her the second time, a few days before her death, she was in the same calm state; was willing to wait the Lord's time; felt she could leave her children all in the hands of the Lord; for me to live is Christ, but to die is gain, absent from the body present with Lord. Thus ended the earthly career of one of the Lord's jewels, who had been kept and preserved in the grace-life for thirty years, and who is now in the presence of her Saviour enjoying the glory of that salvation that was her soul's delight in time.

We tried to improve the death, Sunday afternoon, October 6th, to a large congregation and sorrowing relatives from 2 Cor. v. 1.

Praying may the Lord sanctify and bless the word spoken to surviving friends.

I am yours, in Gospels bonds,

JOHN JULL.

Wrotham Water, Oct. 22, 1867.

A CHRISTIAN DROWNED IN AUSTRALIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

KNOWING the deep interest you have always taken in the welfare of the tempted and deeply tried of the Lord's regenerated family, induces me to send you an extract of a letter

from a dear friend who left this country about five years since, for New Zealand. Many years before he left, he was brought by the providence of God under the ministry of Mr. James Wells; the Lord blessed the Word to his soul, and gave him a deep experience of his blessed truth. He was admitted a member of the Church of Christ, at the Surrey Tabernacle, and continued so till he left for New Zealand. Arriving there, he was engaged by a large firm, in whose service he continued till he was accidentally drowned on the 13th February last in Poverty Bay, while attempting to swim ashore from the wreck of the mail-packet "Star of the Evening," on his voyage from Napier to Auckland, leaving a wife and two children to lament his loss.

His last letter to his mother, dated Wellington, January 29, 1867, is as follows:—

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am in a strange land amongst strange people. It is no small matter to be alone, I mean spiritually, to have on all sides those who hate that which I so much love. I have no doubt you have often thought of me with respect to this matter. The Lord has mercifully kept me faithful. I have been more favoured in communion with him and joy in believing than I ever had before. Still, I feel much depressed at times. No one with me, all against me, the Lord keep me, many are the eyes that are upon me, they cannot understand me. Truly I am alone, as the pelican in the wilderness, and as the sparrow upon the house top. The Lord only knows what the sorrows of my soul are at times, my own vile heart my inward and outward temptations, carnal mindedness, the continual opposition of the enemies to vital godliness.

But blessed be my God he has not forsaken me, for he comes and lifts and sets me hopefully on again. I left home a month ago, have not heard since. It makes me anxious. I have been very unwell lately, hope you are well.

Your affectionate son,

WILLIAM HENRY WORRELL.

In one of his letters, he said he had never heard a Gospel sermon nor found any person who loved the truth since he left England.

He used to stay at home, and read Mr. Wells's sermons and the VESSEL sent him every month, and his Bible, and, with his wife, used to sing—

"A day's march nearer home,"

not knowing he was so near his heavenly home.

Thus he was enabled, by God's grace, to hold fast the truth born of God; born of God for ever. Those deep experiences of which he was the subject are sweet to remember to what they lead.

"Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O, how pleasant,
The conqueror's song!"

The Scriptures declare again and again that such mourning souls are blessed, and shall have an abundant entrance into that kingdom prepared for all who are brought to feel their need of mercy. Our departed brother was cut off in his youth being only thirty-one. But absent from the body present with the Lord is a great consolation to those left to mourn his loss.

What a dark corner of the earth must be New Zealand! No Gospel truth to be heard preached for five years, yet the Lord still carries on his work in the hearts of his people wheresoever they are scattered.

How little we prize our privileges in dear Old England, yet there are some who can sing with all their hearts:—

"Hail, mighty Jesus, Sovereign Lord,
Thy glorious name Thy saints adore,
One view of Thy dear smiling face,
Rejoice our hearts for evermore,
Blessed Jesus, mighty conqueror,
Draw our wandering hearts to Thee."

If you can find a corner in your EARTHEN VESSEL for the testimony of the Lord's faithfulness to our departed brother in preserving him in the truth, it may meet the eye of some poor tried child of God, and, under his blessing enable them still to hope on to the end, and the same shall be saved. Yours truly,

JAMES MITSON.

28, Stamford street.

QUESTION.—MR. BANKS.—The writer would feel greatly obliged if you, or any other minister, who is accustomed to write in EARTHEN VESSEL, would give an explanation of the latter part of 12th verse of Jude's Epistle, which reads, "Clouds they are without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit; twice dead, plucked up by the roots."

Oct. 4, 1867. A "VESSEL" READER.

BOOKS.

A MINISTER WEeping OVER HIS OWN SERMON.

The Present Crisis of the Church of God is the title of a small volume just issued by Mr. Partridge, from the pen of Rev. E. Cornwall. It is a book for the present momentous time. We give here one extract. Speaking of the present race of popular and elegantly-philosophical race of preachers, Mr. Cornwall says:—

These ministers who thus strive to meet the popular taste—may seek to quiet their consciences by bringing forward some portion of gospel truth *now and then*—referring to it incidentally in their discourses or, perhaps, after a long and exhausting sermon on some other subject or subjects appending a few concluding words about it—as if they were *ashamed to put it aside altogether*. But surely this is little else than mere spiritual mockery or evasion where, after keeping hungry, starving perishing souls waiting in the house of God a long time without food, then to throw them—a few crumbs at parting! This certainly is not like the great moral preacher—who exclaimed, to the most refined and accomplished church in the world, "I am determined to know *nothing* among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified"—not like him who went down to preach in a city of Samaria—and whose preaching is all expressed in one word—**JESUS**.

Such a procedure inflicts a deep and eternal injury on the hearers. They want the everlasting gospel in one form or another fully brought out *every Sabbath*—as much, at least, as would save those hearers who, by the providential appointment of God are never to hear another sermon ere they pass into eternity. Well does the writer remember hearing a remarkable illustration of these words from the lips of a faithful servant of God, long since departed. On one Monday morning he was informed that a man, who the preceding evening had listened to his discourse in his usual health—had suddenly been ushered into eternity. His personal responsibility to preach the gospel to men as *dying men*—as to those who, for aught he knew, might be about to appear at the bar of God—at once flashed on his mind. Rising anxiously from his seat—he proceeded to examine the manuscript of the sermon which the departed soul had last heard, with the intensely earnest hope that he should find in it—as much gospel truth as—had it been there and

then through the grace of God understood and believed by the departed hearer—would have saved his soul. To his inexpressible grief, after the examination was over—he found the contrary. He saw that the hearers might have believed every word of that discourse—and remained unsaved. The sermon was scriptural and well prepared—lacking in nothing—*save the gospel suited for a dying man.* Penetrated with a sense of his unfaithfulness on that one occasion (for generally, he was distinguished for the constancy—ardour—and faithfulness with which he preached the glorious gospel—and for very many seals to his ministry), he burst into a flood of tears—and falling down at the mercy-seat, confessed before God with much contrition—his dread omission. And ere he rose from his knees—he made the solemn vow—that, with Divine help, to the day of his death—he would never preach a sermon without setting forth as much of the glorious gospel as would—if truly believed—save any unregenerate soul then present—who might be about to enter the world of spirits.

The Whole of Deity is between the Sinner and his Sins. In a season of inexpressible grief, we opened a new little volume sent us from the house of S. W. Partridge and Co., entitled *Winnowed Grain*, by Denham J. Smith, to which we have before referred. The following sentence met the eye, in some measure touched our hearts, and we resolved to let the readers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL have it for their comfort—if the Lord the Spirit apply the words to them with the essential power—for, indeed, without this, all words fail to heal, or help, or bless. In one paragraph the good man says:—

Oh! what life-long slavery is it to wade through the horrible mire of our past sins! Instead of continually examining self, let us examine the truth, and truth will purify self. Where doth the truth put the sins? I would fain examine. O, blessed utterance!—"I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins." Why, at the cross, should I be digging for the nails of blood and rust were driven into the feet and hands of Christ? Why not rise from sin to rest, from self to Christ? Does God examine us for sin? He does not. Our sins are "cast behind his back," with the whole of Deity between the sinner and his sins! "and are cast into the depths of the sea," *i. e.*, to unknown and unseen

depths! and are gone from His remembrance: He says, "I will remember them no more."

A Discourse on the Speedy Coming of our Lord, published by Mrs. Paul, "Pulpit" office, near Paternoster row. "Where shall we be when He shall appear?" is the great question of this discourse, and, increasingly feeling as we do, the awful state of those who are not in Christ, who have not come to Christ, who have not thought or believed in Christ; and deeply concerned as we are to be clear of the blood of all men, we cannot object to the entreaties and the exhortations with which this discourse doth close. If reading it is followed with the Lord's blessing, it may lead some to obtain, by the grace of a Triune God, the settlement of the question, "When He comes to judgment where shall I stand?"

"Perils and Penalties; or, Let the Old and Young take heed," is the startling heading of the first article in *Old Jonathan*, for October, publishing by Mr. Collingridge, and is illustrated by large engravings which increases our knowledge of the deep and dreadful snares which in this world abound. Drowning, poisoning, murderings, of every kind and class, startle and make you shudder at every turn. Oh, how wonderfully happy should all consider themselves who know the truth of Watts's lines—
"He that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a home secure above;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there, at night, shall rest his head."

The Work of God in every Age, By Rev. W. Froggatt; published by Jackson, Walford, and Hodder; is a thick volume containing comprehensive reviews of what religion is; what it has done; and what it is yet further designed to accomplish. To all devout and zealous Christians it will furnish information, and suggestions worthy of prayerful meditation.

A Conference between a Papist and a Jew. This is an ancient reprint issued at G. J. Stevenson's, 54, Paternoster row, and contains arguments in defence of the pure Protestantism of Christ's Gospel which, for plainness and force of illustration, is really excellent.

The Scattered Nation, published by Elliot Stock, has, in its November part, some papers of great merit, as regards "The Jews," "The Last Times," and other themes which the students of prophecy, and believers in the coming glory of the mystic body, will be much delighted with.

"The Memorable Hymn," a sacramental discourse by C. H. Spurgeon, is the first article in *The Sword and Trowel*, for November; it is full of strong sympathy with Christ, and with all his suffering saints. A paper on "The College" is also given, and much information fetched from the many fields wherein Mr. Spurgeon and his large band of workers are now employed.

Wayside Lyrics, by George Newman; published at Whittaker's in Ave Maria lane. Sweet and simple beyond all that words can tell, are some of this poet's lines. On the great theme of LOVE, he says:—

"Amazing, free, eternal Love
Whence all our comforts flow—
The glory of the saints above—
The grace of saints below.
Oh for that grace to strike the lyre,
And join with the triumphant choir;
Then when both Faith and Hope expire,
And death itself shall die,
With the immortal blood-wash'd through
Eternal Love shall be our song.

Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Prohibited by the Law of God, is lucidly stated by Rev. John Hannah, in a sixpenny pamphlet published by Mr. Elliot Stock; and may relieve some who are doubtful. Still, it is astonishing how little such parties consult God's order of things, when marriage is the prospect. By not sufficiently studying the Lord's Word, how many sorrows on ourselves we bring!

The Rainbow, edited by Dr. Leask, presents the numerous shades, beautiful colours, and pleasing harmonies of the future Advent of the Son of God. Dr. Leask has a large number of talented contributors, and to persons who are at all disposed to learn more than they have received of the Millennial subject, *The Rainbow* will be found a profitable companion.

Our Own Fireside, for November, has for its frontispiece, "A Forest

Scene at Madagascar," and such readable essays and tales as will refresh any one who is disposed to read wholesome and instructive pieces. Dr. Chalmers driving the Hypocrite out of his Study would make a fine picture.

My Log-Book, being Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure's Voyage to England, is attracting special notice. We were sure its simple narratives would do good.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE PRESENTATION WATCH.

WHICH WAS GIVEN TO MR. P. W. WILLIAMSON,
AT A PUBLIC MEETING IN JOHNSON STREET
CHAPEL, NOTTINGHILL, MAY 18, 1866.

Bright thing of time, discourse with me,
And give my mental eye to see,
Tipp'd in thy curious frame,
Some lesson wise in every part;
Thus through the fancy teach the heart,
Nor let me gaze in vain.

Thou precious metal, form'd of old,
Veil'd deep in clay, yet costly gold,
I hear thy silent voice;
Dug from a dark, a clayey pit,
To untaught eyes thou art ill fit
To be the artist's choice.

Thou saith, "Dug from that miry clay,
Taken from Nature's pit away—
The cold, Adamic rock;
The child of God is form'd anew,
Polish'd and fashion'd, till we view
Part of the Spirit's stock,"

To be work'd up some future day,
Its dross, its quartz, all purged away
By the Refiner's fire;
Till polished gold he shall appear,
Reflecting in his surface clear,
The image we admire.

Not only pure, but beauteous made,
In fair external oft array'd,

Engrav'd by skill Divine;
Both saint and sinner there may read,
The loving Father hath decreed
They shall in "good works" shine.

Thanks to the case; thus thou dost teach
The soul that fain would hear thee preach;
Curious, we'll pry within.
Active thy many wheels I see,
Working in perfect harmony—

What various thoughts they bring!
As he of old near Chebar stood,
And saw the visions of the Lord,
The wheel encircling wheel;
Thus, docile, I would gaze on these,
And mind as well as fancy please,
And their wise teaching feel.

"Ten jewels." Shall we count them o'er?
"Faith," "Virtue," "Knowledge," these,
I'm sure,
And "Temperance," jewels are;

And so we know is "God-likeness,"
Nor "Brotherly affection" less,
And "Love"—that gem so rare.
"Meekness," our jewel eight shall be;
The ninth is fair "Humility"
That modest, lovely grace!
And "Christian Liberality,"
Express'd by "hospitality,"
As jewel ten we place.

That *main-spring!* 'tis the love of God,
Shed by the Spirit's power abroad—
That *unseen*, matchless key,
Who winds the soul up day by day,
Or soon the feeble thing would stay,
Nor longer active be.

So weak is faith, so erring sense,
We "*compensation*" want, or else
Should time miscalculate;
But He contracts the things terrene,
Expanding views of those unseen.
Our souls to elevate.

The sacred, watchful paraclete,
Our varying pace to *regulate*,
Tells of atoning love;
Oft points to sad Gethsemane,
Then leads to doleful Calvary,
Then to the Throne above.

The case we close: how shall we know
The movements going on below?
Look at that pure white face:
Those pointers run their busy round,
Are to their duty constant found,
They keep their steady pace.

With noiseless movement night and day,
Still travelling their appointed way,
But ah! should ruthless foe
Warp either hour or minute hand,
Useless the maimed thing would stand,
And still refuse to go.

Luna might shed her gentle rays,
Bright Sol in noon-day splendour blaze.
The seasons go and come;
But oh! if paralyz'd that hand,
Useless the dial-strokes would stand,
Be uninstrusive—dumb.

Soul, studious con the lesson there;
Oh, if the tempter's finger e're
Should warp thy hand of faith,
How to the Church wouldst thou appear?
How meet the sceptic's withering sneer?
How wait the hour of death?

The Holy Spirit, "grieved" by sin,
Should He no longer work within,
Withhold anointing power;
How then couldst thou to others show
The obedient round 'tis joy to go?
How point salvation's hour?

Radiant in love the Lord might shine,
The Church her influence shed benign;
But ah! if unbelief
Should warp, and twist, and dull the soul,
Should Satan's snares awhile cajole,
Whence could it gain relief?

Thou fair engraved case of gold,
The glass and pointers still unfold,
For shielded well by Thee;

* 1 Peter iv. 9.

No careless touch shall work them ill,
But they their duty shall fulfill
True as the moments flee.

And oh, thou bright Anointed Shield,
When Satan fiery darts shall wield,
Thy broad disk interpose
To shield our pastor from all harm;
Within, without, let none alarm,
Preserv'd in Thee from foes.

Thanks, teaching thing, and now farewell:
One lesson more I hear thee tell;—
Thy tiny *ticking* voice
In gentle accents seem to say,
Those deeds endure to endless day,
Which here make little noise.

That *golden chain*, each link is love;
Fix'd in the sapphire throne above,
It holds the Church on earth
Just as this watch held by this chain,
United, one henceforth remain,
But who can tell its worth!

Imag'd in every link I see
Some purpose of the Deity,
Some wise decree of God.

That first great link, it knows no date;
That last, the joy shall consummate
Of all the saints above.

The Father's "pre-ordaining" will
Is the first link, and onward still
They span and reach the soul,
Till "call'd," and "pardon'd," "justified,"
"Made meet for heaven," and "sanctified,"
Finds "GLORY"* link the whole.

* Rom. viii. 30.

HARRIETTE THATCHER.

ONE YEAR NEARER HEAVEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Saviour Divine, we're nearer Thee,
By yearly mercies given;
By grace alone, so rich, so free,
We're one year nearer heaven.

Nearer by ev'ry threatening cloud,
Across our pathway driv'n:
Arise each heart and sing aloud,
We're one year nearer heaven!

Nearer by all the dark despair,
With which the Church has striv'n:
Nearer the end of earthly care,
Yes,—one year nearer heaven.

Nearer by ev'ry sin denied,
And earth's rejected leaven;
Nearer to Him, the Crucified,
Yes,—one year nearer heaven.

Nearer to Him whose blood Divine,
Speaks all our guilt forgiven;
And at whose call we soon shall join,
The perfect Church in heaven.

The rolling months their sorrows bring,
And grief the heart has riven:
But let the saints enraptured sing,
"WE'RE ONE YEAR NEARER HEAVEN!"
Manchester. WILLIAM STOKES.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

A DAY AT NOTTING-HILL.

AN APPEAL TO THE CHURCHES.—For more than twenty years Mr. P. W. Williamson has laboured assiduously and usefully in the service of souls and the Saviour, while his own hands have ministered to his temporal necessities, his receipts in the character of salary during much of the time being barely nominal. During the period named, he and his congregation have built a chapel, a spacious school-room, and a gallery, and made improvements in and about the same at a cost of £1,331 ls. 4d., which with interest on borrowed monies, £605 10s. 10d., make a total £1,936 12s. 2d. By their own efforts, supplemented by kind donations from other Christian people, their total debt is reduced to £691, a result honourable to the pastor and his flock, as none of the rich in this world's goods have been numbered among them. The place has never been vested in trust, and as all pecuniary responsibility has lain on the pastor, the property is legally his. This he has never wished, but it was at the instigation of the people he occupied such a position. If a trust had been created, the trustees must have taken the debt upon themselves, which to men of moderate means, would have been an onerous obligation, or they must have taken the security of a mortgage, which as we have learnt from many sad cases, might have eventuated in a sale of the property, or an alienation thereof to uses decidedly inimical to the purposes of its founders. To protect the right of the church was morally its own, and to prevent the introduction of another Gospel, Mr. Williamson signed a bond, duly stamped, copies of which he placed in the hands of brethren Foreman, Wells, Wyard, and Allen, pledging himself to good faith in carrying out the design, understood and declared, from the commencement. But the time seems to have come for a vigorous and conclusive step for the discharge of the remaining debt, and for securing the chapel to the Particular Baptist Denomination, and for the maintenance of truth, yea and amen, through Jesus Christ, to the glory of God the Father. With this view a meeting of ministers and others was called for Tuesday, Nov. 12th, 1867, when in the afternoon Mr. Foreman preached an instructive discourse from Psalm xxii. 28, "The kingdom is the Lord's." After tea brother J. Chivers read a portion of Holy Writ;

brother Webster implored the Divine presence and direction; and then our venerable brother Foreman in the chair, recommended the business of the day to the audience, and produced the aforesaid document. Brother Williamson read the financial statement and gave a brief history of the cause in Johnson street. If there had been anything to regret, there had been much to be grateful for, and it was evident he had good reason to say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." For the sake of order and consecutiveness a series of resolutions had been prepared, which were moved and seconded by brethren Baugh, Dearsley, Rowley, J. Mote, Esq., Jones, Flack, Wyard and Webster. As those resolutions contain the pith of the evening's work they deserve to be inserted here.

1. That the friends present unite with the members of the church, in thanksgiving to God for his kindness manifested to the pastor, in sustaining him in his office for the long period of nearly twenty years.

2. That this meeting having heard that the church and congregation worshipping God here desire to raise money sufficient to liquidate the debt now remaining on their chapel, and to put the chapel in trust, heartily pledges itself to assist them, and to spare no pains for the accomplishment of the desired object.

3. That as any church collecting £20 on this behalf, or any person obtaining or presenting a like sum will have the right to nominate one trustee, (such trustee being a member of a Strict Baptist church), we earnestly recommend all who are interested in upholding New Testament doctrines and ordinances to accept this offer, and thus secure to themselves a share in the trust, and so much power for good; and we respectfully request all ministers and deacons attached to free grace teaching to aid this object by introducing its merits to their several churches.

All the ministers present were most cordial in their congratulations of brother Williamson on the consistent, persevering course he had been favoured to preserve, and on the success and blessing which had crowned his labours; and they all promised to make the case known in their several circles, and plead for contributions towards the termination of the debt.

Brother Rowley, a member of the church, and formerly a deacon, and now

an itinerant minister, gave an effective recital of his own religious history to the effect that brother Williamson's ministry had been to him spirit and life; how God had graciously used it to the conversion of himself and six of his children, whereby the ministry and the place were much endeared to him, and he knew many others who could bear like testimony of indebtedness to grace through the same means.

We also learnt that swarms from Johnson street had been the nuclei of two churches in other localities, one of them at Birmingham; and these immigrants held fast the form of sound words which they had received, and exerted themselves to spread the pure word of truth and salvation. Would to God there were more of this spreading of the Gospel by those who have felt its power, and who, in the changes of Providence are lifted, or drifted into dark places where Jesus is not known! If those who were scattered abroad by ruthless persecution went everywhere preaching the word (Acts viii. 4), how are they excused who guided, as they believe, by wise prudence, "Go into such a city to buy and sell, and get gain" (James iv. 13), but say nothing, do nothing, to increase knowledge and shed light for the benefit of their fellow men, and for the praise of him they profess to love and serve?

And now what will the churches do to show sympathy with this deserving cause? Other sections help each other, and exhibit a zeal and generosity almost amazing. True, we have no millionaires among our tribes, but we have thriving tradesmen, well-to-do-mechanics, and a few with enough and to spare. A trifle from each will set Johnson street chapel free, and establish a standing memorial of witness for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Mr. Baugh suggested the plentiful issue of cards from one shilling to five pounds. Mr. Foreman advised that cards for collecting one pound be issued, and this is preparing. Christian reader, send for one and get it filled up. Mr. Williamson will gladly receive invitations to preach and make collections for the fund. Ministers, deacons, send for him; take the benefit of his gift and return him, with a tribute of affection and Christian goodwill. Done promptly is twice done. There will be a meeting (D.V.) on January 22, 1868, to report progress. May we not hope it will be a time of thanksgiving? "The liberal soul shall be made fat." May there be large growth on that principle!

T. J.

MEETING TO WELCOME MR. JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE TO ENGLAND.

[We have a report of the above meeting in full, but we must condense; and give only those parts which may best convey the idea and object of the meeting. Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure's "Review of his fifteen years labour in Australia," we hope will be heard by many thousands in different parts of the United Kingdom; it was received with lively interest; but it would not be wise to publish it at so early a period of his visit. The meeting was, in every sense, far beyond the highest anticipations of all parties. We here present a carefully digested outline.]

A public meeting was held at the Surrey Tabernacle on Monday evening, Nov. 4th, for the purpose of assisting Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure towards raising a fund for payment of the debt on his chapel in Sydney, Australia.

Mr. James Wells, the pastor, in the chair.

The meeting having been opened with prayer and singing, by Mr. Isaac Comfort,

The Chairman said:—I am now very agreeably disappointed in seeing such a large number here this evening. This meeting is for the purpose of calling our attention to the mission of Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure. And perhaps it would be impossible to overrate the importance of this meeting. We are come together to-night to say whether we do, or whether we do not, love our brothers and sisters that are by providence removed to the other side of the globe. We are come together to-night to say whether we do or do not sympathise with the cause of Jesus Christ everywhere, with the people of Jesus Christ everywhere, with all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth everywhere. That I think is the feeling with which we are come together this evening, and all is included in those beautiful words, "The furtherance of the Gospel." Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure is of exactly the same faith and order with ourselves. And with regard to his case being a bona fide one, his name has been familiar to us from his writings in the EARTHEN VESSEL, and likewise from our friends that are in Australia. Many of our friends are there, and have heard him and are one with him, and their prayers have ascended to the Lord on his behalf in this mission which he has undertaken. And I may have perhaps a little strong feeling towards him on natural as well as on spiritual grounds. For my son Ezra, who has gone round the globe twice, and is going round the third time, saw Mr. M'Cure at Geelong, heard him preach, and was entertained by him at his house every night, and therefore, became a personal friend. After another voyage he also saw Mr. M'Cure at Sydney, heard him there, and spent his evenings at his house. Therefore, Mr. M'Cure being exceedingly kind to my son Ezra, you

must be sure that if I cannot lose sight of that. (Applause.) It reminds us of what the elder brother will say at the last day; "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren ye did it unto me." And therefore if a little of the parental feeling comes in, I am sure you will all forgive it, and be ready to say that if I have never a worse feeling than that, I shall not hurt. I am, then, I say, very much pleased to see such a goodly number here this evening. I will not occupy your time any further than just to observe that Mr. M'Cure will presently give us, I think, a very interesting account of the way in which he has been led for fifteen years. I may just mention that in the ship in which he crossed the ocean to England, a voyage, speaking in round numbers, of about 15,000 miles, there were about 600 passengers, of all sorts; and you may be sure that in a scene of that kind profanity of all sorts would be rampant. Now the captain was very pleased to have such a man as Mr. Bunyan M'Curo on board. And he preached from Sunday to Sunday there during the whole voyage to many that perhaps had never heard the word of God spoken before in their lives. Also there were three deaths on board, and he attended to those; and one of them he is satisfied was a child of God. Though under mental aberration, there were lucid intervals in which our good brother on my right was enabled to ascertain the state of his soul. So that our brother seemed to be placed by providence in that position for the very purpose of being useful to souls. Also he has a voluntary testimony from the captain of the ship, and likewise a testimony signed by a large number of the passengers; indeed, more would have signed, only the friends thought it unnecessary; and this shews that his conduct during the voyage was as becometh the Gospel: that he did not, for the sake of avoiding the offence of the cross, sit down and make a sot of himself, as some have done; he did not join in the card playing; he did not join in anything that conscience dictates not to be done. I do rejoice in that distinction which he was enabled during the whole voyage to maintain. And it came out at last that there were parties on board, knowing he was a minister, that watched him, and meant to watch him with a sort of secret feeling, if he did hide his colours, if he did act like worldly men, to avoid the offence of the Cross, they meant to have told him of it at the last. But instead of that, they had to bear just the opposite testimony. Well, our good brother kept a kind of log of his voyage, and it got into the hands of a friend, and that friend said, "I must print this;" and so it is printed; and I am very pleased with the testimony. For I never could understand, when a man goes into a railway carriage, or omnibus, or ship, or any company, how, if he be a good man, he can cease to fear God, and unite with ungodly men. I am sorry to say I have witnessed in railway

railway travelling the conduct of some Wesleyan ministers especially, and some low doctrine professors especially, who have seemed anxious by their conduct to impress upon the people surrounding them that they have nothing to do with religion. Whereas our good brother has been enabled to walk in such a way as to give those around him to understand who he was, whom he served, and to show himself from day to day, on the Lord's side. I rejoice in this testimony. Our good brother knows, as well as I know, and as well as you know that our works form no part of our salvation, but they do form evidences of our interest in that salvation. You are therefore here to-night to sympathise, and I have no doubt you will do so practically, with a cause just like our own. Our brother is a Strict Baptist, a hyper-Calvinist, a free-grace man, decided out and out. He believes that the truth can supply him, and support him, and guard him. And though I thought he ought, before he came, to have got the promises of thirty, or forty, or fifty churches in England to help him, yet I have not questioned him much upon that. But my opinion is that he thought it would be an insult to the churches; because the churches not helping him now, when he is come, why, such a thought never entered his head as that. He would not have such a mean thought of them. He would say to himself, I have nothing to do but come, and just speak, and let the people know I am there, and they will keep me till they can give me the money, and then send me home respectably. He came in the second cabin, but I hope you will send him back in the first cabin; that's what I hope you will do. (Applause.) Now friends, I will not occupy your time any further. I am exceedingly pleased that so many are here this evening, and I have no doubt a larger number still would have been present if they could have got here. But however, our good brother has not left England yet; he is here; here he is (pointing to Mr. M'Cure,) look at him (laughter and applause); and you will have an opportunity of hearing of him again. I will just say to you that a chapel has been built by him in Sydney, costing altogether upwards of £2,000 and he has paid off about £1,160; so he wants only a thousand pounds, that's all. It is only a pound a piece for a thousand people; it is only ten shillings apiece for two thousand people; it is only five shillings apiece for four thousand people; it is only half-a-crown apiece for eight thousand people, that's all. (Laughter and cheers.) Why, we should be ashamed of old England, if he were sent back with an empty pocket. He has done the very utmost that he could, but he stands there alone. He is not like me: I am surrounded here with reverend divines, eloquent men, learned men, thinking men, rich men, determined men, liberal men; (laughter,) but our good brother stands alone, and therefore I say, let us rally

round him, and shew that we love him; for we believe that he is a true servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. Our good friend and brother Mr. Baugh, will now move a resolution, and our well known brother here, Mr. Stringer, whose heart and soul are just like my own in the truth, so much so that if my soul were transferred to him, and his to me, you would not know the difference, will second the resolution.

Mr. Baugh:—Mr. Chairman, and Christian friends, the work I have to do is a great pleasure, and will take me but a very little time. The resolution is,—

“That this meeting, thankful to Almighty God for bringing Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure safe thus far on his Gospel mission gives him a hearty welcome, and prays God to bless his appeal to the churches for the furtherance of the Gospel.”

There is something appropriate in this meeting. The first thing the disciples had to do when they were gathered into something like a federation was to care for the poor; and the next thing they had to do was to send the Gospel into the regions beyond. You have had your federation, and a very noble federal cause this is. May God ever consecrate it by His indwelling glory. You have had your meeting caring for the poor, and now to-night you recognise the principle of the Gospel, is antagonistic to everything that is not the Gospel. This meeting is a noble answer to the world. It comes with the logic of a great fact. We have been accused of caring nothing for those that lie beyond the visible church. Why, those are the people we have been always caring for. I think this meeting is a proof that we believe in the preaching of the Gospel as a witness to all nations. And I think there is something wonderfully English in this meeting, in welcoming back one of our own kith and kin, one who, in addition to his natural and national ties, we believe is bound to us by that love which is as quenchless as it is changeless, and as free as it is divine. One word on behalf of our brother, and it is this, he has not come to ask you to give him anything, he wants it for the Master's work, for the Master's sake, for the good of the saints of our God. So then we welcome him, and welcome him in the name of the Lord. Then as to the other churches, I hope he will be prosperous in his appeal to them. If to-night you give them a good example, that will be about the best evidence of your faith in his mission.

Mr. Stringer:—Mr. Chairman, and Christian friends, as I know you are all very anxious to hear our good friend and brother, Mr. Bunyan M'Cure, give you some account of what he has done in the distant land from which he has come, I will detain you but a very few moments. I am very pleased to meet with him; for I believe he is really and truly devoted to his Master's cause, to the cause of God and truth. I believe that he is really and truly in the truth, and the truth in him. He has come

over from Australia expecting to have at the Surrey Tabernacle, and elsewhere in this metropolis and in this nation, where the doors may be opened to let him in, good practical discourses, that is, liberal contributions. I hope he will have one to-night. Indeed, I think there is no doubt of it. The friends look as though they had come for that purpose. May the Lord bless you all. And I really and truly can, with all my heart and soul, second this resolution, which you have heard read. I pray that prosperity may attend our brother's labours, and the labours of all God's servants in the world, from pole to pole, until time shall be lost in eternity, corruption in incorruption, mortality in immortality. Amen.

The resolution was then put to the meeting from the chair and carried unanimously.

The Chairman:—I may just say that I was personally acquainted with Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure before he left this country, fifteen years ago; and I am sure he will give you clear proof that it was the Lord that took him to Australia; and I trust he will have, before he leaves this place, clear proof that the Lord has brought him here. And our good brother is not only a Christian, but he is an Englishman; and not only an Englishman, but a Londoner; born in the aristocratic part called Camberwell; and therefore you Camberwell people will come out pretty handsomely this evening, I hope (laughter) as well as all the rest. I now introduce to your notice Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure, from Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure then delivered an address, descriptive of his work in Australia, which was listened to with great satisfaction, and received, and responded to, in such a manner, as proved the hearts and the hands of the people were all with him.

The Chairman: I think we must all have seen the hand of the Lord in our brother's usefulness in that far off colony. The plates will now be brought round for the friends to give what they shall be disposed and enabled.

Mr. C. W. Banks:—Mr. Chairman and Christian friends, I would just say that I have known our brother for a long time, and I can bear testimony that he has proved himself in all commercial and Gospel matters an honest man. He has proved himself to be a man of honour, integrity, faithfulness, and truth, and therefore I can with all my heart and soul commend him as a man worthy of your support. May the Lord bless our meeting, bless our brother, and prosper him with all the prosperity he now needs. (Applause.)

The collection having been made, and the proceeds counted,

Mr. Butt came forward and said,—Mr. Chairman and Christian friends, it has afforded my brother deacons and myself much pleasure in attending the meeting

this evening, because we consider this to be a starting point for our friend who has come here to see us. And I think that when I state the amount of our collection, we shall find that it has far exceeded what we anticipated. The collection round the chapel to-night is £70 14s. 7d. (Loud and continued applause.) Well, then a few friends yesterday, who thought they would not be able to come to-night, brought into the vestry about £6, and some donations I have received to-night make it about £6 more: so that we may safely put down £12 5s. 5d.; which makes £83 (renewed applause), as the result of our first meeting in this place. We must certainly feel encouraged at the proceeds of the collection. Then the account which our friend and brother has given us certainly is one of very considerable interest, and I think especially at the present time, when there is so much talk about the Roman Catholics. We do not enter very much in our services upon this subject, because we have the great truths of the Gospel, which we as a people are so far and so deeply interested in that we believe, if it be the Lord's will that those truths should reach the hearts of those who are Catholics, they will soon turn them into real godly Christians. Still it is right and well that we should know really what is going on. And our brother has given us information to-night respecting what is going on in the colonies which perhaps we little thought was taking place; and no doubt a great deal of it will go abroad as the result of what has been said to-night. We wish him, I am sure the deacons, and I am sure the church and congregation here, as well as our beloved minister, wish him God speed. We hope that the churches in England will aid this good cause; and I am sure that if there are any meetings held for the purpose in London, we shall take a very great interest in them, and I daresay some of our people will go and help even there, wherever it may be. I daresay we haven't done all that we can; and I shall feel very great pleasure in receiving any donations for this object. Any of the friends that do not know my address will find it at the top of our sermon. I hope that we shall make the amount up to £100; there is no doubt we shall before long; and if we cannot in our own congregation, we must put in an advertisement, and try to get up the remainder in that way. The Lord has done great things for us here, and we are not against helping the good cause wherever we can see that there is a real need for it. We have helped many of the servants of God, and our own cause has not suffered by it; and as our dear brother Carr used to say, we are not one shilling the poorer for what we have done. I often think of his words. We pray that the Lord will bless our brother with a very large amount of prosperity, and as I said before, I shall have very great pleasure in doing all I can in receiving money for him, and helping

him in every possible way that I can serve him, and glory in so doing. (Applause.)

Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure:—My dear friends, I arise to acknowledge this unmitigable, this most liberal expression of your sympathy with a sister church 15,000 miles from this land. This collection to-night is an extraordinary one to me, a wonderful collection. I am sure our friends in Sydney, will look at it with astonishment; they will scarcely believe their own eyes when they receive this expression of your sympathy. I have promised to remit each mail whatever may be collected; and I am so thankful that so much at one time will be sent as the proceeds of this meeting. I am sure that it will have a stimulating and encouraging influence throughout the land when it is known what has been done at the Surrey Tabernacle. And I do trust that a feeling of sympathy will be sustained hereafter in reference to the churches in the southern hemisphere. I do think that the churches of our faith and order should help us, seeing that you do not and cannot assist the foreign missions of the day, on account of the low doctrinal views of the agents of those missions. You have therefore an opportunity to sustain missionary work in the land from whence I have come. I do thank you sincerely on behalf of the church of Christ in Sydney for what you have done. (Applause.)

The meeting was then brought to a close.

NOTTINGHILL.—SILVER STREET, CHAPEL. This place of worship (sometimes called "The Labourer's Church," because services were held in it for the navvies engaged in the construction of the extension line of The Metropolitan Railway passing through the locality), was originally built by the Baptists, and was occupied some years ago, by the church under the care of that eminent and honoured servant of God, the late Rev. John Broad, and more recently by the Rev. W. G. Lewis, now of Westbourne Grove chapel. Ultimately it passed into the hands of the Railway Company, its removal being thought necessary for railway purposes. As yet it is spared, though it is not certain that it will not be removed either entirely or in part for the extension of the High street station, now in the course of erection at its rear. The Baptist friends, who for some time have met for Divine worship in Stormont House, Bayswater road, having arranged for the purchase of a freehold property, in the immediate vicinity, on which to build a chapel and schoolrooms, to be put in trust for the Strict Baptists, have, for their present accommodation, taken the above-named place of worship, and repaired it at considerable expense. The opening services were held the first Sabbath in last month (November) and the following Tuesday. On Lord's day, November 3rd, 1867, the brethren assembled at 10 a.m., for special prayer, and great liberty and blessing were enjoyed.

The pastor, Mr. D. Crumpton, preached at eleven, and at half-past six o'clock, at the close of the evening service, immersed four believers in the presence of a large, and most orderly congregation, many evidently feeling it to be a solemn and blessed season. In the afternoon, at three, brother Higham, of Camden Town, preached an excellent sermon, founded on the words, "Things that accompany salvation." (Hebrews vi. 9.) It came with power. The following Tuesday, November 5th, at three in the afternoon, brother Wall, of Gravesend, read the Scriptures and prayed, and brother G. Moyle, of Rye lane, Peckham, preached an unusually good and effective discourse from the words, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." (Isaiah lxii. 1.) At five a goodly number of friends gathered for tea, in the upper school-room. It was soon found that all could not be there accommodated, and additional tables were laid in the lower school-room, all comfortably provided for. The female members of the church and congregation furnished, at their own cost, all the tables, and consequently the whole proceeds of the tea will go to the funds of the church. At a quarter past six a public meeting was held in the chapel, the pastor, presiding; brother Box, of Woolwich, offered prayer. The Chairman then expressed the pleasure it gave him to see so many present, and especially so many from neighbouring churches; he took it as an evidence of their approval and goodwill, and for their information, observed that he wished it distinctly understood that the cause was not commenced at Stormont House in opposition to any one, neither did they open that place in the spirit of opposition, but solely from a desire to promote each other's spiritual good, and to advance the kingdom and glory of Jesus Christ. He then alluded to the success God had given them, observing that at their first meeting, two years ago, there were not twenty persons present, now they had large and increasing congregations; and the Church, which was formed in the April of last year, numbers more than fifty members, and others were seeking admission. Love and peace reigned, and the true fellowship of the Gospel was enjoyed; for all which, he, and his people, felt grateful to God, and desired to give him all the glory. He regretted the absence of several honoured ministerial brethren, who had kindly promised to be with them, and the more regretted it as several of them were prevented by affliction. The meeting was afterwards addressed by brethren Frith, of New Bexley, Wall, of Gravesend, Box, of Woolwich, Wilkins, of Soho, Osmond, of Bermondsey, and George Thomas Congreve, Esq., of Coombe Lodge, Peckham; Brother Moyle was also upon the platform, and entered

very heartily into the spirit of the several addresses, all of which were remarkably judicious and suitable, and had a happy influence on all present. The entire services were well attended, and the contributions exceeded £25. We would take this opportunity of thanking those friends who came from Soho, Mount Zion (Mr. Foreman's), Keppel street, Peckham, and other places to encourage and help us. The Lord will reward them. To the Eternal Three in One, be equal and endless glory.

THE CHURCHES IN KENT.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Having lately visited a good deal of Kent, I find that some of the causes are really in a healthy state. Erith friends still move on slowly; Dartford cause appears to be far from flourishing; Gravesend friends to appear to be happy, and under pastor Wall the cause prospers. At Strood, truth is maintained, the little Zoar with brother Whillbit speaking to them. Chatham, Enon, not so well attended as when, eight years back, I ministered to them. They have been shaken much by changes; nevertheless abide by the whole truth; and all that they now pray for is a labourer, of loving, living, longing spirit; bold, but gentle; spiritual, but simple, in the sincerity of the Gospel. Such a God-sent man in Chatham would find willing hearts and hands. In the highways and byeways of Chatham there is work to be done. At Sittingbourne, Sheerness, and Faversham, things are low in the Gospel; but still they hold to truth, and are helped. At each, a branch from Newington College, is making efforts to raise a cause after the order of Government there. These Baptist causes, therefore, have some things to contend for and some to contend against. But the Lord reigneth; he that is not against the Gospel of Christ is for it and his glory no neutral ground. My chief object in thus writing, these remarks falling in my way, was to speak of Sturry. At Canterbury the cause of truth is very low; but Maidstone is better. Sturry is a favoured spot; they have a neat house to worship God; and in your old friend Samuel Foster's home the Gospel practically is preached, and its power daily felt. In that sick chamber I was favoured to spend a few hours, that will never be off memory while it shall last. Think, ye favoured ones, of one not yet fifty years of age, once a strong frame—for fourteen years laid on a bed of pain and suffering, none to send support but his heavenly Father; what mystery do we read in these lines of life's history? Covenant-mercy lays a man of God upon a bed of suffering. For what? That in him he may show his long-suffering, and the patience of the saint. This child of grace shall witness for the God of truth, that it is not might or power but the Spirit that brings sinners to his feet. He shall be in this furnace to speak forth of the power of God, and out of weakness shall come forth strength. His

long state of suffering shall bring many to visit; these visits shall be the open door for our afflicted brother Foster, to tell of sin and salvation. The word spoken in much affliction becomes the power of God unto salvation; and many elect vessels of mercy have been brought by the word thus spoken under the power of the Spirit of the Word, to sigh for sin felt, and sing of salvation coming to the heart, wounded by the Spirit in the sick chamber at Sturry; and this and that one has been born, and the highest established many in the way. Here, then, we see wisdom in this long affliction. Further, this brother and family are witnesses of the constant care God ever manifests to those that trust in him. For fourteen years the Lord has raised up those whose hearts are right, and means in hand to minister to their daily needs, though often the last few sticks are but as the last handful of meal. Yet it failed not; they have been fed; bread hath been given and water sure. Here is one of those that God keeps at school, that he may prove to others how he can sustain when heart and flesh fail. How did my heart rejoice when he told me of the interposition of his covenant God. Many were the tears that flowed when he spoke of the many that had been the hand sent of God to supply their daily need, especially our excellent brother, Mr. Carr. With what feeling hath he spoken of his great kindness; how much they felt his loss. I do pray that the dear friends that loved brother Carr will remember Samuel Foster, of Sturry. My only motive in calling attention to this miracle of grace is, that others passing that way may call in and get refreshed as did your brother, in Gospel bonds.

J. RAYMENT.

8, Noel terrace, Cambridge street,
Camberwell.

ISLINGTON. — PROVIDENCE CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY. — The annual services were held on Lord's-day, November 10th. This is the seventeenth year of its existence, but it never has been known to be more prosperous, believing fully that the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts one towards another, but more especially to God and his truth. Mr. T. Baugh, pastor, preached in the morning and evening in his usual intelligent and instructive manner, two excellent sermons, which were received with much pleasure and profit. That in the afternoon by Mr. James Wells, who was listened to by a crowded assembly, many of whom were from neighbouring churches. On the following Monday Mr. Glaskin, of Brighton, the late pastor, preached at three o'clock an excellent sermon, to a good company of friends, all of whom sat down to tea, and it seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed; after which, a deeply interesting public meeting followed, when the chapel was well filled with an intelligent and respectable audience, who commenced by singing, and Mr. Lodge prayed; after which the chairman, Mr. T. Baugh, made a few appro-

priate and sympathetic remarks, when he sat down making room for those of his brethren who were invited to speak, after calling upon Mr. Whale, who made a good, eloquent, and instructive speech, which was well received, upon "A Church Minister's Labours." Mr. Glaskin then spoke of his former feeling and of his present to the church, and thanked God for sending so good and useful a minister to them, and was pleased to see the unity which was manifested; he was pleased to be there, and wished them God speed. Mr. Silverton then spoke in his usual cheerful manner, of the good work and how they were helped through. Mr. Comfort made a very good speech, which kept up the interest of the meeting. A few words were then spoken by the brethren Holmes and Lodge. The chairman then concluded, expressing his sincere thanks to his brethren in the ministry, and also to the congregation; and offered to return his help should any of them need it. This meeting is a little out of the usual way, for it manifested so much of the eleventh commandment, that each should esteem each other better than themselves, for all seemed to aim at the benefit of immortal souls and the glory of God. It was one of the best meetings that ever I attended.

WEST HAM, ESSEX. — The Tenth Anniversary of Mr. Bracher's coming amongst this people was held Tuesday, October 8th, when about eighty persons sat down to tea, mostly members and hearers, with some few visitors. There was a good supply of tea, &c., and the friends seemed quite happy. In the evening the chapel was well filled, when after singing and prayer by brother Flack, the chairman briefly introduced the subject of the evening, God's command to Aaron to bless the people (Numbers vi. 24—26), in the course of which he stated that he had his trials and comforts as a minister, and a people with limited means. They had, during his stay there, cleared the old debt for the building, purchased the freehold, of which sum there was due to the friend who advanced the money £70 of the £200 borrowed; and recently they had made a convenient place for preparing the things needed at all social gatherings, and to defray which they hoped to be assisted this evening. They also felt anxious to raise a Sabbath school, so soon as means could be obtained to erect suitable accommodation. G. Wyard spoke on the words of 24th verse, "The Lord keep thee," &c., and it was truly a cheering address. Brother Woodward, of Ilford, followed with the next verse, wherein the same vein of Gospel doctrine and experience was set forth for the encouragement and instruction of Zion. Our good friend Flack took up the 26th verse, and in that cheerful yet sober, loving spirit, peculiar to him, touched upon many points of our Christian pilgrimage, wherein we needed the light of His countenance, who alone can cheer this

darksome vale, and enable us to go on our way with renewed strength. This was altogether a profitable meeting; the Divine favour was experienced by many; and the addresses were accompanied with the sweet unction of the Holy Spirit. We do hope that the day is not far distant when there will be a stretch forth of the curtains of our habitation, and a good and useful school

HACKEY ROAD—CLAREMONT BAPTIST CHAPEL, TEMPLE STREET, DURHAM STREET.—Special services were held in the above place to welcome A. W. Kaye, on Lord's day, October 27th, when three sermons were preached:—in the morning, by Mr. J. Osborn, minister of the place, from Psalm cxxxiii. 1, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;" in the afternoon, Mr. A. W. Kaye spoke from Isaiah xli. 13, "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee;" and at night, from Luke vii., and part of 47th verse, "For she loved much." On Monday night, 28th, a special prayer meeting was held. On Tuesday, 29th, at 8 p.m., Mr. Timothy Baugh preached an excellent discourse from Col. i. 12, "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." At 5 p.m. about 80 sat down to a good tea, thanks for which are due to the ladies Bryant, Morgan, Stanton, Ray, and others. At 6.45 the public meeting commenced by singing

"Come let us join our cheerful songs."

After prayer by Mr. Smith, the chair was taken by A. W. Kaye, and addresses of a very encouraging character were delivered by Messrs. T. Baugh, C. W. Banks, J. Osborn, W. Waite, J. Flory, W. H. Lee, and H. W. Smith. It being near ten o'clock,

"All hail, the power of Jesus' name"

was sung with earnestness, and the chairman pronounced the benediction; closing this very happy meeting with thanks to all friends.

BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.—The following has been addressed to Mr. Chivers:—**MY DEAR PASTOR,**—We (the under-signed), a portion of your late flock worshipping at "Ebenezer," Webb street, Bermondsey, feeling desirous of showing our loving sympathy with, and esteem and regard for you, and our attachment to the glorious truths you have been enabled so blessedly to lay before us from time to time, to the satisfying of our souls with the "bread of life," have been making a feeble effort to raise a small "testimonial" to give expression to that feeling, which we herewith enclose, begging your acceptance of the same. We are painfully humbled at the smallness of the amount, but we happily know your kindly disposition too well to feel you will despise the offering, however small, that conveys the heartfelt gratitude of a few, poor in this world's goods, but rich in the

faith of God's elect. Praying, in all sincerity, that our adorable Lord will abundantly bless and prosper you, and strengthen you in body, mind, and soul; and that He having called you to another sphere of labour will graciously grant you a continuance of His loving favours; stirring up in the minds of the people an affectionate regard for you, that hearing in love they may the better be enabled to delight themselves in Him who is "love," and thus thrive and fatten on the feasts of good things He shall help you to lay before them until, having "finished our course," we with you and them shall meet to part no more. Oh! that He might hasten the happy, happy time,

Come, Lord Jesus! O come quickly,
Tho' time flies, to us 'tis long;
Tasting "grace," we pant for "glory,"
Yearn to sing the nuptial song.

Permit us, dear pastor, to subscribe ourselves yours, in the sweetest of bonds,

Mr. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Parsons, Mr. Harman, Mrs. Groves, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Odling, Mr. and Mrs. Muggerridge, Mr. Hayward, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Attewell, Mr. E. Abington, Mr. Platt, Mr. Pike, Mr. James Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Cowtan, Miss Cowtan, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. East, Mr. Francis, Mr. Hunt. Mr. Chivers, in accepting the above, desires very gratefully to acknowledge the Christian kindness as manifested towards him, and hopes the Lord may reward the friends for their sympathy and love.

33, Warner street, New Kent road,
November 19, 1867.

[We have also received the following note respecting our excellent young brother, who is now supplying the pulpit at Ebenezer, Bermondsey, where we hope the Lord may bless him.—ED.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Last Sabbath evening, November 10th, I paid a visit to Ebenezer, Bermondsey New road. Truly the God of Israel was there, and with our young brother supplying, who took his text from Matthew xi. 28, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." May the Lord bless his labour, who, though young in years, has been wonderfully taught and led by our Heavenly Father, to cast his burden on the Almighty Saviour, to extol the Lord, and bring the sinner low. He gloriously set forth Jehovah, and the operation of the Holy Spirit. The good clerk, brother Stringer, announced that brother Lawrence would supply for the present quarter gratuitously, and if the church liked till they were out of debt. A spirit of love and unity appeared to exist among the deacons and people. May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, bless the church and people with an outpouring of His Holy Spirit, so prays,
ONE THAT WAS THERE.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—In the November issue of THE

EARTHEN VESSEL, an insertion was made relative to Bethel Baptist chapel, Waltham Abbey, publicly announcing the resignation of Mr. F. Green from his pastoral office in that place, which he has faithfully and honourably filled for the past year and a half. Will you kindly favour the above-mentioned cause, whose only aim and desire is to stand fast by the grace of God, for the defence of the Truth, the privilege to revoke that premature statement made by the beloved pastor, and that the Church, in conjunction with him, do unanimously agree not to sever that bond which unites them in Christian fellowship as pastor and people, under any immediate circumstance whatever. Although the Strict Baptist Church here has now been in existence for nearly fifty years, and some of the most able men of truth throughout our denomination have, at different times, spoken from this pulpit, inasmuch that it has been designated by our fatherly divines "The School of the Prophets," it has nevertheless never been known as a flourishing cause, elated by any fleshly excitement. Yet, notwithstanding the oppression, and the varied disadvantages under which it has laboured from its commencement up to the present time, the church is dwelling now in peace and unity together; and through the rich mercy of God the Father, and the sweet manifestation of Christ by the Holy Ghost, in agreement with that covenant ordered in all things and sure, there is experienced in some humble measure, the enjoyment of real spiritual prosperity in the despised cause of God at Waltham Abbey.—Faithfully yours, F. GREEN, pastor; JOHN BURGESS, W. WINTERS, deacons.

FROME.—Interesting presentations. On Monday, October 28, a most interesting meeting was held in Naishes street Baptist chapel, for the purpose of presenting Mr. Noah Rogers, of Trowbridge, with a beautifully illuminated address, executed by Mr. Thomas Barter, Bath, artist, as a memento of a warm-hearted and devoted church and congregation for his valuable services as their pastor for a period of twenty years; a duty he is now obliged to resign through affliction; yet, that God may long spare his life, and that the church may have for many years the advice and counsel of so devoted a friend is the earnest prayer of his people. The meeting was presided over by Mr. George Cox, of Bath. A hymn having been sung, Mr. Samuel Littleton (who has occupied the pulpit for the past two years, and has now an invitation to the pastorate), then offered prayer. After an address by the Chairman, a presentation was made by Mr. Thomas Harding, the Elder, to Mr. Rogers, with great emotion; at the same time, presentations were made to Mrs. Rogers, of an inlaid ivory work-box, by Mrs. Wheeler; and to the two Misses Rogers, of Albums, by Mrs. Littleton. After which, Mr. Deacon pre-

sented to Mr. Littleton a very handsome copy of Scott's Bible. Mr. Rogers returned thanks in a very feeling and appropriate manner, expressing his strong attachment to the Church and congregation, commending them to the care of our Triune Jehovah. The meeting was addressed by many Christian friends, and terminated by praise and prayer. Amongst those on the platform were the Revs. W. Burton, Case, Lapham, Barnett, Grist, and other friends. Upwards of 200 sat down to tea; and in the evening the chapel (which was profusely decorated with flowers, evergreens, and suitable mottoes) was crowded in every part.

STEPNEY.—We bless the great Shepherd of his chosen, loved, and redeemed flock for favouring us with good seasons and collections, at our anniversary on the 29th of September, and 1st of October. Excellent sermons were preached by our kind brother Wells in the afternoon, and by Mr. Wall, of Gravesend, in the evening, to crowded and deeply interested congregations. And on the following Tuesday evening, at the social tea, a good feeling pervaded those present. Our brother B. B. Wale, of Dacre Park, concluded these delightful services with a sermon replete with ability, sound doctrine, and deep experience. We are well attended, and in peace. Thus the Lord is favouring us at the Cave Adullam, which being now renovated in the exterior and interior, presents a more pleasing appearance. The collections covered the expenses, leaving a balance for the general fund which, in the distress that surrounds us and diminished resources, proved very acceptable. Bless the Lord for his goodness and mercy. On Wednesday evening, October 30th, the pastor baptized five, four females, and one male, who, with a sister previously baptized, were received into full communion on the following Lord's day evening. During my protracted affliction no person applied; but when the gracious Master had sufficiently restored his unworthy servant, candidates came forward, and this delightful and Scriptural ordinance was administered in the presence of a numerous congregation; many of whom were deeply affected. The husband of one of the baptized sisters is now proposed for next ordinance, which we trust will be ere long. What hath God wrought for the honoured old Cave? Imploring the Lord to bless your ministerial and editorial labours, I remain, dear brother Banks, your affectionate friend and fellow-labourer, JOHN WEBSTER.

JIREH CHAPEL, East road, City road, London.—The Angel of Death has been in our midst, and removed one of our oldest and most esteemed members, Mrs. Drew, who sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, October 20th last. Her illness was short, she having been with us at the Lord's table on the first Lord's day of the month, and at the

Lord's house on the Lord's day previous to her departure. But her peace was great, her sight of truth clear, and her faith in Christ crucified precious, so, in reply to a Christian brother, who said to her a little before she left all below "You cannot do without Jesus?" she added, "And his precious blood." She had been an honourable member of this church during the long pastorate of the venerable John Andrews Jones, whom she highly valued, but she has left one other member only to survive her, who were members of the church when our valued and now aged pastor entered on his charge here. The earthly remains of our sister were interred in Abney Park cemetery, in the presence of loving friends, by our respected brother Griffin, who also improved her death in Jereh, in a solemn and impressive sermon from that appropriate and impressive text, "To die is gain," on the evening of the following Sabbath. It is cheering to see, while that faithful servant of God, our old pastor, is now waiting and longing to enter into the joy of the Lord, whose truth he has so gloriously preached to us, and while now and then some of our old friends are called home, that under the ministry of Mr. Griffin, the same old truths of the everlasting Gospel, our chapel is filling, and our church increasing in attachment to the same. May he be long spared to us in all godliness, in all fidelity to his Lord's honour and with great usefulness and happiness in the church.—G. P.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—Our brother W. Wilson says:—I have been to Sleaford. Mr. Samuel preaches, and is prospering. They tell me there is a good plain preacher of the Gospel at Heckington; and there is a cause at Swineshead, where Mr. H. Dexter preaches. I have been to Bicker, where I preach in a schoolroom. I began, on the first Sabbath in November, a six months' probation over two churches—Billingborough and Threkingham. They are both small causes. I hope the Lord will increase them. Mr. W. came here with me on the 12th of October. After I had preached four Sabbaths the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon us both. The Lord has been gracious unto us in raising us both up again; so that I have been able to preach the last three Sabbaths. At Billingborough there is one of Mr. Spurgeon's young men preaching at the Public Hall. Threkingham is a small cause; but they have nothing to oppose them, there is no other Dissenting place in the village, they are tokens of the truth, and the chapel fills. Until lately the chapel was held by Unitarians; that cause broke down; a church has been formed on Trinitarian principles. Let me have an interest in your prayers.

GRAVESEND.—Zoar chapel Sunday school. The annual teachers' tea-meeting

was on Tuesday, November 12. The friends met for tea at five; about two hundred sat down. A public meeting was held. Mr. Wall presided. After singing and prayer, Mr. Combs, the superintendent, read the report, which showed that the Lord's hand had been with us during the past year. The school room had been enlarged, and paid for. We have ninety scholars and thirteen teachers. The teachers are working in love, peace, and union, and the library has been enlarged. Every child received a present on the past Sabbath. Mr. Nash then read the financial statement, which showed we were £4 5s. in debt to the treasurer. After this we had good addresses from Mr. Wale, of Blackheath, Mr. Teal, of Woolwich, Mr. Silverton, of London, Mr. Neville, of Sutton at Hone, and Mr. Webb, of Eynesford. We must say the Lord heard and answered our prayers. The chapel was full in the evening. We had enough to get out of debt; and not a farthing more. Now we can say, "the Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."—Yours, &c., T. C. L.

HILLINGDON HEATH, GUTTERIDGE STREET.—On Tuesday, October 15th, the Harvest Thanksgiving service was held in connection with this place. Mr. T. Stringer preached in the afternoon from Psalm cvii. 1, "O, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever." The speaker referred to the goodness of the Lord in providence and in grace; his goodness in the past, present, and future, and deserving our thanks to all eternity, for distinguishing grace, abounding grace, harmonious grace—his mercy enduring for ever. At five o'clock, a nice little company of Christian friends partook of tea, and, at six o'clock, a public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by Mr. Ponsford, Mr. R. Wheeler, Mr. Stringer and Mr. Snowden, the latter being unanimously voted to the chair. We were cheered by the presence of friends from Clapham, Colnbrook, London, Longford, &c. A good discourse in the afternoon. A good tea. Good addresses in the evening, and truly we could say, O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever. A collection was made in aid of the cause.

WIMBLEDON.—The Lord is blessing our Pastor's labours. We had four added to the Church of Christ on first Sunday in November. We rejoiced while we heard our pastor addressing the young Christians. Two of the candidates were brought under the ministry of our pastor quite against their will! What a mercy for us, God has his will towards us. Mr. Snow has been instrumental in bring four to the foot of the cross, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of their faith. May the Lord give him many many more seals to his ministry prays a sinner saved by grace.